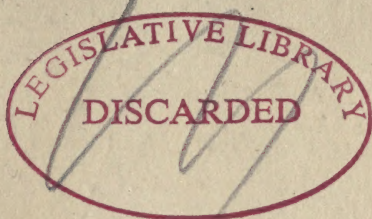
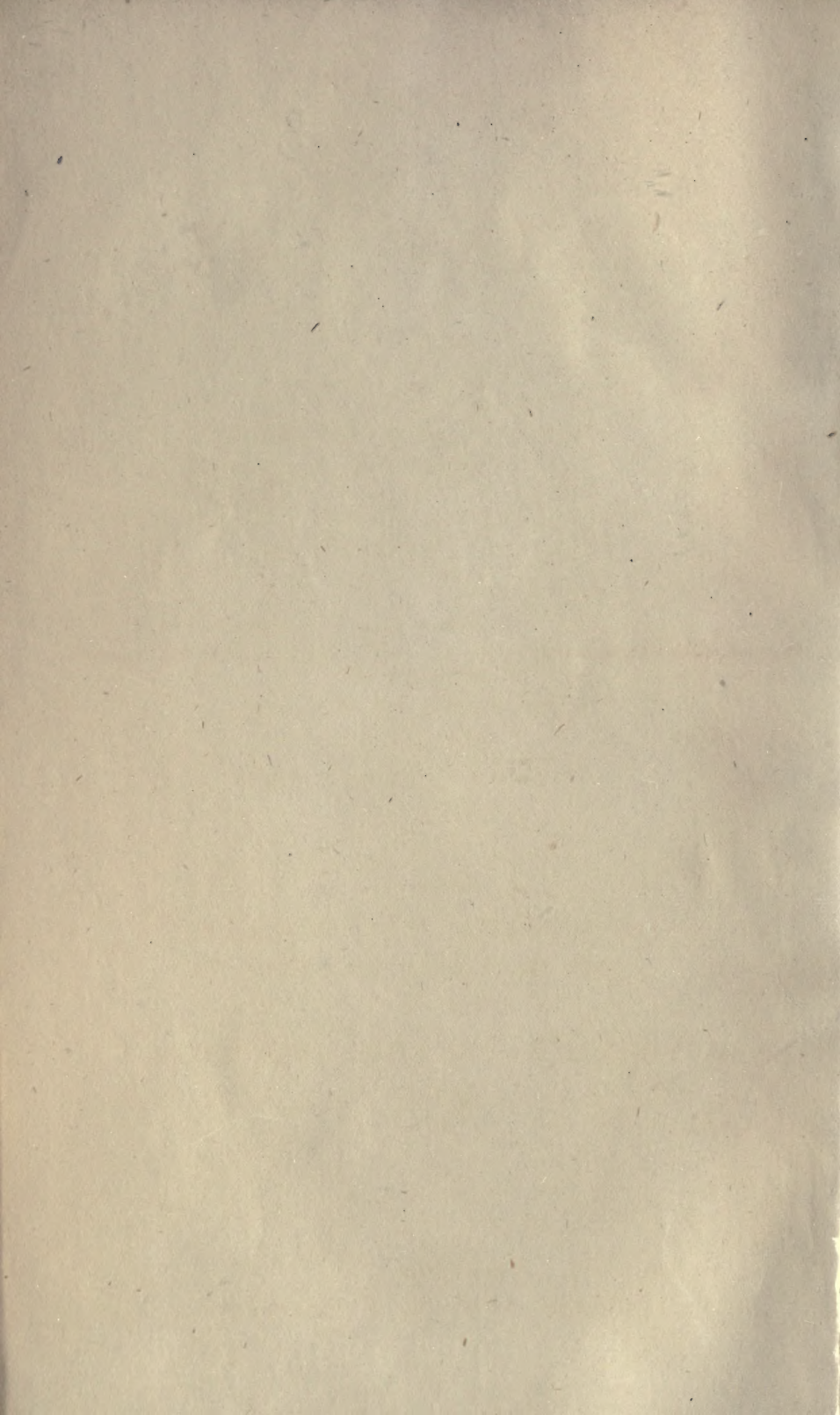


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LIVING AGE.

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"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best.

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

THIRD SERIES, VOLUME XXVII.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. LXXXIII.

OCTOBER. NOVEMBER, DECEMBER.

1864.

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
THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1061.—1 October, 1864.

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POETRY.—On The Chicago Surrender, 2. The Pure in Heart, 2. The Exile's Prayer, 2. Daybreak in London, in July, 17. Mobile Bay, 18.

 We have, at last, with great regret, sold the stereotype plates of the First Series of *The Living Age*, to be melted by type-founders. We have a small number of copies of the printed work remaining, which we shall be glad to receive orders for so long as we can supply them.

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2 ON THE CHICAGO SURRENDER.—THE PURE IN HEART.

ON THE CHICAGO SURRENDER.

WHAT ! hoist the white flag when our triumph is nigh ?

What ! crouch before Treason ? make Freedom a lie ?

What ! spike all our guns when the foe is at bay
And the rags of his black banner dropping away ?
Tear down the strong name that our nation has won,

And strike her brave bird from his home in the sun ?

He's a coward who shrinks from the lift of the sword ;

He's a traitor who mocks at the sacrifice poured ;
Nameless and homeless the doom that should blast

The knave who stands idly till peril is past ;
But he who submits when the thunders have burst
And victory dawns, is of cowards the worst !

Is the old spirit dead ? Are we broken and weak,
That cravens so shamelessly lift the white cheek
To court the swift insult, nor blush at the blow,
The tools of the treason and friends of the foe !
See ! Anarchy smiles at the Peace which they ask,
And the eyes of Disunion flash out through the mask !

Give thanks, ye brave boys, who by vale and by crag

Bear onward, unfaltering, our noble old flag,
Strong arms of the Union, heroes living and dead,
For the blood of your valor is uselessly shed !
No soldier's green laurel is promised you here,
But the white rag of "*sympathy*" softly shall cheer !

And you, ye war martyrs who preach from your graves

How captives are nursed by the masters of slaves,
Or, living, still linger in shadows of Death,—
Puff out the starved muscle, recall the faint breath,

And shout, till those cowards rejoice at the cry,
"By the hands of the Union we fought for we die !"

By the God of our fathers ! this shame we must share ;

But it grows too debasing for freemen to bear,
And Washington, Jackson, will turn in their graves,

When the Union shall rest on two races of slaves,
Or, spurning the spirit which bound it of yore,
And Sundered, exist as a nation no more !

—*Tribune.*

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE PURE IN HEART.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

I ASKED the angels in my prayer,

With bitter tears and pains,
To show mine eyes the kingdom where
The Lord of glory reigns.

I said, My way with doubt is dim,
My heart is sick with fear ;

Oh, come, and help me build to him
A tabernacle here !

The storms of sorrow wildly beat.

The clouds with death are chill ;
I long to hear his voice so sweet,
Who whispered, "Peace ; be still !"

The angels said, God giveth you
His love ; what more is ours ?
And even as the gentle dew
Descends upon the flowers,

His grace descends, and as of old,
He walks with man apart,
Keeping the promise, as foretold,
With all the pure in heart.

Thou need'st not ask the angels where
His habitations be,
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair,
And he shall dwell with thee.

—*New York Ledger.*

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

[In his work on the Mind, Dr. Rush mentions the fact, attested by clergymen of his acquaintance, that the aged foreigners whom they attended generally prayed, on their death-beds, in their native language, though in many cases they had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years.]

He speaks ! The lingering locks that, cold
And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright with childhood's clustered gold
When last that voice was heard as now.
He speaks ! and as, with flickering blaze,
Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah ! who can tell what visions roll
Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,
His childhood's wakened memories rise !
The fields are green and glad some still
That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
Exultant echoes bounding come !

He treads that soil, the first he pressed ;
He shouts with all his boyish glee ;
He rushes to his mother's breast ;
He clasps and climbs his father's knee ;
And then the prayer that rightly rose,
Warm from his lisping lips of yore,
Burst forth, to bless that evening's close
Whose slumbers earth shall break no more !

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood ! we have still in thee
A link that holds us dear to heaven !
When Mercy's errand angel's near,
'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
That blessed voice is surely thine !

God of his father ! may the breath
That upward wafts the exile's sigh
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
As the first prayer of infancy !
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
The old man heavenward seeks his way :
Thy light was on that morning track,
It can but lead to thee and day !

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE JUDGES OF ENGLAND.

WE are about to attempt a sketch of the Judges of England, and we are reluctantly compelled to begin with the admission that they do not stand so high in the popular estimate, nor occupy a position of the same political and social importance, as in the olden time. Yet English justice was never more respected; and complaints of the administration of the law are almost exclusively confined to its costliness, which the best-intentioned law-reformers have hitherto proved unable to restrict within satisfactory limits. Are, then, the most conspicuous members of the judicial hierarchy, the judges of Westminster Hall, with whom principally we have to deal in this place, deficient in the personal qualities which should adorn and dignify the bench? Do they, although confessedly incorrupt and impartial, want learning, accomplishments, elocution, or urbanity? Are they of lower birth and breeding, or of inferior general education to their predecessors? Such certainly is the more obvious conclusion; but, before hastening to it, we must take into consideration sundry social changes which may have co-operated in the production of the result by gradually lessening the comparative rank and influence of this venerable body, without presupposing any positive decline in its constitution or demerit in its chiefs.

Now, on looking round, we see that not merely the legal profession, but the learned professions individually and collectively, have suffered in one sense from the diffusion of knowledge, the rise of the commercial and manufacturing classes, and the immeasurable intellectual advance of the landed aristocracy. It has been of late as difficult, if not as impossible, for lawyers to keep their vantage-ground, as it was for the clergy, so long the monopolists of cultivation, to prevent the laity from eventually overtaking or surpassing them.

The alteration of manners and habits has operated in the same direction; for it would require an extraordinary degree of personal eminence to secure, for any set of dignitaries, when mingling in the crowd, the same respect which is exacted from the mass of mankind by becoming seclusion or exclusiveness. Till after the commencement of the century,

it was as much a matter of course for a judge to reside in or about Bloomsbury as for a barrister to have chambers in an inn of court; and James Smith used to say that when Lord Ellenborough set the present fashion, by removing from Russell Square to St. James's, the circumstance gave general dissatisfaction, and was a prominent topic in the newspapers for a week.

Again, the distinctive dress was not entirely given up till a much later period. Sir James Allan Park stuck to the square-cut coat, the scratch wig, the three-cornered hat, and the black breeches and stockings, to his dying day; and he might have been seen shaking his head reproachfully, when told of the appearance of a dandified colleague, his equal or superior in every other judicial requisite, in a figured waistcoat and carrying a crush-hat at a ball. In the curious work entitled "Armata," Lord Erskine gravely maintained that the judges should never be seen in the streets, going to or returning from the courts, without their official costume. "If the robes of justice do not inspire the multitude with an additional respect for the magistrates, why are they worn at all? and if they have that effect, why should the illusion be so abruptly overthrown, by exhibiting to the populace the very same men, looking, perhaps, from careless habits, more meanly than thousands who had but a moment before beheld them with salutary awe?"

At present the judges are scattered over all the most fashionable quarters of the metropolis; they frequent clubs; they live, dress, and visit like other people; and some of them affect the manners of men of the world, or even occasionally of men of wit and pleasure about town. Whether their ermine remains as white to the vulgar eyes,—whether they do not lose, upon the whole, by descending to this description of social rivalry, may fairly be made a question. Lord Mansfield, the silver-tongued Murray, when young at the bar, drank champagne with the wits with impunity; but when Lord Loughborough (Wedderburne) tried the experiment at a more advanced period of his career, he failed signally. Foote asked, "What can he mean by coming amongst us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dulness in others;" and Johnson remarked of him to Reynolds, "This man has now been ten years about town, and has

made nothing of it. I never heard anything from him in company that was at all striking."

Lord Grenville used to say that he liked dining in company with lawyers, because the chances were that some good topic would be rationally discussed; and Sir Walter Scott sets down in his diary in 1828: "We dined at Richardson's with the two chief barons of England and Scotland (Sir William Alexander and Sir Samuel Shepherd), odd enough, the one being a Scotsman and the other an Englishman—far the pleasantest day we have had. I suppose I am partial; but I think the lawyers beat the bishops, and the bishops the wits." Both the statesman and the poet, however, were speaking of the best specimens of the old school: and, prior to their time, some causes of deterioration were at work. One is mentioned by Blackstone in his first Vinerian Lecture, where, arguing in favor of university education, he deprecates "the custom, by some so very warmly recommended, of dropping all liberal education as of no use to students in the law, and placing them, in its stead, at the desk of some skilful attorney," rightly contending that no general rules can be drawn from the anomalous success of "some geniuses formed to overcome all disadvantages."

One such genius was the chancellor, Lord Hardwick, himself the son of a Dover attorney; he was placed in the office of an eminent London attorney, who boasted of having had amongst his clerks or pupils, and about the same time, Jocelyn, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Parker, who became Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and Strange, who rose to be Master of the Rolls. Kenyon and Dunning (Lord Ashburton) received the same training, and their mode of life is described by Horne Tooke, a fellow-student at the Temple. Out of term, they used to dine at an eating-house near Chancery Lane, at the charge of sevenpence halfpenny a head. "Dunning and myself," added Tooke, "were generous; for we gave the girl who waited upon us a penny apiece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise."

Another curious example may be read in a familiar letter of the poet Cowper, who writes, "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor; that is to say, I slept

three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton Row, as you may well remember. There was I and the future lord chancellor (Thurlow) constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making others giggle, instead of studying the law."

Instead of placing young men intended for the bar in the office of an attorney or solicitor,* it is now, we believe, the almost universal practice for them to pass a year or two in the chambers of a special pleader, equity-draftsman, or conveyancer; but it may be made a question whether any marked improvement has taken place in the practising section of the bar, the class from which the judicial body must be supplied. Most assuredly its claims to superior gentility have materially declined since 1601; when (as we learn from Dugdale), more by way of confirming an existing state of things than as an innovation, a royal ordinance, countersigned by Bacon, provided that "none should be admitted of an inn of court that is not a gentleman by descent." And those were days when the unauthorized assumption of name, crest, or shield subjected the self-dubbed *armiger* to severe penalties. At present, one of the most marked features of what is called the higher branch of the profession is its family or blood connection with the lower,—in other words, the number of barristers who are more or less related to attorneys. There is hardly an eminent firm in town or country, some partner in which has not a son, brother, nephew, cousin, brother-in-law, or son-in-law at the bar. The result was pointed out by Mr. Justice Talfourd in one of his most eloquent essays. No rule of etiquette, as he justly remarks, however strict, and no feelings of delicacy, however nice and generous, can prevent men who have connections or intimate acquaintances of this sort, from possessing a great advantage over their equals who have none. "Without industry and talent they could have done little; but perhaps with both these they might have done less, if their early fame had not been nurtured by those to whom their success was a favorite object, and whose zeal afforded them at once opportunity and stimulus which to more elevated adventurers

* When Jekyll was asked the difference between an attorney and a solicitor, he said, "about the same as that between a crocodile and an alligator. A solicitor is a chancery attorney; and the two characters are commonly combined in the same person."

are wanting." This is tantamount to saying that these more elevated adventurers have hourly less and less chance of obtaining the higher prizes; and so have all who, before securing a firm hold on the dispensers of briefs, have acquired a name in literature. The author of, "Ion" was the leader of his circuit, and a sergeant, before he ventured to announce himself as the author of a popular drama; and on the first night of its performance the stage-box was exclusively occupied by his brethren of the coil.

There is one road to promotion, much trodden of late years, which renders the bench more easily accessible to the higher class of aspirants, and so compensates in one way for the mischief it is supposed to work in another. When a preference is given to members of Parliament, and party services are allowed to do duty as makeweights, what is lost in technical knowledge and professional experience may be regained in ready eloquence, in general accomplishments, in bearing, and in tone. All these are valuable, if not essential, requirements in a judge, who has to go circuits and try causes, as well as to sit in *banco* and deliver judgments on points of law. It is an obvious advantage that he should leave a good impression on the magistrates and grand jurymen with whom he is brought in close contact at the assizes; and considerable command of language is required to enable him to expose the sophistry of counsel, and pave the way for a sound verdict, by a clear and sound summing up. Besides, when the lord chancellor or the government is blamed for not accepting public or professional opinion as a peremptory guide in their selections, they may be tempted to recall some remarkable instances in which public and professional opinion was notoriously at fault.

It was taken for granted, when Sir James Scarlett became Lord Abinger and Chief Baron, that he would try causes to admiration. But it is difficult to conceive a more perverted use of an unparalleled combination of peculiar faculties. The ingrained habits of advocacy were too strong for him; instead of aiming at truth and justice, he chose a side, commonly the weakest and the worst, as affording more scope for ingenuity, and employed his wonderful power of selecting and marshalling facts for the gratification of

his vanity. The very juries at length became alive to this defect.

When Sir R. Rolfe (Lord Cranworth), an equity lawyer, was made a baron of the exchequer, it was said that he hesitated before accepting the dignity, and it was expected that, from want of practice in common law and criminal trials, he would cut a bad figure for a season. He shone forth at once as one of the best *nisi prius* judges ever known. At his very first circuit, it was an intellectual treat to hear him sum up in a complicated cause.

When the late Lord Campbell exercised his undoubted prerogative as lord chancellor in naming Mr. Justice Blackburn to a vacant seat in the Queen's Bench, even the bulk of the profession were taken by surprise, and the appointment was loudly denounced as a piece of Scotch nepotism by the most influential portion of the press. It was said, and we believe truly, that when the proposal was first made to the dignitary elect, he mistook it for an offer of a local judgeship, and asked time to consider. Mr. Justice Blackburn (despite of some uncouthness of manner) is confessedly one of the main pillars of his court.

Having now shown plausible grounds why some diminution of social importance, if not of solid worth, may have been anticipated in the judicial body, let us see how far the *a priori* and possibly superficial argument is in accordance with the facts.

Without pleading guilty to any culpable superstition as to numbers, we own to a feeling of regret when the twelve judges of England were increased by three; for there is little chance that the English public will ever acquire for the fifteen the same prescriptive reverence which is felt by the Scotch. "A man's aye the better thought o' in our country," was Dandie Dinmont's reply to Counsellor Pleydell, "for having been afore the Feifteen." Besides, the supply was not more than equal to the demand prior to the augmentation, which took place in 1830. The three principal common-law tribunals are now composed as follows:—

The Queen's Bench.—Chief Justice, Cockburn. Puisne judges: Crompton, Blackburn, Mellor, and Shee.

The Common Pleas.—Chief Justice, Erle.

Puisne judges: Vaughan, Williams, Willes, Byles, and Keating.

The Exchequer.—Chief Baron, Pollock.

Puisne barons:—Martin, Bramwell, Channell, and Pigott.

The lord chief justice of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn, a baronet by descent, and a member of a family which has furnished an ample share of contemporary illustrations, will certainly not be cited as a judge whose birth and breeding might prove out of keeping with his rank. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and took his degree in civil law, an easy mode of graduating, which suited his careless and pleasure-loving disposition. At college, and for some years after leaving it, his constant associates were the two distinguished brothers, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer. All three were then unknown to fame; and although it was plain enough to close observers of ordinary sagacity that the craving desire of distinction was the animating principle of each, few would have ventured to prophesy that those three sauntering young men of family, who would hardly take the trouble to get up a subject for a debating club, were to become—one, lord chief justice of England; another, ambassador at Constantinople and a distinguished author; the third, a leading statesman and orator, a cabinet minister, and one of the first writers of the age.

Cockburn, whose father, Colonel Cockburn, was long minister at one of the smaller embassies, had the advantage of speaking two or three foreign languages with facility, a plausible excuse for desultory reading, as well as an added zest to the enjoyments and consequent allurements of society. It may be doubted whether he ever took to the serious and sustained study of the law at any period. His marvellous rapidity of perception, his instinctive discovery and tenacious grasp of the precise knowledge required for the occasion, his power of penetrating to the principles and generalizing the facts of the cases successively presented to him, not only supplied all want of application and book-learning, but prevented the outer world from even suspecting him of such a want. We know no one comparable to him in this respect, except Lord Derby in a debate on a subject of which he knows little or nothing,—one involving the doctrines of political economy,

for example; and his lordship has been compared by a competent critic to Mrs. Pritchard, of whom Johnson said that, admirably as she acted Lady Macbeth, she never read the play through, nor ever knew any part but her own. Best, afterwards Lord Wynford, whose learning (such as it was) was also picked up at haphazard and as he wanted it, was celebrated for the charm of his voice and the graceful fluency of his elocution. One of his colleagues in the Queen's (then King's) Bench was Holroyd, an old special pleader saturated with case-law, whose mode of delivery made his profoundly-learned judgments unintelligible to all except the judge who sat next to him. That fortunate neighbor was Best, who might be seen carefully dotting down authority after authority; which, when his turn came, assumed a shape as different from that in which they had been first mumbled and jumbled, as the tempting edible which came out at one end of the sausage-making machine recorded in "Pickwick" differed from the rude and somewhat heterogeneous material thrown in at the other. Cockburn was never driven to such an expedient. On the bench, by the time the counsel—supposing them to be worth their salt—have concluded their arguments, he is armed at all points and ready to give judgment. At the bar, he could commonly have followed, with very little risk, the avowed practice of Curran: "When I am for the plaintiff, I am obliged to read my brief, or most of it; when I am for the defendant, I can pick up the facts from my opponent."

Cockburn, then, despite of some early recklessness, soon made a reputation; became a leader at sessions, and compelled the established leaders on his circuit (the western) to look about them. They were formidable competitors, and not easy to overtake, much less to distance; but there were classes of cases in which he shone pre-eminent,—cases in which the indignation of juries was to be roused, or their feelings were to be touched. Then, his rich, mellow voice, and his exquisitely appropriate (though dramatic or melodramatic) action, told to admiration. He was strong in conspiracy, happy in seduction, grand in *crim. con.* His defence of a clergyman accused of immoral conduct by his parishioners was a masterpiece in this line. Another eminently successful effort, and in the highest

walk of advocacy, was his speech for Macnaghten, the madman, who shot Mr. Drummond by mistake for Sir Robert Peel. Cockburn's definition of legal madness was the best ever delivered in a court; and nothing could be happier or finer than the manner in which he imperceptibly shaded down the popular horror and indignation at the crime into pity and mercy for the perpetrator.

Another field, in which he was reaping a golden harvest, was presented by the committee-rooms of the Houses of Parliament, particularly in election cases, when, with the well-founded consciousness of superior talent, he made up his mind to play the great game, and was the successful candidate for Southampton in 1847. He was not fully appreciated at first by the House of Commons. There is a lurking prejudice against lawyers, as a class, whose trade is talking; and to acquire a parliamentary (as contradistinguished from a professional) position is becoming harder and harder annually, by reason of the time required to get up subjects in such a manner as to command the attention of so practical and business-like an assembly. His opportunity came at last, and he made the best of it. In the course of the Don Pacifico debate, the Whig government were looking about for a supporter who could defend their policy, from the legal point of view,—the point of view from which it had been most vigorously assailed. They fixed upon Cockburn, who, duly instructed, undertook the case, and made one of those rattling and telling speeches with which he was wont to carry juries along with him. The House, in this instance, resembled a jury, except in impartiality; and Lord Palmerston's position was closely analogous to that of the defendant in an action for trespass and extortion. The foreign secretary was brought off with flying colors, and he was not the man to forget a service of this kind.

Fastidious critics thought that the style of oratory thus opportunely and effectively brought into play savored too much of the *ni si prius* court; but no one denied that a forensic debater had arisen, capable of rendering good service to his party, either in an official or unofficial capacity. He became successively solicitor-general and attorney-general, and on the retirement of Sir John Jervis, in 1856, was created chief justice of the common pleas. We have heard that he

accepted this office with reluctance, although a peerage was placed, and still remains, at his disposal. The political arena was best suited to his tastes and habits. He thought, and many thought with him, that it was also best suited to his capacity; and the government afterwards saw reason to regret that no arrangement was made for keeping him in the House of Commons, where, until Sir Roundell Palmer came to the rescue, they were weaker in lawyers than their opponents. On Mr. Cardwell's Indian motion in 1858, for example, Cockburn was the very man they wanted to make head against Sir Hugh Cairns; and there frequently recurred occasions when they required a bold, ready, confident speaker, who was not to be put down by clamor. But the change proved advantageous both to the public and the new chief justice, on the whole. He gave such general satisfaction in his judicial capacity, that, when the chief justiceship of the Queen's Bench became vacant in 1859, he was raised to it with the entire approval of the profession. It was stated at the time, and never contradicted, that no one of his judgments, during his nearly three years' chief justiceship of the Common Pleas was successfully impugned.

His general administration of justice, in the more extended and elevated sphere, has proved equally satisfactory, although amongst the vast variety of social and moral as well as judicial questions which come before the chief criminal and civil tribunal of these realms, it would be rash to say that he has never given cause for cavil. In the Cardigan and Calthorpe case he broke through the time-honored practice of the court,—never to grant a rule for a criminal information, unless the application for it was made at the earliest available period. The court is regarded as a court of honor for the purposes of this particular jurisdiction, and was wont to turn a deaf ear to halting and hesitating demands of satisfaction. The puisne judges were consequently against the granting of the rule, and only yielded from unwillingness to give public expression to a difference with their chief.

His reasons were generous and plausible, if unsound. His mind revolted at the notion of a statute of limitations for alleged grievances affecting military reputation. But in reality, the principle and policy of that

statute were especially in point. These were strikingly illustrated by Lord Plunket: "If Time carries a scythe in the one hand with which he mows down the evidence of our rights, he carries an hour-glass in the other with which he metes out those portions of duration which shall render that evidence no longer necessary." When Lord Cardigan's conduct at Balaclava was first discussed, the circumstances were fresh in the memory of the principal witnesses; they were, most of them, living in this country, or accessible, and ready to give evidence. After the lapse of six years, some were dead, others were absent, and all might urge imperfect recollection, or unwillingness to reopen a disagreeable topic, as a ground for refusing to come forward; and it will be remembered that there is no mode of compelling any one to make an affidavit for or against either party. The deponents on both sides are volunteers. The rule must and would have been discharged on the ground of delay in the application, had there existed no other ground for discharging it; and we need hardly say that these remarks are hazarded without the smallest reference to the substantial merits or demerits of the case.

We also venture, with all due humility, to submit that a dangerous and untenable doctrine was laid down in the *Saturday Review* libel case. It surely cannot be a libel by the law of England merely to attribute motives, when those motives are a declared inference, fair or unfair, from the proved or admitted facts?

One marked advantage of having an accomplished gentleman, who has won his spurs in Parliament, and can hold his own in the most cultivated circles, as president of a court, is that he can afford to unbend, to be on easy terms with the bar, and opportunely throw aside form. Thus, Lord Mansfield, a nobleman's son, the friend of Pope, and the rival of Chatham, was the most affable of chief justices, and was "at home" every Sunday evening to a select circle of the bar, including several of the juniors. Lord Stowell used to say that dinners "lubricate" business; so, under due restraints, do familiarity and confidence between judges and counsel. We feel sure that the bland demeanor and considerate kindness of the three existing chiefs are productive of a large amount of unqualified good to litigants.

Let those whose personal reminiscences can go back far enough, compare Sir Alexander Cockburn with Chief Justice Abbot (Lord Tenterden) in this respect. "I do not like," said Curran, when Master of the Rolls, "to appear in the character of a drill-sergeant with my cane, rapping the knuckles of a private, when I become a colonel from the ranks." This is just what Lord Tenterden did like; and he was, to all intents and purposes, a colonel from the ranks. A junior must have been singularly devoid of sensitiveness who rose to address him without fear and trembling; and there was an applauding titter round the back benches when, on his harshly chiding a reference to Justinian's institutes, it was retorted, "Oh, my lord, I am quite aware that we have nothing to do with the *civil law* in this court." His partiality to an eminent leader (Scarlett) was so marked that, when the favorite sarcastically told Mr. Adolphus, "There is a difference between the practice here and at the Old Bailey," the telling reply was, "I know there is. There, the judge rules the advocate; here, the advocate rules the judge." He was habitually sharp with witnesses, and once told the chairman of the East India Company—not recognizing him as he entered the box, and took the book to be sworn—to "hold up his head, and speak out like a man." Mr. Townshend, his biographer, quotes another anecdote which, whether literally correct or not, illustrates his inveterate habit of snubbing. The scene is a circuit dinner, with his lordship presiding. He asks a country magistrate if he will take venison. "Thank you, my lord; I am going to take boiled chicken." "That, sir, is no answer to my question. I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say *yes* or *no* without further prevarication."

These traits of character will presently be seen to have an important and immediate bearing on one main object of this article,—the comparison of the present with the past; for Lord Tenterden was an excellent chief in what are commonly regarded as essentials, a classical scholar, and a well-intentioned, though narrow-minded man. Lord Brougham's elaborate and admirable portrait of him in "Historical Sketches" substantially confirms our estimate.

It was as a pious judge that Lord Tenterden first acquired, or ripened and consummated

mated, the reputation which led to the chief justiceship and the peerage; and it was as puisne judges that many first-rate lawyers, who never rose higher, have earned lasting places in judicial history. "As Burke's name in the Senate [exclaims Mr. Townshend] is the name of Buller in Westminster Hall." Not unworthy to be placed in the same category are the names of Le Blanc, Laurence, Hullock, Bayley, Dampier, Blackstone, Holroyd, Littledale, Patteson, Parke (Lord Wensleydale), Alderson, Maule, etc., etc. We must, therefore, not be suspected of undervaluing the weight and influence of their successors in the same rank, now on the bench, because space forbids an individual and detailed account or appreciation of them.

Mr. Justice Crompton won his way as a hard-working junior, and never aspired to silk. He had been a special pleader of no mean distinction, and whilst on the northern circuit, was largely employed in commercial cases of importance. In addition to his repute as a good general lawyer, his authority stands deservedly high in those branches of law in which his forensic practice principally lay. His judgments are marked by clearness and candor; his demeanor is unassuming, and his address conciliating. Though an Englishman by birth, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr. Justice Blackman is probably the most deep-read lawyer in his court; and he has thoroughly digested what he has read. He is also endowed with a strong logical faculty, intensely Scotch, which enables him to knit his premises and conclusions together with rare firmness and tenacity. Where he fails is in manner. There is not a particle of real arrogance or assumption in his character; and yet, not long ago, he managed to get into a very disagreeable difference with the sheriff and county magistrates at an assize town, and made the public think him wrong when most probably he was substantially in the right. He was educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a creditable degree in mathematics. His friends thought highly of him; and he was enrolled a member of the club or society called "The Apostles," which boasts of having worked wonders in the domains of thought and imagination. It may lay claim to a man of genius or two, and several men of talent, as having belonged to the fraternity; but as regards national

thought or progress, its annals might be cut out of the intellectual history of England without being missed.

Mr. Justice Mellor is turning out a fair average judge, although he had no marked or recognized qualifications for the preferment. He was a sergeant-at-law, in tolerable practice, a member of Parliament, and highly respected by his friends. He is admitted to possess sense, patience, and impartiality.

Mr. Justice Shiee, along with a fair reputation as a lawyer, brings elements of strength and confidence which are rarer and not less valuable,—a manly independence of character, a solid and comprehensive understanding, a generous disposition, and commanding powers of expression, to enforce the dictates of his reason and his heart. An Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and member, during a four years' session, for the County of Kilkenny, he was exposed to more than ordinary temptations; but he never digressed into the by-paths of politics, nor ever compromised himself by the adoption of the untenable doctrines which his constituents would fain have forced on him. We believe that it was an entire mistake to suppose that his preferment was delayed on account of his religion.

The Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Sir William Erle, is of a good Dorsetshire family, the son of a clergyman. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. His entire career has been successful and irreproachable; but his best qualities are none of a showy quality. He is a good scholar, a good speaker, an excellent lawyer, an accomplished and agreeable gentleman; yet we should be puzzled to point to any particular occasion on which he came out in a manner to attract extraordinary attention or applause. His plainness of manner, also, and a slight touch of provincialism in his speech, are apt to hide the genuine refinement of his mind from those who do not know him well. When he first joined the western circuit, it partook a good deal of the nature of a pleasure-party; and an amusing anecdote is told of his half-serious remonstrance with Wilde (Lord Truro), who had no taste for the prolonged merriment of the mess-table, or for equestrian expeditions to the seacoast.

"I tell you what it is, Wilde, till you came the circuit, we lived a tolerably idle life, like gentlemen; evening consultations were mere formal matters, very rapidly got

over; and when we came into court in the morning, we were all pretty nearly on a par, so far as concerned intimate acquaintance with our briefs. Now, you have set the example of sitting up half the night poring over them; and the rest of us must do likewise to keep pace with you." Wilde also set the example of long speeches, a bad habit, which long survived him on the scene of his earliest forensic victories.

Erle was member for the city of Oxford, from 1837 to 1841; but he made no attempt at parliamentary distinction; and when, in 1845, he was appointed to a puisne judgeship in the Common Pleas, he was so little appreciated, that there appeared strong comments in the leading newspapers, on the alleged injustice of preferring him to Mr. (afterwards Baron) Platt. He was removed to the Queen's Bench in 1846, and appointed to the dignity he now fills in 1859. He has every reason to congratulate himself on his colleagues, and, as regards authority on law questions, is thought to preside over the strongest of the common law courts.

Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, especially strong in special pleading and real property law, would rarely be found wanting or tripping in any branch of English jurisprudence; and his whole soul is in the effective discharge of his duty. Unluckily, an incipient deafness threatens to impair his utility as a judge of assize; but (as in the case of the late Sir James Patteson) the public, if they had a choice in the matter, would be extremely ill-advised not to put up with the infirmity.

Mr. Justice Wills was a pet *protege* of Lord Wensleydale, which is a sufficient guarantee for his legal acquirements, as well as a tolerably sure indication of his quality of mind. Admirable ingenuity, combined with an extreme fondness for technical distinctions and fine (not always obvious) analogies and trains of reasoning, is his forte. He is consequently safer in double than in single harness, but a most valuable member of a court in all respects. He is by birth an Irishman, a native of Cork, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin.

To come to the Exchequer.—The Chief Baron, Sir Frederic Pollock, would hold a very high place amongst the intellectual notabilities of his time, even had he never adopted law as his profession. His mind is

undoubtedly one of extraordinary grasp, vigor, and versatility; and if he had stuck to mathematics or mechanics, he might be now in the same category with the Herschels, Aireys, de Morgans, and Babbages. We allude not merely to the senior wranglership, which was his starting-point, but to the manner in which he grapples with the scientific questions which come before him. "No man," writes Lord Brougham, "can doubt that a familiar acquaintance with mathematical principles, mathematical methods of demonstration, and the doctrines of mechanical and of chemical science, is of unspeakable importance, to the practical lawyer." The chief baron's general acquirements, too, are varied and extensive, and his argumentative powers are of the highest order when he is sufficiently warmed and stimulated to put them forth. It must be admitted, however, that his mind is subject to fits of sluggishness, or demands intervals of repose; for his business at the bar was sometimes discharged in a perfunctory manner, and he is rather unduly prone to talk himself into the subject, as it were, by a running colloquy with counsel from the bench. As one example among many, we may refer to that which must be fresh in the memory of our readers,—the argument in the *Alexandra* case, in which he maintained his ground against a formidable antagonist, Sir Roundell Palmer, without the semblance of an appeal for forbearance on the score of his elevated position or his age. His easy disposition, habitual good temper, and considerate kindness, are well known.

When a "fine old man" was mentioned in Swift's presence, he broke out angrily: "There is no such thing: if his head or heart had been worth anything they would have worn him out long ago." Sir Frederick Pollock, born in 1783, must be admitted to form an exception to the rule. He was elected a member of the House of Commons in 1831, and was Attorney-General in Sir Robert Peel's short administration of 1834. He came in again with his party in 1841, and was made chief baron in 1844. Although he never acquired fame as a parliamentary orator, he frequently spoke with effect, and his duties as law officer of the crown were discharged with ability and conscientiousness.

In the course of the self-same argument

in the *Alexandra* case to which allusion has been made, Sir Roundell Palmer, having to quote a Latin authority, sarcastically said, that he would translate it "for the benefit of the court,"—much as a young member fresh from college might offer to translate for the benefit of the country gentlemen. As the learned attorney general could not mean this as a hit at the chief baron, it was thought to aim at the puisne barons, only one of whom (Baron Pigott) had enjoyed the advantage of a university education. Whether they were strong in Horace or Juvenal may be doubted; but we should give them credit for being able to construe the Latin of the law books; and, at all events, they possess between them most other judicial requisites.

Baron Bramwell showed by his judgment in this very case, that he wielded a strong, broad intellect, well saturated with jurisprudential lore. His education was private; and he is one of the best specimens of the hard-headed energetic man of business, who has forced his way without much general cultivation or refinement.

Baron Channell (although not quite up to the mark on this occasion) is commonly distinguished by the neatness and lucidity with which he applies his abundant knowledge; the chief drawback being his frequent indecision.

Baron Martin (son-in-law of the chief baron) is at home in the learning of the reports, possesses an extraordinary familiarity with every branch of practice, knows more of the world than most of his colleagues, and is a quick-witted, hard-headed, clever man to boot. His speciality is a sporting cause. Unluckily (or luckily) there are not enough of them to make it worth a judge's while to become a member of the Jockey Club or a frequenter of Tattersall's. Lord Tenterden put a cruel damper on this sort of litigation already discountenanced by Lord Ellenborough) by refusing to try an action for the amount of a wager upon a dog-fight which had not come off. "We, my lord," said the counsel for the plaintiff (Brougham), "were minded that the dogs should fight." "Then I," replied the chief justice, "am minded to hear no more of it! Call the next cause."

Baron Pigott has not been long enough upon the bench to justify an estimate of his

judicial merits, and he was placed under a temporary disadvantage from having been preferred to Mr. Justice Shee. So many average lawyers and advocates, of whom people thought little or not at all, have turned out well as judges that we gladly refrain from anticipating conclusions. He is a gentleman by birth, a graduate of the University of Oxford, had a fair practice, and was member for Reading.

Walk into a nisi prius court, and you will find it crowded with an eager audience, watching and criticising every gesture of the counsel and the judge. Walk into a court of equity, and, nineteen times out of twenty, you will find no audience besides the solicitors and their clerks, with, occasionally, the parties to the suit. The public, therefore, neither have nor care to have a bodily image or impress of a lord justice, a vice-chancellor, or a master of the rolls, even when he bears the honored name of Romilly. At the first view, too, there seems no marked difference between them. They are all diligent, conscientious painstaking men, more or less learned, fully equal to their work,—*fortemque Gyam fortemque Cloanthum*. But we cannot pass over the distinguished holder of the great seal, the Right Hon. Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury, who exercises, and is long likely to exercise, a predominant influence over the character and prospects of the profession. He is not only the grand dispenser of its honors, but he is a law reformer—fearless, enlightened, and far-seeing—who has done more to accelerate its purification and remove its practical abuses than any man living, except Lord Brougham. He gave the first impulse to the slowly-reviving inns of court; and it is not his fault that any one may still obtain the degree of barrister, with its rank and privileges, without any examination as to educational fitness, or any positive and satisfactory test of conduct and character.

Richard Bethell is a native of Wilts, and the son of a physician. He was admitted of Wadham College, Oxford, in 1814, and took a "double-first" in 1818. He resided in the university as private tutor, till he obtained a fellowship; soon after which, having already entered at the Middle Temple, he began in earnest the study of the law. He was called to the bar, in 1823, and received a silk gown in 1840. His superiority, when

his pretensions had been fully tested, was so manifest as to prove in some sense a disadvantage to him. He had too much of his own way, especially in the court of the Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, in which his chief practice lay for a period. This judge's bearing toward him was doubtless a good deal owing to the assistance derived from his arguments; but still it was a subject of complaint amongst competitors, and calculated to operate injuriously on the very object of favor. In other courts,—including the highest in the House of Commons, and even in the House of Lords, the most august assembly in the land, the habit of undervaluing or domineering over opponents clung to him.

"The honorable member has promised to turn it over in what he is pleased to call his mind." "The honorable gentleman has treated a subject of which he knows nothing, in a temper of mind which would incapacitate him from treating effectively one of which he knew much." These are examples of the amenities with which he rather amused than irritated the Lower House; but the more decorous lords were both shocked and scandalized when, in a debate on the Salmon Fishery Bill, he charged a numerous band of hereditary legislators, including cabinet ministers and ex-chancellors, with doctrines subversive of the most sacred rights of property. He utters these things in a clear, evenly-balanced, bland tone of voice, without the smallest symptom of anger; and he has really very little gall in his disposition; but they are not the less irritating on that account. The prolonged cheer with which Lord Cranworth's rebuke was received on both sides would have daunted or quelled most men, but it left Lord Westbury apparently unabashed, although not, perhaps, eventually unimproved.

It is curious that the career of Thurlow was marked by a similar episode. He had spoken too often and too arrogantly, when the Duke of Grafton, taking advantage of his temporary unpopularity, taunted him with his humble birth and the recent date of his peerage. What followed is related by Mr. Charles Butler in his "Reminiscences." Thurlow rose from the woosack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor usually addresses the House. "I am amazed," he said, in a low tone of voice, "at the attack the noble duke has made upon

me. Yes, my lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his honorable exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say and will say that, as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honorable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront, to be considered, as a man,—I am at this moment as respectable, I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon."

Mr. Butler says that the effect of this speech, both within and without the walls of parliament, was prodigious. It gave Thurlow an ascendancy in the house which no chancellor had ever possessed. It invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honor (very ill-merited, by the way); and this, though he was ever upon the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people. Lord Westbury did not redeem himself by a blow opportunely and happily struck, but he has amply redeemed himself by his labors in jurisprudence and legislation, by the proved possession of all the solid qualities which give weight and dignity to his elevated post.

By an odd coincidence, one of his greatest intellectual displays in the house of commons was when he was acting in co-operation with Mr. Gladstone; and the dialectic contest in which he ran the greatest risk of a damaging discomfiture was when he had that consummate master of fence for an antagonist. The intellectual display was in carrying through the clauses of the Duty on Successions Bill; the dialectic contest was when, in a debate on the Divorce Bill, the quondam allies differed as to the orthodox doctrine touching marriage and divorce. Few dispu-

tants could be better matched on such a subject: in knowledge, subtilty, readiness, and command of language, they were on a par. But on its being shown that the forensic champion had misread the authority on which the dispute turned, the palm of victory was awarded to the eloquent lay champion of the establishment.

During most of Lord Eldon's tenure of the great seal, he had no assistant but the master of the rolls. He had to act as equity judge of first instance, equity judge of appeal, and president of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords; in which capacity he practically reviewed his own decisions when an ill-advised suitor was not content with his judgment in Lincoln's Inn. The first vice-chancellor was created in 1813. Two more were added in 1841. The other additional equity judges are the lords justices, who share the appellate jurisdiction with the lord chancellor. The two jointly form an appeal court; but the chancellor, if it pleases him, may still sit alone to hear appeals in equity, or may summon them to sit with him. A late chancellor having exercised this privilege oftener than was deemed necessary, Lord Westbury accounted for his excess of caution thus: "Poor little fellow, he does not like to be left alone in the dark."

One obvious consequence of these changes is that the judicial capacity of a chancellor is less frequently tested, and is, in fact, of much less importance than when, Atlas-like, he bore nearly the whole administration of equity upon his back. What we hope and expect from Lord Westbury is not that he will rival Nottingham or Hardwicke by his decrees, but that he will far surpass the most enterprising of his predecessors in wise and large measures of law reform.

There is yet another member of the judicial body in whom the public have a vivid personal interest, and of whom we must consequently say something, although the recent date of his appointment will not justify us in saying much. On Sir Cresswell Cresswell's lamented death, the bench and the bar were carefully scanned to discover a fitting successor. A sensible man of the world, gifted with the faculty of fathoming the springs of human nature and of appreciating the varying social relations of persons in the different walks of life, not merely an accomplished lawyer, was required; and when the choice

fell upon Sir James (lately Baron) Wilde, it was ratified by public and professional approbation. He had manifested, both as a practising barrister and as a judge, most of the desired qualifications, whilst his personal position was in keeping with them. He is a nephew of the late Lord Truro, and was educated at Winchester, and Trinity College, Cambridge. Called to the bar in 1832, he went the northern circuit, until he was made a baron of the exchequer in 1860. He is married to a daughter of the Earl of Radnor.

The Right Honorable Stephen Lushington, D.C.L., judge of the Arches Court, and judge of the High Court of Admiralty, is too eminent a member of the judicial body to be passed over, although the simultaneous presidency of the two courts by the same person is a clear indication of their decline. The truth is, the most important business originally belonging to the Court of Arches has been transferred to the Probate, Matrimonial, and Divorce Court; and the Court of Admiralty languishes from the inevitable lack of employment during peace. Yet we well remember a pamphlet in which the ingenious writer, the present Queen's Advocate, maintained that its unimpaired jurisdiction was essential to the well-being of the naval service, and was connected, by no very extended chain, with the glories of Trafalgar and the Nile; a theory probably based upon the fact that Nelson and other naval heroes have exhibited a natural but most prosaic attachment to prize-money. A civilian may also be excused for wishing to avert the rude hands of innovation from the sacred precincts of this tribunal, when he reflects that from it issued those masterly expositions of international law, Lord Stowell's judgments, by which, and by which alone, English jurisprudence is known and honored throughout the civilized world.

Dr. Lushington was born in 1783, the son of a baronet. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and began life with all the social advantages that education and connection could confer. His tastes and habits being eminently intellectual, no one in his day contributed more to diffuse that opinion of professional society which had been formed, as we have seen, by Lord Grenville and Sir Walter Scott. He was appointed judge of the Consistory Court in 1828, and judge of the Admiralty in 1838. He sat in parliament from 1820 to

1841, a consistent Whig, acting and voting with Brougham, Denman, and Mackintosh; and his name is honorably associated with theirs in the great liberal movement effected by them in national education, in toleration, and, above all, in the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions, for which he toiled unceasingly till it was done. His eloquence was marred by his voice, which was high and shrill, almost shrieking in moments of excitement; but his speeches commanded attention by weight of matter, force of argument, and earnestness of purpose. It would be flattery to call him a great judge; and perhaps it is fortunate for his fame that the Admiralty Court no longer challenges the same amount of critical attention which it commanded under Lord Stowell; for he is said to pique himself on the justness of his first impressions, and generally to act upon them. Talleyrand's cynical maxim was, "Distrust your first impulses, because they are commonly good;" but the reverse may be predicted of first impressions in a law case, unless we presuppose a complete mastery of its legal relations and analogies, as well as an intuitive knowledge of the facts. Dr. Lushington's administration of justice, however, has not been unsatisfactory on the whole; and the last important judgment delivered by him shows that his judicial powers are undecayed. He is another instance of the wonderful examples recently accumulated of old men rising superior to the weight of years and proudly defying time. That judgment, involving the most embarrassing of problems, whether a large section of the Church are or are not flying in the face of its articles, has been partly annulled on appeal, but it is a memorable example of the intellectual powers of a jurist and theologian past eighty.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is a court of appeal composed of the principal judges and ex-judges of the superior courts. It is little known to the public, except by its judgments in Indian cases between parties with unpronounceable names, collectively pronounced, and it has no distinct personality to be sketched.

In consequence of the judgment delivered by the lord chancellor in the Williams and Wilson ("Essays and Reviews") cases, the competency of this court, as a court of appeal in ecclesiastical matters, has been vehemently assailed, especially in the *Quarterly Review*,

in which it is contended that the clergy should be absolute judges of doctrine in all cases. But it seems to be forgotten that the clergy do not constitute the Church; and most reasonable people will be of opinion that the lay element is especially required in a tribunal which decides, in the last resort, an ecclesiastical question, involving not merely doctrinal points, but temporal rights. It will be an evil day for the clergy when the majority are left free to persecute the minority.

A distinct personality is also wanting to the tribunal which finds an appropriate place amongst Mr. R. Doyle's humorous and thoughtful illustrations of "Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe in 1849." No. 15 is headed "Highest Court of Law in ye Kyngdom. Ye Lords Hearyng Appeals." It represents the finest saloon in Europe, with the lord chancellor on the woolsack; the council addressing him; one lord reading a *Blue-book*; another, with folded arms, asleep; and a third (a striking likeness of Lord Brougham, in plaid trousers) in an attitude of mingled weariness and irritability. It is undeniable that this is hardly a caricature of a court which can overrule, one after the other if it pleases, the judgments of the highest tribunals in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively. Four peers being a quorum, three lay lords and a bishop are regularly told off to make a court: the aggregate is the "Highest Court of Law in ye Kyngdom;" and (wonder of wonders!) all who take, or have taken, part in its proceedings maintain confidently that it works well.

These sketches, however slight and imperfect, may help to verify or correct the popular estimate of the bench. If it can boast of no brilliant constellations or luminaries, it is marked by no positive specks; and we should be puzzled to name a period when its members were less open to grave criticism or reproach. The want of polished demeanor in two or three is not peculiar to the judicial body of our time; and far worse blemishes are suggested in connection with illustrious names by the most cursory glance at our forensic annals. Lord Mansfield, as may be read in Junius, was plausibly accused of exalting the prerogative of the crown at the expense of the liberty of the subject,—of undermining the common law, and of misdirecting juries for personal or political objects. On his retirement, Thurlow, then chancellor,

said that he "hesitated long between the corruption of Buller, and the intemperance of Kenyon" adding most gratuitously as regards Kenyon, "not but what there was a d—d deal of intemperance in Buller's corruption, and a d—d deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance." The prime minister, Mr. Pitt, placed a veto on the nomination of Buller, whom he himself, whilst travelling the western circuit, had seen try a case affecting political rights in a close borough belonging to his (the judge's) family.

Kenyon has left a great and well-earned name; yet he indulged many peculiarities of opinion, nay, many strong prejudices, which worked injustice. His parsimonious meanness in dress, equipage, and style of living, was proverbial; and his fondness for introducing supposed quotations from the classics ludicrously misunderstood was so inveterate as to provoke the rebuke of George III.: "Pray, my lord, keep to your good law, and give us no more of your bad Latin." In the amusing miscellany, entitled, "Westminster Hall," he is represented as addressing the jury, "Having thus discharged your conscience, gentlemen, you may retire to your homes in peace, with the delightful consciousness of having performed your duties well, and may lay your heads on your pillows, and say, '*Aut Caesar aut nullus.*'" In Coleridge's "Table Talk" he is stated to have said, "Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the apostle." Granting that sundry barons of the exchequer need Latin authorities to be translated for them, they do not parade their ignorance in this fashion.

Lord Kenyon's undue partiality for Erskine is fixed by a happy quotation of Law's (Lord Ellenborough), in reply to an angry explosion of the favorite:—

"Non me tua fervida terrent
Dieta, ferox. Dii me terrent et Jupiter hostis."

Lord Ellenborough, on succeeding Lord Kenyon, declared that no gentleman should be subjected to the indignities which he himself had endured from, or seen inflicted by, his predecessor; and, with rare exceptions, he kept his word. But with all his grand qualities, he had his faults. A political opponent, like Lord Cochrane (afterwards Earl of Dundonald), had small chance of justice at his hands; he would fain have silenced

altogether defendants charged with offences against religion, like the publishers of Tom Paine; and in his eyes a libel against persons in authority was a crime more dangerous to the public peace than housebreaking.

Talfourd introduces an amusing anecdote in his "Vacation Rambles," in these words:—"Lord Ellenborough had come down after an interval, during which his substitutes had made slow progress, and was rushing through the list *like a rhinoceros through a sugar plantation*, or a common sergeant, in the evening, through a paper of petty larcenies; but just as had non-suited the plaintiff in the *twenty-second* cause, which the plaintiff's attorney had thought safe till the end of a week, and was about to retire to his turtle, with the conviction of having done a very good morning's work," etc. This somewhat diminishes our admiration for the exploit, (mentioned to his honor in the House of Commons at the time), that he had disposed of a Guildhall cause list containing five hundred and eighty-eight causes.

His lordship's promise of civility to the bar, does not seem to have implied affability. Lord Brougham was told by a learned sergeant that, at the table at Sergeant's Inn, where the judges dine with their brethren of the coif, the etiquette was never to say a word after the chief justice, nor ever to begin any topic of conversation. "He was treated with fully more than the obsequious deference shown at court to the sovereign himself." It must be admitted that his surliness was redeemed by humor; as in his encouraging remark to the tyro who stammered out, "My lords, my unfortunate client—my unfortunate client."—"Go on, sir; so far the court is quite with you." Or in his reply to Mr. Preston, who, after occupying an entire day amid the yawns of the court, appealed to know when it would be their lordships' *pleasure* to hear the remainder of his argument. "Mr. Preston, we are bound to hear you, and shall do so in due course; the court has no pleasure in the matter."

It may fairly be inferred that other judges did not think it necessary to listen, or pretend to listen, to all that was formally addressed to them, when we learn that Lord Mansfield, the prince of courtesy, was in the habit of reading newspapers and answering letters in court. Lord Eldon did so too; and Lord Abinger would do it ostentatiously and offensively, to mark his contempt for the advocate. Lord Clare, who had a life-long feud

with Curran, beginning with a duel, once brought a Newfoundland dog into a court, and gave it his exclusive attention whilst Curran was speaking. The counsel paused. "Proceed, Mr. Curran; pray proceed," said the lord chancellor, looking up with his hand on the head of his canine companion. "I will proceed, my lord, when your lordships have concluded your consultation."

Anecdotes abound of Chief-Justice Willes's gallantry, not to say profligacy, which we cannot venture to reproduce; and Boswell reports a conversation with Johnson, in 1773, which appears to have been suggested by some judicial irregularity. "On the same evening, he would not allow that the private life of a judge, in England, was required to be so strictly decorous as I supposed. 'Why, then, sir,' said I, 'according to your account, an English judge must just live like a gentleman.'" Johnson: "Yes, sir, if he can."

When Lord Northington (Henley) was Master of the Rolls, he requested leave of the king to discontinue the evening sittings of his court; and, on being called on for a reason, replied, "Because, please your majesty, I am always drunk after dinner." The speaker, Onslow, was complaining that he had been stopped in Parliament Street, through the obstinacy of a carman; and was told that the lord chancellor (Northington) had experienced a considerable delay from the same cause. "Well," said the speaker, "did not his lordship show him the mace, and strike him dumb?" "No," it was replied, "he did not; but he swore by God that, if he had been in his private coach, he would have got out and beat the d—d rascal to a jelly."

When Hone, under a trial for a profane parody, was quoting passages from sceptical writers in his defence, one of his judges was overheard declaring to a colleague that, he "would be d—d to h— if he would sit there and hear the Christian religion abused." It should be remembered in mitigation, that swearing and drinking were then not deemed incompatible with the habits and manners of good society. Even the pious Eldon was frequently guilty of an oath.

Within the memory of the senior members of the profession, the Court of Exchequer was stated to be composed of one judge, who was a gentleman and no lawyer; a second, who was a lawyer and no gentleman; a third, who was neither; and a fourth, who was both. This description, in which strict accuracy may have been sacrificed to antithesis, recalls Charles Lamb's jocular remark on his four friends of the Lake school,—that one would tell a lie, but would not pick a pocket; another would pick a pocket, but would not tell a lie; a third would do neither; and a

fourth would do both,—selecting, of course, the professed moralist for the climax.

The gentleman-judge, not a lawyer, was Baron Graham; and some curious stories are told of his uniform politeness on the bench. In his day, it was usual to suspend judgment in the criminal cases till the conclusion of the assizes and deliver all the sentences in a lump. A name had been accidentally omitted in the list of capital punishments, of which he was reminded on coming to the end of the list. "Oh, yes, I see, John Thomson,—John Thomson, I beg your pardon; you also are to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on *your* miserable soul too."

This is not so bad as the hanging judge, once frequently discoverable on the bench. One of the most repulsive specimens has been handed down to lasting ignominy by a couplet of Pope's:—

"Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page."

Johnson records that, at the trial of Savage for murder, Page concluded an inflammatory address to the jury in this fashion:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?"

The testy judge has been most effectively laughed down by the inimitable sketch of Mr. Justice Starleigh in the *Pickwick* trial; and we should not be sorry if the same powerful satirist would deal in the same summary fashion with the joking judge; although, if learning, capacity, and accomplishment could ever redeem the character from censure, it would have been so redeemed by the late Sir James Alderson. But we may safely trust to public opinion and the press to apply the corrective to all these minor or exceptional blemishes. High functionaries of all kinds now act too much in the open glare of day to take liberties or indulge humors; whilst the dispensers of promotion are too sure of being called to a speedy account to risk a bad or even a fairly questionable appointment. Whilst feeling and fully admitting, therefore, that there is room for improvement in the judicial body as they stand, we really see no immediate reason for grave complaint, apprehension, or regret concerning them.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DAYBREAK IN LONDON IN JULY.

A POEM.

MIDNIGHT ! And o'er the old cathedral dome
The molten silver of the setting moon
Poured in a soft cascade : the noble pile,
Crowned with the symbol of our Christian faith,
Looked proudly with a monarch's dignity
Upon the lesser buildings. † Deep and slow,
With measured cadence, the firm voice of time
Pealed solemn warning to the restless ear
Of the sick-watchers by the bed of death.
Yet, 'neath the sky, supremely beautiful
Showed the great capital : her myriad roofs
Set in a framework of transparent white
By Earth's attendant planet ; all her streets—
Save here and there—deserted by the throng
Of noonday wayfarers ; her thousand spires
Showed in dark outline 'gainst the silvered sky,
A band of silent guards, re-echoing wide
In muffled tones the great cathedral bell,
Each slowly sounding the last hour of night.

One ! Paling wanes the crescent of the moon
At the first sigh of day ; an awful calm
Reigns in the precincts of our Babylon
But * when some thoughtless reveller profanes
The silence of the night ; a holy spell
Binds the vast sleeping city ; those who watch
Commune with things that are not of the earth,
And Earth herself, her myriad cares at rest,
Lies calmly sleeping on the breast of God.

Two ! The last murmurs of expiring night,
The rolling carriage-wheels of pleasure's crew,
Die all away, longer ashamed to break
With their unholy sounds the happy trance
Of the reposing city. Men lie bound,—
Bound hand and foot ; the bold-faced ruffian now
Lies harmless as the golden-tressed child,
Whose angel features bear the stamp of God
Not yet defaced by man. 'Tis a glad thought
That gleams amid the blackness of our world
Like some white star set on the mountain's brow
When earth is rocked by tempest, standing forth
In trustful boldness 'mid a sea of strife,
To guide the traveller with a glimpse of heaven.
Slumber reigns lord. What mighty schemes
awhile

Hang in the scale suspended ! and, alas !
What crimes conceived in the too-ready brain
Wait but the touch of day to bring them forth
With hydra-headed vigor, far and wide
Scattering subtle poisons ! Grateful † night—
By the great Father-hand designed to give
Mankind sweet rest from labor—oh, how oft
Art thou perverted to unholy use,
And that which should be blessing turned to bane !

Three ! The gray dawn hath ripened into red,
And one by one, with all their fragrant loads,
Come trooping ceaselessly along the Strand
The fruit and flower merchants ; country carts
Bear their green wealth of cauliflowers high-piled
In stacks of tempting semblance : strawberry-girls

Trudge, fruit-on-head, into the avenues
Of busy Covent Garden ; at the pump
A chattering motley throng eager debate
The likely prices of the coming day ;
Roses are freshened ; penny bouquets trimmed ;
And early breakfasts taken at the stalls
Of clamorous coffee-dealers. Life is here,
Though yet great London sleepeth : but she stirs
Uneasy in her slumber ; whilst she dreams,
Kind Earth, who *never* sleepeth, sends her store
From four vast teeming quarters. Daily food
Daily three millions ask at London's hands
In winter as in summer. Mighty task
Of never-ending toil ! Machinery
Put by the world in motion, wheels in wheels,
Ever revolving : all the globe may aid ;
But England *sets* and London *works* the springs.

Four ! Cheery artisans come whistling forth,
Their tools in hand and smiles upon the brow,
And many a "snatch" of sprightly people's tune
Speaks sunshine in the heart. That bread is
sweet

Which the strong arm *must* earn, and sweet that
rest

Which owes not slumber to a silken couch,
But is the honest recompense of toil.
Say, ye who reign, who trifle with a crown
As children with a toy ; whose sympathies
Are blunted by the all-corroding rust
That grows with riches on man's *natural* gold,
Is grandeur worth its price ? Yet, nay, speak
not,

But rather hold your peace : Truth needs no
priest

To preach her evidence ; with timid hand
I hold the picture up, look ye who list,
Not for the *painter's* but the *painted's* sake,
And silent own the justice of the brush.
The smock-frocked country lads in twos and
threes

Traverse the gleaming pavement : some with crabs
As yet unripe ; some with the speary flags
Of nodding bulrushes ; and some with nests
Of callow piping thrushes, chirping loud,—
Poor little ones, unconscious of the fate
That hovers threatening o'er their nestling-hood,
A certain torment and a lingering death.

Now come the grass-carts with their new-cut
loads,

Yet fresh and green, and scattering here and there
A blade or two upon the straggling road,
Tracing their onward course. The seamstress
hangs

Outside her casement the shrill, restless lark,
Sole comrade of her toilsome solitude ;
And with a care, as if 'twere living thing,
Waters her one poor pot of mignonette
Ere she take up her needle. Thou High Heaven
See'st the brave struggles of ten thousand hearts
That, withering here uncherished, break un-
blessed.

Five ! The red orb of day comes grandly up
Above the pale horizon, limns with gold
The massive bridges of the arched chain
Spanning the noble Thames ; and in the "Pool"
Ten thousand thousand masts from every clime

* Poetic for "except but when."

† In the true sense of the word, i.e., *pleasant*.

Show, gilded by the sun-rays, splendid sign
Of England's prosperous commerce, of that power
Which makes her Pearl of Nations. Sailor-
hearts

Are foremost of the loyal : truly then
May proud Britannia boast her jackets blue,
Ruled by a sovereign every inch a queen !

The lines of warehouses grow peopled thick
With streams of stalwart porters grim and brown
From work at river-side ; the hammers ring,
Mixed with the noisier grating of the crane .
And the first railway trains across the bridge
Sound out their warning whistles. Barges deep
Lumber across the stream, and wherries ply
Their early business at the custom-house,
Ferrying sunburnt skippers, bag in hand,
And papers ready for the early tide,
To " weigh " and down the river. Steamers huge
For Antwerp bound, Dieppe, or Rotterdam,
Take in their freightage ; nervous passengers,
Pushed here and there by the half-angry crew,
Stare, hardly yet awake. Volumes of smoke
Note the departure of the foreign boats,
And all the wharves are redolent of life.

Six ! And broad day lifts joyously the veil
Of the last mists from all the city roofs,
And tardy workmen from their garrets pour
Into the busy streets. The half-grown girl
Carries her cress-filled basket on her arm
Through the awakened suburbs. City clerks
And artisans and early risers all,
As the hour nears toward seven, her call await
For frugal breakfast-tables. Loud and shrill
The milkman's jargon sounds along the streets ;
The " maid-of-all-work " at the open door
Her mats begins to beat ; white blinds draw up
And windows open ; and the world of Town
Is fairly now astir. Another day
Presents its heavy check on labor's bank :
Meet, friends, the call with muscle and with
brain,
And ere 'tis sundown, let the debt be paid.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

MOBILE BAY.

August 5, 1864.

THE sea upon the bar is smooth,
Yet perilous the path
Where Gaines' and Morgan's bristling guns
Belch forth their rebel wrath.
And close beyond, their iron-clads
Loom in the breaking day ;
But Farragut is leading us,
And we will clear the way.

Fast flew the shot, fierce shrieked the shell ;
Thundered our broadsides back ;
It seemed the very fires of hell
Were bursting o'er our track.
But steady, onward, pressed our ships,
Careless of hurtling death,
Till the broad waters of the bay
Gave us a space for breath.

One ship was lost ; our wooden walls
Defied the walls of stone,

And, proudly sailing by, gave back
The greetings fiercely thrown :
But, 'neath a Monitor, burst forth
Flame from the treach'rous wave :
In that fell flash, stanch ship and crew
Sank to an ocean grave.

Our task is but begun ;—see where
The rebel monsters ride,
In armor clad of matchless proof,
Vauntful in untamed pride.
They long have been the rebel boast,
Monarchs of all their kind ;
Shot fly their adamantine sides ;
Their rush is like the wind.

Oh, helpless seem our oaken hulls,
Powerless each well-tried gun :
The rebel, in his pride, believes
The fight already won.
But gallant souls are panic proof,
In God their hopeful trust ;
Spirit is mightier than flesh—
Soul than its casing dust.

Again our Viking leads the way :
Glorious the sailor pride
With which our wooden-walls dash on
To perils all untried.
Whilst, confident in iron strength,
The rebel monsters leap,
To crush us 'neath their iron prows,
And whelm us in the deep.

Close quarters now ; we cannot fend
The blows that on us rain ;
Our only wish—our only thought—
To deal them back again.
Our muzzles touch their iron sides,
Our ports alive with flame ;
Hurrah ! our thunderbolts, close driven,
Crash through the armored frame.

We heed not though our comrades fall
Like leaves at winter's breath ;
Drunk with the glorious battle-rage,
We lead the dance of death.
Berserkers all, we little reck
Whom Odin's choice may be ;
The carnage only fires our hearts
Fiercer for victory.

We triumph !—see the traitor flag
Is doused—the white one flies ;
The rebel admiral has struck :
Conquered the monster lies :
A second yields, whilst far away
The others wildly flee.
Hurrah ! our wooden walls have swept
The Cyclops from the sea.

Thanks be to God ! for in his strength
We won the glorious fight :
May he receive our comrades brave
Who bade the world good-night.
And may our people oft recall,
Through many a happy day,
The men who fought with Farragut
In bloody Mobile Bay.

—Army and Navy Journal. T.

CHAPTER II.

RACHEL'S DISCIPLINE.

"Thought is free, as sages tell us,—
Free to rove, and free to soar;
But affection lives in bondage,
That enthalls her more and more."

JEAN INGELOW.

AN old friend lived in the neighborhood who remembered Fanny's father, and was very anxious to see her again, though not able to leave the house. So the first day that it was fine enough for Mrs. Curtis to venture out, she undertook to convey Fanny to call upon her, and was off with a wonderfully moderate allowance of children, only the two youngest boys outside with their maid. This drive brought more to light about Fanny's past way of life and feelings that had ever yet appeared. Rachel had never elicited nearly so much as seemed to have come forth spontaneously to the aunt, who had never in old times been Fanny's confidante.

Fanny's life had been almost a prolonged childhood. From the moment of her marriage with the kind old general, he and her mother had conspired to make much of her,—all the more that she was almost constantly disabled by her state of health, and was kept additionally languid and helpless by the effects of climate. Her mother had managed her household, and she had absolutely had no care, no duty at all but to be affectionate and grateful, and to be pretty and gracious at the dinner-parties. Even in her mother's short and sudden illness, the one thought of both the patient and the general had been to spare Fanny, and she had been scarcely made aware of the danger, and not allowed to witness the suffering. The chivalrous old man, who had taken on himself the charge of her, still regarded the young mother of his children as almost as much of a baby herself, and devoted himself all the more to sparing her trouble, and preventing her from feeling more thrown upon her by her mother's death. The notion of training her to act alone never even occurred to him, and when he was thrown from his horse, and carried into a wayside hut to die, his first orders were that no hurried message might be sent to her, lest she might be startled and injured by the attempt to come to him. All he could do for her was to leave her in the charge of his military secretary, who had long been as a son to him.

Fanny told her aunt with loving detail all that she had heard from Major Keith of the brave old man's calm and trustful end,—too full of trust even to be distressed with alarms for the helpless young wife and children, but committing them in full reliance to the care of their Father in heaven, and to the present kindness of the friend who stood by his pillow.

The will, which not only Rachel but her mother thought strangely unguarded, had been drawn up in haste, because Sir Stephen's family had outgrown the provisions of a former one, which had besides designated her mother, and a friend since dead, as guardians. Haste, and the conscious want of legal knowledge, had led to its being made as simple as possible, and as it was, Sir Stephen had scarcely had the power to sign it.

It was Major Keith who had borne the tidings to the poor little widow, and had taken the sole care of the boys during the sad weeks of utter prostration and illness. Female friends were with her, and tended her affectionately; but if exertion or thought were required of her, the major had to be called to her sofa to awaken her faculties, and she always awoke to attend to his wishes, as though he were the channel of her husband's. This state of things ended with the birth of the little girl, the daughter that Sir Stephen had so wished for coming too late to be welcomed by him, but awakening her mother to tearful joy and renewed powers of life. The nine months of little Stephen's life had been a time of continual change and variety, of new interests and occupations, and of the resumption of a feeling of health which had scarcely been tasted since the first plunge into warm climates. Perhaps it was unreasonable to expect to find Fanny broken down; and she talked in her own simple way with abundant overflowing affection of her husband; but even Mrs. Curtis thought it was to her more like the loss of her own father than of the father of her children; and though not in the least afraid of anything unbecoming in her gentle, retiring Fanny, still felt that it was more the charge of a girl than of a widow, dreaded the boys, dreaded their fate, and dreaded the major more.

During this drive, Grace and Rachel had the care of the elder boys, whom Rachel thought safer in her keeping than in Coombe's. A walk along the cliffs was one resource for

their amusement, but it resulted in Conrade's climbing into the most break-neck places, by preference selecting those that Rachel called him out of, and as all the others thought it necessary to go after him, the jeopardy of Leoline and Hubert became greater than it was possible to permit; so Grace took them by the hands, and lured them home with promises of an introduction to certain white rabbits at the lodge. After their departure, their brothers became infinitely more obstreperous. Whether it were that Conrade had some slight amount of consideration for the limbs of his lesser followers, or whether the fact were—that what Rachel did not remotely imagine—that he was less utterly unmanageable with her sister than with herself, certain it is that the brothers went into still more intolerable places, and treated their guardian as ducklings treat an old hen. At last they quite disappeared from the view round a projecting point of rock, and when she turned it, she found a battle royal going on over an old lobster-pot,—Conrade hand to hand with a stout fisher-boy, and Francis and sundry amphibious creatures of both sexes exchanging a hail of stones, water-smoothed brick-bats, cockle-shells, fishes' backbones, and other unsavory missiles. Abstractedly, Rachel had her theory that young gentlemen had better scramble their way among their poor neighbors, and become used to all ranks; but when it came to witnessing an actual skirmish when she was responsible for Fanny's sons, it was needful to interfere, and in equal dismay and indignation she came round the point. The light artillery fled at her aspect, and she had to catch Francis' arm in the act of discharging after them a cuttle-fish's white spine, with a sharp "For shame; they are running away! Conrade, Zack, have done!"

Zack was one of her own scholars, and held her in respect. He desisted at once, and with a touch of his rough forelock, looked sheepish, and said, "Please ma'am, he was meddling with our lobster-pot."

"I wasn't doing any harm," said Conrade. "I was just looking in, and they all shied stones at us."

"I don't care how the quarrel began," said Rachel. "You would not have run into it if you had been behaving properly. Zack was quite right to protect his father's property, but he might have been more civ-

il. Now shake hands, and have done with it."

"Not shake hands with a low boy," growled Francis; "but happily, Conrade was of a freer spirit, and in spite of Rachel's interference, had sense enough to know himself in the wrong. He held out his hand, and when the ceremony had been gone through, put his hands in his pockets, produced a shilling, and said, 'There, that's in case I did the thing any harm.' Rachel would have preferred Zachary's being above its acceptance; but he was not, and she was thankful that a wood-path offered itself, leading through the Homestead plantations away from the temptations and perils of the shore.

That the two boys, instead of listening to her remonstrance, took to punching and kicking one another, was a mitigated form of evil for which she willingly compounded, having gone through so much useless interference already that she felt as if she had no spirit left to keep the peace, and that they must settle their little affairs between themselves. It was the most innocent diversion in which she could hope to see them indulge. She only desired that it might last them past a thrush's nest, in the hedge between the park and plantation, a somewhat treasured discovery of Grace's. No such good luck. Either the thrush's imprudence or Grace's visits had made the nest dangerously visible, and it was proclaimed with a shout. Rachel, in hot haste, warned them against taking birds' nests in general, and that in particular.

"Nests are made to be taken," said Francis.

"I've got an egg of all the Australian birds the major could get me," said Conrade, "and I mean to have all the English ones."

"Oh, one egg; there's no harm in taking that; but this nest has young birds."

The young birds must of course be seen, and Rachel stood by with despairing frowns, commands, and assurances of their mother's displeasure, while they peeped in, tantalized the gaping yellow throats, by holding up their fingers, and laid hands on the side of the nest, peeping at her with laughing, mischievous eyes, enjoying her distress. She was glad at last to find them coming away without the nest, and after crossing the park, arrived at the house, tired out, but with two hours of the boys still on her hands. They, however, were a little tired, too; and, fur-

ther, Grace had hunted out the old bowls, much to the delight of the younger ones. This sport lasted a good while, but at last the sisters, who had relaxed their attention a little, perceived that Conrade and Hubert were both missing, and on Rachel's inquiry where they were, she received from Francis that elegant stock answer, "In their skins." However, they came to light in process of time, the two mothers returned home, and Mrs. Curtis and Grace had the conversation almost in their own hands. Rachel was too much tired to do anything but read the new number of her favorite *Traveller's Magazine*, listening to her mother with one ear, and gathering additional impressions of Sir Stephen Temple's imprudence, and the need of their own vigilance. To make Fanny feel that she could lean upon some one besides the military secretary, seemed to be the great object, and she was so confiding and affectionate with her own kin that there were great hopes. Those boys were an affliction, no doubt; but, thought Rachel, "there is always an ordeal at the beginning of one's mission. I am mastering them by degrees, and should do so sooner if I had them in my own hands, and no more worthy task can be done than training human beings for their work in this world; so I must be willing to go through a little, while I bring them into order, and fit their mother for managing them."

She spent the time before breakfast the next morning in a search among the back numbers of the *Traveller's Magazine* for a paper upon "Educational Laws," which she thought would be very good reading for Fanny. Her search had been just completed when Grace returned home from church, looking a good deal distressed. "My poor thrushes have not escaped, Rachel," she said; "I came home that way to see how they were going on, and the nest is torn out, one poor little fellow lying dead below it."

"Well that is much worse than I expected!" burst out Rachel. "I did think that boy Conrade would at least keep his promises." And she detailed the adventure of the previous day, whence the conclusion was but too evident. Grace, however, said in her own sweet manner that she believed boys could not resist a nest, and thought it mere womanhood to intercede for such lawless game. She thought it would be best to

take no notice, it would only distress Fanny, and make "the mother" more afraid of the boys than she was already, and she doubted the possibility of bringing it home to the puerile conscience.

"That is weak!" said Rachel. "I received the boy's word, and it is my business to deal with the breach of promise."

So down went Rachel, and finding the boys rushing about the garden, according to their practice, before her arrival, she summoned Conrade, and addressed him with, "Well, Conrade, I knew that you were violent and disobedient: but I never expected you to fail in your honor as a gentleman."

"I'll thrash any one who says I have," hotly exclaimed Conrade.

"Then you must thrash me. You gave your word to me not to take your Aunt Grace's thrush's nest."

"And I didn't," said Conrade, boldly.

But Rachel, used to flat denials at the village-school, was not to be thus set aside.

"I am shocked at you, Conrade," she said. "I know your mamma will be exceedingly grieved. You must have fallen into very sad ways to be able to utter such a bold untruth. You had better confess at once, and then I shall have something to tell her that will comfort her."

Conrade's dark face looked set as iron.

"Come; tell me you are sorry you took the nest, and broke your word, and told a falsehood."

Red color flushed into the brown cheek, and the hands were clinched.

"There is not the smallest use in denying it. I know you took it when you and Hubert went away together. Your Aunt Grace found it gone this morning, and one of the poor little birds dead below. What have you done with the others?"

Not a word.

"Then I grieve to say I must tell all to your mother."

There was a sort of smile of defiance, and he followed her. For a moment she thought of preventing this, and preparing Fanny in private, but recollecting that this would give him the opportunity of preparing Hubert to support his falsehood, she let him enter with her, and sought Lady Temple in the nursery.

"Dear Fanny, I am very sorry to bring you so much vexation. I am afraid it will be a bitter grief to you, but it is only for

Conrade's own sake that I do it. It was a cruel thing to take a bird's-nest at all, but worse when he knew that his Aunt Grace was particularly fond of it; and, besides, he had promised not to touch it, and now, saddest of all, he denies having done so."

"Oh, Conrade, Conrade!" cried Fanny, quite confounded, "you can't have done like this!"

"No, I have not," said Conrade, coming up to her, as she held out her hand, positively encouraging him, as Rachel thought, to persist in the untruth.

"Listen, Fanny," said Rachel. "I do not wonder that you are unwilling to believe anything so shocking, but I do not come without being only too certain." And she gave the facts, to which Fanny listened with pale cheeks and tearful eyes, then turned to the boy, whose hand she had held all the time, and said, "Dear Con, do pray tell me if you did it."

"I did not," said Conrade, wrenching his hand away, and putting it behind his back.

"Where's Hubert?" asked Rachel, looking round, and much vexed when she perceived that Hubert had been within hearing all the time, though to be sure there was some little hope to be founded upon the simplicity of five years old.

"Come here, Hubert dear," said his mother; "don't be frightened; only come and tell me where you and Con went yesterday, when the others were playing at bowls."

Hubert hung his head, and looked at his brother.

"Tell," quoth Conrade. "Never mind her, she's only a civilian."

"Where did you go, Hubert?"

"Con showed me the little birds in their nest."

"That is right, Hubert, good little boy. Did you or he touch the nest?"

"Yes." Then, as Conrade started, and looked fiercely at him, "Yes, you did, Con, you touched the inside to see what it was made of."

"But what did you do with it?" asked Rachel.

"Left it there, up in the tree," said the little boy.

"There Rachel!" said the mother, triumphantly.

"I don't know what you mean," said Ra-

chel, angrily, "only that Conrade is a worse boy than I had thought him, and has been teaching his little brother falsehood."

The angry voice set Hubert crying, and little Cyril, who was very soft-hearted, joined in chorus, followed by the baby, who was conscious of something very disagreeable going on in her nursery. Thereupon, after the apparently most important business of comforting Mrs. Temple had been gone through, the court of justice adjourned, Rachel opening the door of Conrade's little room, and recommending solitary imprisonment there till he should be brought to confession. She did not at all reckon on his mother going in with him, and shutting the door after her. It was not the popular notion of solitary confinement, and Rachel was obliged to retire, and wait in the drawing-room for a quarter of an hour, before Fanny came down; and then it was to say,—

"Do you know, Rachel dear, I am convinced that it must be a mistake. Conrade assures me he never touched the nest."

"So he persists in it?"

"And indeed, Rachel dear, I cannot help believing him. If it had been Francie, now; but I never knew Conrade to tell an untruth in his life."

"You never knew, because you always believe him."

"And it is not only I, but I have often heard the major say he could always depend on Conrade's word."

Rachel's next endeavor was at gentle argument. "It must be dreadful to make such a discovery; but it was far worse to let deceit go on undetected; and if only they were firm"—At that moment she beheld two knickerbocker boys prancing on the lawn.

"Didn't you lock the door? Has he broken out? How audacious!"

"I let him come out," said Fanny; "there was nothing to shut him up for. I beg your pardon, dear Rachel; I am very sorry for the poor little birds and for Grace; but I am sure Conrade did not take it."

"How can you be so unreasonable, Fanny; the evidence," and Rachel went over it all again.

"Don't you think," said Fanny, "that some boy may have got into the park?"

"My dear Fanny, I am sorry for you; it is quite out of the question to think so; the place is not a stone's-throw from Randall's

lodge. It will be the most fatal thing in the world to let your weakness be imposed on in this way. Now that the case is clear, the boy must be forced to confession, and severely punished."

Fanny burst into tears.

"I am very sorry for you, Fanny. I know it is very painful; I assure you it is so to me. Perhaps it would be best if I were to lock him up, and go from time to time to see if he is come to a better mind."

She rose up.

"No, no, Rachel!" absolutely screamed Fanny, starting up, "my boy hasn't done anything wrong, and I won't have him locked up! Go away! If anything is to be done to my boys, I'll do it myself; they haven't got any one but me. Oh, I wish the major would come!"

"Fanny, how can you be so foolish?—as if I would hurt your boys!"

"But you won't believe Conrade,—my Conrade, that never told a falsehood in his life!" cried the mother, with a flush in her cheeks, and a bright glance in her soft eyes. "You want me to punish him for what he hasn't done."

"How much alike mothers are in all classes of life!" thought Rachel, and much in the way in which she would have brought Zack's mother to reason by threats of expulsion from the shoe-club, she observed, "Well, Fanny, one thing is clear, while you are so weak as to let that boy go on in his deceit, unrepentant and unpunished, I can have no more to do with his education."

"Indeed," softly said Fanny, "I am afraid so, Rachel. You have taken a great deal of trouble; but Conrade declares he will never say a lesson to you again, and I don't quite see how to make him after this."

"Oh, very well; then there's an end of it. I am sorry for you, Fanny."

And away walked Rachel, and as she went toward the gate, two artificial *jets d'eau*, making a considerable curve in the air, alighted, the one just before her, the other, better aimed, in the back of her neck. She had too much dignity to charge back upon the offenders; but she went home full of the story of Fanny's lamentable weakness, and prognostications of the misery she was entailing on herself. Her mother and sister were both much concerned, and thought Fanny extremely foolish, Mrs. Curtis consoling herself with the

hope that the boys would be cured and tamed at school, and begging that they might never be let loose in the park again. Rachel could not dwell much longer on the matter; for she had to ride to Upper Avon Park to hold council on the books to be ordered for the book-club; for if she did not go herself, whatever she wanted especially was always set aside as too something or other for the rest of the subscribers.

Mrs. Curtis was tired, and stayed at home; and Grace spent the afternoon in investigations about the harrying of the thrushes, but, alas! without coming a bit nearer the truth. Nothing was seen or heard of Lady Temple till, at half-past nine, one of the midges, or diminutive flies used at Avonmouth, came to the door, and Fanny came into the drawing-room,—wan, tearful, agitated.

"Dear Rachel, I am so afraid I was hasty; I could not sleep without coming to tell you how sorry I am."

"Then you are convinced? I knew you would be."

"Oh, yes, I have just been sitting by him after he was gone to bed. He never goes to sleep till I have done that, and he always tells me if anything is on his mind. I could not ask him again, it would have been insulting him; but he went over it all of himself, and owned he ought not to have put a finger on the edge of the nest, but he wanted so to see what it was lined with; otherwise he never touched it. He says, poor boy, that it was only your being a civilian that made you not able to believe him. I am sure you must believe him, now."

Mrs. Curtis began in her gentle way about the difficulty of believing one's children in fault; but Lady Temple was entirely past accepting the possibility of Conrade's being to blame in this particular instance. It made her bristle up again, so that even Rachel saw the impossibility of pressing it, and trusted to some signal confutation to cure her of her infatuation. But she was as affectionate as ever, only wanting to be forgiven for the morning's warmth, and to assure dear Aunt Curtis, dear Grace, and dearest Rachel in particular, that there was no doing without them, and it was the greatest blessing to be near them.

"Oh, and the squirting, dear Rachel, I was so sorry when I found it out; it was only Francie and Leo. I was very angry

with them for it, and I should like to make them ask pardon, only I don't think Francie would. I'm afraid they are very rude boys. I must write to the major to find me a governess that won't be very strict with them, and if she could be an officer's daughter, the boys would respect her so much more."

CHAPTER III.

MACKAREL LANE.

"For I would lonely stand
Uplifting my white hand,
On a mission, on a mission,
To declare the coming vision."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"WELL, Grace, all things considered, perhaps I had better walk down with you to Mackarel Lane, and then I can form a judgment on these Williamses without committing Fanny."

"Then you do not intend to go on teaching?"

"Not while Conrade continues to brave me, and is backed up by poor Fanny."

"I might speak to Miss Williams after church, and bring her in to Myrtlewood for Fanny to see."

"Yes, that might do in time; but I shall make up my mind first. Poor Fanny is so easily led that we must take care what influences fall in her way."

"I always wished you would call."

"Yes, and I would not as patronage or curatolatry, but this for a purpose; and I hope we shall find both sisters at home."

Mackarel Lane was at right angles to the shore, running up the valley of the Avon; but it soon ceased to be fishy, and became agricultural, owning a few cottages of very humble gentility, which were wont to hang out boards to attract lodgers of small means. At one of these Grace rang, and obtained admittance to a parlor with crazy French windows opening on a little strip of garden. In a large-wheeled chair, between the fire and the window, surrounded by numerous little appliances for comfort and occupation, sat the invalid Miss Williams, holding out her hand in welcome to the guests.

"A fine countenance, what one calls a fine countenance," thought Rachel. "Is it a delusion of insipidity as usual? The brow is good, massive, too much for the features, but perhaps they were fuller once; eyes bright and vigorous, hazel, the color for

thought; complexion meant to be brilliant brunette, a pleasant glow still; hair with threads of gray. I hope she does not affect youth; she can't be less than one or two and thirty! What is the matter with her? It is not the countenance of deformity; accident, I should say. Yes, it is all favorable, except the dress. What a material! what a pattern! did she get it second-hand from a lady's-maid? Will there be an incongruity in her conversation to match? Let us see. Grace making inquiries. Quite at my best; ah, she is not one of the morbid sort, never thinking themselves better."

"I was afraid I had not seen you out for some time."

"No, going out is a troublesome business, and sitting in the garden answers the same purpose."

"Of air perhaps, but hardly of change or of view."

"Oh! I assure you there is a wonderful variety," she answered, with an eager and brilliant smile.

"Clouds and sunsets?" asked Rachel, beginning to be interested.

"Yes, differing every day. Then I have the tamarisk and its inhabitants. There has been a tom-tit's nest every year since we came, and that provides us with infinite amusement. Then the sea-gulls are often so good as to float high enough for me to see them. There is a wonderful charm in a circumscribed view, because one is obliged to look well into it all."

"Yes; eyes and no eyes apply there," said Rachel.

"We found a great prize too the other day. Rosie?" At the call, a brown-haired, brown-eyed child of seven, looking like a little fawn, sprung to the window from the outside. "My dear, will you show the sphinx to Miss Curtis?"

The little girl daintily brought a box covered with net, in which a huge apple-green caterpillar, with dashes of bright color on his sides, and a horny spike on his tail, was feasting upon tamarisk leaves. Grace asked if she was going to keep it. "Yes, till it buries itself," said the child. "Aunt Ermine thinks it is the elephant sphinx."

"I cannot be sure," said the aunt; "my sister tried to find a figure of it at Villar's; but he had no book that gave the caterpillars. Do you care for those creatures?"

"I like to watch them," said Grace; "but I know nothing about them scientifically; Rachel does that."

"Then can you help us to the history of our sphinx?" asked Miss Williams, with her pleasant look.

"I will see if I have this portrait," said Rachel; "but I doubt it. I prefer general principles to details."

"Don't you find working out details the best way of entering into general principles?"

It was new to Rachel to find the mention of a general principle received neither with a stare nor a laugh; and she gathered herself up to answer, "Naming and collecting is not science."

"And masonry is not architecture; but you can't have architecture without it."

"One can have broad ideas without all the petty work of flower botanists and butterfly naturalists."

"Don't you think the broad ideas would be rather of the hearsay order, at least to most people, unless their application were worked out in the trifle that came first to hand?"

"Experimental philosophy," said Rachel, in rather a considering tone, as if the notion, when presented to her in plain English, required translation into the language of her thoughts.

"If you like to call it so," said Miss Williams, with a look of arch fun. "For instance, the great art of mud-pie taught us the porous nature of clay, the expansive power of steam, etc., etc."

"You had some one to improve it to you?"

"Oh, dear, no. Only afterwards, when we read of such things, we remembered how our clay manufactures always burst in the baking unless they were well dried first."

"Then you had the rare power of elucidating a principle?"

"No, not I. My brother had; but I could only perceive the confirmation."

"This reminds me of an interesting article on the Edgeworth system of education in the *Traveller's Review*. I will send it down to you."

"Thank you, but I have it here."

"Indeed; and do you not think it excellent, and quite agree with it?"

"Yes, I quite agree with it," and there

was an odd look in her bright transparent eyes that made Grace speculate whether she could have heard that agreement with the Invalid in the *Traveller's Review* was one of the primary articles of faith required by Rachel.

But Grace, though rather proud of Rachel's falling under the spell of Miss Williams's conversation, deemed an examination rather hard on her, and took the opportunity of asking for her sister.

"She is generally at home by this time; but this is her last day at Cliff Cottages, and she was to stay late to help in the packing up."

"Will she be at home for the present?" asked Grace.

"Yes, Rose and I are looking forward to a festival of her."

Grace was not at all surprised to hear Rachel at once commit herself with "My cousin, Lady Temple," and rush into the matter in hand as if secure that the other Miss Williams would educate on the principles of the Invalid; but full in the midst there was a sound of wheels and a ring at the bell. Miss Williams quietly signed to her little attendant to put a chair in an accessible place, and in walked Lady Temple, Mrs. Curtis, and the middle brace of boys.

"The room will be too full," was Grace's aside to her sister, chiefly thinking of her mother, but also of their hostess; but Rachel returned for answer, "I must see about it;" and Grace could only remove herself into the veranda, and try to attract Leoline and Hubert after her; but failing in this, she talked to the far more conversible Rose about the bulfinch that hung at the window, which loved no one but Aunt Ermine, and scolded and pecked at every one else; and Augustus, the beloved tame toad, that lived in a hole under a tree in the garden. Mrs. Curtis, considerate and tender-hearted, startled to find her daughter in the field, and wishing her niece to begin about her own affairs, talked commonplace by way of filling up the time; and Rachel had her eyes free for a range of the apartment. The foundation was the dull, third-rate lodging-house, the superstructure told of other scenes. One end of the room was almost filled by the frameless portrait of a dignified clergyman, who would have had far more justice done to him by greater distance; a beautifully-painted min-

iature of a lady with short waist and small crisp curls was the centre of a system of photographs over the mantelpiece; a large crayon sketch showed three sisters between the ages of six and sixteen, sentimentalizing over a flower-basket; a pair of water-colored drawings represented a handsome church and comfortable parsonage; and the domestic gallery was completed by two prints,—one of a middle-aged county member, the other one of Chalon's ladylike matrons in watered-silk aprons. With some difficulty Rachel read the autograph, J. T. Beauchamp, and the inscription, the Lady Alison Beauchamp. The table cover was of tasteful silk patchwork, the vase in the centre was of red earthenware, but was encircled with real ivy leaves gummed on in their freshness, and was filled with wild-flowers; books filled every corner; and Rachel felt herself out of the much-loathed region of commonplace; but she could not recover from her surprise at the audacity of such an independent measure on the part of her cousin; and under cover of her mother's civil talk, said to Fanny, "I never expected to see you here."

"My aunt thought of it," said Fanny, "and as she seems to find the children too much"—

She broke off, for Mrs. Curtis had paused to let her introduce the subject; but poor Fanny had never taken the initiative, and Rachel did it for her by explaining that all had come on the same errand, to ask if Miss Williams would undertake the lessons of her nephews; Lady Temple softly murmured under her veil something about hopes and too much trouble; an appointment was made for the following morning, and Mrs. Curtis, with a general sensation of an oppressive multitude in a small room, took her leave, and the company departed, Fanny, all the way home, hoping that the other Miss Williams would be like her sister, pitying the cripple, wishing that the sisters were in the remotest degree military, so as to obtain the respect of the boys, and wondering what would be the major's opinion.

"So many ladies!" exclaimed little Rose. "Aunt Ermine, have they made your headache?"

"No, my dear; thank you, I am only a little tired. If you will pull out the rest for my feet, I will be quiet a little, and be ready for tea when Aunt Ailie comes."

The child handily converted the chair into a couch, arranging the dress and coverings with the familiarity of long use, and by no means shocked by the contraction and helplessness of the lower limbs, to which she had been so much accustomed all her life that it never occurred to her to pity Aunt Ermine, who never treated herself as an object of compassion. She was thanked by a tender pressure on her hair, and then saying—

"Now I shall wish Augustus good-night; bring Violetta home from her play in the garden, and let her drink tea, and go to bed."

Ah, Violetta, purchased with a silver groat, what was not your value in Mackarel Lane? Were you not one of its most considered inhabitants, scarcely less a child of Aunt Ermine and Aunt Alison than their rosebud herself.

Murmur, murmur, rippled the child's happy, low-toned monologue, directed to her silent but sufficient playmate, and so far from disturbing the aunt, that more than one smile played on her lips at the quaint fancies, and at the well of gladness in the young spirit, which made day after day of the society of a cripple and an old doll one constant song of bliss, one dream of bright imaginings. Surely, it was an equalization of blessings that rendered little lonely Rose, motherless and well-nigh fatherless, poor, no companion but a crippled aunt, a bird, and a toad, with scarcely a toy, and never a party of pleasure, one of the most joyous beings under the sun, free from occasions of childish troubles, without collisions of temper, with few contradictions, and with lessons rather pleasure than toil. Perhaps Ermine did not take into account the sunshiny content and cheerfulness that made herself a delightful companion and playfellow, able to accept the child as her solace, not her burden.

Presently Rose looked up, and meeting the bright pleasant eyes observed, "Violetta has been very good, and said all her lessons quite perfect, and she would like to sit up till her Aunt Ailie comes home. Do you think she may?"

"Will she not be tired to-morrow?"

"Oh, then she will be lazy, and not get up when she is called, till I pull all the clothes off, and that will be fun."

"Or she may be fretful now?"

A series of little squeaks ensued, followed by "Now, my love; that is taking a very un-

fair advantage of my promise. You will make your poor Aunt Ermine's head ache, and I shall have to send you to bed."

"Would not a story pass away the time?"

"You tell it, Aunt Ermine; your stories are always best. And let there be a fairy in it!"

The fairy had nearly performed her part, when the arrival took place, and Rose darted forward to receive Aunt Ailie's greeting kiss.

"Yes, Rosie,—yes, Violetta; what do you think I have got for you?"

And out came a doll's chair with a broken leg, condemned by the departing pupils, and granted with a laugh to the governess's request to take it to her little niece; but never in its best days had the chair been so prized. It was introduced to Violetta as the reward of virtue for having controlled her fretfulness, and the repair of its infirmity was the first consideration that occupied all the three. After all, Violetta's sitting posture was, as Alison observed, an example of the inclined plane; but that was nothing to Rose, and the *séance* would have been indefinitely prolonged, but for considerations for Violetta's health.

The sisters were alike, and Alison had, like her elder, what is emphatically called countenance; but her features were less chiselled, and her dark straight brows so nearly met that, as Rose had once remarked, they made a bridge of one arch instead of two. Six years younger, in full health, and daily battling with the world, Alison had a remarkable look of concentration and vigor; her upright bearing, clear, decided speech, and glance of kindness won instant respect and reliance, but her face missed the radiant, beamy brightness of her sister's; her smile was sweet and winning, but it was not habitual with her, and there was about her a look as if some terrible wave of grief or suffering had swept over her ere yet the features were fully fixed, and had thus moulded her expression for life. But playfulness was the tone that reigned around Ermine's couch at ordinary moments, and beside her the grave Alison was lively, not with effort, but by infection.

"There," she said, holding up a check; "now we'll have a jubilee, and take you down under the East Cliff, and we will invest a shilling in 'Ivanhoe,' and Rose and Violetta shall open their ears!"

"And you shall have a respectable Sunday mantle."

"Oh, I dare say Julia will send us a box."

"Then you will have to put a label on your back, 'Second-hand!' or her velvet will be a scandal. I can't wear out that at home like this flagrant flowery thing; that I saw Miss Curtis looking at as rather a disreputable article. There's preferment for you, Ailie! What do you think of a general's widow with six boys? She is come after you. We had a great invasion,—three Curtises and this pretty little widow! and various sons!"

"Will she stay?"

"Most likely; for she is a relation of Mrs. Curtis, and comes to be near her. You are to call for inspection at eleven o'clock to-morrow, so I fear your holiday will be short."

"Well, the less play the less anxiety. How many drives will the six young gentlemen be worth to you?"

"I am afraid it will be at the cost of tough work to you; she looked to me too sweet a creature to have broken her sons in; but I should think she would be pleasant to deal with."

"If she be like Miss Curtis, I am sure she will."

"Miss Curtis? My old friend you mean. She was rather suppressed to-day, and I began to comprehend the reason of the shudder with which Mr. Touchett speaks of the dogmatical young lady."

"I hope she did not overwhelm you!"

"Oh, no! I rather liked her; she was so earnest and spirited, I could fancy enjoying a good passage at arms with her if these were old times. But I hope she will not take the direction of your schoolroom, though she is an admirer of the educational papers in the *Traveller*."

And here the discussion was ended by the entrance of little Rose with the preliminaries of the evening meal, after which she went to bed, and the aunts took out books, work, and writing materials.

Alison's report the next day was, "Well, she is a very sweet creature. There is something indescribably touching in her voice and eyes, so soft and wistful, especially when she implores one not to be hard on those great scrambling boys of hers."

"So she is your fate?"

"Oh, yes; if there had been ten more engagements offered, I could not have helped accepting hers, even if it had not been on the best terms I have ever had."

"What?"

"Seventy, for the hours between nine and five. Pretty well for a journeyman hack; is it not? Indeed, the pretty thing's only fear seemed to be that she was requiring too much, and offering too little. No, not her *only* fear; for there is some major in the distance to whose approval everything must be subject,—uncle or guardian, I suppose; but it seemed to be rather an object of jealousy to the younger Miss Curtis, for every hint of wishing to wait for the major made her press on the negotiations."

"Seventy! I hope you will make it do, Ailie. It would be a great relief."

"And spare your brains not a little. Yes, I do trust to keeping it, for Lady Temple is delightful; and as to the boys, I fancy it is only taming they want. The danger is, as Miss Rachel told me, whether she can bear the sight of the process. I imagine Miss Rachel herself has tried it, and failed."

"Past amateur work," said Ermine, smiling. "It really is lucky you had to turn governess, Ailie, or there would have been a talent thrown away."

"Stay till I have tried," said Alison, who had, however, had experience enough not to be much alarmed at the prospect. Order was wont to come with her presence, and she hardly knew the aspect of tumultuous idleness or insubordination to unenforced authority; for her eye and voice in themselves brought cheerful discipline without constraint, and upheld by few punishments, for the strong influence took away the spirit of rebellion.

After her first morning's work, she came home full of good auguries; the boys had been very pleasant with her after the first ten minutes, and Conrade had gained her heart by his attention to his mother. He had, however, examined her minutely whether she had any connection with the army, and looked grave on her disavowal of any relationship with soldiers, Hubert adding, "You see Aunt Rachel is only a civilian, and she hasn't any sense at all." And when Francis had been reduced to the much disliked process of spelling unknown words, he had muttered under his breath, "She was only a civilian." To which she had rejoined that "At least she knew thus much, that the first military duty was obedience," and Francis's instant submission proved that she had made a good shot. Of the major she

had heard much more. Everything was referred to him, both by mother and children, and Alison was the more puzzled as to his exact connection with them. "I sometimes suspect," she said, "that he may have felt the influence of those winsome brown eyes and caressing manner, as I know I should if I were a man. I wonder how long the old general has been dead? No, Ermine, you need not shake your head at me. I don't mean even to let Miss Curtis tell me! she would. I know confidences from partisan relations are the most mischief-making things in the world."

In pursuance of this principle, Alison, or Miss Williams, as she was called in her vocation, was always reserved and discreet, and though ready to talk in due measure, Rachel always felt that it was the upper not the under current that was proffered. The brow and eyes, the whole spirit of the face, betokened reflection and acuteness, and Rachel wanted to attain to her opinions, but beyond a certain depth there was no reaching. Her ways of thinking, her views of the children's characters, her estimate of Mr. Touchett, nay, even her tastes as to the Invalid's letters in the *Traveller's Review*, remained only partially revealed, in spite of Rachel's best efforts at fishing, and attempting to set the example. "It really seemed," as she observed to Grace, "as if the more I talk, the less she says." At which Grace gave way to a small short laugh, though she owned the force of Rachel's maxim that to bestow confidence was the way to provoke it; and forebore to refer to a certain delightful afternoon that Rachel in her childhood had spent alone with a little girl whom she had never discovered to be deaf and dumb. Still Rachel had never been able to make out why Grace with no theories at all got so many more confidences than she did. She was fully aware of her sister's superior attractiveness to commonplace people, and made her welcome to stand first with the chief of their kindred and the most of the clergy and young ladies around. But it was hard that, where Rachel really liked and met half-way, the intimate confidence should always be bestowed upon Grace or even the mother. She had yet to learn that the way to draw out a snail is not to grasp its horns, and that half-way meeting is not to launch one's self to the opposite starting-point. Either her inquiries were too point-blank to invite detailed replies,

or her own communications absorbed her too much to leave room for a return. Thus she told Miss Williams the whole story of the thrush's nest and all her own reflections upon the characteristics it betokened; and only afterwards, on thinking over the conversation, perceived that she had elicited nothing but that it was very difficult to judge in such cases, not even any decided assent to her own demonstrations. It was true that riots and breaches of the peace had ceased while Miss Williams was in the house, and learning and good manners were being fast acquired; but until Conrade's duplicity should be detected, or the whole disposition of the family discussed with herself, Rachel doubted the powers of the instructress. It was true that Fanny was very happy with her, and only regretted that the uncertainty of the major's whereabouts precluded his being informed of the newly-found treasure; but Fanny was sure to be satisfied as long as her boys were happy and not very naughty, and she cared very little about people's minds.

If any one did "get on" with the governess, it was Grace, who had been the first acquaintance in the family, and met her often in the service of the parish, as well as in her official character at the Homestead. It so chanced that one Sunday afternoon they found themselves simultaneously at the door of the schoolhouse, whence issued, not the customary hum, but loud sounds of singing.

"Ah!" said Grace, "Mr. Touchett was talking of getting the choir-master from Avonchester, and giving up an afternoon to practise for Easter; but he never told me it was to be to-day."

On inquiry, it appeared that notice had been given in the morning, but not till after Miss Williams had gone home to fetch her little niece, and while Rachel was teaching her boys in the class-room out of hearing. It was one of the little bits of bad management that were sure to happen wherever poor Mr. Touchett was concerned; and both ladies, feeling it easy to overlook for themselves, were thankful that it had not befallen Rachel. Alison Williams, thinking it far to walk either to the Homestead or Myrtlewood before church, proposed to Grace to come home with her, an offer that was thankfully accepted, with merely the scruple whether she should disturb the invalid.

"Oh, no, it would be a great pleasure; I

always wish we could get more change and variety for her on Sunday."

"She is very self-denying to spare you to the school."

"I have often wished to give it up; but she never will let me. She says it is one of the few things we can do, and I see besides that it brings her fresh interests. She knows about all my class, and works for them, and has them to see her; and I am sure it is better for her, though it leaves her more hours alone with Rose."

"And the Sunday services are too long for her?"

"Not so much that, as that she cannot sit on those narrow benches unless two are put close together so that she can almost lie, and there is not room for her chair in the aisle on a Sunday. It is the greatest deprivation of all."

"It is so sad, and she is so patient and so energetic," said Grace, using her favorite monosyllable in peace, out of Rachel's hearing.

"You would say so, indeed, if you really knew her, or how she has found strength and courage for me through all the terrible suffering."

"Then does she suffer so much?"

"Oh, no, not now. That was in the first years."

"It was not always so."

"No, indeed! You thought it deformity! Oh, no, no, she was so beautiful!"

"That she is still. I never saw my sister so much struck with any one. There is something so striking in her bright glance out of those clear eyes."

"Ah! if you had only seen her in her bloom before!"—

"The accident?"

"I burnt her," said Alison, almost inaudibly.

"You! you, poor dear! How dreadful for you!"

"Yes, I burnt her," said Alison, more steadily. "You ought not to be kind to me without knowing about it. It was an accident, of course, but it was a fit of petulance. I threw a match without looking where it was going."

"It must have been when you were very young."

"Fourteen. I was in a naughty fit at her refusing to go to the great musical meeting

with us. We always used to go to stay at one of the canon's houses for it,—a house where one was dull and shy; and I could not bear going without her, nor understand the reason."

"And was there a reason?"

"Yes, poor dear Ermine! She knew he meant to come there to meet her, and she thought it would not be right, because his father had objected so strongly, and made him exchange into a regiment on foreign service."

"And you did not know this?"

"No; I was away, all the time it was going on, with my eldest sister, having masters in London. I did not come home till it was all over, and then I could not understand what was the matter with the house, or why Ermine was unlike herself, and papa restless and anxious about her. They thought me too young to be told, and the atmosphere made me cross and fretful, and papa was displeased with me, and Ermine tried in vain to make me good; poor patient Ermine, even then the chief sufferer!"

"I can quite imagine the discomfort and fret of being in ignorance all the time."

"Dear Ermine says she longed to tell me; but she had been forbidden, and she went on blaming herself and trying to make me enjoy my holidays as usual, till this dreadful day, when I had worried her intolerably about going to this music meeting, and she found reasoning only made me worse. She still wrote her note of refusal, and asked me to light the taper; I dashed down the match in a frenzy of temper, and"—

She paused for breath, and Grace squeezed her hand.

"We did not see it at first, and then she threw herself down and ordered me not to come near. Every one was there directly, I believe; but it burst out again and again, and was not put out till they all thought she had not an hour to live. There was no pain, and there she lay, all calmness, comforting us all, and making papa and Edward promise to forgive me,—me, who only wished they would kill me! And the next day he came; he was just going to sail, and they thought nothing would hurt her then. I saw him while he was waiting, and never did I see such a fixed, deathly face. But they said she found words to cheer and soothe him."

"And what became of him?"

"We do not know. As long as Lady Alison lived (his aunt), she let us hear about him, and we knew he was recovering from his wound. Then came her death, and then my father's, and all the rest, and we lost sight of the Beauchamps. We saw the name in the *Gazette* as killed at Lucknow, but not the right Christian name nor the same rank; but then, though the regiment is come home, we know nothing of him, and I am sure Ermine believes he is dead, and thinks of him as part of the sunshine of the old Beauchamp days,—the sunshine whose reflection lasts one's life."

"He ought to be dead," said Grace.

"Yes, it would be better for her than to hear anything else of him! He had nothing of his own, so there would have been a long waiting; but his father and brother would not hear of it, and accused us of entrapping him, and that angered my father; for our family is quite good, and we were very well off then. My father had a good private fortune besides the rectory at Beauchamp; and Lady Alison, who had been like a mother to us ever since our own died, quite thought that the prospect was good enough, and I believe got into a great scrape with her family for having promoted the affair."

"Your squire's wife?"

"Yes, and Julia and Ermine had come every day to do lessons with her daughters. I was too young; but as long as she lived we were all like one family. How kind she was! How she helped us through those frightful weeks!"

"Of your sister's illness? It must have lasted long?"

"Long? Oh, longer than long! No one thought of her living! The doctors said the injury was too extensive to leave any power of rallying; but she was young and strong and did not die in the torture, though people said that such an existence as remained to her was not worth the anguish of struggling back to it. I think my father only prayed that she might suffer less, and Julia stayed on and on, thinking each day would be the last, till Dr. Long could not spare her any longer; and then Lady Alison nursed her night after night and day after day, till she had worn herself into an illness, and when the doctors spoke of improvement, we only perceived worse agony. It was eight months before she was even lifted up in bed, and it

was years before the burns ceased to be painful or the constitution at all recovered the shock; and even now weather tells on her, though since we have lived here she has been far better than I ever dared to hope."

"Then you consider her still recovering?"

"In general health she is certainly greatly restored, and has strength to attempt more; but the actual injury, the contraction, can never be better than now. When we lived at Richmond, she had constantly the best advice, and we were told that nothing more could be hoped."

"I wonder more and more at her high spirits. I suppose that was what chiefly helped to carry her through?"

"I have seen a good many people," said Alison, pausing; "but I never did see any one so happy! Others are always wanting something; she never is. Every enjoyment seems to be tenfold to her what it is to other people; she sees the hopeful side of every sorrow. No burden is a burden when one has carried it to her."

As Alison spoke, she pushed open the narrow green door of the little lodging-house, and there issued a weak sweet, sound of voices: "The strain upraise of joy and praise." It was the same that had met their ears at the school-door; but the want of body in the voices was fully compensated by the heart-felt ring, as if here indeed was praise, not practice.

"Aunt Ailie! Oh, Aunt Ailie!" cried the child, as the room-door opened and showed the little choir, consisting of herself, her aunt, and the small maid of the house, "you should not have come; you were not to hear us till Trinity Sunday."

Explanations were given, and Miss Curtis was welcomed; but Alison, still too much moved for ordinary conversation, slipped into the bedroom adjoining, followed by her sister's quick and anxious eye, and half-uttered inquiry.

"I am afraid it is my fault," said Grace; "she has been telling me about your accident."

"Poor Ailie," said Ermine, "she never *will* receive kindness without having that unlucky story out! It is just one of the things that get so cruelly exaggerated by consequences. It was one moment's petulance that might have caused a fright and been forgotten ever after, but for those chemicals.

Ah! I see, she said nothing about them, because they were Edward's. They were some parcels for his experiments,—gun-cotton and the like,—which were lying in the window till he had time to take them up-stairs. We had all been so long threatened with being blown up by his experiments that we had grown callous and careless, and it served us right!" she added, stroking the child's face as it looked at her, earnest to glean fresh fragments of the terrible half-known tale of the past. "Yes, Rosie, when you go and keep house for papa on the top of the Oural Mountains, or wherever it may be, you are to remember that if Aunt Ermine had not been in a foolish, inattentive mood, and had taken his dangerous goods out of the way, she might have been trotting to church now, like other people. But poor Ailie has always helped herself to the whole blame, and if every childish fit of temper were the root of such qualities, what a world we should have here!"

"Ah! no wonder she is devoted to you."

"The child was not fifteen, had never known cross or care; but from that moment she never was out of my room if it was possible to be in; and when nurse after nurse was fairly worn out, because I could not help being so distressing, there was always that poor child, always handy and helpful, growing to be the chief dependence, and looking so piteously imploring whatever was tried, that it really helped me to go through with it. Poor Ailie!" she added, with an odd turn of playfulness, "I always fancied those frowns of anxiety made her eyebrows grow together. And ever since we came here we know how she has worked away for her old cinder and her small Rosebud; don't we?" she added, playfully squeezing the child's cheeks up into a more budding look, hiding deeper and more overcoming feelings by the sportive action. And as her sister came back, she looked up and shook her head at her, saying,—

"You gossiping Ailie, to go ripping up old grievances. I am going to ask Miss Curtis not to let the story go any further, now you have relieved your mind of it."

"I did tell Lady Temple," said Alison; "I never think it right not to let people know what sort of person they have to teach their children."

And Grace, on feeling her way, discovered

that Lady Temple had been told the bare fact in Miss Williams's reserved and business-like manner, but with nothing of the affair that had led to it. She merely looked on it in the manner fully expressed by, "Ah, poor thing; how sad for her!" as a shocking secret, never to be talked of, or thought about. And that voluntary detailed relation from Alison could only be regarded as drawn forth by Grace's own individual power of winning confidence, and the friendliness that had so long subsisted between them. Nor indeed was the reserve regarding the cause of the present reduced circumstances of the sisters, at all lessened; it was only known that their brother had ruined them by a fraudulent speculation, and had then fled to the Continent, leaving them burdened with the maintenance of his child, but that they refused to believe in his guilt, and had thus incurred the displeasure of other relatives and friends. Alison was utterly silent about him. Ermine seemed to have a tender pleasure in bringing in a reference to his ways, as if all were well, and it were a matter of course to speak of "Edward;" but it was plain that Ermine's was an outspoken nature. This might, however, be only because the one had been a guarded, sheltered invalid, while the other had gone forth among strangers to battle for a livelihood, and moreover, the elder sister had been fully grown and developed before the shock which had come on the still unformed Alison.

At any rate, nobody but Grace "got on" with the governess, while the invalid made friends with all who visited her, and most signally with Rachel, who ere long, esteemed her enlivenment a good work, worthy of herself. The charity of sitting with a twaddling, muffatee-knitting old lady was indisputable, but it was perfectly within Grace's capacity; and Rachel believed herself to be far more capable of entertaining the sick Miss Williams, nor was she mistaken. When excited or interested, most people found her oppressive; but Ermine Williams did not find her so, except when unwell, and even then, a sharp debate was sometimes a cure for the nervous ailments induced by the monotony of her life. They seemed to have a sort of natural desire to rub their minds one against the other, and Rachel could not rest without Miss Williams's opinion of all that interested her,—paper, essay, book, or event;

but often, when expecting to confer a favor by the loan, she found that what was new to her was already well known in that little parlor, and even the authorship no mystery. Ermine explained this by her correspondence with literary friends of her brother's, and country-bred Rachel, to whom literature was still an oracle unconnected with living agencies, listened, yes, absolutely listened to her anecdotes of sayings and doings, far more like clever memoirs than the experiences of the banks of the Avon. Perhaps there was this immediate disadvantage, that hearing of a more intellectual tone of society tended to make Rachel less tolerant of that which surrounded her, and especially of Mr. Touchett. It was droll that, having so long shunned the two sisters under the impression that they were his *protégées* and worshippers, she found that Ermine's point of view was quite the rectorial one, and that to venerate the man for his office sake was nearly as hard to Ermine as to herself, though the office was more esteemed.

Alison, the reserved, had held her tongue on his antecedents; but Ermine was drawn into explaining that his father had been a minor canon, who had eked out his means with a combination of chaplaincies and parts of curacies, and by teaching at the school where his son was educated. Indignant at the hack estimation in which his father had been held, the son, far more justly viewing both the dignity and duty of his office, was resolved to be respected; but bred up in second-rate society, had neither weight, talent, nor manners, to veil his aggressive self-assertion, and he was at this time especially trying to the Curtises.

Cathedral music had been too natural to him for the endurance of an unchoral service, and the prime labor of his life was to work up his choir: but he was musical by education rather than nature, and having begun his career with such mortal offence to the native fiddlers and singers as to impel them into the arms of dissent, he could only supply the loss from the school by his own voice, of which he was not chary, though using it with better will than taste. The staple of his choir were Rachel's scholars. Her turn had always been for boys, and her class on Sunday mornings and two evenings in the week had long been in operation before the reign of Mr. Touchett. Then two lads, whose paternal fiddles had

succeeded to the Plymouth brethren, were suspended from all advantages by the curate, and Rachel was with difficulty withheld from an explosion; but even this was less annoying than the summons at the class-room door every Sunday morning, that, in the midst of her lesson, carried off the chief of her scholars to practise their chants. Moreover, the blame of all imperfect lessons was laid on the "singing for the parson," and all faults in the singing by the tasks for Miss Rachel; and one night, the excellent Zack excused his failure in geography by saying that Mr. Touchett had thrown away his book, and said it was no better than sacrilege, omitting, however, to mention that he had been caught studying it under his surplice during the lessons.

At last, with his usual fatality, the curate fixed the grand practice for the Saturday evenings that were Rachel's great days for instruction in the three R's, and for a sort of popular lecture. Cricket was to succeed the singing, and novelty carried the day; but only by the desertion of her scholars did Rachel learn the new arrangement, and she could hardly credit the assertion that the curate was not aware that it was her day. In fact, it was the only one when the fisher lads were sure not to be at sea, and neither party would yield it. Mr. Touchett was determined not to truckle to dictation from the great house; so when Rachel declared she would have nothing to do with the boys unless the Saturdays were conceded to her, he owned that he thought the clergyman had the first right to his lads, and had only not claimed them before out of deference for the feelings of a well-meaning parishioner.

Both parties poured out their grievances to the same auditor; for Mr. Touchett regarded Ermine Williams as partly clerical, and Rachel could never be easy without her sympathy. To hear was not, however, to make peace, while each side was so sore, so conscious of the merits of its own case, so blind to those of the other. One deemed praise in its highest form the prime object of his ministry: the other found the performance indecous, and raved that education should be sacrificed to wretched music. But that the dissension was sad and mischievous, it would have been very diverting; they were both so young in their incapacity of making allowances, their certainty that theirs was the theory to bring in the golden age, and even in

their magnanimity of forgiveness; and all the time they thought themselves so very old. "I am resigned to disappointments; I have seen something of life." "You forget, Miss Williams, that my ministerial experience is not very recent."

There was one who would have smoothed matters far better than any, who, like Ermine, took her weapons from the armory of good sense; but that person was entirely unconscious how the incumbent regarded her soft eyes, meek pensiveness, motherly sweetness, and, above all, the refined, graceful dignity that remained to her from the leading station she had occupied. Her gracious respect toward her clergyman was a contrast as much to the deferential coquetry of his admirers as to the abruptness of his foe, and her indifference to parish details had even its charm in a world of fussiness; he did not know himself how far a wish of hers would have led him, and she was the last person to guess. She viewed him, like all else outside her nursery, as something out of the focus of her eye; her instinct regarded her clergyman as necessarily good and worthy, and her ear heard Rachel railing at him; it sounded hard, but it was a pity Rachel should be vexed and interfered with. In fact, she never thought of the matter at all; it was only part of that outer kind of dreamy stage-play at Avonmouth, in which she let herself be moved about at her cousin's bidding. One part of her life had passed away from her, and what remained to her was among her children; her interests and intelligence seemed contracted to Conrade's horizon, and as to everything else, she was subdued, gentle, obedient, but slow and obtuse.

Yet, little as he knew it, Mr. Touchett might have even asserted his authority in a still more trying manner. If the gentle little widow had not cast a halo round her relatives, he could have preached that sermon upon the home-keeping duties of women, or have been too much offended to accept any service from the Curtis family; and he could have done without them, for he had a wide middle-class popularity; his manners with the second-rate society, in which he had been bred, were just sufficiently superior and flattering to recommend all his best points, and he obtained plenty of subscriptions from visitors, and of co-operation from inhabitants. Many a young lady was in a flutter at the approach of the spruce little figure in black, and

so many volunteers were there for parish work that districts and classes were divided and subdivided, till it sometimes seemed as if the only difficulty was to find poor people enough who would submit to serve as the *corpus vile* for their charitable treatment.

For it was not a really poor population. The men were sea-faring, the women lacemaking, and just well enough off to make dissent doubly attractive as an escape from some of the interfering alms-giving of the place. Over-visiting, criticism of dress, and inquisitorial examinations had made more than one Primitive Methodist, and no severe distress had been so recent as to render the women tolerant of troublesome weekly inspections. The Curtis sisters were, however, regarded as an exception; they were viewed as real gentlefolks, not only by their own tenants, but by all who were conscious of their hereditary claims to respect; they did not care whether hair were long or short, and their benefits were more substantial and reliable than could be looked for from the casual visitors and petty gentry around; so that sundry houses that were forbidden ground to district visitors, were ready to grant them a welcome.

One of these belonged to the most able lacemaker in the place, a hard-working woman, who kept seven little pupils in a sort of cupboard under the staircase, with a window into the back-garden, "because," said she, "they did no work if they looked out into the front, there were so many gypsies," these gypsies consisting of the very scanty traffic of the further end of Mackarel Lane. For ten hours a day did these children work in a space just wide enough for them to sit, with the two least under the slope of the stairs, permitted no distraction from their bobbins, but invaded by their mistress on the faintest sound of tongues. Into this hotbed of sprigs was admitted a child who had been a special favorite at school, an orphan niece of the head of the establishment. The two brothers had been lost together at sea; and while the one widow became noted for her lace, the other, a stranger to the art, had maintained herself by small millinery, and had not sacrificed her little girl to the Moloch of lace, but had kept her at school to a later age than usual in the place. But the mother died, and the orphan was at once adopted by the aunt, with the resolve to act the truly kind part by her, and

break her in to lacemaking. That determination was a great blow to the school visitors; the girls were in general so young, or so stupefied with their work, that an intelligent girl like Lovedy Kelland was no small treasure to them; there were designs of making her a pupil-teacher in a few years, and offers and remonstrances rained in upon her aunt. But they had no effect; Mrs. Kelland was persuaded that the child had been spoilt by learning, and in truth poor Lovedy was a refractory scholar; she was too lively to bear the confinement patiently; her mind was too much awake not to rebel against the dullness, and her fingers had not been brought into training early enough. Her incessant tears spoilt her thread, and Mrs. Kelland decided that "she'd never get her bread till she was broke of her buke;" which breaking was attempted by a summary pawning of all poor Lovedy's reward books. The poor child confided her loss to her young lady teacher at the Sunday-school; the young lady, being new, young, and inflammable, reproached Mrs. Kelland with dishonesty and tyranny to the orphan, and in return was nearly frightened out of her wits by such a scolding as only such a woman as the lace mistress could deliver. Then Mr. Touchett tried his hand, and though he did not meet with quite so much violence, all he heard was that she had "given Lovedy the stick for being such a little toad as to complain, when she knew the money for the bukes was put safely away in her money-box. She was not going to the Sunday-school again, not she, to tell stories against her best friends!" And when the next district visitor came that way, the door was shut in her face with the tract thrown out at the opening, and an intimation in Mrs. Kelland's shrill voice that no more books were wanted; she got plenty from Miss Curtis.

These bukes from Miss Curtis were sanatory tracts, which Rachel was constantly bestowing, and which on Sundays Mrs. Kelland spelt through, with her finger under the line, in happy ignorance whether the subject were temporal or spiritual, and feeling herself in the exemplary discharge of a Sunday duty. Moreover, old feudal feeling made Rachel be unmolested when she came down twice a week, opened the door of the blackhole under the stairs, and read aloud something religious, something improving, and a bit of a story,

following it up by mental arithmetic and a lesson on objects, which seemed to Mrs. Kelland the most arrant nonsense in the world, and to her well-broken scholars was about as interesting as the humming of a blue-bottle fly; but it was poor Lovedy's one enjoyment, though making such havoc of her work that it was always expiated by extra hours, not on her pillow, but at it.

These visits of Rachel were considered to encourage the Kelland refractoriness, and it was officially intimated that it would be wise to discontinue them, and that "it was thought better" to withdraw from Mrs. Kelland all that direct patronage of her trade, by which the ladies had enabled her to be in some degree independent of the middle-men who absorbed so much of the profit from the workers. Grace and Rachel, sufficiently old inhabitants to remember the terrible wreck that had left her a struggling widow, felt this a hard, not to say a vindictive, decision. They had long been a kind of agents for disposing of her wares at a distance; and feeling that the woman had received provocation, Grace was not disposed to give her up, while Rachel loudly averred that neither Mr. Touchett nor any of his ladies had any right to interfere, and she should take no notice.

"But," said Grace, "can we run counter to our clergyman's direct wishes?"

"Yes, when he steps out of his province. My dear Grace, you grew up in the days of curatolatriy, but it won't do; men are fallible even when they preach in a surplice, and you may be thankful to me that you and Fanny are not both led along in a string in the train of Mr. Touchett's devotees!"

"I wish I knew what was right to do," said Grace, quietly; and she remained wishing it after Rachel had said a great deal more; but the upshot of it was that one day, when Grace and Fanny were walking together on the esplanade, they met Mr. Touchett, and Grace said to him, "We have been thinking it over, and we thought perhaps you would not wish us not to give any orders to Mrs. Kelland. I know she has behaved very ill; but I don't see how she is to get on, and she has this child on her hands."

"I know," said Mr. Touchett, "but really it was flagrant."

"Oh," said Lady Temple, gently, "I dare say she didn't mean it, and you could not be hard on a widow."

"Well," said Mr. Touchett, "Miss Brown was very much put out, and—and—it is a great pity about the child; but I never thought myself that such strong measures would do any good."

"Then you will not object to her being employed?"

"No, not at all. From a distance, it is not the same thing as close at home; it won't be an example."

"Thank you," said Grace; and "I am so glad," said Lady Temple; and Mr. Touchett went on his way, lightened of his fear of having let his zealous coadjutors oppress the hard-working, and far more brightened by the sweet smile of requital, but all the time doubtful whether he had been weak. As to the victory, Rachel only laughed, and said, "If it made Grace more comfortable, it was well, except for that acknowledgment of Mr. Touchett's jurisdiction."

A few days after, Rachel made her appearance in Mackarel Lane, and announced her intention of consulting Ermine Williams under seal of secrecy. "I have an essay that I wish you to judge of before I send it to the *Traveller*."

"Indeed!" said Ermine, her color rising. "Would it not be better?"

"Oh, I know what you mean, but don't scruple on that score. At my age, with a mother like mine, it is simply to avoid teasing and excitement that I am silent."

"I was going to say that I was hardly a fair"—

"Because of your different opinions? But those go for nothing. You are a worthy antagonist, and enter into my views as my mother and sister cannot do, even while you oppose them."

"But I don't think I can help you, even if"—

"I don't want help; I only want you to judge of the composition. In fact, I read it to you that I may hear it myself."

Ermine resigned herself.

"Curatolatriy is a species"—

"I beg your pardon."

"Curatolatriy. Ah! I thought that would attract attention."

"But I am afraid the scholars would fall foul of it."

"Why, have not they just made Mariolatry?"

"Yes; but they are very severe on hybrids between Latin and Greek."

"It is not worth while to boggle at trifles

when one has an expressive term," said Rachel; "if it turns into English, that is all that is wanted."

"Would it not be rather a pity if it should turn into English? Might it not be hard to brand with a contemptuous name what does more good than harm?"

"That sickly mixture of flirtation and hero worship, with a religious daub as a salve to the conscience."

"Laugh it down, and what do you leave? In Miss Austen's time, silly girls ran to balls after militiamen; now, if they run to schools and charities more for the curate's sake than they quite know, is not the alternative better?"

"It is greater humbug," said Rachel. "But I knew you would not agree, at least beforehand; it is appreciation that I want."

Never did Madame de Genlis make a cleverer hit than in the reading of the Genius Phanor's tragedy in the Palace of Truth. Comically absurd as the inconsistency is of transporting the *lecture* of a Parisian academician into an enchanted palace, full of genii and fairies of the remotest possible connection with the Arab *jinn*, the whole is deemed by the truth to nature of the sole dupe in the Palace of Truth being the author reading his own works. Ermine was thinking of him all the time. She was under none of the constraint of Phanor's auditors, though she carried a perpetual palace of truth about with her; she would not have had either fears or compunctions in criticising, if she could. The paper was in the essay style, between argument and sarcasm, something after the model of the Invalid's Letters; but it was scarcely lightly touched enough, the irony was wormwood, the gravity heavy and sententious, and where there was a just thought or happy hit, it seemed to travel in a road-wagon, and be lost in the rumbling of the wheels. Ermine did not restrain a smile, half of amusement, half of relief, at the self-antidote the paper contained; but the smile passed with the authoress as a tribute to her satire.

"In this age," she said, "we must use those lighter weapons of wit, or no one will attend."

"Perhaps," said Ermine, "if I approved your object, I should tell you you don't use them lightly."

"Ah! but I know you don't approve it. You are not lay woman enough to be impartial, and you belong to the age that was trying the experiment of the hierarchy modified; I to that which has found it will not do. But at least you understand my view; I have made out my case."

"Yes, I understand your view; but"—

"You don't sympathize. Of course not;

but when it receives its full weight from the printer's hands, you will see that it will tell. That bit about the weak tea fumes I thought of afterwards, and I am afraid I did not read it well."

"I remember it; but forgive me if I say first I think the whole is rather too—too lengthy to take."

"Oh, that is only because manuscript takes long to read aloud. I counted the words, so I can't be mistaken; at least, I counted twenty lines, and multiplied; and it is not so long as the Invalid's last letter about systematic reading."

"And then comes my question again, Is good to come of it?"

"That I can't expect you to see at this time; but it is to be the beginning of a series, exposing the fallacies of woman's life as at present conducted; and out of these I mean to point the way to more consistent, more independent, better combined exertion. If I can make myself useful with my pen, it will compensate for the being debarred from so many more obvious outlets. I should like to have as much influence over people's minds as that Invalid for instance, and by earnest effort I know I shall attain it."

"I—I"—half-laughing and blushing,—"I hope you will, for I know you would wish to use it for good; but, to speak plainly, I doubt about the success of this effort, or—or if it ought to succeed."

"Yes, I know you do," said Rachel. "No one ever can judge of a manuscript. You have done all I wished you to do, and I value your sincerity. Of course I did not expect praise, since the more telling it is on the opposite side, the less you could like it. I saw you appreciated it."

And Rachel departed, while Rose crept up to her aunt, asking, "Aunt Ermine, why do you look so very funny? It was very tiresome. Are not you glad it is over?"

"I was thinking, Rose, what a difficult language plain English is sometimes."

"What, Miss Rachel's? I couldn't understand one bit of her long story, except that she did not like weak tea."

"It was my own that I meant," said Ermine. "But, Rose, always remember that a person who stands plain speaking from one like me has something very noble and generous in her. Were you here all the time, Rosie? I don't wonder you were tired."

"No, Aunt Ermine, I went and told Violetta and Augustus a fairy tale out of my own head."

"Indeed; and how did they like it?"

"Violetta looked at me all the time, and Augustus gave three winks; so I think he liked it."

"Appreciated it!" said Aunt Ermine.

From The Spectator, 3 Sept.

WIRE-PULLING POLITICIANS: MR. THURLOW WEED.

THERE is a sharp controversy raging amongst the French *savans* on the question whether the vesicle produced by the fermentation of mouldy hay steeped in water gives birth to insect life by what is called "spontaneous generation." However this matter may be decided, one knows but too well by our own English experience how the "vesicles" of party life produced by the fermentation of mouldy politics really do breed a new species of politicians,—the class, namely, which, instead of determining its politics by its own observations and convictions, is saturated by the stagnant party feelings in its neighborhood,—whose so-called "principles" are a mere intellectual fungus springing from decaying opinions and rank interests, and whose political activity is determined by all the earthy intrigues of electioneering cunning. Fortunately for us, this class of men, though of moment at an election, have no influence whatever in creating or determining the general drift of political opinion. The politicians with genuine creeds of their own battle them out before the people; and the wire-pullers are forced to make use of party cries, better and more lucid in point of principle than they can in their own souls either respect or understand. Usually, at least, genuine conviction traces the outlines of political struggles in this country, and the "spontaneously-generated" politicians act only in subordination to those who more or less think out their own convictions. In the Northern States of America, however, the situation is somewhat different. With a probably much larger proportion of independent thought amongst the *voters*, the politicians who come to the surface and at least *appear* to guide the combinations in that country are apt to be more completely destitute of guiding principles, more completely the spontaneous generation of those vesicles of decaying political matter called "caucuses," than even the wire-pullers of the elections in England. Mr. Coppock in England, was a mere manager of the lower agencies that affected the Liberal elections; Mr. Thurlow Weed in America is also *spokesman* for his party, suggesting their policy as well as pulling the strings. It is this class of politicians that unfortunately get so much influence in the press of the North

as to deceive us sometimes into the impression that the Northern people have not and never will grasp with any strength a single political principle,—that they are as willing to chaffer for a temporary compromise with their opponents, by surrendering the whole basis of their political thought, as they would be to gain the same end by paying down a few more millions of dollars. For example, this great Republican wire-puller, Mr. Thurlow Weed,—approved by one of the most thinking and the most scrupulous of the Republican papers,—the *New York Times*,—declares his wish to see the Union restored on the basis of "Mr. Crittenden's resolution," offered in 1861. To understand the full inanity and iniquity of this suggestion, let us recall to our readers what Mr. Crittenden's resolution was: It proposed to Congress to resolve (1) that this war had been forced upon the country by the Southern States; but (2) that, forgetting all feeling of resentment, Congress declares that "this war is not waged upon our part with any purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of these States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; that as soon as these objects are accomplished, the war ought to cease;" which means a guarantee of slavery to such States as will return to the Union,—and a fugitive slave law as well. Referring to this resolution after three years' proof of its futility,—after the president's promises and proclamations to the slaves have added to that futility a rich flavor of treachery,—after the South, severely tried by all the horrors of war, has proved the tenacity with which it clings to the one institution for the extension of which it declared war, by a thousand horrible acts of cruelty to the negroes of the Northern armies, and a stern refusal to yield one atom itself in the great controversy,—after all this, Mr. Thurlow Weed quietly goes back to the Crittenden resolution as a proper basis of a durable peace. These are Mr. Thurlow Weed's words: "If Mr. Lincoln's opponent be, in the unpatriotic sense of the term, a 'Peace Man,' or of 'Copperhead' proclivities, I shall zealously and heartily support Mr. Lincoln. But if I can see a reasonable probability of electing a president who would prosecute the war for objects declared to the

world in the resolution offered by Mr. Crittenden and adopted by Congress, I should give my voice and vote for such a candidate," on which the *New York Times* quietly remarks, "We believe this to be substantially the position of the great body of the Union men throughout the country," to which we can only reply that, if it is so, which we do not believe, the great body of Union men throughout the country seem to be destitute of both good sense and good faith,—two rather important requisites for politics. It is not good faith, because to lend the authority of the North once more to Slavery—indeed, to restore the repealed Fugitive Slave Law, for that also Mr. Crittenden's resolution obviously involves—would be a flagrant breach of the contract on the strength of which one hundred and fifty thousand negroes are already fighting the battles *not* of the Northern States, but, as they suppose, as we believe, of freedom.

But apart from the shame of such a transaction, it is impossible to believe that even the crawling intelligence of a caucus wire-puller could put it forth seriously as a solution of the greatest and most terrible civil war the world has ever seen. A Democrat may well be in his senses to hope for peace and separation,—or even for peace, separation, and a Federal bond in foreign politics only, between the South and North. Again, a Democrat may be in his senses who hopes to tempt the South back into union by servile concessions such as Mr. Jefferson Davis's organ, the *Richmond Sentinel*, has lately foreshadowed; namely, the expulsion of New England from the Federation; or the fusion of all the New England States into one, so as to give the slaveholders the upper hand again for another century; or the offer of a constitutional veto to the Slave States on every president chosen by the whole people. Again, a Republican may be in his senses who hopes to subjugate the South, or to exterminate the one ground of dissension, the "peculiar institution," so effectually that there shall no longer be a *motive* for secession and independence. But it is obvious that no person short of an imbecile could expect to tempt the South back into union by such a mere *unguaranteed* treachery as the formal return to the old theory of the constitution, without giving the South any substantial pledge either of its victory on the point of slavery, or, failing

that, of its complete future domination over the North. What Mr. Weed proposes is simply to get for a new president a Democrat who may command confidence in the South solely by his treachery to his own government,—without offering a single material guarantee even that he himself will continue to act on the policy suggested, still less that his successors will be willing to act thereupon. Mr. Weed believes that both North and South will be willing to leave the whole root of this tremendous struggle absolutely untouched; to pollard the branches of this great tree of discord so as to leave it *only* a healthy trunk and root; to put back circumstances as far as he can into the position from which this mightiest of human civil wars took its rise, with this difference, however,—that the rivalries and passions of both parties have been fed into strength, that the North would be smarting under the scorn of the whole world for its infamous treachery to the slaves, and its cowardly cringing to its opponent, and that the South would be smarting under the mockery of the world for having lost half its fighting population to gain no grain of security (even *nominal* security) which it had not, together with far greater resources at its back, before the war. If he should succeed in this very promising attempt to waste all this fearful bloodshed on the purchase of dishonor to one party and failure to both, Mr. Weed thinks they would agree for the future in reverencing the Constitution and loving the Union. That is not the true opinion held by any sane creature, least of all by a being, probably shrewd as well as sane, like Mr. Weed. If seriously meant, which is barely possible, it is not so much a political opinion as an involuntary intellectual secretion, by the great Republican wire-puller, of some of that stagnant political ooze or slush which for the last four years has been accumulating in the hearts of mortified caucus politicians, prevented by the greatness of the crisis from wielding their old power as wire-pullers. The truth is, that the petty instinct of electioneering agents so predominates among the so-called politicians of America that they bait their hooks with mere suggestions meant to catch vacant, or silly, or evil minds, but not meant for any ulterior purpose at all; exactly as an angler baits his hook with a worm, not with any intention of feeding fishes, but that some of them may bite the hook. Mr. Weed's weak, and

worse than weak, return to the soothing Crittenden poultice as a remedy for a fatal gangrene threatening to mortify, cannot be serious; or, rather, it is serious in the way that a mere canvasser's politics are serious. He hopes, we suppose, that it may divide the Democrats, that it may widen the split between the War Democrats and the Peace Democrats, that it may draw over some of the more wavering Democrats to the Republican party. But he forgets—or perhaps he is scarcely capable of recognizing—that propositions of this kind from men accounted as pillars in the Republican party degrade the whole tone of political thought, associate the party with the trickery of broken or meaningless promises, and incline the cool-headed farmer turning over such things in his mind to think that all parties are equally bad and equally stupid. Put an end to the war by the Crittenden resolution! Why, you might as well win back the Neapolitan throne for the Bourbons by promising a constitution, or reconcile Mr. and Mrs. Yelverton by agreeing to leave the question of the marriage undecided. These people are smothered by the mud of their own making. What Dryden said of the small sectaries is far truer of these cautious politicians, whose only idea of tactics is to tamper with some party's political honesty:—

"Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,

So drossy, so divisible are they
As would but serve pure bodies for allay;
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buzz to heaven with evening wings,
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,—
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance."

Mr. Thurlow Weed has, we sincerely believe, miscalculated his public,—who know rather better than he does the wisdom of offering a compromise that would deliberately adjourn this mighty struggle to another year, and declare all that blood which has been poured out like water in the cause of freedom wasted to the last drop.

From The Spectator.

M. GUIZOT'S MEDITATIONS ON CHRISTIANITY.*

M. Guizot calls his book "meditations;" but it is not a meditative book. It is a book of some ability, and in parts of not a little

* *Méditations sur l'Essence de la Religion Chrétienne.* By M. Guizot. Paris: Levy; London: Trubner. *Meditations on the Essence of Christianity*

wisdom; but the thought is of the abstract and selecting kind, rather than of that deeper and more involuntary mood which acknowledges the sway of a transcendent interest,—and the wisdom, though now and then marked by sentences of profound insight, is usually politic to evade difficulties rather than potent to remove them. You see throughout the stamp of the eclectic school of philosophy in dealing with the truths of God's revelation; and its history is so manipulated and summarized as to keep out of sight indeed many difficulties, but at the same time to blanch the vivid coloring of the divine story, and simplify it intellectually at the cost of its most penetrating influences. We are always inclined to distrust an "essence" of Christianity. That of which you can distil the intellectual essence must be human, not divine. It seems to us the necessary peculiarity of a true revelation that, being infinitely greater than our apprehensive power, the more we think and meditate upon it the farther we see it stretching away beyond our reach; that from whatever side we approach it we gather new warnings against the shallows of our own intellects; that like a great river it constantly deepens the channels of our receptive power and while always the same is yet ever changing. M. Guizot would not, we think, deny this; but, what is much the same in effect, he formulates it in a way all but equivalent to a denial. Leaving us to guess what he means by the "finite" and the "infinite," he lays it down that science can only deal with the former (the finite),—in which he includes, however, apparently the moral laws of human nature,—and that all the latter (the infinite) is excluded from the sphere of knowledge and must belong to that of faith,—a distinction which no amount of study of the many philosophical forms in which it has been stated has ever yet enabled us even to apprehend:—

"The finite world alone is within her [Human Science's] reach,—the only world that she can fathom. It is only in the finite world that man's mind can fully grasp the facts, observe them in all their extent, and under all their aspects, discriminate their relations and their laws (which constitute also a species of facts), and so verify the system to which they should be referred. This it is that makes what we term scientific procedure and on the Religious Questions of the Day. By M. Guizot. (Translated from the French under the superintendence of the Author.) Murray.

cesses and labor; and human sciences are the results. What need to mention that in speaking of the finite world I do not mean to speak of the material world alone? Moral facts there also are, which fall under observation, and enter into the domain of science. The study of man in his actual condition, whether considered as an individual or as forming a member of a nation, is also a scientific study, subject to the same method as that of the material world; and it is its legitimate province also to detect in the actual order of this world the laws of those particular facts to which it addresses itself. But if the limits of the finite world are those of human science, they are not those of the human soul. Man contains in himself ideas and ambitious aspirations extending far beyond and rising far above the finite world,—ideas of and aspirations towards the Infinite, the Ideal, the Perfect, the Immutable, the Eternal. These ideas and aspirations are themselves realities admitted by the human mind; but even in admitting them man's mind comes to a halt, they give him a presentiment of, or to speak with more precision, a revelation of, an order of things different from the facts and laws of the finite world which lies under his observation; but whilst man has of this superior order the instinct and the perspective, *he can have of it no positive knowledge.* It proceeds from the sublimity of his nature if he has a glimpse of Infinity,—if he aspires to it; whereas it results from the infirmity of his actual condition if his positive knowledge is limited by the world in which he exists."

The last words are not strictly translated. M. Guizot said, "*C'est l'infirmité de sa condition actuelle que sa science se renferme dans le monde fini où il vit.*" Apparently it struck the translator that man, even according to M. Guizot's own account, does not live in a *finite* or finished world, and he left out the qualifying adjective to reduce the paradox of the seeming contradiction. Probably this seems rather an unimportant and abstract specimen of a book which discusses the "essence of Christianity," but it is really the key to the book's principal defect. M. Guizot, like Mr. Mansel, wants to cut the difficult knots in the theory of revelation by claiming for miracle and revelation as a whole a world of their own, into which we are only able to enter by "presentiment" or faith, and forbidding human science to invade it as "beyond the sphere of positive knowledge," and consequently he throughout warns us off any deep sounding of the contents of revelation. He tries to make us accept it as essential to our needs without

exercising our intellects upon it. He prepares us a neat little distilled essence of each of his "principal" Christian dogmas,—Creation, Providence, Original Sin, then Incarnation, Redemption,—which he hopes will be free from some great difficulties, but into the nature of which he forbids us to enter deeply for the reasons above alleged. For example, in speaking of the Incarnation he adheres steadily to general and abstract terms concerning Christ's deity: "It is a great source of error," he apologizes, "in the study of facts, not to know how to stop at their general and essential features, and losing sight of these to give prominence to partial and secondary features. On the subject of the divinity of Christ, that fundamental principle of the Christian religion, the precise meaning and purport of such and such a word may be disputed, such or such an expression may be eliminated from any particular gospel or epistle; nevertheless, there will always remain infinitely more than sufficient evidence that those who believe to-day in the divinity of Jesus Christ believe simply what the apostles believed and said, and that the apostles only believed and said, now nearly nineteen centuries ago, what Jesus Christ himself told them." And to this bare fact he wishes to limit our intellectual investigation of the subject, adding, further on, how was the divine Incarnation accomplished in man? Here, as in the union of soul and body,—as in the Creation,—mystery enters: but if the *how* escapes us, the fact does not the less exist. When the fact has taken the form of a dogma, theology has wished to explain it. In my mind it was mistaken; it has obscured the fact in developing and commenting on it. It is the fact itself of the Incarnation which constitutes the Christian faith, and which rises above all definitions and all theological controversies." These *words* we might accept, but not what in M. Guizot's hands and treatment they really mean. He means, as is obvious by his studious objection to anything more than the vaguest admission of some peculiar tie between God and man in Christ, not only that we cannot comprehend and explain "the *how*," but that we cannot even gain any light on the meaning of the fact itself. The infinite can only be *believed*, not made the object of "positive knowledge." Human science keeps to the finite, and is therefore in a

wholly different world from that of the Incarnation. M. Guizot is anxious to keep the Incarnation as the root of Christianity, but not to dig at the root, not to meditate on it,—simply to accept it. He blames theology for meditating on it so much, under cover of charging it with exploring “the *how*” of questions too high for us. And so the whole book becomes somewhat frigid and abstract. Instead of bringing his full mind to revelation as an infinite reality to be explored, M. Guizot seems to us too intent on epitomizing God’s proceedings in a popular form. He does not see that the whole drift of the Bible is one long protest against his division of life into “the finite”—the object of science, and “the infinite”—the object of faith. If revelation teaches us anything, it is that we can only *understand* the finite by the help of the infinite;—that those “moral laws” which M. Guizot places amongst “the finite” are nothing at all if they are not the manifestation of God, and therefore we suppose *infinite* (for the word itself seems to us to have little or no meaning in relation to the phenomena of human nature proper, none of which are in any sense finite, or indeed, strictly speaking, intelligible without direct reference to the divine source whence human nature is derived);—that the science of man could not exist without the revelation of God. This is the truth, as we believe, underlying all Christian teaching, of which M. Guizot, through his attempted divorce between the infinite and the finite, certainly loses sight. Indeed, he seems to us to clip down revelation in his *résumés* of doctrine, in order to separate as much as possible between its roots, which he admits to be mysterious and infinite, and its results, from which he wishes as much as possible to clear away the difficulties, and for which he wishes to gain credence with ordinary human sense.

And the same defect which seems to us to pervade the spiritual teaching of the book extends itself to the history. The summary which M. Guizot gives us of the revelation of God to the Jews is meagre and abstract, with the exception of one or two short passages of some power. It fails to notice the most living characteristic of that history,—the closer and closer approach of God to man in the minds of the prophets as it goes on. The history starts from the Absolute Will, the “I Am that I Am,” in the time of Moses, i. e.,

begins with that vision of God which would generally be called the most free from human conceptions,—the most like “the Absolute” of the philosophers,—and gradually becomes saturated with visions of a human perfection, of a Messiah manifesting God on earth, of a “man who should be a hiding-place from the tempest, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,” as it proceeds. M. Guizot misses this characteristic of the Hebrew history, and misses it chiefly, we believe, because he is so intent on keeping his imaginary “limits of human science” distinctly drawn. Perhaps the only passage in his book where he quite forgets them and becomes in consequence deeper and richer in the tone of his thought, is in his beautiful comment on the distinction between Christian charity and that mere kindness of nature which does not draw from any infinite spring:—

“Jésus-Christ crucifié, c’est la charité de Dieu envers les hommes. Comment les hommes ne se devraient-ils pas entre eux ce que Dieu a fait pour eux, et à quel homme la charité ne serait-elle pas due? Otez la divinité et le sacrifice de Jésus-Christ; le prix de l’âme humaine s’abaisse, s’il est permis de parler ainsi; ce n’est plus de son salut, ni de l’exemple de son sauveur qu’il s’agit; la charité n’est plus que la bonté humaine, beau et utile sentiment, mais limité dans sa force d’impulsion comme dans son efficacité car il vient de l’homme seul et il ne peut que soulager incomplètement des misères inégalement distribuées. Ce n’est pas assez pour insinuer les longs efforts et les grands sacrifices; ce n’est pas assez pour que le désir de la guérison morale, comme du soulagement matériel des hommes, devienne cette sympathie inépuisable et cette passion infatigable qui sont vraiment la charité, et que, dans le cours de l’histoire du monde, la foi chrétienne seule a su inspirer.”

We quote in the French because the English translation is here peculiarly bald and even inaccurate, and leaves the impression of a second-rate Evangelical sermon instead of the deep personal conviction of the author.

The translation generally is good; but there are a few slips, some blunders, and many passages in which the English is raw and hasty. For example, in the above passage, “Comment les hommes ne se devraient-ils pas entre eux ce que Dieu a fait pour eux, et à quel homme la charité ne serait-elle pas due?” is translated, “Impossible that men should not feel themselves bound to act to-

wards each other as God has done to them: and towards what man *is not charity a duty?*" where the translation of "serait" by "is" destroys the nexus of the sentence and obliterates the meaning of its latter clause,—which continues the inferential question grounded on the love which God has shown to us, instead of breaking suddenly into an abrupt and perfectly meaningless query. If the interrogative form is translated in the first half by "impossible that,"—which is not, however, at all a good rendering,—the same form should be extended to its latter part. Another curious error, because it consists in *inserting* wantonly words which have no place in the French and no meaning in the English, is on p. 261 of the English edition: "In the second series of these *Meditations*, when I treat the authenticity of the *localities specified* in the Holy Scriptures, I shall occupy myself with this examination,"—i. e., weighing the positive evidence for particular miracles. The French only says, "*l'authenticité des livres saints*," nor do the intrusive words appear to have any meaning. The translation, however, is generally faithful, though we have noted several other errors. We shall expect more instruction from M. Guizot's next part, on the historical authenticity of the different books of the Bible, than from this. It is probably a subject for which his habits of thought and study have better qualified him.

From The Spectator.

FRENCH NUNNERIES.

It is not difficult to understand why the publication of "*La Religieuse*" has so profoundly irritated the Ultramontanes of France. The book is not in a literary sense very able, not so able, we think, as "*Le Maudit*," and is singularly deficient alike in incident and in analysis of character. As a story, indeed, it might be pronounced dull, very dull,—duller than it is at all usual for any story written by a Frenchman to be. The force of the attack consists in the fact that it is not libellous that the author, though French, and consequently addicted to what seems to English ears exaggeration of expression, has carefully refrained from anything approaching to exaggeration of statement. The popular kind of attack once so general in England, and at this

moment frequent in Italy, which represents the monastic life as utterly evil and dissolute, nunneries as harems, and slightly imbecile confessors as crafty and astute profligates, only makes the priests smile. The devout do not read such stories, the devotional do not believe them, and with "the world" the natural recoil from such extravagances does the priests more good than the extravagances themselves do harm. The lad brought up to believe that a priest is necessarily a scoundrel is very apt, when he finds him an average man, to think him a great deal more. People who inquire at all know that the sinking of a monastery in France, or even in Germany, into the condition in which some English monasteries were reported by the visitors to be, and which has been found to exist in some religious establishments in Italy, is excessively improbable, and people are pretty sure to inquire a little before they embrace the religious life. The author of "*La Religieuse*" is a much more dangerous adversary. He expressly repudiates all the grosser forms of libel, and gives but one horrible story of personal suffering, and though he severely censures the questions put in the confessional, still the subject to whom they are put is not innocent, and the attack is rather one upon the practice of confession itself, or on the exercise of the priestly power by unmarried men, than on the monastic system. The charge so current among the prejudiced and the uneducated both in England and France, he declares to be an anachronism, a confusion between the results of a system in its infancy, as monasticism now is, and its decay as it was during the Middle Ages: "Those who in the world invariably suspect libertinism in the connection between the clergy and the women in religious houses are strangely mistaken. Disorder in moral conduct is seldom to be met with in the early period of these establishments. The hive is then forming itself. The swarm is too much occupied by its new task for laxity to come and poison souls. History affirms that the religious orders are pure at their origin; but it informs us that evil quickly penetrates into them. The contact of spirits in the long run is fatal, like the too great agglomeration of bodies; it creates miasma, and decay soon commences. There comes a time when the spirit of religion is completely displaced by a spirit of li-

ciousness difficult to describe. It is well known how far monastic decay had gone under the ancient *regime*; and it may be remembered that when the convents were suppressed, fifty nuns of Fontevault married fifty monks of their order. Such things are certainly not seen nowadays. There are among nuns and monks doubtless vulgar natures, vocations of caprice or chance; but propriety in manners is strictly observed." He disbelieves, too, the stories of the violation of the secrecy of the confessional,—stories which, if exceptionally true in some great cases, as in that of Maria Theresa, whose confession was shown her by Kaunitz in order to procure the expulsion of the Jesuits, are in general we believe utterly false, based upon a totally different matter, the submission of difficult "cases of conscience" to the ultimate judge at Rome. The author of "*La Religieuse*" makes even an evil priest, a coarsely bad Carmelite, incapable of mentioning things heard in confession until he has received the penitent's incautious, but still willing, consent. He even goes slightly out of his way to justify very cleverly the excessive repetition of "services" common to every convent, male and female, throughout the world: "Our long offices, our prayers, become a habit. The days would not be tolerable if they were not thus divided between prayer and those exercises of the lips which ask nothing from the mind. The people of the world go to concerts. Our chants, our psalmody, notwithstanding the nasal tones imposed by the rules, form our concerts." Nor as regards postulants, at least, does he repeat the common stories of coercion. Nuns, he evidently believes, will, where it is possible, be restrained from quitting their professions, and he makes one frightful statement as to the use which in such cases may be made of an accusation of lunacy; but his heroine, Thérèse, wanders from convent to convent, uses her property at her own discretion, and finally settles herself in Paris without any resistance, except by remonstrance, on the part of the priests. Even in the frightful story alluded to, that of a nun imprisoned as a lunatic in a secluded room and frequently whipped, the superior shrinks at once before the threat of the civil power and the scandal which an appeal to it would cause,—a scandal at least as great in France as in England. The attack is not of this coarse kind, not directed against the practices of the monastic

houses, but against monasticism itself, and the mystical piety upon which it is based, against an ideal which the writer shows to be as unattainable as it is inconsistent with the duties and pursuits of life.

The idea which the priests, and above all the Jesuits, strive to spread abroad in France and Belgium is not so much that to immerse one's self in a convent is virtue as that it leads to virtue. Starting from the cardinal idea at once of Catholicism and Calvinism,—that the first duty of man is, not "love to God and his neighbor," but the security of his own soul,—they endeavor to prove that the most certain road to security is the monastic life, the life which, while avoiding all external influences, enables the soul to contemplate in peace itself and God, to meditate itself as it were into a closer and more intimate communion with Christ than is possible to one immersed in the duties and cares of earth. To people of the Teutonic stock, this habit of introversion is by nature so repugnant that the monastic life only tempts them when associated with acts of mercy and beneficence, when the nun in fact leads a *life*, though it is one of benevolence instead of care. The ideal of the English girls, who now and then fancy themselves ready for the renunciation of the world, is not the life of the Carmelite with her dirt and her self-communion, but of the cleanly and useful Sister of Mercy,—of the one order which Protestants as well as Catholics exempt from censure or criticism. It is not the career of the Trappist which Brother Ignatius thinks of, but of a Benedictine who studies and teaches and guides and cures, and who, if he rose to his ideal would be Christ in all but charity and cleanliness. The southern mind, however, as Gautama, the Buddhist teacher, knew, ages before Benedict, is strangely tempted by the idea of a life of contemplation, of passive but devoted piety in which the devotee abandons all other objects in order to raise his own nature nearer to that of his Creator, to purify himself of that tendency to evil which Catholicism and Buddhism alike hold to be inherent in all material things. The utter selfishness of this theory,—a selfishness just as great as if the object of seclusion were bodily health instead of spiritual good,—never affected the Buddhist, to whom, as to other Asiatics, the duty of benevolence seemed an abstract notion, and the Catholic Church, by pleading

is supernatural authority, has contrived to override the direct contradiction of the idea contained in Christ's summary of the law. The road therefore is open to the priests, but another step remains. It is necessary not only to show that the life of contemplation is good, but that the convent is the right place to lead it in, that the conventual life produces results greater than could be obtained by a life pervaded by the spirit of devotion, but passed at home and occupied with home duties. The view of the nun, therefore, put forward by priests is not that of a person who has adopted a good career with the ordinary risks of all careers, but of a pure and holy being who has superseded earthly affection by a strong love for Christ, whose life apart alike from duty and from temptation is as serene as the church hopes will be the life of the next world, who is above all fears and passions and pettinesses, and who, if she does not live the life Christ led on earth, does lead one nearly approaching to that which the angels are presumed in all Christian mythologies to enjoy in heaven,—a passive life without work, or suffering, or exertion of the intellect, save to praise the Deity, whose irradiating presence is the equivalent of happiness and the substitute for self-denying exertion. It seems to Anglo-Saxons a terribly lazy life—their pet angel being Abdiel, who resisted temptation, their patron saint St. George who removed a sanitary nuisance—but to the southern mind, to the girl of France, or Italy, or Spain, the figure of the true nun, the bride of Christ, the being all white robes and love for God, seem indescribably glorious. The object of “*La Religieuse*” is simply to show that it not glorious at all, that a nun is not a hypocrite, or an evil being, or a slave to some confessor, but only an ordinary woman devoted to a very dull and useless career, vain or humble as she would have been in the world, given to ambition like any mistress of a *salon*, addicted in the absence of duties to intrigue for the benefit of the church, and, from passing her life amidst a limited circle, exceptionally liable to fits of malignant jealousy. Mademoiselle de St. Trelody or Montmorency does not commit murder in a convent any more than at home, but she hates Sister A who outshines her, and loves Father B who is kind to her, and fights Sister C who won't obey quite readily enough, and courts Sister D who has wealth

which might be useful, and traduces Sister E who voted against her in the election for abbess, just as she would at home. She may also be and often is as good as she would be at home, only the rules of the convent are not favorable to any form of goodness except the passive. Obedience is a great virtue, but obeying a sister tries the human temper rather more than obeying a husband; vanity is an evil, but ugly dress worries even conventual acquiescence; love is a temptation, but then one can be as jealous for the liking of the saintly and honest director as for that of the last new guardsman. The life in fact leaves human nature very much where it was, with its objects modified, but its foibles and weaknesses just as much in the way of perfection as ever. Is it worth while to give up for this all the associations of life, the duties one owes to parents, the hope of seeing children around one's knees, the struggle and the excitement, the victories and the defeats which make the earth endurable, and bury one's self alive by vows from which there is no release? For real though passive holiness, for a close though self-absorbed communion with spiritual things, for release, if only by flight, from the causes of remorse, and for a quiet if useless seclusion, the southern mind will give up all. But *not* to obtain any of these things, to find that instead of quitting the great world for heaven we have only quitted it for a little one, to be anxious still and for slighter sins, to be jealous still and of trivial rivalries, to be ambitious still and of the pettiest successes this is not a prospect which can tempt even the girl who has just been jilted, and therefore retires from a “bateful” world, far less the woman who really seeks to realize upon earth the life she has been taught to believe universal in heaven. It is this which the author of “*La Religieuse*” sets with a cruel realism before his readers, and for this, for stripping away the romance which surrounds the career in all continental Catholic minds, that he has been denounced as the enemy of the Christianity which he openly inculcates, and in which every page of his work shows that he really believes. The priests, we suspect, are in the right. If their influence in this direction is ever destroyed, it will not be by wild libels like “*Maria Monk*,” but by the autobiography honestly told of a good and clear-sighted nun.

From Notes and Queries.

ROBIN ADAIR.

ROBERT ADAIR, the hero of the song, was well known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the *sobriquet* of the "Fortunate Irishman;" but his parentage and the exact place of his birth are unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon; but "his detection in an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin," to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the Channel, when the chain of lucky events that ultimately led him to fame and fortune, commenced.

Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of this vehicle was a "lady of fashion, well known in polite circles," who received Adair's attentions with thanks; and being lightly hurt, and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis, she presented him with a fee of one hundred guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house. In after-life, Adair used to say that it was not so much the amount of this fee, but the time it was given, that was of service to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to her house was a still greater service; for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him; and her emotions were so sudden and so violent as to attract the general attention of the company.

Adair, perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it, while the Albemarle and Richmond families were dismayed at the prospect of such a terrible *mesalliance*. Every means was tried to induce the young lady to alter her mind, but without effect. Adair's biographer tells us that "amusements, a long journey, an advantageous offer, and other common modes of shaking off what was considered by the family as an improper match, were already tried, but in vain; the health of Lady Caroline was evidently impaired, and the family at last confessed, with a good sense that reflects honor on their understandings as well as their hearts, that it was possible to prevent,

but never to dissolve, an attachment; and that marriage was the honorable, and indeed the only, alternative that could secure her happiness and life."

When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing. Whether written by Lady Caroline or not, the song is simply expressive of her feelings at the time, and as it completely corroborates the circumstances just related, which were the town-talk of the period, though now little more than family tradition, there can be no doubt that they were the origin of the song, the words of which, as originally written, are the following:—

"ROBIN ADAIR.

"WHAT'S this dull town to me?

Robin's not near;

He whom I wish to see,

Wish for to hear.

Where's all the joy and mirth,

Made life a heaven on earth?

Oh! they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair!

"What made the assembly shine?

Robin Adair!

What made the hall so fine?

Robin was there!

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore?

Oh! it was parting with

Robin Adair!

"But now thou art far from me,

Robin Adair!

But now I never see

Robin Adair!

Yet he I love so well

Still in my heart shall dwell;

Oh! can I ne'er forget

Robin Adair!"

Immediately after his marriage with Lady Caroline, Adair was appointed Inspector General of Military Hospitals, and subsequently, becoming a favorite of George III., he was made Surgeon General, King's Sergeant Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Very fortunate men have seldom many friends; but Adair, by declining a baronetcy that was offered to him by the king for surgical attendance on the Duke of Gloucester, actually acquired considerable popularity before his death, which took place when he was nearly fourscore years of age, in 1790. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that year there are verses "On the Death of Robert

Adair, Esq., late Surgeon General, by J. Crane, M. D.," who, it is to be hoped, was a much better physician than a poet.

Lady Caroline Adair's married life was short but happy. She died of consumption, after giving birth to three children, one of them a son. On her death-bed she requested Adair to wear mourning for her as long as he lived; which he scrupulously did, save on the king's and queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at court in full dress. If this injunction respecting mourning were to prevent Adair marrying again, it had the desired effect; he did not marry a second time, though he had many offers.

But I am trenching on the scandalous chronicles of the last century, and must stop. Suffice it to say, Adair seems to have been a universal favorite among both women and men; even Pope Garganelli conceived a strong friendship for him when he visited Rome. Adair's only son by Lady Keppel served his country with distinction as a diplomatist, and died in 1855, aged ninety-two years, then being the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., the last surviving political and private friend of his distinguished relative, Charles James Fox. His memory, though not generally known, has been also enshrined in a popular piece of poetry; for, being expressly educated for the diplomatic service at the University of Göttingen, Canning satirized him in "The Rovers" as Rogero, the unfortunate student lover of "Sweet Matilda Pottingen."

WILLIAM PINKERTON.

PROFESSOR FERRIER.

THE Scottish academical world has recently lost one of its ornaments by the death of Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, whose life, literary and otherwise, is thus summed up in a late number of the *Reader*; James F. Ferrier, LL.D., Oxon, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews, N. B., son of John Ferrier, Writer to the Signet, and Margaret Wilson, sister of "Christopher North," was born at Edinburgh in 1808. His grandfather was colleague to Sir Walter Scott as Clerk of the Court of Session; and his aunt was Miss Ferrier, author of the novels "Marriage," "Destiny," etc., which, for a time, divided the attention of the world with those of the au-

thor of "Waverley." Hereceived his early education at the Manse of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, from Dr. Henry Duncan, the originator of savings-banks, and author of "The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons," and then at Greenwich, under Dr. Barney.

He commenced his university career at Edinburgh, and was there brought under the powerful influence of his uncle, Professor Wilson, then holding the chair which had been held by Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown, and "wielded at will" the spirits of his students. In the rhetoric class, too, he proved his talents by a prize-poem, of which great things were spoken at the time. From Edinburgh he passed to Magdalen College, Oxford, where, in 1832, he graduated B. A. In the same year he was called to the Scottish bar. He never cared much for eminence in that profession, but devoted himself with assiduity to literary pursuits. He became one of the brilliant writers on the staff of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and furnished some of its finest papers in many departments of literature. In a sojourn on the Continent he became conversant with the philosophy of Germany and France, and enamored with the studies which were presented to an active mind by the characteristic speculations of these countries. Of his more memorable papers in *Blackwood*, we may note, as specially worthy of perusal by metaphysical readers, a series on "The Philosophy of Consciousness," articles on "Mill's Logic," "Berkeleyanism," Reid's "Theory of Perception," and a critique on Bailey's "Theory of Vision." He also passed in review the chief works of Goethe and Schiller—in consideration of which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton dedicated his translations from German to him.

He also exposed, in an able but sarcastic paper, the extensive and almost wholesale use made by Coleridge of the writings of Schelling. In 1842 he was chosen, by the Faculty of Advocates, Professor of Universal History in the University, in immediate succession to George Skene, who had obtained the office on the transfer of Sir William Hamilton to the Chair of Logic. Shortly afterward he married his cousin, the daughter of Professor John Wilson. In 1845 the Senatus Academicus of St. Andrews appointed him Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, in succession to George

Cook, D.D., who had followed Dr. Chalmers in that office. Here he labored with zeal, eloquence, and learning in impressing the taste for philosophizing on his students and in exciting their interest in the history of thought. On the resignation of his father-in-law, in 1852, Professor Ferrier became a candidate for the vacant Moral Philosophy chair in Edinburgh. The appointment then lay in the hands of the members of the town council; and they preferred another. This rejection put him on his mettle, and he produced, in 1854, his singularly acute, resolute, and original work, entitled "Institutes of Metaphysics: the Theory of Knowing and Being."

Two years afterward the death of Sir William Hamilton left a vacancy in the Logic Chair of Edinburgh University, and Professor Ferrier became a candidate. The contest was very fierce. A goodly number of able men were candidates; but the heat of the competition lay between Ferrier and the present holder of the chair, Professor Fraser, who obtained the majority of votes. The keenness with which that contest was carried on—political and ecclesiastical feeling to a considerable extent mingling with it—is still remembered. Ferrier's attack upon his antagonists, and his defence of himself after his failure, in his pamphlet entitled "Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New," though exceedingly able, were injudicious. They showed too much of the wounded spirit. In 1859 the Senatus of St. Andrews elected him Assessor. He was also Dean of the Faculty of Arts. In 1862 he was chosen Examiner in Logic by the council of the London University. His courses of lectures at St. Andrews were singularly well arranged and exhaustive. He had but recently added to his former prelections a "History of Philosophical Opinions" of great interest. With much of the gayety of Professor Wilson, he combined a great deal of the philosophic learning of Sir William Hamilton. He died after a severe though not long illness, on the 11th of June.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

THE FREEDMEN'S SONGS.

The Original Negro Minstrelsy of the War.

THE war has brought into publicity a new and quaint species of literature, heretofore almost wholly unknown. We have now a curious collection of genuine negro songs,

composed, set to music, and sung by the negro himself. In their plaintive and mournful sweetness, their invariable spirit of devotion, and their wild and irregular melody, they are improvements upon those composed for our white "negro minstrels." The latter no doubt surpass these originals in meaning and in wit; but it will be noticed that the most popular of the so-called negro melodies are thus popular because they possess some of the peculiar characteristics of those that correspondents and educated Northern men, penetrating to the dwelling of the Southern negroes, within the last two years, have noted for the amusement of loyal readers. Whittier caught the spirit, and tried to infuse it into his own composition in his song of the Negro Boatman, at Port Royal, beautifully prefacing it:—

"For dear the bondsman holds his gifts
Of music and of song,
The gold that kindly nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong."

There was a great deal of cheerful music in the song, "The Kingdom Coming," which a little while ago was sung throughout the land:—

"Say, darkeys, have you seen de master
With de mufstach on his face,
Go long de road some time dis morning,
Like he gwine to leave dis place.
He seen a smoke way up de ribber,
Where de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat and lef berry sudden,
And I spec he ran away.
De darkeys laugh 'he! he!'
De darkeys laugh 'ho! ho!'
It must be now de kingdom coming
An' de year of jubilo-o."

Here is one of the grandest sounding hymns sung at Port Royal. A congregation of three hundred men and women at the Baptist Church on St. Helena Island often join in it with the greatest enthusiasm:—

"Little children, sitting on the tree of life,
To hear when Jordan roll;
Oh, roll, Jordan, roll; roll, Jordan roll;
We march, the angel march; oh, march the angel march;
Oh, my soul is rising heavenward, to hear when Jordan roll.
Oh, my brother, sitting on the tree of life,
To hear when Jordan roll; etc.
Sister Mary, sitting on the tree of life,
To hear when Jordan roll, etc."

Here is another often sung:—

"I no weary yet,
Oh, I no weary yet:
Lord, I hab a witness in my heart,

I no weary yet,
 I no weary yet.
 I hab a hebben to maintain,
 I no weary yet,
 I no weary yet;
 What dat shine upon my track,
 I no weary yet;
 De bands of faith are on my soul
 I no weary yet;
 Old Satan toss a ball at me,
 I no weary yet;
 He tot de ball would hit my soul,
 I no weary yet;
 De ball to hell and I to hebben,
 I no weary yet."

When any member of the congregation becomes agitated with a desire for religion, the following, or something like it, is joined in by all present; supposing the person now to be Sister Sarah:—

"Sister Sarah, do you want to get religion?

Sister Sarah, do you want to get religion?

Go down in de lonesome valley,

Go down in de lonesome valley;

Sister Mary got de letter,

Sister Martha read de letter,

To meet my Jesus dere.

Go down in de lonesome valley,

To meet my Jesus dere."

Here is a snatch of another hymn:—

"Oh, Lord o' Israel,

Sanctify my soul!

Oh, Lord o' Israel,

Sanctify my soul!

Sinner o' man, you better begin,

De gates'll be shut, an' you can't come in;

Oh, Lord o' Israel,

Sanctify my soul!"

Sometimes the hymn breaks forth in this strain:—

"De Lord am coming, yah, yah,

To take me right along home, ah, yah;

I feels his handlin', yah, yah,

To pull this chile along, ah, yah,

Den, yah, oh, yah, yah,

Glory come along;

Don't you see the chariot comin',

Yah, oh, yah, yah.

Why look right over yonder,

Yah, yah,

And don't you 'gin to wonder,

Oh, yah.

For while you sinners here are musin',

I'se gwine to Father Abram's bosom;

Oh, yah,

Den yah, oh, yah, yah, etc."

And even still more joyously, thus:—

"The Lord am in his chariot car,

Glory, hallelujah!

He's come from a distance very far,

Glory, hallelujah!

So jump aboard, and to glory let us glide,

While we help to swell the chorus as we ride,

Glory, hallelujah!"

The children in the freedmen's schools have a hymn which runs through many verses, commencing:—

"I'll follow in Jesus' ways,
 No man can hinder me!
 I'll do what Jesus says,
 No man can hinder me!"

A person writing from New Orleans says the following, with many variations, is a favorite at the meetings of the contrabands in that vicinity:—

"If you want to make old Satan run,

Oh, jes' git out de gospel gun:

Oh, play on de golden harp!

I went down to de gates ob hell,

An' dere I bid um all farewell,

Oh, play on de golden harp!

"I look my face down to de groun',

I ask de Lord to turn me roun',

Oh, play on de golden harp!

I turn my face up tu de sky,

I ask de Lord to kick me high,

Oh, play on de golden harp!"

It is only necessary to examine the songs sung habitually by the negroes to see the fallacy of the argument so often used that the negroes are uniformly happy, unthinking, light-hearted, and contented in the condition of slavery. Through a majority of their melodies there breathes a mournful spirit,—a moan of crushed hopes and weary experiences,—a wail of longings out of the depths of the soul, not utterly silenced by despair. Here is a wild burst:—

"Oh! dar'll be mournin', mournin', mournin',

Oh! dar'll be mournin',

De judgment-seat of Christ!

Pore ole slave dar', Jesus tell—

Massa didn't use he well;

Christ send massa down to hell—

De judgment-seat of Christ!"

Here is a weary song, with the inevitable and undying faith in the justice which is always expressed:—

"Oh we'll join the forty thousand by and by

So we will! so we will!

We'll join de forty thousand upon de golden shore,
 And our sorrows will be gone for evermore, more,
 more.

So they will!

My way is dark and cloudy,

So it is! so it is!

My way is dark and cloudy,

All de day!"

The story of Moses and Pharaoh possesses a peculiar fascination for the negro mind; why it is so it is not hard to guess. A song having reference to it was brought North, versified, and set to music. The following is the first verse:—

"The Lord by Moses to Pharaoh said,

Oh, let my people go!

If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,

Then let my people go:

Oh, go down, Moses,

Away down to Egypt's land,

And tell King Pharaoh

To let my people go."

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1062.—8 October, 1864.

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POETRY.—Service, 50. Timor, 50.

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SERVICE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WHEN I beheld a lover woo

A maid unwilling,
And saw what lavish deeds men do,
Hope's flagon filling,—
What vines are tilled, what wines are spilled,
And madly wasted,
To fill the flask that's never filled,
And rarely tasted :

Devouring all life's heritage,
And inly starving ;
Dulling the spirit's mystic edge,
The banquet carving ;
Feasting with Pride, that Barmecide
Of unreal dishes ;
And wandering ever in a wide,
Wide world of wishes :

For gain or glory lands and seas
Endlessly ranging,
Safety and years and health and ease
Freely exchanging :
Chiselling Humanity to dust
Of glittering riches,
God's blood-veined marble to a bust
For Fame's cold niches :

Desire's loose reins, and steed that stains
The rider's raiment :
Sorrow and sacrifice and pains
For worthless payment :—
When, ever as I moved, I saw
The world's contagion,
Then turned, O Love ! to thy sweet law
And compensation,—

Well might red shame my cheek consume !
O service slighted !
O Bride of Paradise, to whom
I long was plighted !
Do I with burning lips profess
To serve thee wholly,
Yet labor less for blessedness
Than fools for folly ?

The wary worldling spread his toils
Whilst I was sleeping ;
The wakeful miser locked his spoils,
Keen vigils keeping :
I looked the latches of my soul
To pleading Pleasure,
Who stayed one little hour, and stole
My heavenly treasure.

A friend for friend's sake will endure
Sharp provocations ;
And knaves are cunning to secure,
By cringing patience,
And smiles upon a smarting cheek,
Some dear advantage,—
Swathing their grievances in meek
Submission's bandage,

Yet for thy sake I will not take
One drop of trial,
But raise rebellious hands to break
The bitter vial.
At hardship's surly-visaged churl

My spirit sallies :
And melts, O Peace ! thy priceless pearl
In passion's chalice.

Yet never quite, in darkest night,
Was I forsaken :
Down trickles still some starry rill
My heart to waken.
O Love Divine ! could I resign
This changeful spirit
To walk thy ways, what wealth of grace
Might I inherit !

If one poor flower of thanks to thee
Be truly given,
All night thou snowest down to me
Lilies of heaven !
One task of human love fulfilled,
Thy glimpses tender
My days of lonely labor gild
With gleams of splendor !

One prayer,—“ Thy will, not mine ! ” and
bright,
O'er all my being,
Breaks blissful light, that gives to sight
A subtler seeing ;
Straightway mine ear is tuned to hear
Ethereal numbers,
Whose secret symphonies insphere
The dull earth's slumbers.

“ Thy will ! ”—and I am armed to meet
Misfortune's volleys ;
For every sorrow I have sweet,
Oh, sweetest solace !
“ Thy will ! ”—no more I hunger sore,
For angels feed me ;
Henceforth for days, by peaceful ways,
They gently lead me.

For me the diamond dawns are set
In rings of beauty,
And all my paths are dewy wet
With pleasant duty ;
Beneath the boughs of calm content
My hammock swinging,
In this green tent my eyes are spent,
Feasting and singing.

— *Atlantic Monthly.*

TIMON.

CAST on this globe by cold mechanic Fate,
To breathe and suffer till I perish thence,
Choose thou, my soul, instead of love or hate,
The temperate sphere of calm indifference,
Matching against the infinite pitiless power,
That makes and breaks a universe at will,
A mind as feelingless and firm, until
The hurrying darkness of the final hour
Blots thee to nothing. Let the human race,
Weak, wanton, treacherous, cruel, pass thine eye
As pictures, to be viewed a little space
From out thy stoical security—
Then yielded to oblivion. Come what may,
Matter and soul to change or ruin tend ;
Life's only pleasure is, that every day
But brings our natures nearer to their end.

— *Dublin University Magazine.*

From The North British Review.

WORDSWORTH: THE MAN AND THE POET.

THE great stirring of men's minds, with which the last century closed, and the present set in, expressed itself in no way more conspicuously than in its prodigality of poetic genius. What gave the impulse to the broader, profounder, more living spirit, which then entered into all regions of thought, who shall determine? To recount the common literary commonplaces on this subject, to refer that great movement of mind to the French Revolution, or to the causes of that Revolution, is easy; but such vague talk does not really increase our knowledge. Perhaps it may be for the present enough to say that the portentous political outbreak in France was itself but one manifestation of the new and changed spirit which throughout Europe had penetrated all departments of human thought and action. Whatever the causes, the fact is plain, that with the opening of this century there was in all civilized lands a turning up of the subsoil of human nature, a laying bare of the intenser seats of action, thought, and emotion, such as the world had seldom, if ever before, known. The new spirit reached all forms of literature, and changed them; in this country it told more immediately on poetry than on any other kind of literature, and recast it into manifold and more original forms. The breadth and volume of that poetic outburst can only be fully estimated by looking back to the narrow and artificial channels in which English poetry since the days of Milton had flowed. In the hands of Dryden and Pope, that which was a natural, free-wandering river became a straight-cut, uniform canal. Or, without figure, poetry was withdrawn from country life, made to live exclusively in town, and affect the fashion. Forced to appear in courtly costume, it dealt with the artificial manners and outside aspects of men, and lost sight of the one human heart, which is the proper haunt and main region of song. Of nature it reproduced only so much as may be seen in the dressed walks and gay parterres of a suburban villa. As with the subjects, so with the style. Always there was neatness of language, and correctness, according to a conventional standard; often there was terseness, epigrammatic point, manly strength; but along with these there was monotony, constraint, tameness of melody. Those who

followed,—Collins and Gray, Goldsmith and Thompson,—though with finer feeling for nature, and more of melody, could not shake themselves wholly free of the tyrant tradition, and throw themselves unreservedly on nature. Burns, if in one sense an anticipation of the nineteenth century poetry, is really, in reference to his contemporaries, to be regarded as an accident; he grew so entirely outside, and independently, of the literary influences of his time. Yet, though little affected by contemporary poets, he was powerful with those who came after him. Wordsworth owns that it was from Burns he learnt the power of song founded on humble truth. It was Cowper, however, who first of English poets brought poetry back from the town to the country. His landscape, no doubt, was the tame one of the English midland counties; there was in it nothing of the stern, wild joy of the mountains. His sentiment moved among the household sympathies, not the stormy passions. But in Cowper's power of simple narrative and truthful descriptions, in his natural pathos and religious feeling, more truly than elsewhere, may be discerned the dawn of that new poetic era with which this century began. When we remember that during its first thirty years appeared all the great works of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, not to mention many a lesser name, we may be quite sure that posterity will look back to it as one of the most wonderful eras in English literature. What other age in this, we had almost said in any, country, has been, within the same space of time, so lavish of great poets? In England, at any rate, if the Elizabethan and the succeeding age had each one greater poetic name, no age can show so goodly a poetic company. Those who began life, while many of those poets were still alive, and who can perhaps recall the looks of some of them, while they still sojourned with us, may not, perhaps, value to the full the boon which was bestowed on the generation just gone. Only as age after age passes, and sees no such company again appear, will men learn to look back with the admiration that is due to that poetic era. To sum up in one sentence the manifold import of all that those poets achieved, we cannot, perhaps, do better than borrow the discriminative words of Mr. Palgrave in his "Golden Treasury." They "carried to further perfection the later ten-

dencies of the century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence for human passion and character in every sphere, and impassioned love of nature: whilst maintaining on the whole the advances in art made since the Restoration, they renewed the half-forgotten melody and depth of tone which marked the best Elizabethan writers; lastly, to what was thus inherited, they added a richness in language and a variety in metre, a force and fire in narrative, a tenderness and bloom in feeling, an insight into the finer passages of the soul, and the inner meanings of the landscape, a larger and a wiser humanity, hitherto hardly attained, and perhaps unattainable even by predecessors of not inferior individual genius."

It is now our purpose to call attention for a little to one of that poetic brotherhood, the eldest born, and the hardest, most original innovator of them all. For a survey of Wordsworth and his poetry there would seem to be now the more room, because his popularity, which during his lifetime underwent so remarkable vicissitudes, has, during the fourteen years since his death-receded, and seems now to be at the ebb.

It would form a strange chapter in literary history to trace the alternate rise and fall in poetic reputations. To go no farther back than the contemporaries of Wordsworth, how various have been their fortunes! Some, as Byron, were received, almost on their first appearance, with a burst of applause which posterity is not likely fully to reverberate. Some, as Scott (we speak only of his poetry), were at first welcomed with nearly equal favor, afterward, for a time, retired before a temporary caprice of public taste, but have since resumed what was their earliest, and is likely to be their permanent, place; others, as Campbell, had at once the poetic niche assigned them, which they are likely hereafter to fill; while others, as Shelley and Keats, received little praise of men till they themselves were beyond its reach. Wordsworth had a different fortune from any of these. For more than twenty years after his earlier poems appeared, he experienced, not simply neglect, but an amount of obloquy such as few poets have ever had to encounter. But cheered by his own profound conviction that his work was true and destined to endure, and by the sympathy of a very few discerning men, he calmly and cheerfully bode his hour. In time, the

clamor against him spent itself; the reaction set in between the years 1820 and 1830, reached its culmination about the time of his Oxford welcome in 1839, and may be said to have lasted till his death in 1850. Since then, in obedience to that law which gives living poets a stronger hold on the minds of their own generation than any poet, even the greatest, of a past age, Wordsworth may seem to have receded somewhat in the world's estimate. But his influence is, in its nature, too durable to be really affected by these fashions of the hour. It is raised high above the shifting damps and fogs of this lower atmosphere, and shines from the poetic heaven with a benign and undying light. The younger part of the present generation, attracted by newer, but certainly not greater, luminaries, may not yet have learned fully to recognize him. But there are many now in middle life, or past it, who look back to the time of their boyhood, or early youth, when Wordsworth first found them, as a marked era in their existence. They can recall, it may be, the very place and the hour, when, as they read this or that poem of his, a new light, as from heaven, dawned suddenly within them. The scales of custom dropped from their eyes, and they beheld all nature with a splendor upon it, as of the world's first morning. The common sights and sounds of earth became other than they were. Man and human life, cleared of the highway dust, came home to them more intimately, more engagingly, more solemnly, than before; for their hearts were touched by the poet's creative finger, and new springs of thought, tenderer wells of feeling, broke from beneath the surface. And though time and custom may have done much to dim the eye, and choke the feelings, which Wordsworth once unsealed, no time can ever efface the remembrance of that first unveiling, nor destroy the grateful conviction that to him they owe a delicate and inward service, such as no other poet has equally conferred. Something of this service Wordsworth, we believe, is fitted to render to all men with moderately sensitive hearts, if they would but read attentively a few of his best poems. But to receive the full benefit, to draw out, not random impressions, but the stored wisdom of his capacious and meditative soul, he, above all modern poets, requires no cursory perusal, but a close and consecutive study. It was once common to call him mystical and unin-

telligible. That language is seldom heard now; but many, especially young persons, or those trained in other schools of thought, or in no school at all, will still feel the need of a guide in the study of his poetry; for what is best in him lies not on the surface, but in the depth. It is so far hidden that it must needs be sought for. Not that his language is obscure; what he has to say is expressed, for the most part, as clearly, and as adequately, as it is possible for thoughts and feelings of this kind to be expressed. But a large portion of these are of such a nature, so near, yet so hidden from men's ordinary ways of thinking, that the reader, if he is to apprehend them at all, must needs himself go through somewhat of the same processes of feeling and reflection as the poet himself passed through. The need of this reflective effort on the part of the reader is inherent in the nature of many of Wordsworth's subjects, and cannot be dispensed with. No doubt the effort is rendered much lighter to us than it was when his poems first appeared, so much of what was then new in Wordsworth has since passed into current literature, and found its way to most educated minds. Still, with all this, there remains a large—perhaps the largest—portion of Wordsworth's peculiar wisdom unabsorbed, nor likely to be soon absorbed by this excitement-craving, unmeditative age. A thorough and appreciative commentary, which should open the avenues to the study of Wordsworth, and render accessible his imaginative heights, and his meditative depths, would be a boon to the younger part of this generation. The opening chapter of such a commentary would first set forth the facts and circumstances of the poet's life, would show what manner of man he was, how and by what influences his mind was matured, from what points of view he was led to approach nature and human life, and to undertake the poetic treatment of these. A portion of such a chapter we propose to place now before our readers, at least so far as to describe the facts of Wordsworth's early life and the influences among which he lived, up to the time when he settled at Grasmere, and addressed himself to poetry as the serious business of his life.

Wordsworth was sprung from an old North-Humbrian stock, as contrasted with the South-Humbrian race, a circumstance which has stamped itself visibly on his genius

The name of Wordsworth had been long known in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about the course of the Dove and the Don. Of old they had been yeomen, or landed gentry; for both of these they call themselves in old charters, at Penistone, near Doncaster. In this neighborhood they can be traced back as far as the reign of Edward III. From Yorkshire the poet's grandfather is said to have migrated westward, and to have bought the small estate of Stockbridge, near Penrith. His father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney, and having been appointed law-agent to the then Earl of Lonsdale, was set over the western portion of the wide domain of Lowther, and lived in Cockermouth, in a manor-house belonging to that noble family. John Wordsworth married Anne Cookson, daughter of a mercer in Penrith, whose mother, Dorothy, was one of the ancient northern family of Crackenthorpe, a name of note, both in logical and theological lore. These facts may be of little moment in themselves; but they serve to show that in the wisdom of Wordsworth, as in so many another poet, the virtues of an ancient and worthy race were condensed, and bloomed forth into genius. In that old mansion-house at Cockermouth, William was born on the 7th of April, 1770, the second of four sons. There was only one daughter in the family, Dorothy, who came next after the poet. Cockermouth, their birthplace, though beyond the hill country, stands on the Derwent, called by the poet, "fairest of all rivers," and looks back to the Borrowdale Mountains, among which that river is born. The voice of that stream, he tells us, flowed along his dreams while he was a child. When five years old, he used to spend the whole summer day in bathing in a mill-race, let off the river, now in the water, now out of it, to scour the sandy-fields, naked as a savage, while the hot, thundering noon was bronzing distant Skiddaw; and then to plunge in once more.

His mother, a wise and pious woman, told a friend that William was the only one of her children about whom she felt anxious, and that he would be "remarkable either for good or evil." According to the Scottish proverb, he would either "make" a spoon or spoil a horn." This was probably what he himself calls his "stiff, moody, and violent temper." Of this, which made him a

wayward and headstrong boy, all that he seems afterwards to have retained was that resoluteness of character, which stood him in good stead when he became a man.

Of his mother, who died when he was eight years old, the poet retained a faint but tender recollection. At the age of nine, William, along with his elder brother Richard, left home for school. It would be hard to conceive a better school-life for a future poet than that in which Wordsworth was reared at Hawkshead. This village lies in the vale, and not far from the lake, of Esthwaite, a district of gentler hill-beauty, but in full view, westward and northward, of Kirkstone Pass, Fairfield, and Helvellyn. Hawkshead School, as described in the "Prelude," must have been a strange contrast to the highly-elaborated school-systems of our own day.

High pressure was then unknown; nature and freedom had full swing. Bounds and locking-up hours they had none. The boys lived in the cottages of the village dames, in a natural friendly way, like their own children. Their play-grounds were the fields, the lake, the woods, and the hillside, far as their feet could carry them. Their games were crag-climbing for ravens' nests, skating on Esthwaite Lake, setting springs for woodcocks. For this latter purpose they would range the woods late on winter nights, unchallenged. Early on summer mornings, before a chimney was smoking, Wordsworth would make the circuit of the lake. There were boatings on more distant Windermere, and when their scanty pocket-money allowed, long rides to Furness Abbey and Moorcombe Sands. In Wordsworth's fourteenth year, when he and his brother were at home for the Christmas holidays, their father, who had never recovered heart after the death of his wife, followed her to the grave. The old home at Cockermouth was broken up, and the orphans were but poorly provided for. Their father had but little to leave his children; for large arrears were due to him by the strange, self-willed then Earl of Lonsdale, and these his lordship never chose to make good. But the boys, not the less, returned to school, and William remained there till his eighteenth year, when he left for Cambridge.

From Hawkshead, Wordsworth took several good things with him. In book-learning, there was Latin enough to enable him to read

the Roman poets with pleasure in after-years; of mathematics, more than enough to start him on equality with the average of Cambridge Freshmen; of Greek, we should suppose not much, at least, we never hear of it afterward. It was here that he began that intimacy with the English poets which he afterward perfected; while for amusement he read the fictions of Fielding and Swift, of Cervantes and Le Sage; but neither at school, nor in after-life, was he a devourer of books.

Of actual verse-making his earliest attempts date from Hawkshead. A long copy of verses, written on the second centenary of the foundation of the school, was much admired; but he himself afterwards pronounced them but a "tame imitation of Pope." Some lines composed on his leaving school, with a few of which the edition of his works of 1857 opens, are more noticeable, as they, if not afterwards changed, contain a hint of his maturer self. But more important than any juvenile poems, or any skill of verse-making acquired at Hawkshead, were the materials for after-thought there laid up,—the colors laid deep into the groundwork of his being. In the "Evening Walk," composed partly at school, partly in college vacations, he notices how the boughs and leaves of the oak darken and come out when seen against the sunset. "I recollect distinctly," he says, nearly fifty years afterward, "the very spot where this first struck me. It was on the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances, which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency. I could not have been at that time above fourteen years of age." Not a bad resolution for fourteen! And he kept it. It would be hardly too much to say that there is not a single image in his whole works which he had not observed with his own eyes. And perhaps no poet since Homer has introduced into poetry, directly from nature, more facts and images which had not hitherto appeared in books.

But more than any book-lore, more than any skill in verse-making, or definite thoughts about poetry, was the free, natural life he led at Hawkshead. It was there that he was

smitten to the core with that love of nature which was the prime necessity of his being; not that he was a moody or peculiar boy, nursing his own fancies apart from his companions. So far from that, he was foremost in all schoolboy adventures,—the sturdiest oar, the hardest cragsman at the harrying of the raven's nest. Weeks and months, he tells us, passed in a round of school tumult. No life could have been every way more unconstrained and natural. But school tumult though there was, it was not in a made playground at cricket or rackets, but in haunts more fitted to form a poet,—on the lakes and the hillsides. Would that some poets, who have since been, had had such a boyhood, had walked, like Wordsworth, unmolested in the cool fields, not been stimulated at school by the fever of emulation and too early intellectuality, and then hurled prematurely against the life-wrecking problems of existence! Whatever stimulants Wordsworth had, came from within, awakened only by the common sights and sounds of nature. All through his schooltime, he says, that in pauses of the "giddy bliss" he felt

"Gleams like the flashing of a shield, the earth
And common face of nature spake to him
Rememberable things."

And as time went on, and common school pursuits lost their novelty, these visitations grew deeper and more frequent. At nightfall, when a storm was coming on, he would stand in shelter of a rock, and hear

"Notes that are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant sounds."

At such times he was aware of a coming in upon him of the "visionary power." On summer mornings he would rise before another human being was astir, and alone, from some jutting knoll, watch the first gleam of dawn kindle on the lake:—

"Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect of the mind."

Is not this the germ of what afterward became the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality"? or rather it is of hours like these, that that Ode is the glorified remembrance.

In October, 1787, at the age of eighteen, Wordsworth passed from Hawkshead School to St. John's College, Cambridge. College life, so important to those whose minds are

mainly shaped by books and academic influences, produced on him no very lasting impression. On men of strong inward bias the university often acts with a repulsive rather than a propelling force. Recoiling from the prescribed drill, they fall back all the more entirely on their native instincts. The stripping of the hills had not been trained for college competitions; he felt that he was not "for that hour, and for that place." The range of scholastic studies seemed to him narrow and timid. The college dons inspired him with no reverence; their inner heart seemed trivial; they were poor representatives of the Bacons, Barrows, Newtons of the old time. As for school honors, he thought them dearly purchased at the price of the evil revelries and narrow standard of excellence which they fostered in the eager few who entered the lists. Altogether, he had led too free and independent a life to put on the fetters which college contests and academic etiquette exacted. No doubt he was a self-sufficient, presumptuous youth, so to judge of men and things in so famous a university. Such, doubtless, he appeared to the college authorities; very disappointing he must have been to his friends at home. They had sent him thither, with no little trouble, not to set himself up in opposition to authority, but to work hard, and thereby to make his livelihood. And perhaps home friends and college tutors were not altogether wrong in their opinion of him, if we are to judge of men not wholly by after results. Wordsworth at this time may probably enough have been a headstrong, disagreeably independent lad. Only there were latent in him other qualities of a rarer kind, which in time justified him in taking an independent line.

When he arrived in Cambridge, a northern villager, he tells us that there were other poor, simple schoolboys from the north, now Cambridge men, ready to welcome him, and introduce him to the ways of the place. So, leaving to others the competitive race, he let himself, in the company of these, drop quietly down the stream of the usual undergraduate jollities:—

"If a throng were near,
That way I leaned by nature; for my heart
Was social, and loved idleness and joy."

It sounds strange to read in the pompous blank verse of the "Prelude," how, while still a Freshman, he turned dandy, wore hose

of silk, and powdered hair. And again, how in a friend's room in Christ's College, once occupied by Milton, he toasted the memory of the abstemious Puritan poet till the fumes of wine reached his brain,—the first and last time when the future water-drinker experienced this sensation. During the earlier part of his college course he did just as others did,—lounged and sauntered, boated and rode, enjoyed wines and supper parties, “days of mirth and nights of revelry,” yet kept clear of vicious excess.

When the first novelty of college life was over, he grew dissatisfied with idleness. Sometimes, too, he was haunted by prudent fears about his future maintenance. He withdrew somewhat from promiscuous society, and kept more by himself. Living in quiet, the less he felt of reverence for those elders whom he saw, the more his heart was stirred with high thoughts of those whom he could not see. As he lay in his bedroom in St. John's, he could look into the ante-chapel of Trinity, and, on moonlight or starlight nights, would watch the great statue there—

“Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.”

He read Chaucer under the hawthorn by Trompington Mill, and made intimate acquaintance with Spenser. Milton he seemed to himself almost to see moving before him, as, clad in scholar's gown, that young poet had once walked those same cloisters in the angelic beauty of his youth.

So his time at Cambridge was not wholly lost. Two advantages at least he gained,—noble thoughts about the great men who of old had tenanted that “garden of high intellects,” and free intercourse with his fellow-men of the same age and of varied character,—a special gain to one whose life, both before and afterwards, was passed so much in retirement.

During the summer vacations he and his sister Dorothy, who had been much separated since childhood, met once more under the roof of their mother's kindred in Penrith. With her he then had the first of those rambles—by the streams of Lowther and Emont—which were afterwards renewed with so happy results. Then, too, he first met May Hutchison, his cousin, and his wife to be:—

“By her exulting outside look of youth
And placid, tender countenance, first endeared.”

It was during his second or third year at Cambridge, when he had somewhat withdrawn from society, and lived more by himself, that he first seriously formed the purpose of being a poet, and dared to hope that he might leave behind him something that would live. His last long vacation, to reading men often the severest labor of their lives, was devoted to a walking tour on the Continent along with a college friend from Wales. For himself he had long cast college studies and their rewards behind him; but friends at home, it may readily be imagined, could not see such foolhardiness without uneasy forebodings. What was to become of a penniless lad who thus played ducks and drakes with youth's golden opportunities? But he had as yet no misgivings; he was athirst only for nature and freedom. So with his friend Jones, staff in hand, he walked for fourteen weeks through France, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. With four shillings each daily they paid their way. They landed at Calais on the eve of the day when the king was to swear to the new constitution. All through France, as they trudged along, they saw a people rising with jubilee to welcome in the dawn of, as they thought, a new era for mankind. Nor were they onlookers only, but sympathizers in the intoxication of that time, joining in the village revels and dances of the frantic multitude. But these sights did not detain them, for they were bent rather on seeing nature than man. Over the Alps, along the Italian lakes, they passed with a kind of awful joy. As they hurried down the southern slope of the Alps, Wordsworth tells us that the woods, “decaying, never to be decayed,” the drizzling crags, the cata-racts, and the clouds appeared to him no longer material things, but spiritual entities, “characters in a dread Apocalypse.”

In January, 1789, Wordsworth took a common degree and quitted Cambridge. The crisis of his life lay between this time and his settling down at Grasmere. He had resolved to be a poet; but even poets must be housed, clothed, and fed; and poetry has seldom done this for any of its devotees, least of all such poetry as Wordsworth was minded to write. But it was not the question of bread alone, but a much wider, more complex one, which now pressed on him,—the same which so many a thoughtful youth, on leaving the university, with

awakened powers but no special turn for any of the professions, has had to face,—the question, What next? In fact, the more gifted the querist, the harder becomes the problem.

This mental trial, incident at all times to early manhood, how must it have been aggravated to a youth such as Wordsworth, turned loose on a world just heaving with the first throes of the French Revolution! He had seen it while it still wore its earliest auroral hues, when the people were mad with joy, as at the dawn of a regenerated earth. That he should have staked his whole hope on it, looked for all good things from it, who shall wonder? Coleridge, Southey, almost every high-minded young man of that time, hailed it with fervor. Wordsworth would not have been the man he was, if he could have stood proof against the contagion. In leaving Cambridge, he had gone to London. The spring and early summer months he spent there, not mingling in society, for probably he had few acquaintances, but wandering about the streets, noting all sights, observant of men's faces and ways, haunting the open book-stalls. During these months he tells us that he was preserved from the cynicism and contempt for human nature which the deformities of crowded life often breed, by the remembrance of the kind of men he had first lived amongst, in themselves a manly, simple, uncontaminated race, and invested with added interest and dignity by living in the same hereditary fields in which their forefathers had lived, time out of mind, and by moving about among the grand accompaniments of mountain storms and sunshine. The good had come first, and the evil, when it did come, did not stamp itself into the groundwork of his imagination.

The following summer he visited his travelling companion Jones in Wales, made a walking tour through that country, and beheld at midnight, on Snowdon, that marvellous moonlight vision, which towards the end of the "Prelude" he employs as an emblem of the transmuting power which resides in a high imagination, and which it exerts on the visible universe.

When in London he had heard Burke speaking from his place in the House of Commons on the great debates called forth by the revolution then in full progress; but he had listened, unconvinced. In November,

1791, he passed to Paris, and heard there the speeches that were made in the Hall of the National Assembly, while Madame Roland and the Brissotins were in the ascendant. A few days he wandered about Paris; surveyed the scenes rendered famous by recent events, and even picked up a stone, as a relic from the site of the demolished Bastille. This rage for historic scenes he however confesses to have been in him more affected than genuine. From Paris he went to Orleans, and sojourned there for some time to learn the language. His chief acquaintance there was Beaupois, a man, according to Wordsworth's description, of a rarely-gifted soul, pure and elevated in his aims. In youth he had been devoted to the service of ladies, with whom beauty of countenance; grace of figure, and refined bearing made him a great favorite. But now, though by birth one of the old French nobles, he had severed himself from his order, and given himself with chivalrous devotion to the cause of the poor. One day, as Wordsworth and he were walking near Orleans, they passed a hungry-looking girl leading a half-starved heifer by a cord tied to its horn. The beast was picking a scanty meal from the lane, while the girl, with pallid hands and heartless look, was knitting for her bread. Pointing to her, Beaupois said with vehemence, "It is against that we are fighting." As they two wandered about the old forests around the city, they eagerly discussed, both the great events which were crowding on each other and also those abstract questions about civil government and man's natural rights, which the times naturally suggested. Wordsworth owns that he threw himself headlong into those questions without the needful preparation, knowing little of the past history of France and of her institutions, and wholly unversed in political philosophy. He only saw that the best ought to rule and that they don't. In his boyhood, he says, he had lived among plain people, had never seen the face of a titled man, had therefore no respect for, nor belief in, such. He therefore now became a patriot and republican, determined that kings and aristocracies should cease, and longed for "a government of equal rights and individual worth," whatever that may mean. In the days that were coming, abject poverty was to disappear, equality was to bring in a golden time of happiness and virtue. After

some months, spent together in sharing dreams like these, they parted,—Wordsworth for Blois, and then for the “fierce metropolis;” Beaupois, to perish ere long—

“Fighting in supreme command
Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire.”

When, in the autumn of 1792, Wordsworth came from Blois to Paris, the September massacre had taken place but a month before; the king and his family were in prison; the Republic was proclaimed, and Robespierre in power. The young Englishman ranged through the city, passed by the prison where the king lay, visited the Tuileries, lately stormed, and the Place de Carrousel, a month since heaped with dead. As he lay in the garret of a hotel hard by, sleepless, and filled with thoughts of what had just taken place, he seemed to hear a voice that cried aloud to the whole city, “Sleep no more!” Years after, those scenes still troubled him in dreams. He had ghastly visions of scaffolds with innocent victims on them, or of crowds ready for butchery, and mad with the levity of despair. In his sleep he seemed to be pleading in vain for the life of friends, or for his own, before a savage tribunal. A page of the “Prelude” is filled with the somewhat vague reflections that came to him as he lay sleepless in his garret. The most definite of these is, that a nation’s destiny often hangs on the action of single persons, and that the bonds of one common humanity transcend those of country and race. These vague truisms Lockhart, glad no doubt to make the young republican poet look ridiculous, condenses into this: “He revolved in his mind how the crisis might be averted, and, taking the measure of himself and of the various factions, he came to the conclusion that he, William Wordsworth, was the proper person to rally the nation and conduct the revolution to a happy issue.” What authority for this interpretation Lockhart had, except his wish to ridicule Wordsworth, it is not easy to guess. But just at this crisis, when the young poet, whatever line he had taken, was in eminent danger of falling along with his friends, the Brissotins, in the then impending massacres of May, he was forced—by what he then thought a “harsh necessity,” but afterwards owned to be a “gracious Providence”—to return to England. Lockhart suggests that his friends at

home, becoming aware of the peril he was in, prudently recalled him by stopping the supplies.

Returning to England at the close of 1792, he spent some time in London in great unsettlement and mental perplexity. He was horrified with the excesses in which the Revolution had landed, yet not the less he clung to his republican faith, and his hope of the revolutionary cause. When at length Britain interposed, his indignation knew no bounds; this step, he said, was the first great shock his moral nature received. With an evil eye he watched, off the Isle of Wight, the fleet that was to transport our armies to the Continent,—heard of the disasters of our arms with joy, and of our success with bitterness. When every month brought tidings of fresh enormities in France, and opponents taunted him with these results of equality and popular government, he retorted that these were but the overflow of a reservoir of guilt, which had been filling up for centuries by the wrongdoings of kings and nobles. Soon France entered on a war of conquest, and he was doomed to see his last hopes of liberty betrayed. Still striving to hide the wounds of mortified presumption, he clung, as he tells us, more firmly than ever to his old tenets, while the friends of old institutions goaded him still further by their triumphant scorn. Overwhelmed with shame and despondency at the shipwreck of his golden dreams, he turned to probe the foundations on which all society rests. Not only institutions, customs, law, but even the grounds of moral obligation, and distinctions of right and wrong, disappeared. Demanding formal proof, and finding none, he abandoned moral questions in despair. This was the crisis of his malady.

The mental gloom into which he had fallen and the steps by which he won his way back to upper air are set forth in the concluding Books of the “Prelude” and are partly described in the character of the Solitary in the “Excursion.” These self-descriptions, though somewhat vague, are yet well worth attention; for the light they throw on Wordsworth’s own mental history, and as illustrating by what exceptional methods one of the greatest minds of that time was floated clear of the common wreck in which so many were entangled. His moral being had received such a shock that both as regards man and nature, he tried to close his heart against

the sources of his former strength. The whole past of history, he believed, was one great mistake, and the best hope for the human race was to cut itself off forever from all sympathy with it. Even the highest creations of the old poets lost their charm for him. They seemed to him mere products of passion and prejudice, wanting altogether in the nobility of reason. He tried by narrow syllogisms, he tells us, to unsoul those mysteries of being which have been through all ages the bonds of man's brotherhood. This is rather vague; but perhaps we are not wrong in supposing it to mean that he grew sceptical of all those higher faiths which cannot be demonstrably proved. This moral state reacted on his feelings about the visible universe. It became to him less spiritual than it used to be. Turning on it the same microscopic, unimaginative eye which he had turned on the moral world, he learned, by an evil infection of the time, alien to his own nature, to compare scene with scene, to search for mere novelties of form and color, dead to the moral power and the sentiment that resides in each individual place. He fell for a time under a painful tyranny of the eye, that craves ever new combinations of form, uncounteracted by the reports of the other senses, uninformed by that finer influence that streams from the soul into the eye.

In this sickness of the heart, this "obscuration of the master vision," his sole sister Dorothy came, like his better angel, to his side. Convinced that his office on earth was to be a poet, not to break his heart against the hard problems of politics and philosophy, she led him away from perplexing theories and crowded cities into the open air of heaven. Together they visited, travelling on foot, many of the most interesting districts of their native England, and mingled freely with the country people and the poor. There, amid the freshness of nature, his fevered spirit was cooled down; earth's "first diviner influence," returned; he saw things again as he had seen them in boyhood. It was not merely that nature acted on his senses, and so restored his mind's health. His understanding saw in the processes of earth and sky, going on by steadfast laws, a visible image of right reason. His over-wrought feelings were cooled and soothed by the contemplation of objects in which there is no fever of passion, no im-

patience, no restless vanity. His imagination, dazzled erewhile with the whirl of wild and transitory projects, found here something to rest on that was enduring. This free intercourse with nature in time brought him back to his true self, so that he began to look on life and the framework of society with other eyes, and to seek there, too, for that which is permanent and intrinsically good. At this time, as he and his sister wandered about various out-of-the-way parts of England, where they were strangers, he found not delight only, but instruction, in conversing with all whom he met. The lonely roads were open schools to him. There as he entered into conversation with the poorest, often with the outcast and the forlorn, and heard from them their own histories, he got a new insight into human souls, discerned there a depth and a worth, where none appears to careless eyes. The perception of these things made him loathe the thought of those ambitious projects which had lately deceived him. He ceased to admire strength detached from moral purpose, and learned to prize unnoticed worth, the meek virtues and lowly charities. Settled judgments of right and wrong returned; but they were essential, not conventional judgments. In his estimate of men he set no store by rank or station, little by those "formalities," which have been misnamed education; for he seemed to himself to see utter hollowness in the talking, so-called intellectual world, and little good got by those who had held most intercourse with it. He now set himself to see whether a life of toil was necessarily one of ignorance; whether goodness was a delicate plant requiring garden culture, and intellectual power a thing confined to those who call themselves educated men. And, as he mingled freely with all kinds of people, he found a pith of sense and a solidity of judgment here and there among the unlearned, which he had failed to find in the most lettered; from obscure men he had heard high truths, words that struck in with his own best thoughts of what was fair and good. And love, true love and pure, he found was no flower reared only in what is called refined society, and requiring leisure and polished manners for its growth. Excessive labor and grinding poverty, he grants, by preoccupying the mind with sensual

wants, often crush the finer affections. And it is difficult for these to thrive in the overcrowded alleys of cities, where the human heart is sick, and the eye looks only on deformity. But in all circumstances, save the most abject, sometimes even in these, he had seen the soul triumphing over sensible things, the heart beating all the truer from living in contact with natural wants, and with the reality of things. In our talk of these things we mislead each other, and books mislead us still more,—books, which in that day more than now, being written mostly for the wealthy, put things in artificial light; lower the many for the pleasure of the few, magnifying the external differences and artificial barriers that separate man from man; and neglect the one human heart. In opposition to all this, he himself had found “love in huts where poor men lie,” the finest bloom of the affections where the outward man was rude to look upon; under the humblest guise had seen souls that were sanctified by duty, patience, and sorrow:—

“Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things. . . . My
theme

No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live—
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Not uninformed by books, good books, though
few—

In nature’s presence: thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To think of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.”

Then follows a passage, perhaps the most finely thought, most perfectly expressed in the whole “Prelude,” in which he describes the different kinds of power, the different grades of nobleness, which he had found among the poor. It is too long to quote here; but those who care for these things will find it worth turning to.

His mind being thus restored to tone, and able to look once more on common life with love and imaginative delight, the visible world reassumed the splendor which it had worn for him in childhood, with that which only thought could have added,—a fuller consciousness of the sources of this beauty. His eye now looked on nature with the wonder of the world’s childhood, informed with the reflectiveness of its mature age.

But here we must pause; for in this account of Wordsworth’s unhingement and restoration, given almost in his own words, we have somewhat outrun the order of dates and places. This restoration, though summed up in the concluding books of the “Prelude,” could not have taken place in a few months, but must have been the work of at least several years. Though this inward fermentation working itself to clearness was the most important, the bread question must, at the same time, have been tolerably urgent. To meet this, he had, as far as appears, simply nothing except what was allowed him by his friends. Of course, neither they nor he could long tolerate such a state of dependence. What, then, was to be done? Three or four courses were open to him,—the bar, taking orders, teaching private pupils, and writing for a London newspaper. All passed under his review, but to each and all he was nearly equally averse. It must have been at this time that he felt so keenly those forebodings, afterwards beautifully described in his poem of “Resolution and Independence,” when the fate of Chatterton and Burns rose mournfully before him, and he asked himself,—

“How can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at
all?”

In this juncture, the newspaper press, an effectual extinguisher to a possible poet, was ready to have absorbed him. He had actually written to a friend in London, who was supporting himself in this way, to find him like employment, when he was delivered from these importunities by a happy occurrence. In the close of the year 1794 and the beginning of 1795, he was engaged in attending at Penrith a friend, Raisley Calvert, who had fallen into a deep consumption. Calvert died early in 1795, and bequeathed to Wordsworth a legacy of £900. He had divined Wordsworth’s genius, and believed that he would yet do great things. And indeed seldom has so small a sum produced larger results. It removed at once Wordsworth’s anxiety about a profession, rescued him from the newspaper press, set him free to follow his true bent, and give free rein to the poetic power he felt working within him.

One of the first results of the legacy was to restore Wordsworth permanently to the so-
shade, sunset and moonlight, shed over a fa-

met whenever occasion offered, they had not been able to set up house together; but now this was no longer impossible. And surely never did sister a more delicate service for a brother than she at this time did. De Quincey has given a full and engaging portrait of that lady, as she appeared some years later than this, but still in her fervid prime, when he first made acquaintance with her brother's family at Grasmere. He describes her as of "warm, even ardent manner," now bursting into strong expression, now checked by decorous self-restraint, of profound sensibility to all things beautiful, with quick sympathy and deep impressibility for all he said or quoted, seemingly inwardly consumed by "a subtle fire of impassioned intellect." And yet withal, so little of a literary lady, so entirely removed from being a blue-stocking, that she was ignorant of many books and subjects which to most educated persons, are quite commonplace. Such she was when De Quincey first saw her, more than ten years after the brother and sister began to live together. We have seen how, when Wordsworth returned from France, depressed with shame and despondency for his shipwrecked hopes, she turned him from dark and harassing thoughts, and brought him into contact with the healing powers of nature. In many places of his works the poet has borne thankful testimony to all she did for him. At this time, he tells us, it was she who maintained for him a saving intercourse with his true self, opened for him the obstructed passage between head and heart, whence in time came genuine self-knowledge and peace. Again, he says that his imagination was by nature too masculine, austere, even harsh; he loved only the sublime and terrible, was blind to the milder graces of landscape and of character. She it was who softened and humanized him, opened his eye to the more hidden beauties, his heart to the gentler affections:—

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy."

If there were no other records of her than those brief extracts from her journal during the Highland tour, which stand at the head of several of her brother's poems, these alone would prove her possessed of a large portion of his genius. Larger extracts from them occur in the poet's biography and in the edition of

the Poems of 1857, and often they seem nearly as good as the poems which they introduce. Might not that wonderful journal, even yet, be given entire, or nearly so, to the world?

It was in the autumn of 1795, at Racedown in Dorsetshire, that the brother and sister, on the strength of the nine hundred pounds, set up house together. It was the first home of their own, and for this, Wordsworth always looked back to it with love. So retired was the place that the post came only once a week. But the two read Italian together, gardened, and walked on the meadows on the tops of the combs. These for recreation. For serious work, Wordsworth fell first to writing Imitations of Juvenal, in which he assailed fiercely the vices of the time; but these he never published. Then he wrote in the Spenserian stanza the poem of "Guilt and Sorrow," not published till long afterwards, but in which there is more of his real self than in anything he had yet done. Then followed his tragedy, "The Borderers," which all, even his greatest admirers, feel to be a failure. Besides, there were one or two shorter poems, in his matured manner, such as the "Cumberland Beggar," which was written partly here, partly at Alfoxden. So many trials had Wordsworth to make, "The Evening Walk," the "Descriptive Sketches," Imitations of Juvenal," "The Borderers," before he found out his true strength and his proper style. But more important than any poetry composed at Racedown was his first meeting there with S. T. Coleridge. Perhaps no two such men have met anywhere on English ground during this century. Coleridge when at Cambridge had read the "Descriptive Sketches," and finding in them something he had never found in poetry before, longed to know their author. Since leaving Cambridge, though two years and a half younger than Wordsworth, he had gone through half a lifetime of adventure, had served as a private in a cavalry regiment, been an enthusiast for the French Revolution, had tried to emigrate with Southey, and found a Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna, been stopped by want of funds, then turned Unitarian preacher, and was now a young poet and philosopher on the loose. Miss Wordsworth describes him as he looked on his first visit to Racedown. For the first three minutes he seemed plain: "Thin and pale, the lower part of the face not good, wide

mouth, thick lips, not very good teeth, longish, loose, half-curling, rough, black hair," a contrast to Wordsworth at this time, with his fine light-brown hair and beautiful teeth. But the moment Coleridge began to speak, you thought no more of these defects. You saw him as his friend afterward described him—

"The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature."

Or, as he elsewhere more fully portrayed him—

"A noticeable man with large gray eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
Depressed by weight of brooding fantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

During this visit Wordsworth read aloud to Coleridge nearly twelve hundred lines of blank verse, "superior," says Coleridge, "to anything in our language." This was probably the story of Margaret, or "The Ruined Cottage," which now stands at the opening of "The Excursion," and certainly, in blank verse, Wordsworth never surpassed that. When they parted, Coleridge says, "I felt myself a small man beside Wordsworth;" while of Coleridge, Wordsworth, certainly not given to over-estimate other men, said, "I have known many men who have done wonderful things; but the only wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge." Their first intercourse had ripened into friendship, and they longed to see more of each other. As Coleridge was at this time living at the village of Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, the Wordsworths removed in the autumn 1797 to the country-house of Alfoxden, in the immediate neighborhood. The time he spent at Alfoxden was one of the most delightful of Wordsworth's life. The two young men were then one in their poetic tastes and principles, one, too, in political and social views and each admired the other more than he did any other living man. In outward circumstances, too, they were alike: both poor in money but rich in thought and imagination, both in the prime of youth, and boundless in hopeful energy. That summer as they wandered aloft on the airy ridge of Quantock, or dived down its sylvan combs, what high talk they must have held! Theirs was the age for boundless, endless, unwearied talk on all things human and divine. Hazlitt has said of Coleridge in his youth, that he seemed as if he would talk on forever, and you wished him

to talk on forever. With him, as his youth, so was his age. But most men, as life wears on, having found that all their many and vehement talkings have served no lasting end of the soul, grow more brief and taciturn. Long after, Wordsworth speaks of this as a very pleasant and productive time. The poetic well-head, now fairly unsealed, was flowing freely. Many of the shorter poems were then composed from the scenery that was before his eyes, and from incidents there seen or heard. Among the most characteristic of these, were "We are Seven," "The Mad Mother," "The last of the Flock," "Simon Lee," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," "Lines to his Sister," beginning "It is the first mild day of March," "Lines in Early Spring," beginning "I heard a thousand blended notes," the last containing these words, which give the key-note to Wordsworth's feeling about nature at this time—

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

If any one will read over the short poems above named, they will let him see further into Wordsworth's mood during this, the fresh germinating springtime of his genius, than any words of ours can. The occasion of their making a joint literary venture was curious. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister wished to make a short walking tour, for which five pounds were needed, but were not forthcoming. To supply this want they agreed to make a joint-poem, and send it to some magazine which would give the required sum. Accordingly, one evening as they trudged along the Quantock Hills, they planned "The Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream which a friend of Coleridge had dreamed. Coleridge supplied most of the incidents, and almost all the lines. Wordsworth contributed the incident of the shooting of the albatross, with a line here and there. "The Ancient Mariner" soon grew, till it was beyond the desired five pounds' worth; so they thought of a joint volume. Coleridge was to take supernatural subjects, or romantic, and invest them with a human interest and resemblance of truth. Wordsworth was to take common every-day incidents, and by faithful adherence to nature, and true but modifying colors of imagination, was to shed over common aspects of earth and facts of life such a charm as light and shade, sunset and moonlight, shed over a fa-

miliar landscape. Wordsworth was so much the more industrious of the two that he had completed enough for a volume when Coleridge had only finished the "Ancient Mariner," and begun "Christabel" and the "Dark Ladie." Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, was summoned from Bristol to arrange for the publication, and he has left a gossipy but amusing account of his intercourse with the two poets at this time, and his visit to Alfoxden. He agreed to give Wordsworth £30 for the twenty-two pieces of his, which made up the first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," while for "the Rime of the Ancient Mariner," which was to head the volume, he made a separate bargain with Coleridge. This volume, which appeared in the autumn of 1798, was the first which made Wordsworth known to the world as a poet; for the "Descriptive Sketches" had almost escaped notice. Of the ballads or shorter poems, which, as we have seen, were mostly composed at Alfoxden, and which reflect the feelings and incidents of his life there, we shall reserve what we have to say for a more general survey. The volume closes with one poem in another style, in which the poet speaks out his inmost feelings, and in his own "grand style." This is the poem on Tintern Abbey, composed during a walking-tour on the Wye with his sister, just before leaving Alfoxden for the Continent. Read these lines over once again, however well you may know them. Bear in mind what has been told of the way his childhood and boyhood had passed, living in the eye of nature, the separation that followed from his favorite haunts and ways, the wild fermentation of thought, the moral tempest he had gone through, the return to nature's places, and to common life and peaceful thoughts, with intellect and heart deepened, expanded, humanized, by having long brooded over the ever-recurring questions of man's nature, his true aims, and his final destiny; bear these things in mind, and, as you read, every line of that masterpiece will come out with deeper meaning and in exacter outline. And then the concluding lines in which the poet turns to his sister, his fellow-traveller, with "the shooting lights in those wild eyes," in which he caught "gleams of past existence"—

"If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion."

What prophetic pathos do these words assume when we remember how long and mournfully ere the end of her life those wild eyes were darkened!

Before the volume appeared, Wordsworth and his sister had left Alfoxden and sailed with Coleridge for Germany. It has been said that the reason for their leaving Somersetshire was their falling under suspicion as hatchers of sedition. A government spy, with a peculiarly long nose, was sent down to watch them. Coleridge tells an absurd story, how, as they lay on the Quantock hills conversing about Spinoza, the spy, as he skulked behind a bank, overheard their talk, and thought they were talking of himself under the nickname of "Spy-nosey." Coleridge was believed to have little harm in him, for he was a crack-brained, talking fellow: but that Wordsworth is either a smuggler or a traitor, and means mischief. He never speaks to any one, haunts lonely places, walks by moonlight, and is always "booming about" by himself. Such was the country talk; and the result of it was, the agent for the owner of Alfoxden refused to re-let the house to so suspicious a character. So the three determined to pack up, and winter on the Continent. At Hamburg, however, they parted company. Their ostensible purpose was to learn German; but Wordsworth and his sister did little at this. He spent the winter of 1798-99, the coldest of the century, in Goslar, and there by the German charcoal-burners, the poet's mind reverted to Esthwaite and Westmoreland hills, and struck out a number of poems in his finest vein. "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," "Lucy," or "Three years she grew in sun and shower," "Ruth," "The Poet's Epitaph," "Nutting," "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "Matthew," are all products of this winter. So Wordsworth missed German, and gave the world instead immortal poems. Coleridge went alone to Göttingen, learned German, dived for the rest of his life deep into transcendental metaphysics, and the world got no more "Ancient Mariners."

In the spring of 1799, Wordsworth and his sister set forth from Goslar on their return to England. As they left that city behind, and felt the spring breeze fan their cheeks, Wordsworth poured forth that joyful strain with which the "Prelude" opens. Arrived in their native land, they passed

most of the remainder of the year with their kindred, the Hutchisons, at Sockburn-on-Tees, occasionally travelling into the neighboring dales and fells of Yorkshire. In September, Wordsworth took Coleridge, who also had returned from abroad, and had seen but few mountains in his life, on a walking-tour to show him the hills and lakes of native Westmoreland. "Haweswater," Coleridge writes, "kept his eyes dim with tears, but he received the deepest delight from the divine sisters, Rydal and Grasmere." It was then that Wordsworth saw the small house at the Town end of Grasmere, which he and his sister soon after fixed on as their home. From Sockburn-on-Tees these two set forth a little before the shortest day, and walked on foot over the bleak fells that form the watershed of Yorkshire and Westmoreland. As side by side they paced the long dales, and set their faces to the Hamilton hills, the ground was frozen hard under their feet, and the snow-showers were driving against them. Yet they enjoyed the snow-showers, turned aside to see the frozen waterfalls, and stopped to watch the changing drapery of cloud, sunshine, and snow-drift as it coursed the hills. At night they stopped in cottages or small wayside inns, and there, by the kitchen-fire, Wordsworth gave words to the thoughts that had occurred to him during the day. A great part of "Heartleap Well" was composed during one of these evenings, from a tradition he had heard that day from a native. They reached Grasmere on the shortest day, and settled in the small two-storied cottage, which had formerly been a public-house, with the sign of the Dove and the Olive Bough, but was henceforth to be identified with Wordsworth's poetic prime. The mode of life on which they were entering was one which their friends, no doubt, and most sensible people, called a mad project. With barely a hundred pounds a year between them, they were turning their back on the world, cutting themselves off from professions, chances of getting on, society, and settling themselves down in an out-of-the-way corner, with no employment but verse-making, no neighbors but unlettered rustics. When a man makes such a choice, he has need to look well what he does, and to be sure that he can go through with his purpose. In the world's eyes, nothing but success will justify such a recusant, and yet the world

will not be too ready to grant that success has been attained. But Wordsworth, besides a prophet-like devotion to the truths he saw, had a prudence, self-denial, and perseverance, rare among the sons of song. To himself may be applied the words he uses in a letter to Sir George Beaumont, when speaking of another subject than poetry: "It is such an animating sight to see a man of genius, regardless of temporary gains, whether of money or praise, fixing his attention solely upon what is interesting and permanent, and finding his happiness in an entire devotion of himself to such pursuits as shall most enoble human nature. We have not yet seen enough of this in modern times." He himself showed this sight, if any man of his age did. Plain living and high thinking were not only praised in verse, but acted out by him and his sister in that cottage home. This century was ushered in by a long storm, which blocked up the roads for months, and kept them much indoors. This put their tempers to the proof; but they stood the test. Spring weather set them free, and brought to them a much-loved sailor brother, John, who was captain of an Indiaman. In their frugal housekeeping the sister, it may be believed, had much to do indoors; but she was always ready, both then and years after, to accompany her brother in his mountain walks. Those who may wish to know more of their abode and way of life will find an interesting sketch of these given by De Quincey, as he saw them seven years later. There was one small room, containing their few books, which was called, by courtesy, the library. But Wordsworth was no reader: the English poets and ancient history were the only two subjects he was really well read in. He tells a friend that he had not spent five shillings on new books in as many years, and of the few old ones which made up his collection, he had not read one-fifth. As for his study, that was in the open air. "By the side of the brook that runs through Easedale," he says, "I have composed thousands of verses:"—

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Another favorite resort for composition at this time was the tall fir-wood on the hill-side above the old road leading from Grasmere to Rydal. Society they found in the families of the "statesmen" all about; for

Grasmere was then, like most of the neighboring dales, portioned out among small but independent peasant lairds, whose forefathers had for ages lived and died on the same farms. With these men Wordsworth and his sister lived on terms of kindness and equal hospitality. He would receive them to tea in his home, or would go to sup in theirs. If the invitation was to some homestead in a distant vale, the ladies would travel in a cart, the poet walking by its side. Among these men, in their pastoral republic, the life was one of industry not too laborious; the manners were simple, manly, and severe. The statesmen looked after the sheep, grew hay on their own land in the valley, and each could turn out as many sheep to feed on the fell or common (as they call it) during the summer months, as they could provide hay for in the winter. Their chief source of income was the wool from the flock, and this not sold in the fleece, but spun into thread by the wives and daughters. These, with their spinning-wheels, were in high esteem; for they did more to maintain the house than the spade or plough of the husbands. Wordsworth loved this manner of life, not only because he had been familiar with it from childhood; but also for that he knew what sterling worth and pure domestic virtues sheltered under these roofs. But he lived to see it rudely broken up. Machinery put out the spinning-wheel, and the statesmen's lands passed for the most part into other hands.

The few statesmen's families who survived in and around Grasmere retained an affectionate and reverent remembrance of the "pawet," as they called him in their Westmoreland dialect, long after he had left them for Rydal Mount. Many stories we have heard them tell of his ways, while living at the Town-end,—how, alone, or oftener with his sister, at night-fall, when other people were going to bed, he would be seen going forth to walk to Dunmailraise, or climbing that outlying ridge of Fairfield, which overhangs the forest-side of Grasmere, there to be alone with the stars till near the breaking of the day. When in their houses strangers have read aloud, or told in their own words, some of his shorter poems descriptive of incident and character, or the two books of the "Excursion," which describe the tenants of the churchyard among the mountains, we have heard old residents name many of the per-

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sons there alluded to, and go on to give more details of their lives.

The first months at Grasmere were so industriously employed that sometime in the year 1800, when a second edition of the first volume of "Lyrical Ballads" was being reprinted, he added to it a new volume containing thirty-seven new pieces. Among these were the poems already mentioned, as having been composed during the German winter, as well as some new ones which had been suggested since he settled at Grasmere. Such were the "Idle Shepherd Boys," "Poems on the Naming of Places," "The Brothers," "Michael," which all are redolent of the Westmoreland fells. These two volumes cannot be said to have failed, for they were reprinted in 1802, and again in 1805; and in 1807, Jeffrey, even when inveighing against a new and better volume of poems, speaks of the "Lyrical Ballads" as unquestionably popular." We shall not, however, stay to comment on their contents, till we have done with narrative. Only a few facts stand out prominently from the happy and industrious tenor of the life at Grasmere. In 1802, that Earl of Lonsdale, who to the last refused to pay to the Wordsworths their due, died, and was succeeded by a better-minded kinsman, who paid to them the original debt of £5,000 due to their father, with £3,500 of interest. This was divided into five shares, of which two went to the poet and his sister. This addition to his income enabled the poet to take to himself a wife, his cousin, and the intimate friend of his sister, Mary Hutchison, whom he had long known and loved. It is she whom he describes in his exquisite lines—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

They lived together in as great happiness as is allowed to human beings till the poet had fulfilled his fourscore years, when she survived him a few years longer.

In the August of 1803, Mrs. Wordsworth having been kept at home by domestic duties, Wordsworth and his sister set out from Keswick with Coleridge on that memorable tour in Scotland. They travelled a great part of the way on foot, up Nithsdale, and so on toward the Highland. Coleridge turned back soon after they had reached Loch Lomond,

being either lazy or out of spirits. Every-where, as they trudged along, they saw the old familiar Highland sights, as if none had ever seen them before; and wherever they moved among the mountains, they left foot-prints of immortal beauty. He expressed what he saw in verse, she in prose, and it is hard to say which is the most poetic. Of all that has been, or may yet be, said or sung about the Highlands, what words can ever equal those entries in her journal? what poems can ever catch the soul of things like the "Address to Kilchurn Castle," "Glenalmain," "Stepping Westward," and the "Solitary Reaper"? The last of these, perhaps the most perfect of Wordsworth's poems, must have been suggested as they walked somewhere in the region about Loch Voil, between the braes of Balquhider and Strathire. What was the name of her who suggested it, and where is she now? Who can tell? But whether she is still alive in extreme old age, or long since laid in her grave, in that poem she will sing on forever in eternal youth, to delight generations yet unborn.

In the beginning of 1805, the first great sorrow fell on Wordsworth's home, in the loss of his brother, Captain Wordsworth. He was leaving England, intending to make his last voyage, when his ship was run on the shambles of the Bill of Portland by the carelessness of a pilot, and he with the larger part of his crew went down. For long, Wordsworth was almost inconsolable, he so loved and honored his brother. His letters at this time, and his poems long after, are darkened with this grief. In one of these letters this striking thought occurs: "Why have we sympathies that make the best of us so afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about so lavishly by the Supreme Governor? Why should our notions of right toward each other, and to all sentient beings within our influence, differ so widely from what appears to be his notion and rule, if everything were to end here?" Captain Wordsworth had greatly admired his brother's poetry, but saw that it would take time to become popular, and would probably never be lucrative. So he would work for the family at Town-end, he said, and William would do something for the world. "This is the end of his part of the agreement," says the poet; "God grant me life and strength to fulfil mine!"

In 1807, Wordsworth came out with two more volumes of poetry, for the most part produced at Grasmere. He was now in his thirty-seventh year, so that these volumes may be said to close the springtime of his genius, and to be its consummate flower. Some of his after works may have equalled these, and may even show an increased moral depth, and religious tenderness. But there is about the best of the Grasmere poems an ethereal ideality, which he perhaps never afterwards reached. Besides the Scottish poems already noticed, there were the earliest instalment of sonnets, some of them the best he ever wrote, as that "London seen from Westminster Bridge;" "It is a beautiful Evening, calm and free;" "The World is too much with us;" "Toussaint L'Ouverture;" "Milton, thou shouldst be living."

These volumes contain also "The Song of Brougham Castle;" Resolution and Independence;" the poem to the cuckoo, beginning, "O blithe new-comer;" elegiac stanzas suggested by the picture of Peele Castle; and last, and chief of all, the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." The three last-named especially have that indescribable, unapproachable ideality which we have spoken of as the characteristic of his best poems at this time. Indeed, the "Ode on Immortality" marks the highest limit which poetic inspiration has reached in England within this century, or indeed since the days of Milton. We have now traced the life of Wordsworth till he had reached his mature manhood. To this subject, therefore, we shall hardly again return, but shall give what space remains to a survey of his poetry.

The above account has been extracted mainly from "The Prelude," and is meant to throw light on the aim and spirit of his poetry. If a discriminating mental history of the poet could be given, followed by an edition of his works, in which the several poems were arranged, not in the present arbitrary manner, but chronologically according to the date of their composition, this would form the best of all commentaries. There were three epochs in Wordsworth's poetry, though these shade so insensibly the one into the other that any attempt exactly to define them must be somewhat arbitrary. What we have already called the springtime of his genius would each from his first settling at Racedown,

or, at any rate, his going to Alfoxden in 1797, till his leaving Grasmere Town-end in 1808. The second epoch, or full midsummer of his poetry, would include his time at Allan Bank and his first years at Rydal Mount, as far as 1818 or 1820. This was the time when "The Excursion," "The White Doe of Rylstone," and the "Duddon Sonnets" were composed. The third epoch, or the sober autumn, reaching from about 1820 till he ceased from the work of composition, is the time of the ecclesiastical and other sonnets, of "Yarrow Revisited," and the Scottish poems of 1833; and lastly, of the memorials of his Italian tour in 1837.

But to return to the poems of the first epoch. It was the two volumes of 1807, those which, as we have seen, contained the very prime ore of his genius, that called forth Jeffrey's well-known vituperation. The unfairness of that review lay in this, that the weak parts of the book were brought out in strong relief, while the best were thrown as far as possible into the background. Over "the unfortunate Alice Fell," as it has been called, the critic makes himself merry, and by extracting a number of homely matter-of-fact lines and stanzas, which occur here and there in the other poems, he makes out what must have seemed to careless readers a telling case. But his verdict on the very best—those which all the world has since acknowledged—prove that to the Edinburgh law-giver on matters of taste, true poetic excellence was as a picture to a blind man's eye. "Yarrow Unvisited" he calls a very tedious, affected performance. After quoting from and redescribing "Resolution and Independence," he thus concludes: "We defy the bitterest enemy of Mr. Wordsworth to produce anything at all parallel to this from any collection of English poetry, or even from the specimens of his friend Mr. Southey." In the same strain he quotes from the "Ode to the Cuckoo," in which he thinks that the author, striving after force and originality, produces nothing but absurdity. Lastly, the "Ode on Immortality" is "the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication." The only parts of the two volumes quoted with approbation are the Brougham song and three sonnets. These facts we have alluded to, not from a wish to disinter long-since buried strifes, but because the allusion to them is

necessary to bring out the true force of Wordsworth both as a man and a poet. The result of this review was to stop the sale of his works for a number of years. But whoever else might be snuffed out by a severe review, Wordsworth was not to be. To a friend who wrote, condoling with him on the severity of the criticism,—and it must be remembered that in those days the verdict of the *Edinburgh* was all but omnipotent,—he replied, "Trouble not yourself about their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous;—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldering in our graves." Again: "I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will coöperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found, and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier." This language is not vanity, but the calm confidence of a man who feels the rock under his foot, knows that he is in harmony with the everlasting truth of things. In the issue between the critic and the poet, the world, long before his death, sided with the latter, and will continue on his side. It is instructive, however, to observe what a change in his feelings about posthumous fame thirty years made. In 1837, he thus writes to another correspondent: "I am standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon; I must speedily lose sight of the shore; and I could not once have conceived how little I now am troubled by the thought of how long or how short a time they who remain on that shore may have sight of me."

What, then, is there in these poems which there is not in any other? What is their peculiar virtue? To seize and set forth in words the heart of anything with which we have been long familiar is not easy; nevertheless, something of this kind, however imperfectly, must now be attempted. In the opening of the "Prelude," Wordsworth tells us that when he first seriously thought of being a poet, he looked into himself to see how he

was fitted for the work, and seemed to find there "that first great gift, the vital soul." In this self-estimate he did not err. The vital soul, it is a great gift, which, if ever it dwelt in man, dwelt in Wordsworth. Not the intellect merely, nor the heart, nor the imagination, nor the conscience, not any of these alone, but all of them condensed into one, and moving all altogether. In virtue of this vital soul, whatever he did see he saw to the very core. He did not fumble with the outside or the accidents of the thing, but his eye went at once to the quick,—rested on its essential life.

He saw what was there, but had escaped all other eyes. He did not import into the outward world transient fancies or feelings of his own, the pathetic fallacy, as it has been named; but he saw it, as it exists in itself, or perhaps rather as it exists in its permanent moral relations to the human spirit.

Again, this soul within him did not work with effort; no painful groping, or grasping. It was as vital in its receptivity as in its active energy. It could lie long in a "wise passiveness," drawing the things of earth and sky and of human life into itself, as the calm, clear lake does the imagery of the clouds and surrounding hills:—

"Think not, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing in itself will come,
But we must still be seeking."

Those early spring poems at Alfoxden, from which these lines are taken, specially express what we mean,—the wonderful interchange that went on between him and all the things about him, they flowing into him, he going out into them. His soul attracted them to itself, as a mountain-top does the clouds, and at their touch woke up to feel its kinship with the mysterious life that is in nature, and in each separate natural object. This is the cardinal work of the imagination, to possess itself of the life of whatever thing it deals with. In the extent to which he did this, and the truthfulness with which he did it, lies Wordsworth's supreme power.

Hence we may observe that all genuine imagination is essentially truthful, and the purer it is, the more truthful. The reports it brings in, so far from being mere fancies, are the finest, most hidden truths. In Wordsworth, the higher his inspiration rises, the more penetrating is his truthfulness. What

may be the relation between the truths which imagination reveals and those which are the result of scientific discovery, we cannot pretend to determine. It would be a fine inquiry for one who can to work out. But every one must feel that

"The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,"

gives the essence of a clear moonlight sky more truthfully in its relation to the human spirit than any meteorologist can do. What words, poetic or scientific, will ever render the mountain stillness like these few plain ones?—

"The sleep that is among the lonely hills,"
or the impression made by a solitary western peak, like—

"There is an eminence of these our hills,
The last that parleys with the setting sun."

It is this rendering of the inner truth of things which Mr. Arnold has happily called the interpretative power of poetry. This must be that which Wordsworth himself means when, in his preface, he says that "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." And it is "the vital soul" in the poet which penetrates into this, and reads it off for other men. This, too, is what is meant when we find it said in the "Prelude" that imagination, in its highest use, is but another name for "absolute power, clearest insight, reason in her most exalted mood;" and that this imagination, exercised on outward nature and on human life, is the parent of love, or feeling intellect. This language will, no doubt, to some, sound mystical. But it is the language of one who possessed that which he spoke of in larger mass, and of finer quality, than any Englishman since Shakespeare and Milton. It is the presence of this power in Wordsworth which is the source of that indescribable charm which many have felt in his poetry, and have found in none other before or since. They were brought by it for a moment soul to soul with truth, caught as they read, a glimpse into the life of things such as no other poet of these days has given them. This clearness of vision, rare at all times, becomes much rarer as the ages go on. The naming era, when men could still give names to things, is long past, and with disuse the faculty has died out. Under heaps of words, which we receive

without effort, dead metaphors, fossils of extinct poetic acts, the moulding power of imagination lies buried. And not only language has got stiff and hardened, but society has become complicated in a thousand ways; phrases, custom, conventionality, doubts, disputes, lie many layers thick above every newborn soul. The revolutionary age into which Wordsworth was born may have made some rents in these, and let the basement of truth be here and there seen through. But yet, even with this help, what power must have dwelt in that quiet eye to put all these obstructions aside, and see things anew for itself, as if no one had ever looked on them before!

This power manifests itself in Wordsworth especially in two directions, as it is turned on nature, and as it is turned on man. Let us, for clearness' sake, examine them separately, though in reality they often blend. Between Wordsworth's imagination, however, as it works in the one direction and in the other, there is this difference. In dealing with nature, it has no limit; it is as wide as the world; as much at home when gazing on the little celandine as when moving with the vast and multitudinous forces of earth and heaven. In human life and character his range is narrower, whether these limitations came from within, or were self-imposed. His sympathies embrace by no means all human things, but within the range which they do embrace, his eye is no less penetrating and true. About nature, it has become so much the fashion to rave, there has been so much counterfeit enthusiasm, that one almost dreads speaking on it. But whatever it may be to most men, there can be no doubt that free nature, mountain solitudes, were as essential to Wordsworth's heart as the air to his lungs. About this, nothing he has said goes beyond the simple truth. Of his manner of dealing with it in his poetry, the following things may be noted:—

First, When he would place some particular landscape before the reader, he does not heap up an exhaustive enumeration of details. Only one or two of the most essential features faithfully given, and then from these he passes at once to the sentiment, the genius of the place, that which gives it individuality, and makes it this and no other place. Numerous instances of the way in which he seizes the inner spirit of a place and utters it, will occur to every reader. To give

one out of many, after sketching briefly the outward appearance of the four fraternal yew-trees of Borrowdale, who else could have condensed the total impressions in such lines as these, so intensely imaginative, so profoundly true!—

“Beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide; Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow; there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.”

Secondly, When in this passage, or in that wonderful poem, “What, are you stepping westward?” and many more, we find the poet spiritualizing so powerfully the familiar appearances and common facts of earth, adding, as he himself says—

“The gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;”

we are tempted to ask, Is this true? is the light real, or only fantastic? Now in this we conceive lies Wordsworth's transcendent power, that the ideal light he sheds is a true light, and the more ideal it is, the more true.

Poets, all but the greatest, adorn things with fantastic or individual hues, to suffuse them with their own temporary emotions, which Mr. Ruskin has called the pathetic fallacy. The ideal light which Wordsworth sheds does not so, but brings out only more vividly the real heart of nature, the inmost feeling, which is really there, and is recognized by Wordsworth's eye in virtue of the kinship between nature and his soul. If it be asked how is this, we can but reply that there is a wonderful and mysterious adaptation between the external world and the human soul, the one answering to the other in ways not yet explained by any philosopher.

Thirdly, Whereas to most men the material world is a heavy, gross, dead mass, earth a ball of black mud, painted here and there with some color, Wordsworth felt it to be a living, breathing power, not dead, but full of strange life; his eye almost saw into it, as if it were transparent. So strongly did this feeling possess him, that in childhood he was a complete idealist. Speaking of himself at that age, he says, “I was often un-

able to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all I saw as something, not apart from, but inherent, in my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from the abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over these remembrances." Here is idealism, far beyond that of Berkeley or any other philosopher, engendered, not by subtle arguments of metaphysics, but born from within by sheer force of soul, before which the solid mass of earth is transfigured, or disappears. Out of moods like these, or rather the remembrance of them, are projected some of his most ideal lights, such as form the charm of his finest poems, like the lines to the "Cuckoo," and the "Ode on Immortality." Hence came the

"Absolute questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,"

which he looked back to with thankfulness and joy in mature manhood. With these abstract and visionary feelings, there blended more tender human remembrances of that early time, making together a beautiful light of morning about his after days, and touching even the common things of life with an affecting, tender solemnity.

Fourthly, With this spiritualizing power of soul, Wordsworth combined another faculty, which might seem the most opposed to it,—wonderful keenness and faithfulness of eye for the external facts of nature. Seldom in his library, much in the open air, at all hours, in all seasons, from childhood to old age, his watchful, observant eye had stored his mind with all the varied aspects of nature. His imagination was a treasure-house whence he drew forth things new and old, the old as fresh as if new. No modern poet has recorded so large and so varied a number of natural facts and appearances, which had never before been set down in books. And these he brings forth, not as if he had noted, and carefully photographed them, to reproduce them whenever an occasion offered, but as a familiar knowledge that had come to him unawares, and recurred with the naturalness of an instinct. Many, no doubt, had seen, but who before him had so described the hare?—

"The grass is bright with raindrops; on the
moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth
run."

Or again, who else would have noted the effect of a leaping trout, or of a croaking raven, in bringing out the solitariness of a mountain tarn?—

"There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In sympathy austere."

Or again, in the calm bright evening after a stormy day,—

"Loud is the vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!"

"Loud is the vale—this inland depth
In peace is roaring like a sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly."

Who but Wordsworth would have set off the uproar of the vale by this glance at the star on the mountain-head! Here, in passing, we may note the strange power there is in his simple prepositions. The star is *on* the mountain-top; the silence is *in* the starry sky; the sleep is *among* the hills; the gentleness of heaven is *on* the sea, not "broods o'er," as the later editions have it. This double gift of soul and eye, highest ideality and most literal realism combined, have made him of all modern poets nature's most unerring interpreter.

Fifthly, Hence it comes that all the moods and outgoings of nature are alike open to him; every kind of country renders up to him its secret. He is alike true, whether in describing the boundless flats of Salisbury Plain, combs and dells of western Somersetshire, fells and lakes of native Cumberland, Yorkshire moors and dales, wilder glens of our own Highlands, or the pastoral quiet of the Border hills. Who but he could have gathered up the whole feeling of Yarrow into that consummate stanza "Meek Loneliness," etc., etc.?

If there is preëminence in any one department, it is in the interpretation of his own mountains. This is so altogether adequate and profound that it has often seemed as if those dumb old solitudes had, after slumbering since the beginning of time, at last waked to consciousness in him, and ut-

tered their inmost heart through his voice. No other mountains have ever had their soul so perfectly expressed. Philosophers have dreamed that nature and the human soul are the two limbs of a double-clefted tree, springing from, and united in, one root; that nature is unconscious soul, and the soul is nature become conscious of itself. Some such view as this, if it were true, might account for the marvellous sympathy there is between Wordsworth's poetry and the feeling of his own mountains, and for his power of rendering their mute being into his solemn melodies.

But it is now time to look at that other side of things in which his vitality of imagination is seen. His meditative eye penetrates not less deep when turned on the heart and character of man than when it contemplates the face of nature. It has been already noted that in the latter department his range is limitless; while in the former it is not only restricted, but restricted within marked and definite bounds. For man as he is found in cities, or as he appears in the complex conditions of advanced civilization, Wordsworth cares little; he turns his back on the streets, the drawing-rooms, the mart, and the 'change, but lovingly enters the cottage and the farm, and walks with the shepherd on his hills, or the vagrant on the lonely roads. The choice of his characters from humble and rustic life, was caused partly by the original make of his nature, partly from his early training, which made him more at home with these than with artificial man, partly also from that republican fervor which he imbibed in his opening manhood. He believed that in country-people what is permanent in human nature, the essential feelings and passions of mankind, exist in greater simplicity and strength. Their manners, he thought, spring more directly from such feelings, and more faithfully express them, and their lives and occupations are surrounded with what is grandest and most beautiful in nature. These are the reasons he gives for selecting his subjects from humble life, and within this range he, for the most part, confines himself. There is still another limitation. Even in these characters he is not so much at home in dealing with their trivial outside appearance, or little laughable peculiarities of manner or costume. He has small caring for these things, and when he sets to describe them he often fails, as in the "Idiot Boy" perhaps, and

in "Goody Blake." A few touches of real humor would have wonderfully relieved these personages; but this Wordsworth has not to give. He cannot, as Burns often does, exhibit his humble characters dramatically, does not laugh and sing, much less drink with his peasants; he is not quite one of themselves, sharing their thoughts, and having no other higher thoughts. What he sets himself to portray is their serious feelings, the deep things of the soul, that in which the peasant and the peer are one, and in which, as Wordsworth thinks, the advantage may often lie with the former. He has, as Coleridge has said, "deep sympathy with man as man; but it is the sympathy of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer or co-mate, but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of nature; no injuries of time and weather, of toil or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine." In fact, it is the moral and spiritual part of man which he most sees and feels, and other things are interesting chiefly as they effect this. His thoughts dwell on

"The depth, and not the tumult of the soul;" not on the surface manners, nor on the efferrescent and transitory emotions, but on those which are steadfast and forever. It is in virtue of his deep insight into these that common incidents assume for him an importance and interest which to less reflective men has seemed exaggerated or often even ludicrous. The reflections, however, which they awake in him are not only true and deep, but they are such as add new dignity or tenderness to the human life. A frail old man thanked him fervently for cutting through for him at a blow an old root, which he had haggled at long, in vain. The tears in the old man's eyes drew out from Wordsworth this reflection:—

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

In setting forth such characters as "The Brothers," "Michael," "The Cumberland Beggar," etc., etc. (though in the last of these there is somewhat too much moralizing,) he gives them not only as common acquaintances see them, or as they appear to themselves; this he does, but something more. He lets us see them in their relations to those unseen laws of the moral world, of which

they themselves may be unaware, but which they suggest to the inspired insight of the poet. And in this way the emotions called forth by the sight of suffering do not end in mere emotion, but strike into a more enduring, that is, a moral ground, and so are idealized and relieved. This moral vision has a wonderful power to elevate, often to solemnize things, the lowliest and most familiar. It has been said that Burns has caused many an eye to look on the poorest thatched cottages of the Scotch peasantry with a feeling which, but for Burns, they had never known. The same may be said of Wordsworth, with a difference. He has revealed, in the homeliest aspects of life, a beauty and worth not recognized before, or long forgotten. He has opened for men new sources of interest in their kind, not only in shepherds and peasants, but in tattered beggars and gypsies and wayworn tramps.

Much stuff has been talked and written about Wordsworth being a merely subjective poet. Critics had good need to be sure they were right before they characterize great poets by such vague, abstract words; for they quickly get into the minds of the reading public, and stick there, and do much mischief. True it is that Wordsworth has read his own soul, not that which was accidental or peculiar in him, but that in him which was permanent and common with all high and imaginative men. But is this all? has he done nothing more? If ever man caught the soul of things, not himself, and expressed it, Wordsworth did. That he has done it in nature almost limitlessly we have seen. In man he has done it not less truly, though more restrictedly. Taking the restrictions at their utmost, what contemporary poet (we do not speak of Scott in his novels) has left to his country such a gallery of new and individual portraits as a permanent possession? The deeper side of character no doubt it is,—the heart of men, not their clothes,—but it is character in which there is nothing of himself, nothing which all men might not or do not share. The affliction of "Margaret," "The Mad Mother," "Gypsies," "Laodamia," "The Highland Reaper," "The Wagoner," "Peter Bell," "Matthew," "Michael," "The Cumberland Beggars," all the tenants of "The Churchyard among Mountains"—what are these? What but so many separate, individual, outstanding

portraits, in which there is no shade of himself, nothing save the eye that can see them? True, it is not their outward contour, nor their complexion, or dress he most busies himself with. He painted them as Titian and Leonardo did their great portraits, with the deeper soul predominating in their countenance. If he seized this, he cared little for the rest. Let us discard, then, that foolish talk about Wordsworth as a merely subjective poet, who could give nothing but his own feelings, or copies of his own countenance. Let us look at things as they really are.

There are many other aspects in which this vital power of imagination in Wordsworth might be viewed. Only one more of these we must note, and then pass on. In him, perhaps more than in any other writer either in prose or verse of his time, we see the highest spirit of this century, in its contrast with that of the preceding, summed up and condensed. What most strikes one, in recurring to the literature of the Pope and Addison period, is its external character. In the writings of that time the play of the intellect is so little leavened by sentiment, so little of individual character is suffered to transpire. The heart, it would seem, was either dormant, or kept under strict surveillance, and not allowed to interfere with the working of the understanding. Literature appeared like a well-bred, elderly gentleman, in ruffles and peruke, of polished but somewhat chilling manners, which repel all warmth of feeling with the frost of etiquette. And just as in such society conversation is restricted to certain subjects, of these touches but the surface, and does even that in set phrases, so it was with the literature of the golden days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges. From this very limitation in the range both of subjects and treatment, there arose in the hands of the masters a perfectness of style within these limits. Just as in the finitude of Grecian architecture, perfection is more easily attained than in Gothic with its infinite aims. In the writers who followed, so-called classicism degenerated into conventionality in subject, in treatment, and in language. In Cowper, as has been said, we see the beginning of the recoil. But it was by Wordsworth that the revolt was most openly proclaimed and most fully effected. The changed spirit was no doubt in the time, and would have made its way independently of

any single man. But no one power could have helped it forward more effectually than the capacious and inward-seeing soul of Wordsworth. Whereas the poetry of the former age had dealt mainly with the outside of things, or if it sometimes went farther, it did so with such a stereotyped manner and diction as to make it look like external work, Wordsworth everywhere went straight to the inside of things. We have seen already how, whether in his own self-revelations, or in his descriptions of the visible creation, or in his delineations of men, he passed always from the surface to the centre, from the outside looks to the inward character. This one characteristic set him in entire opposition to the art of last century. Out of it arose the entire revolution he made in subjects, treatment, and diction. Seeing deeper truth and beauty in many things which had hitherto been deemed unfit subjects for poetry than in those which had hitherto been most handled by the poets, he reclaimed from the wilderness vast tracts that had been lying waste, and brought them within the poetic domain. In this way he has done a wider service to poetry than any other poet of his time; but since him no one has arisen of spirit strong and large enough to make full proof of the liberty he bequeathed.

The same freedom, and by dint of the same powers, he won for future poets with regard to the language of poetry. First, in his practice, he threw himself clear of the trammels of the so-called poetic diction which had tyrannized over English poetry for a century. This diction of course exactly represented the half-courtly, half-classical mode of thinking and feeling. As Wordsworth rebelled against the inward spirit, as against its outward expression. The whole of the stock phrases and used-up metaphors he discarded, returned to living language of natural feeling, as it is used by men, instead of the dead form of it which had got stereotyped in books. And just as in his subjects he had taken in from the waste so much virgin soil, so in his diction he appropriated for poetic use a large amount of words, idioms, metaphors, till then disallowed by the poets. In doing so, he may here and there have made a mistake, the homely trenching on the ludicrous, as in the lines about the washing-tub and some others, long current in the ribaldry of critics. But, bating a few almost necessary failures,

he did more than any other by his usage and example to reanimate the effete language of poetry, and restore it to healthfulness, strength, and feeling. His shorter poems, both the earlier and the later, are for the most part very models of natural, powerful, and yet sensitive English; the language being, like a garment, woven out of and transparent with the thought. Of the diction of his longer blank verse poems we shall have something to say in the sequel. Then, as to the theory which he propounds in his famous preface, that the language of poetry ought in no wise to differ from that of prose, this is only his protest against the old poetic phraseology, too sweepingly laid down. His own practice is the best commentary on, and antidote to, his theory, where he has urged it to an extreme. Coleridge and De Quincey have both criticised the "Preface" severely, so that in their hands it would seem to contain either a paradox or a truism. Into this subject we cannot now enter. This only may be said on the Wordsworthian side, as against these critics, that while the language of prose receives new life and strength by adopting the idioms and phrases used in the present conversation of educated men, that of poetry may go farther, and borrow with advantage the language from cottage firesides. Who has ever listened to a peasant father or mother, as they described the last illness of one of their own children, or spoke of those who were gone, without having heard from their lips words which for natural and expressive feeling were the very essence of poetry? Poets may well adopt these; for, if they trust to their own resources, they can never equal them.

These reflections on the main characteristics of Wordsworth arose out of a survey of the poems written during his first or Grasmere period. But they have passed beyond the bounds for which they were originally intended, and may apply in large measure to his poems of the second period, written at Allan Bank in Grasmere, and during his first years at Rydal Mount. These were "The Excursion," "The White Doe of Rylstone," "The Duddon Sonnets," and some smaller poems. In these, there is perhaps less of that ethereal light, that spiritualizing power shed over nature, which forms the peculiar charm of the best of the early poems. But if there is less of natu-

ralistic interpretation, there is a deepened moral wisdom, a larger entering into the heart of universal man. We spoke above of the limitations of his earlier poetry in this latter region. These in his later poems greatly disappear, partly from the expansion of the philosophic mind by years of meditation, and by kindly though limited intercourse with men; partly from a gradual lessening of the exclusive bias towards humble life, as his Republican fervor abated. As to the "Excursion," to discuss it as its importance demands would require a long separate treatise. It was a theme worthy of a great philosophic poem, which Wordsworth proposed to himself,—how a man, like the Solitary, who from domestic bereavement, and from disappointment of the impatient hopes he had formed of the French Revolution, had sunk into scepticism and despondency, can have his interest in human nature and his faith in God restored. The outward circumstances of such a subject may vary, but itself is of perennial import. French revolutions may not repeat themselves with every generation, but unbelieving cynicism is an evil of continual recurrence,—an evil which is not checked by, but would rather seem increasingly to attend on, our much-vaunted march of mind. As to the poet's way of dealing with the problem, we feel the same disappointment as many have felt, that the truths of revelation, though everywhere acknowledged, are nowhere brought prominently forward. It is the religion which the poet has extracted from nature and man's moral instincts on which he mainly insists; yet it is such a religion, so pure and so elevated, as these sources, but for the light they receive from a co-existent revelation, never could have supplied. In the crisis of the poem, when the poet has to apply his medicine to the mind diseased, and when the Solitary is importunate for an answer, the poet turns aside, and recommends communion with nature, and free intercourse with men, in a way which to many has seemed like a disavowal of the power of Christian faith. We believe, however, that this is too severe a judgment. Wordsworth knew clearly that there are many cases in which, the passages to the heart being closed by false reasonings and morbid views, the way to it is not to be found by any direct arguments, however true. What is wanted

is some antidote which shall bring back the feelings to a healthful tone, remove obstructions from within, and so through restored health of heart, put the understanding in a condition which is open to the power of truth. Awaken healthful sensibilities in the heart, and a right state of intellect will be sure to follow. This is Wordsworth's moral pathology. And the restorative discipline he recommends is that which in his own mental trial he had found effectual. This we believe to be the true account; and yet we cannot help thinking there was not only room, but even a call for a fuller enforcement of the Christian verities. The defect probably arose from the poet's carrying his own experience, and his peculiar views about the sanative power of nature, farther than they hold true, at least for the majority of men. But though such is the advice given to the Solitary, the course practically taken is to lead him to the churchyard among the mountains at Grasmere, there to hear from the lips of the pastor how they lived and died, the lowly tenants of the surrounding graves, in order that hearing he may learn—

"To prize the breath we share with human kind
And look upon the dust of man with awe."

Even to those who may care nothing for the philosophy, if they have feeling hearts, the "Excursion" will always be dear for its pictures of mountain scenes, and its pathetic records of rural life. The two books of the "Churchyard among the Mountains," are the most sustained in interest, and most perfect in style, of any books in the "Excursion." In themselves, they form a noble poem, full of deep insight into the heart, of attractive portraits of character, and of tender and elevating views of human life and destiny. No one with a heart to feel can read them carefully without being the better for it. Of all the lives there portrayed, perhaps there is none to which we more often revert than the affecting story of Ellen:—

"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,
Screened by its parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbor; the small heap
Speaks for itself; an Infant there doth rest;
The sheltering hillock is the Mother's grave.
If mild discourse, and manners that conferred
A natural dignity on humblest rank;
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do;
And if religious tenderness of heart,

Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
Shed when the clouds had gathered and distained
The spotless ether of a maiden life;
If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
More holy in the sight of God or Man;
Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom."

Then follows the character of the cottage girl, her love, betrayal, the broken vow; her shame and sorrow, relief by the birth of her child, the necessity to leave her own and nurse a neighbor's child; her own child's sickness, and she not allowed to visit it; its death, her long vigils by its grave, a weeping Magdalene,—ended by her own decline:—

"Meek saint! through patience glorified on earth!
In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sunlike beauty, and appeared divine!

She said,
'He who afflicts me knows what I can bear;
And when I fail, and can endure no more,
Will mercifully take me to himself.'
So, through the cloud of death, her spirit passed
Into that pure and unknown world of love
Where injury cannot come."

They say that Wordsworth wants passion. For feeling, not on the surface but in the depth, pathos pure and profound, what of modern verse can equal this story and that of Margaret? The very roll of the lines above quoted is oracular. There is in them the echo of a soul, the most capacious, tender, and profound that has spoken through modern poetry.

Having spoken of these verses, one word must be said in passing of Wordsworth's blank verse. In the "Excursion," and more still in the "Prelude," it often greatly needs condensation, may even be said to be tediously prolix. When speaking of homely matters, there is circumlocution at times amounting to awkwardness; and when philosophizing, there is, unlike the smaller poems, too profuse a use of long-winded Latin words, to the neglect of the mother Saxon. Yet even in these passages, there is hardly a page without some "atoning" lines of the true Wordsworthian mould. Even in those abstruser disquisitions of the "Excursion," which seem most prosy, there are seldom wanting some of those glances of deeper vision, by which old neglected truths are flashed with new power on the consciousness, or new relations of truth, which had hitherto lain hidden, are for the first time revealed. Of such apophthegms of moral wisdom, how large a

number could be gleaned from that poem alone! But it is in the passages where Wordsworth's inspiration kindles, that the full power of his blank verse is to be seen. Such in the "Excursion" are the account of the Wanderer's feelings, when, a boy, he watched the sunrise over Athole, and indeed the whole description of his boyhood, in which Wordsworth reproduces much of his own Esthwaite experience. The story of Margaret already spoken of, the description of the Langdale Pikes, the Solitary's history of himself, the Wanderer's advice to him at the close of "Despondency Corrected," and we may add almost the whole of the two books of the Churchyard. Of the characters who form the chief speakers in the poem, the Pedler or Wanderer, the Solitary, and the Pastor, we have not time to say one word. Those who wish to see from what materials Wordsworth framed them will find some interesting memoranda from his own lips, in the biography by his nephew, and now, we believe, incorporated in the editions of his Poems of 1857. It seems strange now to look back to the outcry that was long made against the employment of a pedler as the chief figure of the poem. That this should now seem to most quite natural, or, at least, noways offensive, may serve to mark the change in literary feeling, which Wordsworth himself did so much to introduce.

The "Excursion" was published in 1814, and the following year produced another long poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone." This poem pronounced by the great critic of the day to be "the very worst poem he ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume," has a very bewitching and unique charm of its own. The scene is laid in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and begins and ends with Bolton Priory, and the story of a white doe which haunts it. This doe had been the favorite of Emily Norton, sole daughter of Richard Norton of Rylstone Hall, who, with his eight sons, had marched forth in the army of the Catholic Lords engaged in the insurrection known as the Rising of the North. Emily and a ninth son, Francis, were of the Protestant faith, and disapproved of the enterprise. But he, without taking part in the expedition, follows his father, to be of what use he can: sees him and his eight brothers led to execution, and is himself accidentally slain, and buried in Bolton Priory. The sister's lot is to remain be-

hind, to hear of the utter extinction of her house, and by force of passive fortitude

"To abide

The shock, and finally secure

O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

The white doe which had been her companion in happier days, comes to her side and seems to enter into her sorrow, attends her when on moonlight nights she visited Bolton and her brothers' grave, and, long years after she is gone, continues to haunt the hallowed place. "Everything attempted by the principal personages fails in its material effects, succeeds in its moral and spiritual." This is Wordsworth's own account of it. And certainly the active and warlike parts of the poem are needlessly tame and unexciting, forming a marked contrast with the way Scott would have treated the same subjects. That Wordsworth could, if he chose, have improved these parts of his poem there can be no doubt, for the song of "Brougham Castle" and several of the warlike sonnets, prove that he could, when so minded, strike a Tyrtæan strain. But if, in the "White Doe," he fails where Scott would have succeeded, he does what neither Scott nor any one else could equally have done. Gazing on Bolton's ruined abbey, as it stands on its green holm, looked down on by majestic woods and quiet uplands, and lulled by the murmuring Wharfe, his whole heart is filled by the impressive and hallowed scene. And all the feelings awakened within him he gathers and concentrates in this legendary creature, making her at every turn, whether passing under broken arch, or throwing a gleam into dark black vault, or crouching in the moonlight on the Nortons' green grave, bring out some new lineament, call up some fair imagination. She is the most perfectly ideal embodiment of the finer spirit of the place that could have entered into poet's heart to conceive.

Of "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner," both composed long before, but published after "The White Doe," we have not now space to say one word. About this time, while preparing his eldest son for college, Wordsworth studied carefully several of the Latin poets, which led to his attempting two or three poems on classical subjects. One of these, "Laodamia," will always stand out prominent even among his happiest productions. Throwing himself naturally into the situation, he informs the old Achaian legend

with a fine moral dignity peculiarly his own: "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, Brought from a pensive, though a happy place."

And now but a word on the third period of Wordsworth's poetry. This began, we may say, about the year 1818 or 1820, and lasted till the close of his poetic life. It was the time when he wrote the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," which, though containing here and there some gems,—such as that on "Old Abbeys"—

"Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;

Your spirit freely let me drink, and live;"—are not, on the whole, equal to many of his earlier ones. Sonnet-writing, begun at Grasmere, had long been a favorite relaxation with him in the midst of larger works. The sonnets are like small off-lets from the main stream of his poetry, into which whatever thoughts from time to time arose might overflow. This form is well fitted for the detached musings of a meditative poet. As each new thought awakes, a new form for it has not to be sought, the vehicle is here ready, and all the poet has to do is to cast the liquid metal into the mould. Wordsworth's sonnets are so numerous and so important that they form quite a literature, which, if justice were done them, would demand an extended notice for themselves. The rest of the poems of this epoch are memorials of four separate tours; two on the Continent in 1830 and 1837, two in Scotland in 1831 and 1833. Taken as a whole, none of these tours produced anything equal to his earliest one in Scotland. But the former of the two continental tours produced one poem almost equal to any of his prime,—that on the Eclipse in 1850. The description there of Milan Cathedral, with its white hosts of angels, and starry zone

"All steeped in that portentous light,

All suffering dim eclipse,"

is in his finest style.

But that among all these later poems which most wins regard is the beautiful and affecting thread of allusion to Walter Scott that runs through them. Open-minded appreciation of contemporary poets was not one of Wordsworth's strong points. A very strong one-sidedness, not hard to explain, arose out of at once his weakness and his strength. Disparaging remarks about Scott's poetry were reported from his conversation, and these seem to have been present to Lockhart's thought as he penned his last notice of Words-

worth. He might have recalled at the same time the many kind and beautiful lines in which he who never said in verse what he did not truly feel, has embodied his feelings about Scott. Wordsworth had hailed "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" with delight, and always continued to like it best of all Scott's poems. He and the "Shirra" first met, as we have seen, in the latter's house in Lasswade, just after Wordsworth and his sister had left Yarrow unvisited—

"For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow."

In 1814, as he descended from Traquair accompanied by the Ettrick Shepherd, he exclaimed,—

"And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!"

In the autumn of 1831, Wordsworth and his daughter Dora set out on a visit to Abbotsford, to see Scott once more before he left Tweedside in hopes of repairing his broken health in Italy. It was but a short visit, as Scott was on the very eve of his departure; but, ere they parted, they snatched one more look at Yarrow,—the last both to Scott and to Wordsworth:—

"Once more by Newark's Castle-gate,
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee
Great Minstrel of the Border."

Though the hand of sickness lay heavy upon Scott, they did their best

"To make a day of happy hours,
Their happy days recalling."

But throughout the "Yarrow Revisited," written in remembrance of that day, there is visible the pressure of an actual grief, little in harmony with the ideal light that is upon the two former Yarrows. "On our return in the afternoon," says Wordsworth, "we had to cross Tweed (by the old ford) directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly. A rich but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hill at that moment, and thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning

"A trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain."

This is the sonnet in which he says,—

"The might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessing and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows
Follow this wondrous Potentate."

"At noon, on Thursday," Wordsworth continues, "we left Abbotsford, and on the morning of that day, Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation, *lôte-à-lôte*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her; and while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, 'I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.'" We remember one most affecting stanza of these lines, which we heard from one who had seen them in the album,—that same album which contained autograph and unpublished lines written by Coleridge, Southey, and other poets of the time, for Wordsworth's daughter. Wordsworth visited Scotland once again in 1833, but by that time Scott was lying in the ruined aisle at Dryburg, within sound of his own Tweed. Two years after this, in the autumn of 1835, on hearing of the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, he poured forth that fine lament over his brother poets who had so fast followed each other "from sunshine to the sunless land." In it he alludes once again to his two visits to Yarrow, the one with the shepherd-poet for his guide, the other with Sir Walter.

Once more, the last time, when on a tour in Italy in 1837, his heart reverts to Scott in the "Musings near Aquapendente." Seeing the broom in flower on an Italian hillside, his thoughts turned homeward to think how it would be budding on Fairfield and Helvellyn. Then the thought strikes him, what use of coming so far to see these new scenes, if his thoughts kept wandering back to the old ones:—

"The skirt of Greenside fell,
And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,
Places forsaken now, though loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards."
One there was, he says, who would have sympathized with him

"Not the less

Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads."

He alludes to the day, then thirty years gone, when Sir Walter, Sir Humphry Davy, and Wordsworth had ascended Helvellyn together. Then he goes on:—

"Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
Of his last going from Tweedside, thought turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile
Forced my intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.'

Peace to his spirit! why should Poesy
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
To move in sunshine? Utter thanks, my soul!
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
That I—so near the term to human life
Appointed by man's common heritage—
Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
The whole world's Darling."

This poem and the one suggested by Hogg's death, burst from out the somewhat tamer reflections of his later days as the last gleams of his old fervor. Henceforth he wrote little more poetry, but he continued almost to the end to keep retouching his former poems. Careful as he had always been in the work of composition, he went over and over them in his later years, changing them here and there, but seldom for the better. What seemed asperities were smoothed away, but for the most part the original ruggedness is poorly exchanged for the more blameless, but tamer, afterthought. It would be an interesting, and for those who make a study of these things, might be a profitable task, to bring together, by comparing one edition with another, the successive changes which many well-known lines were in this way made to endure.

During those silent years, the aged poet might be seen in green old age (and who that has seen that venerable figure will forget it?) either as he moved about the roads in the

neighborhood of Rydal Mount, or drove towards Grasmere or Ambleside in his small, rustic-looking carriage, or as he appeared on Sundays, in the family pew near the pulpit, in the small church of Rydal. There, Sunday by Sunday, he was seated, his head inclining forwards, and the long silver-white hair like a crown of glory on either side of the noble breadth of brow.

The household at Rydal Mount was darkened by a great grief towards the close of 1847,—the death of the poet's daughter Dora, Mrs. Quillinan. "Our sorrow, I feel, is for life," he wrote; "but God's will be done!" And it was for life. At the age of seventy-seven such a loss was not to be got over. Still with firm step, though saddened heart, he might be seen going about. As late as the autumn of 1849, as a stranger came down the road from the back of Rydal Mount, he met Wordsworth walking slowly back towards his house from the highway, to which he had just conducted some visitor. His head leaned to one side, somewhat as he does in his picture, and in his hand he carried a branch with withered leaves. He who passed him happened to have on a plaid, wrapt round him in Scottish shepherd's fashion. This attracted his notice, and as the stranger looked round, thinking it might be the last sight of him the poet had turned round and was looking back too. There was one long look, but no word, and both passed on.

"Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand."

In the March of next year, he was still able to walk to Grasmere and to Ambleside, the last two walks he took. The last day he was out of doors, he sat down on the stone seat of a cottage-porch, where he had been calling and watched the setting sun. It was a cold, bright evening, and he got a chill, which resulted in pleurisy. He survived the attack, but sank from after-weakness. On the 7th of April his eightieth birthday, he was prayed for in Rydal chapel, morning and evening. On Saturday the 20th when asked by his son whether he would receive the communion, he replied, "That is just what I want." When his wife wished to let him know that there was no hope of recovery, she said to him, "William, you are going to Dora?" He made no answer at the time, but next day

as one of his nieces drew aside his curtain, he awoke from a quiet sleep, and said, "Is that Dora?" He breathed his last, almost imperceptibly, Tuesday, the 23d, at noon, the same day as that on which Shakspeare was born and died.

A few days after, he was laid in that corner of Grasmere churchyard where his children had been laid before him, and to which his wife and sister have since been gathered. A plain stone, with no other word on it than "William Wordsworth," marks the spot. On one side of it are the yew-trees planted there long before by his desire (are we wrong in thinking by his own hand?) On the other, the Rotha, through a calm, clear pool, creeps quietly by. Fairfield, Helm-crag, and Silver-how look down upon his grave. Westminster contains no resting-place so fit for him.

And now, looking back on those fourscore years, it may be said, that if any life in modern times has been well-rounded and complete, Wordsworth's was. From first to last it was one noble purpose, faithfully kept, thoroughly fulfilled. The world has rarely seen so strong and capacious a soul devote itself to one, and that a lofty end, with such singleness and concentration of aim. No doubt there was a great original mind to begin with, one that saw more things, and deeper, than any other poet of his time. But what would this have achieved, had it not been backed by that moral strength, that ironness of resolve? It was this that enabled him to turn aside from professions that he was little suited for, and with something less than a hundred a year to face the future. In time, doubtless, other helps were added, and long before the end, he was possessed of competent means. But this is only another instance of the maxim, "Providence helps them who help themselves." That life at Townend had encountered and overcome the difficulty before the help came. Again, the same moral fortitude appears in the firmness with which he kept his purpose, and the industry with which he wrought it out. Undiscouraged by neglect, undeterred by obloquy and ridicule, in the face of obstacles that would have daunted almost any other man, he kept on his way unmoved, and wrought out the gift that was in him till the work was complete. Few poets have ever so fully uttered the thing that was given them

to speak. And the result has been that he has bequeathed to the world a body of high thought and noble feeling which will continue to make all who apprehend it think more deeply and feel more wisely to the end of time.

The question has often been asked how far Wordsworth was a religious poet; that he was a religious man no one doubts. In his earlier poems, especially, as in "Tintern Abbey," and others, men have pointed to passages, and said, "These are pantheistic in their tendency." The supposition that Wordsworth ever maintained a pantheistic philosophy, ever held a deliberate theory of the divine Being as impersonal, is contradicted both by many an express declaration of his own, and by what is known of his life. The truth seems to be that, during that period of his life when his feelings about nature were most vivid, and most imaginatively expressed in verse, he felt the presence in all nature of a vast life, a moving spirit, which he did not, at least in his verse, identify with the living personal God of whom conscience and the Bible witness. His earlier poetry generally stops short of such distinct personality. But whether he so stopped short because nature does not in itself, and from its unaided resources, suggest more, or whether he stopped short because he was merely describing his own experience, and that experience was defective, this we do not venture to determine. If defect there is, who is he that has a right to blame him? Only he who, having felt as broadly and profoundly the vast life that is in nature, has bridged over the gulf between this and the higher religious truth, and taught men so to do. To this man and to none other, shall be conceded the right of finding fault with what Wordsworth has done. In Wordsworth's treatment of human nature, the same question meets us in another form. In the "Prelude," and other poems of the first epoch, it cannot be denied that the self-restorative power of the soul seems asserted, and the sufficiency of nature to console the wounded spirit is implied, in a way which Wordsworth, if distinctly questioned, would, perhaps at any time, certainly in his later years, have been the first to disavow. That he was himself conscious of this defect may be gathered from the change he made in the reflections with which the story of Margaret, in the "Excursion,"

closes. This story was written among the last years of last century, at Racedown or Alfoxden. Through all the early editions of his poems it stood thus:—

"The old man, noting this, resumed, and said,
'My friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more;
Be wise and cheerful, and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.'"

In the one-volume edition of his works, which appeared somewhere about the year 1845, we, for the first time, read the following addition, inserted after the third line of the above:—

"Nor more would she have craved as due to One
Who, in her worst distress, had oftentimes felt
The unbounded might of prayer; and learned,
with soul

Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs
From sources deeper far than deepest pain,
For the meek Sufferer. Why then should we read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye?

A little farther on, the "Wanderer" proceeds to say that once as he passed that way, the ruined cottage conveyed to his heart—

"So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream that could not live
Where meditation was."

Instead of the last line and a half, the later editions have the following:—

"Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,
Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit
Whose meditative sympathies repose
Upon the breast of faith."

To say that as years increased Wordsworth's faith in the vital Christian truths grew more confirmed and deep, that in himself were fulfilled his own words—

"Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
The faith heaven strengthens where He moulds
the creed,"

is only to say that he was growingly a good man. This growth many a line of his later poems, besides incidental notices in his letters and other memoranda of his nephew's biography, clearly exhibit. No doubt, the wish will at times arise, that the unequalled power of spiritualizing nature, and of originating tender and solemn views of human life, had, for the sake of other men, been oftener and more unreservedly turned on the great truths of Christian faith. At the same time, when such a regret does arise, it is but fair that it should be tempered by remembering, as he himself urges, that "his works, as well as those of other poets, should not be considered as developing all the influences which his own heart recognized, but rather those which he felt able

as an artist, to display to advantage." At another time he assured a correspondent that he had been averse to frequent mention of the mysteries of Christian faith, not because he did not duly feel them, but because he felt them too deeply to venture on too free handling of them. Above all, if he has not, any more than the greatest of former poets, done all that our hearts desire, let us not on that account fail to appreciate the good work he has done. What that work is cannot be better described than in the words in which the greatest purely religious poet of the age dedicated to Wordsworth his Oxford lectures on poetry: "*Ut animos, ad sanctiora erigeret*," to "raise men's minds to holier thoughts" both of nature and of man. This is the tendency of every line he wrote. Taking the commonest sights of earth, and the lowliest facts of life, to elevate and ennoble these, to find pathways by which the mind may naturally pass upward, to an ampler ether, a diviner air, this is his peculiar function. If he seldom ventures within the inner sanctuary, he everywhere leads to its outer court, lifts our thoughts into a region "neighboring to heaven, and that no foreign land." If he was not universal in the sense in which Shakespeare was, and Goethe aimed to be, it was because he was smitten with too deep an enthusiasm for those truths by which he was possessed. His eye was too intense, too prophetic, to admit of his looking at life dramatically. In fact, no poet of modern times has had in him so much of the prophet. In the world of nature, to be a revealer of things hidden, an interpreter of new and unsuspected relations, the opener of a new sense in men; in the moral world, the teacher of truths hitherto neglected, or unobserved, the awakener of the consciousness to the solemnities that encompass life, deepening our reverence for the essential soul, apart from accident and circumstance, making men feel more truly, more tenderly, more profoundly, lifting the thoughts upward through the shows of time to that which is permanent and eternal,—this is the office which he will not cease to fulfil, as long as the English language lasts. What earth's far-off lonely mountains do for the plains and the cities, that Wordsworth has done and will do for literature, and through literature for society; sending down great rivers of higher truth, fresh purifying winds of feeling, to those who least dream from what quarter they come. The more thoughtful of each generation will draw nearer and observe him more closely, will ascend his imaginative heights, and sit under the shadow of his profound meditations, and, in proportion as they drink in his spirit, will become purer and nobler men.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. WENTWORTH did not accept Mrs. Morgan's sudden invitation, partly because his "people" did not leave Carlingford that evening, and partly because, though quite amiably disposed towards the rector, whom he had worsted in fair fight, he was not sufficiently interested in anything he was like to hear or see in Mr. Morgan's house to move him to spend his evening there. He returned a very civil answer to the invitation of the rector's wife, thanking her warmly for her friendliness, and explaining that he could not leave his father on the last night of his stay in Carlingford; after which he went to dinner at his aunts', where the household was still much agitated. Not to speak of all the events which had happened and were happening; Jack, who had begun to tire of his new character of the repentant prodigal, had shown himself in a new light that evening, and was preparing to leave, to the relief of all parties. The prodigal, who no longer pretended to be penitent, had taken the conversation into his own hands at dinner. "I have had things my own way since I came here," said Jack; "somehow it appears I have a great luck for having things my own way. It is you scrupulous people who think of others and of such antiquated stuff as duty, and so forth, that get yourselves into difficulties. My dear aunt, I am going away; if I were to remain an inmate of this house—I mean to say, could I look forward to the privilege of continuing a member of this Christian family—another day, I should know better how to conduct myself; but I am going back to my bad courses, Aunt Dora; I am returning to the world"—

"Oh! Jack, my dear, I hope not," said Aunt Dora, who was much bewildered, and did not know what to say.

"Too true," said the relapsed sinner; "and considering all the lessons you have taught me, don't you think it is the best thing I could do? There is my brother Frank, who has been carrying other people about on his shoulders, and doing his duty; but I don't see that you good people are at all moved in his behalf. You leave him to fight his way by himself, and confer your benefits elsewhere, which is an odd sort of lesson for a worldling like me. As for Gerald, you know he's a virtuous fool, as I have heard you all declare. There is nothing in the

world that I can see to prevent him keeping his living and doing as he pleases, as most parsons do. However, that's his own business. It is Frank's case which is the edifying case to me. If my convictions of sin had gone just a step farther," said the pitiless critic,—“if I had devoted myself to bringing others to repentance, as is the first duty of a reformed sinner, my Aunt Leonora would not have hesitated to give Skelmersdale to me”—

"Jack, hold your tongue," said Miss Leonora; but though her cheeks burned, her voice was not so firm as usual, and she actually failed in putting down the man who had determined to have his say.

"Fact, my dear aunt," said Jack. "If I had been a greater rascal than I am, and gone a little farther, you and your people would have thought me quite fit for a cure of souls. I'd have come in for your good things that way as well as other ways; but here is Frank, who even I can see is a right sort of parson. I don't pretend to fixed theological opinions," said this unlooked-for oracle, with a comic glance aside at Gerald, the most unlikely person present to make any response; "but, so far as I can see, he's a kind of fellow most men would be glad to make a friend of when they were under a cloud,—not that he was ever very civil to me. I tell you, so far from rewarding him for being of the true sort, you do nothing but snub him, that I can see. He looks to me as good for work as any man I know; but you'll give your livings to any kind of wretched make-believe before you'll give them to Frank. I am aware," said the heir of the Wentworths, with a momentary flush, "that I have never been considered much of a credit to the family; but if I were to announce my intention of marrying and settling, there is not one of the name that would not lend a hand to smooth matters. That is the reward of wickedness," said Jack, with a laugh; "as for Frank, he's a perpetual curate, and may marry perhaps fifty years hence; that's the way you good people treat a man who never did anything to be ashamed of in his life; and you expect me to give up my evil courses after such a lesson? I trust I am not such a fool," said the relapsed prodigal. He sat looking at them all in his easy way, enjoying the confusion, the indignation, and wrath with which his address was received. "The man who gets his own way is the man who takes it," he concluded, with his

usual composure, pouring out Miss Leonora's glass of claret as he spoke.

Nobody had ever before seen the strong-minded woman in so much agitation. "Frank knows what my feelings are," she said, abruptly. "I have a great respect for himself; but I have no confidence in his principles. I—I have explained my ideas about church patronage"—

But here the squire broke in. "I always said, sir," said the old man, with an unsteady voice, "that if I ever lived to see a thing or two amended that was undoubtedly objectionable, your brother Jack's advice would be invaluable to the family as a—as a man of the world. I have nothing to say against clergymen, sir," continued the squire, without it being apparent whom he was addressing, "but I have always expressed my conviction of—the value of your brother Jack's advice as—as a man of the world."

This speech had a wonderful effect upon the assembled family, but most of all upon the son thus commended, who lost all his ease and composure as his father spoke, and turned his head stiffly to one side, as if afraid to meet the squire's eyes, which indeed were not seeking his, but were fixed upon the table, as was natural, considering the state of emotion in which Mr. Wentworth was. As for Jack, when he had steadied himself a little, he got up from his seat, and tried to laugh, though the effort was far from being a successful one.

"Even my father applauds me, you see, because I am a scamp and don't deserve it," he said, with a voice which was partially choked. "Good-by, sir; I am going away."

The squire rose too, with the hazy bewildered look of which his other children were afraid. "Good-by, sir," said the old man, and then made a pause before he held out his hand. "You'll not forget what I've said, Jack," he added, with a little haste. "It's true enough, though I haven't that confidence in you that—that I might have had. I am getting old, and I have had two attacks, sir," said Mr. Wentworth, with dignity; "and anyhow, I can't live forever. Your brothers can make their own way in the world, but I haven't saved all that I could have wished. When I am gone, Jack, be just to the girls and the little children," said the squire; and with that took his son's

hand and grasped it hard, and looked his heir full in the face.

Jack Wentworth was not prepared for any such appeal; he was still less prepared to discover the unexpected and inevitable sequence with which one good sentiment leads to another. He quite faltered and broke down in this unlooked-for emergency. "Father," he said, unawares, for the first time for ten years, "if you wish it, I will join you in breaking the entail."

"No such thing, sir," said the squire, who, so far from being pleased, was irritated and disturbed by the proposal. "I ask you to do your duty, sir, and not to shirk it," the head of the house said, with natural vehemence, as he stood with that circle of Wentworths round him, giving forth his code of honor to his unworthy heir.

While his father was speaking, Jack recovered a little from his momentary *attondissement*. "Good-by, sir; I hope you'll live a hundred years," he said, wringing his father's hand, "if you don't last out half a dozen of me, as you ought to do. But I'd rather not anticipate such a change. In that case," the prodigal went on, with a certain huskiness in his voice, "I dare say I should not turn out so great a rascal as—as I ought to do. To-day and yesterday it has even occurred to me by moments that I was your son, sir," said Jack Wentworth; and then he made an abrupt stop and dropped the squire's hand, and came to himself in a surprising way. When he turned toward the rest of the family, he was in perfect possession of his usual courtesy and good spirits. He nodded to them all round, with superb good-humor. "Good-by, all of you; I wish you better luck, Frank, and not so much virtue. Perhaps you will have a better chance now the lost sheep has gone back to the wilderness. Good-by to you all. I don't think I've any other last words to say." He lighted his cigar with his ordinary composure, in the hall, and whistled one of his favorite airs as he went through the garden. "Oddly enough, however, our friend Wodehouse can beat me in that," he said with a smile, to Frank who had followed him out, "perhaps in other things too, who knows? Good-by, and good luck, old fellow." And thus the heir of the Wentworths disappeared into the darkness which swallowed him up, and was seen no more.

But naturally there was a good deal of commotion in the house. Miss Leonora, who never had known what it was to have nerves in the entire course of her existence, retired to her own room with a headache, to the entire consternation of the family. She had been a strong-minded woman all her life, and managed everybody's affairs without being distracted and hampered in her career, by those doubts of her own wisdom, and questions as to her own motives, which will now and then afflict the minds of weaker people, when they have to decide for others. But this time an utterly novel and unexpected accident had befallen Miss Leonora; a man of no principles at all had delivered his opinion upon her conduct,—and so far from finding his criticism contemptible, or discovering in it the ordinary outcry of the wicked against the righteous, she had found it true, and by means of it had, for perhaps the first time in her life, seen herself as others saw her. Neither was the position in which she found herself one from which she could get extricated even by any daring arbitrary exertion of will, such as a woman in difficulties is sometimes capable of. To be sure, she might still have cut the knot in a summary feminine way,—might have said “No” abruptly to Julia Trench and her curate, and, after all, have bestowed Skelmersdale, like any other prize or reward of virtue, upon her nephew Frank,—a step which Miss Dora Wentworth would have concluded upon at once without any hesitation. The elder sister, however, was gifted with a truer perception of affairs. Miss Leonora knew that there were some things which could be done, and yet could not be done,—a piece of knowledge difficult to a woman. She recognized the fact that she had committed herself, and got into a corner, from which there was but one possible egress; and as she acknowledged this to herself, she saw, at the same time that Julia Trench (for whom she had been used to entertain a good-humored contempt as a clever sort of girl enough) had managed matters very cleverly, and that, instead of dispensing her piece of patronage, like an optimist, to the best, she had, in fact, given it up to the most skilful and persevering angler, as any other woman might have done. The blow was bitter, and Miss Leonora did not seek to hide it from herself, not to say that the unpleasant discovery was aggravated by

having been thus pointed out by Jack, who in his own person had taken her in, and cheated his sensible aunt. She felt humbled, and wounded in the tenderest point, to think that her reprobate nephew had seen through her, but that she had not been able to see through him, and had been deceived by his professions of penitence. The more she turned it over in her mind, the more Miss Leonora's head ached; for was it not growing apparent that she, who prided herself so much on her impartial judgment, had been moved, not by heroic and stoical justice and the love of souls, but a good deal by prejudice, and a good deal by skilful artifice, and very little indeed by that highest motive which she called the glory of God? And it was Jack who had set all this before her clear as daylight. No wonder the excellent woman was disconcerted. She went to bed gloomily with her headache, and would tolerate no ministrations, neither of sal-volatile nor eau-de-cologne, nor even of green tea. “It always does Miss Dora a power of good,” said the faithful domestic who made this last suggestion; but Miss Leonora answered only by turning the unlucky speaker out of the room, and locking the door against any fresh intrusion. Miss Dora's innocent headaches were articles of a very different kind from this, which proceeded neither from the heart nor the digestion, but from the conscience, as Miss Leonora thought,—with, possibly, a little aid from the temper, though she was less conscious of that. It was indeed a long series of doubts and qualms, and much internal conflict, which resulted, through the rapidly maturing influences of mortification and humbled self-regard, in this ominous and awe-inspiring Headache which startled the entire assembled family, and added fresh importance to the general crisis of Wentworth affairs.

“I should not wonder if it was the Wentworth complaint,” said Miss Dora, with a sob of fright, to the renewed and increased indignation of the squire.

“I have already told you that the Wentworth complaint never attacks females,” Mr. Wentworth said emphatically, glad to employ what sounded like a contemptuous title for the inferior sex.

“Yes, oh, yes: but then Leonora is not exactly what you would call—a female,” said poor Miss Dora, from whom an emergency so unexpected had taken all her little wits.

While the house was in such an agitated condition, it is not to be supposed that it could be very comfortable for the gentlemen when they came up-stairs to the drawing-room, and found domestic sovereignty overthrown by a headache which nobody could comprehend, and chaos reigning in Miss Lenora's place. Naturally there was, for one of the party at least, a refuge sweet and close at hand, to which his thoughts had escaped already. Frank Wentworth did not hesitate to follow his thoughts. Against the long years when the family bonds make up all that is happiest in life, there must always be reckoned those moments of agitation and revolution, during which the bosom of a family is the most unrestful and disturbing place in existence, from which it is well to have a personal refuge and means of escape. The Perpetual Curate gave himself a little shake, and drew a long breath, as he emerged from one green door in Grange Lane and betook himself to another. He shook himself clear of all the Wentworth perplexities, all the family difficulties and doubts, and betook himself into the paradise which was altogether his own, and where there were no conflicting interests or differences of opinion. He was in such a hurry to get there that he did not pay any attention to the general aspect of Grange Lane, or to the gossips who were gathered round Elsworthy's door; all that belonged to a previous stage of existence. At present he was full of the grand discovery, boldly stated by his brother Jack,—“The man who get his own way is the one who *takes it*.” It was not an elevated doctrine, or one that had hitherto commended itself specially to the mind of the Perpetual Curate; but he could not help thinking of his father's pathetic reliance upon Jack's advice as a man of the world, as he laid up in his mind the prodigal's maxim, and felt, with a little thrill of excitement, that he was about to act on it; from which manner of stating the case Mr. Wentworth's friends will perceive that self-will had seized upon him in the worst form; for he was not going boldly up to the new resolution with his eyes open, but had resigned himself to the tide, which was gradually rising in one united flux of love, pride, impatience, sophistry, and inclination; which he watched with a certain passive content, knowing that the stormy current would carry him away.

Mr. Wentworth, however, reckoned without

his host, as is now and then the case with most men, Perpetual Curates included. He walked into the other drawing-room, which was occupied only by two ladies, where the lamp was burning softly on the little table in the corner, and the windows, half open, admitted the fragrant air, the perfumed breath, and stillness and faint inarticulate noises, of the night. Since the visit of Wodehouse in the morning, which had driven Lucy into her first fit of passion, an indescribable change had come over the house, which had now returned to the possession of its former owners, looked again like home. It was very quiet, in the familiar room which Mr. Wentworth knew so well, for it was only when excited by events “beyond their control,” as Miss Wodehouse said, that the sister could forget what had happened so lately,—the loss which had made a revolution in their world. Miss Wodehouse, who for the first time in her life was busy, and had in hand a quantity of mysterious calculations and lists to make out, sat at the table in the centre of the room, with her desk open, and covered with long slips of paper. Perhaps it was to save her rector trouble that the gentle woman gave herself so much labor; perhaps she liked putting down on paper all the things that were indispensable for the new establishment. At all events, she looked up only to give Mr. Wentworth a smile and sisterly nod of welcome as he came in and made his way to the corner where Lucy sat, not unexpectant. Out of the disturbed atmosphere he had just left, the Perpetual Curate came softly to that familiar corner, feeling that he had suddenly reached his haven, and that Eden itself could not have possessed a sweeter peace. Lucy in her black dress, with traces of the exhaustion of nature in her face, which was the loveliest face in the world to Mr. Wentworth, looked up and welcomed him with that look of satisfaction and content which is the highest compliment one human creature can pay to another. His presence rounded off all the corners of existence to Lucy for that moment at least, and made the world complete and full. He sat down beside her at her work-table with no further interruption to the *tête-à-tête* than the presence of the kind elder sister at the table, who was absorbed in her lists, and who, even had that pleasant business been wanting, was dear and familiar enough to both to make her spectatorship just the sweet

restraint which endears such intercourse all the more. Thus the Perpetual Curate seated himself, feeling in some degree master of the position ; and surely here, if nowhere else in the world, the young man was justified in expecting to have his own way.

"They have settled about their marriage," said Lucy, whose voice was sufficiently audible to be heard at the table, where Miss Wodehouse seized her pen hastily and plunged it into the ink, doing her best to appear unconscious, but failing sadly in the attempt. "Mr. Proctor is going away directly to make every thing ready, and the marriage is to be on the 15th of next month."

"And ours?" said Mr. Wentworth, who had not as yet approached that subject. Lucy knew that this event must be far off, and was not agitated about it as yet: on the contrary, she met his look sympathetically and with deprecation after the first natural blush, and soothed him in her feminine way, patting softly with her pretty hand the sleeve of his coat.

"Nobody knows," said Lucy. "We must wait and have patience. We have more time to spare than they have," she added, with a little laugh. "We must wait."

"I don't see the *must*," said the Perpetual Curate. "I have been thinking it all over since the morning. I see no reason why I should always have to give in, and wait: self-sacrifice is well enough when it can't be helped, but I don't see any reason for postponing my happiness indefinitely. Look here, Lucy. It appears to me at present that there are only two classes of people in the world,—those who will wait and those who won't. I don't mean to enroll myself among the martyrs. The man who gets his own way is the man who takes it. I don't see any reason in the world for concluding that I must wait."

Lucy Wodehouse was a very good young woman, a devoted Anglican, and loyal to all her duties ; but she had always been known to possess a spark of spirit, and this rebellious quality came to a sudden blaze at so unlooked-for a speech. "Mr. Wentworth," said Lucy, looking the curate in the face with a look which was equivalent to making him a low courtesy, "I understood there were two people to be consulted as to the *must* or *must not*;" and having entered this protest she withdrew her chair a little farther off, and

bestowed her attention absolutely upon the piece of needlework in her hand.

If the ground had suddenly been cut away underneath Frank Wentworth's feet, he could not have been more surprised ; for, to tell the truth, it had not occurred to him to doubt that he himself was the final authority on this point, though, to be sure, it was part of the conventional etiquette that the lady should "fix the day." He sat gazing at her with so much surprise that for a minute or two he could say nothing. "Lucy, I am not going to have you put yourself on the other side," he said at last ; "there is not to be any opposition between you and me."

"That is as it may be," said Lucy, who was not mollified. "You seem to have changed your sentiments altogether since the morning, and there is no change in the circumstances, at least that I can see."

"Yes, there is a great change," said the young man. "If I could have sacrificed myself in earnest and said nothing"—

"Which you were quite free to do," interrupted Lucy, who, having given way to temper once to-day, found in herself an alarming proclivity towards a repetition of the offence.

"Which I was quite free to do," said the Perpetual Curate, with a smile, "but could not, and did not, all the same. Things are altogether changed. Now be as cross as you please, you belong to me, *Lucia mia*. To be sure, I have no money"—

"I was not thinking of that," said the young lady, under her breath.

"Of course one has to think about it," said Mr. Wentworth ; "but the question is whether we shall be happier and better going on separate in our usual way, or making up our minds to give up something for the comfort of being together. Perhaps you will forgive me for taking *that* view of the question," said the curate, with a little enthusiasm. "I have got tired of ascetic principles. I don't see why it must be best to deny myself and postpone myself to other things and other people. I begin to be of my brother Jack's opinion. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. A man who will wait has to wait. Providence does not invariably reward him after he has been tried, as we used to suppose. I am willing to be a poor man because I can't help it ; but I am not

willing to wait and trust my happiness to the future when it is in my reach now," said the unreasonable young man, to whom it was of course as easy as it was to Lucy to change the position of his chair, and prevent the distance between them being increased. Perhaps he might have carried his point even at that moment, had not Miss Wodehouse, who had heard enough to alarm her, come forward hastily in a fright on the prudential side.

"I could not help hearing what you were saying," said the elder sister. "Oh, Mr Wentworth, I hope you don't mean to say that you can't trust Providence? I'm sure that is not Lucy's way of thinking. I would not mind, and I am sure she would not mind, beginning very quietly; but then you have nothing, next to nothing, neither of you. It might not matter just at the first," said Miss Wodehouse, with serious looks; "but then—afterwards, you know," and a vision of a nursery flashed upon her mind as she spoke. "Clergymen always have such large families," she said half out before she was aware, and stopped, covered with confusion, not daring to look at Lucy to see what effect such a suggestion might have had upon her. "I mean," cried Miss Wodehouse, hurrying on to cover over her inadvertence if possible, "I have seen such cases; and a poor clergyman who has to think of the grocer's bill and the baker's bill instead of his parish and his duty—there are some things you young people know a great deal better than I do, but you don't know how dreadful it is to see that."

Here Lucy, on her part, was touched in a tender point, and interposed. "For a man to be teased about bills," said the young housekeeper, with flushed cheeks and an averted countenance, "it must be not his poverty, but his—his wife's fault."

"Oh, Lucy, don't say so," cried Miss Wodehouse; "what is a poor woman to do, especially when she has no money of her own, as you wouldn't have? and then the struggling, and getting old before your time, and all the burdens"—

"Please don't say any more," said Lucy. "There was no intention on—on any side to drive things to a decision. As for me, I have not a high opinion of myself. I would not be the means of diminishing any one's comforts," said the spiteful young woman.

"How can I be sure that I might not turn out a very poor compensation? We settled this morning how all that was to be, and I for one have not changed my mind—as yet," said Lucy. That was all the encouragement Mr. Wentworth got when he propounded his new views. Things looked easy enough when he was alone, and suffered himself to drift on pleasantly on the changed and heightened current of personal desires and wishes; but it became apparent to him, after that evening's discussion, that even in Eden itself, though the dew had not yet dried on the leaves, it would be highly incautious for any man to conclude that he was sure of having his own way. The Perpetual Curate returned a sadder and a more doubtful man to Mrs. Hadwin's, to his own apartments; possibly, as the two states of mind so often go together, a wiser individual too.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE dinner-party at the rectory, to which Mr. Wentworth did not go, was much less interesting and agreeable than it might have been, had he been present. As for the rector and his wife, they could not but feel themselves in a somewhat strange position, having between them a secret unsuspected by the company. It was difficult to refrain from showing a certain flagging of interest in the question of the church restoration, about which, to be sure, Mr. Finial was just as much concerned as he had been yesterday; though Mr. Morgan, and even Mrs. Morgan, had suffered a great and unexplainable diminution of enthusiasm. And then Mr. Leeson, who was quite unaware of the turn that affairs had taken, and who was much too obtuse to understand how the rector could be anything but exasperated against the Perpetual Curate by the failure of the investigation, did all that he could to make himself disagreeable, which was saying a good deal. When Mrs. Morgan came into the drawing-room, and found this obnoxious individual occupying the most comfortable easy-chair, and turning over at his ease the great book of ferns, nature-printed, which was the pet decoration of the table, her feelings may be conceived by any lady who has gone through a similar trial; for Mr. Leeson's hands were not of the irreproachable purity which becomes the fingers of a gentleman when he goes out to dinner. "I know some people who always wear

gloves when they turn over a portfolio of prints," Mrs. Morgan said, coming to the curate's side to protect her book if possible, "and these require quite as much care;" and she had to endure a discussion upon the subject, which was still more trying to her feelings; for Mr. Leeson pretended to know about ferns on the score of having a Wardian case in his lodgings (which belonged to his landlady), though in reality he could scarcely tell the commonest spleenwort from a lycopodium. While Mrs. Morgan went through this trial, it is not to be wondered at if she hugged to her heart the new idea of leaving Carlingford, and thought to herself that whatever might be the character of the curate (if there was one) at Scarsfield, any change from Mr. Leeson must be for the better. And then the unfortunate man, as if he were not disagreeable enough already, began to entertain his unwilling hostess with the latest news.

"There is quite a commotion in Grange Lane," said Mr. Leeson. "Such constant disturbances must deteriorate the property, you know. Of course, whatever one's opinion may be, one must keep it to one's self, after the result of the investigation; though I can't say I have unbounded confidence in trial by jury," said the disagreeable young man.

"I am afraid I am very slow of comprehension," said the rector's wife. "I don't know in the least what you mean about trial by jury. Perhaps it would be best to put the book back on the table; it is too heavy for you to hold."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Mr. Leeson—"I mean about Wentworth, of course. When a man is popular in society, people prefer to shut their eyes. I suppose the matter is settled for the present; but you and I know better than to believe"—

"I beg you will speak for yourself, Mr. Leeson," said Mrs. Morgan, with dignity. "I have always had the highest respect for Mr. Wentworth."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the disagreeable curate. "I forgot; almost all the ladies are on Mr. Wentworth's side. It appears that little girl of Elsworthy's has disappeared again; that was all I was going to say."

And fortunately for the curate, Colonel Chiley, who entered the room at the moment, diverted from him the attention of the lady of the house; and after that there was no opportunity of broaching the subject again until dinner was almost over. Then it was perhaps the All-Souls pudding that warmed Mr. Leeson's soul; perhaps he had taken a little more wine than usual. He took sudden advantage of that curious little pause which occurs at a well-conducted dinner-table, when the meal is concluded, and the fruit (considered apparently in orthodox circles,

a paradisiacal kind of food which needs no blessing) alone remains to be discussed. As soon as the murmur of thanks from the foot of the table was over, the curate incautiously rushed in before anybody else could break silence, and delivered his latest information at a high pitch of voice.

"Has any one heard about the Elsworthys?" said Mr. Leeson; "something fresh has happened there. I hope your verdict yesterday will not be called in question. The fact is, I believe that the girl has been taken away again. They say she has gone and left a letter saying that she is to be made a lady of. I don't know what we are to understand by that. There was some private service or other going on at St. Roque's very early in the morning. Marriage is a sacrament, you know. Perhaps Mr. Wentworth or his brother"—

"They are a queer family, the Wentworths," said old Mr. Western, "and such lots of them, sir,—such lots of them. The old ladies seem to have settled down here. I am not of their way of thinking, you know, but they're very good to the poor."

"Mr. Frank Wentworth is going to succeed his brother, I suppose," said Mr. Leeson; "it is very lucky for a man who gets himself talked of to have a family living to fall back upon"—

"No such thing—no such thing," said Mr. Procter, hastily. "Mr. Frank Wentworth means to stay here."

"Dear me," said the disagreeable curate, with an elaborate pause of astonishment. "Things must be bad indeed," added that interesting youth, with solemnity, shaking the devoted head, upon which he did not know that Mrs. Morgan had fixed her eyes, "if his own family give him up, and leave him to starve here. They never would give him up if they had not very good cause. Oh, come; I shouldn't like to believe that! I know how much a curate has to live on," said Mr. Leeson, with a smile of engaging candor. "Before they give him up like that, with two livings in the family, they must have very good cause."

"Very good cause indeed," said Mrs. Morgan, from the head of the table. The company in general had, to tell the truth, been a little taken aback by the curate's observations; and there was almost the entire length of the table between the unhappy man and the Avenger. "So good a reason, that it is strange how it should not have occurred to a brother clergyman. That is the evil of a large parish," said the rector's wife, with beautiful simplicity; "however hard one works, one never can know above half of the poor people; and I suppose you have been occupied in the other districts, and have not

heard what a great work Mr. Wentworth is doing. I have reason to know," said Mrs. Morgan, with considerable state, "that he will remain in Carlingford in a very different position from that which he has filled hitherto. Mr. Leeson knows how much a curate has to live upon; but I am afraid that is all he does know of such a life as Mr. Wentworth's." Mrs. Morgan paused for a moment to get breath; for her excitement was considerable, and she had many wrongs to avenge. "There is a great deal of difference in curates as well as in other things," said the indignant woman. "I have reason to know that Mr. Wentworth will remain in Carlingford in quite a different position. Now and then, even in this world, things come right like a fairy tale,—that is, when the authority is in the right hands," the rector's wife went on, with a smile at her husband, which disarmed that astonished man. "Perhaps if Mr. Leeson had the same inducement as Mr. Wentworth, he, too, would make up his mind to remain in Carlingford." Mrs. Morgan got up, as she made this speech, with a rustle and sweep of drapery which seemed all addressed to the unhappy curate, who stumbled upon his feet like the other gentlemen, but dared not for his life have approached her to open the door. Mr. Leeson felt that he had received his *congé*, as he sank back into his chair. He was too much stunned to speculate on the subject, or ask himself what was going to happen. Whatever was going to happen, there was an end of *him*. He had eaten the last All-Souls pudding that he ever would have presented to him under that roof. He sank back in the depths of despair upon his seat, and suffered the claret to pass him in the agony of his feelings. Mr. Wentworth and Mrs. Morgan were avenged.

This was how it came to be noised abroad in Carlingford that some great change of a highly favorable character was about to occur in the circumstances and position of the Curate of St. Roque's. It was discussed next day throughout the town, as soon as people had taken breath after telling each other about Rosa Elsworthy, who had indisputably been carried off from her uncle's house on the previous night. When the Wentworth family were at dinner, and just as the board was being spread in the rectory, where Mrs. Morgan was half an hour later than usual, having company, it had been discovered in Elsworthy's that the prison was vacant, and the poor little bird had flown. Mr. Wentworth was aware of a tumult about the shop when he went to the Miss Wodehouses, but was preoccupied, and paid no attention; but Mr. Leeson, who was not preoccupied, had already heard all about it when he entered the rectory. That day it was all over the town, as may be

supposed. The poor little, wicked, unfortunate creature had disappeared, no one knew how, at the moment apparently when Elsworthy went to the railway for the evening papers, a time when the errand-boys were generally rampant in the well-conducted shop. Mrs. Elsworthy, for her part, seized that moment to relieve her soul by confiding to Mrs. Hayes next door how she was worried to death with one thing and another, and did not expect to be alive to tell the tale if things went on like this for another month; but that Elsworthy was infatuated like, and wouldn't send the hussy away, his wife complained to her sympathetic neighbor. When Elsworthy came back, however, he was struck by the silence in the house and sent the reluctant woman up-stairs—"To see if she's been and made away with herself, I suppose," the indignant wife said, as she obeyed, leaving Mrs. Hayes full of curiosity on the steps of the door. Mrs. Elsworthy, however, uttered a great shriek a moment after, and came down, with a frightened face carrying a large pincushion, upon which, skewered through and through with the biggest pin she could find, Rosa had deposited her letter of leave-taking. This important document was read over in the shop by an ever-increasing group, as the news got abroad; for Elsworthy, like his wife, lost his head, and rushed about hither and thither, asking wild questions as to who had seen her last. Perhaps at the bottom, he was not so desperate as he looked, but was rather grateful than angry with Rosa for solving the difficulty. This is what the poor little runaway said:—

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT,—I write a line to let you know that them as can do better for me than any belonging to me has took me away for good. Don't make no reflections, please, nor blame nobody; for I never could have done no good, nor had any 'appiness at Carlingford after all as has happened. I don't bear no grudge, though aunt has been so unkind; but I forgive her, and uncle also. My love to all friends; and you may tell Bob Hayes as I wont forget him, but will order all my physick regular at his father's shop.—Your affectionate niece, "Rosa.

"P. S.—Uncle has no occasion to mind, for them as took charge of me has promised to make a lady of me, as he always said I was worthy of; and I leave all my things for aunt's relations, as I can't wear such poor clothes in my new station of life."

Such was the girl's letter, with its natural impertinences and natural touch of kindness; and it made a great commotion in the neighborhood, where a few spasmodic search-parties were made up with no real intentions, and came to nothing, as was to be expected. It was a dreadful thing, to be sure, to happen to a respectable family; but when things had

gone so far, the neighbors, on the whole, were inclined to believe it was the best thing Rosa could have done, and the Elsworths, husband and wife, were concluded to be of the same opinion. When Carlingford had exhausted this subject, and had duly discussed the probabilities as to where she had gone, and whether Rosa could be the lady in a veil who had been handed into the express night-train by two gentlemen, of whom a railway-porter bore cautious testimony, the other mysterious rumor about Mr. Wentworth had its share of popular attention. It was discussed in Master's with the solemnity becoming the occasion, everybody being convinced of the fact, and nobody knowing how it was to be. One prevailing idea was, that Mr. Wentworth's brother, who had succeeded to his mother's fortune (which was partially true, like most popular versions of family history, his mother's fortune being now Gerald's sole dependence), intended to establish a great brotherhood, upon the Claydon model, in Carlingford, of which the Perpetual Curate was to be the head. This idea pleased the imagination of the town, which already saw itself talked of in all the papers, and anticipated with excitement the sight of English brothers of St. Benedict walking about in the streets, and people from the *Illustrated News* making drawings of Grange Lane. To be sure, Gerald Wentworth had gone over to the Church of Rome, which was a step too far to be compatible with the English brotherhood; but popular imagination, when puzzled and in a hurry, does not take time to master all details. Then, again, opinion wavered, and it was supposed to be the Miss Wentworths who were the agents of the coming prosperity. They had made up their mind to endow St. Roque's, and apply to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to have it erected into a parochial district, rumor reported; and the senior assistant in Master's, who was suspected of Low-Church tendencies, was known to be a supporter of this theory. Other ideas of a vaguer character floated through the town, of which no one could give any explanation; but Carlingford was unanimous in the conviction that good fortune was coming somehow to the popular favorite, who a week ago had occupied temporarily the position of the popular *bête noire* and impersonation of evil. "But the real sort always triumphs at the last," was the verdict of Wharfside, which, like every primitive community, believed in poetic justice; and among the bargemen and their wives much greater elevation than that of a district church or the headship of a brotherhood was expected for "the clergyman." If the queen had sent for him immediately, and conferred upon him a bishopric, or at least

appointed him her private chaplain, such a favor would have excited no surprise in Wharfside, where, indeed, the public mind was inclined to the opinion that the real use of queens and other such dignitaries was to find out and reward merit. Mr. Wentworth himself laughed when the gossip reached his ears. "My people have given away all they had to give," he said to somebody who asked the question; "and I know no prospect I have of being anything but a Perpetual Curate, unless the queen sends for me and appoints me to a bishopric, as I understand is expected in Prickett's Lane. If I come to any advancement," said the Curate of St. Roque's, "it must be in social estimation, and not in worldly wealth, which is out of my way;" and he went down to Wharfside rather cheerfully than otherwise, having begun to experience that pertinacity carries the day, and that it might be possible to goad Lucy into the experiment of how much her housekeeping talents were good for, and whether, with a good wife, even a Perpetual Curate might be able to live without any particular bother in respect to the grocer's bill. Mr. Wentworth being at present warmly engaged in this business of persuasion, and as intent as ever on having his own way, was not much affected by the Carlingford gossip. He went his way to Wharfside all the same, where the service was conducted as of old, and where all the humble, uncertain voices were buoyed up and carried on by the steady, pure volume of liquid sound which issued from Lucy Wodehouse's lips into the utterance of such a Magnificat as filled Mr. Wentworth's mind with exultation. It was the woman's part in the worship,—independent, yet in a sweet subordination; and the two had come back—though with the difference that their love was now avowed and certain, and they were known to belong to each other—to much the same state of feeling in which they were before the Miss Wentworths came to Carlingford, or anything uncomfortable had happened. They had learned various little lessons, to be sure, in the interim; but experience had not done much more for them than it does for ordinary human creatures, and the chances are that Mr. Wentworth would have conducted himself exactly in the same manner another time, had he been placed in similar circumstances; for the lessons of experience, however valuable, are sometimes very slow of impressing themselves upon a generous and hasty temperament, which has high ideas of honor and consistency, and rather piques itself on a contempt for self-interest and external advantages,—which was the weakness of the Curate of St. Roque's. He returned to the "great work" in Wharfside with undiminished belief in it, and a sense of being

able to serve his God and his fellow-creatures, which, though it may seem strange to some people, was a wonderful compensation to him for the loss of Skelmersdale. "After all, I doubt very much, whether, under any circumstances, we could have left such a work as is going on here," he said to Lucy as they came up Prickett's Lane together, where the poor woman had just died peaceably in No. 10, and got done with it, poor soul; and the Sister of Mercy, in her great cloak, lifted towards him the blue eyes which were full of tears. and answered with natural emphasis, "impossible! it would have been deserting our post," and drew a step closer to him in the twilight with a sense of the sweetness of that plural pronoun which mingled so with the higher sense that it was impossible to disjoin them. And the two went on under the influence of these combined sentiments, taking comfort out of the very hardness of the world around them, in which their ministrations were so much needed, and feeling an exultation in the "duty," which was not for one, but for both, and a belief in the possibility of mending matters, in which their love for each other bore a large share; for it was not in human nature thus to begin the ideal existence, without believing in its universal extension, and in the amelioration of life and the world.

"That is all they think of," said poor Miss Wodehouse, who, between her wondering inspection of the two "young people" and her own moderate and sensible love-affairs, and the directions which it was necessary to give to her rector about the furnishing of the new house, was more constantly occupied than she had ever been in her life; "but then, if they marry, what are they to live upon? and if they don't marry?"

"Perhaps something will turn up, my dear," said old Mrs. Western, who had an idea that Providence was bound to provide for two good young people who wanted to marry; and thus the two ladies were forced to leave the matter where, indeed, the historian of events in Carlingford would willingly leave it also, not having much faith in the rewards of virtue which come convenient in such an emergency. But it is only pure fiction which can keep true to nature, and weave its narrative in analogy with the ordinary course of life—whereas history demands exactness in matters of *fact*, which are seldom true to nature, or amenable to any general rule of existence.

Before proceeding, however, to the narrative of the unexpected advancement and promotion which awaited the Perpetual Curate, it may be as well to notice that the Miss Wentworths, who during the summer had kindly given their house at Skelmersdale to

some friends who had returned in the spring from India, found themselves now in a position to return to their own proper dwelling-place, and made preparations accordingly for leaving Carlingford, in which, indeed, they had no further occupation; for, to be sure, except to the extent of that respect which a man owes to his aunts, they had no special claim upon Frank Wentworth, or right to supervise his actions, save on account of Skelmersdale, which was now finally disposed of and given away. It cannot be said that Miss Leonora had ever fully recovered the remarkable indisposition which her nephew Jack's final address had brought upon her. The very next morning she fulfilled her pledges as a woman of honor, and bestowed Skelmersdale positively and finally upon Julia Trench's curate, who indeed made a creditable enough rector in his way; but after she had accomplished this act, Miss Leonora relapsed into one unceasing watch upon her nephew Frank which was far from dispelling the tendency to headache which she showed at this period for the first and only time in her life. She watched him with a certain feeling of expiation, as she might have resorted to self-flagellation, had she lived a few hundred years before, and perhaps suffered more acute pangs in that act of discipline than could be inflicted by any physical scourge. The longer she studied the matter the more thoroughly was Miss Leonora convinced, not only that the Perpetual Curate was bent on doing his duty, but that he *did* it with all the force of high faculties, and a mind much more thoroughly trained, and of finer material than was possessed by the man whom she had made rector of Skelmersdale. The strong-minded woman bore quietly, with a kind of defiance, the sharp wounds with which her self-esteem was pierced by this sight. She followed up her discovery, and made herself more and more certain of the mistake she had made, not sparing herself any part of her punishment. As she pursued her investigations, too, Miss Leonora became increasingly sensible that it was not his mother's family whom he resembled, as she had once thought, but that he was out and out a Wentworth, possessed of all the family features; and this was the man whom by her own act she had disinherited of his natural share in the patronage of the family, substituting for her own flesh and blood an individual for whom, to tell the truth, she had little respect! Perhaps if she had been able to sustain herself with the thought that it was entirely a question of "principle," the retrospect might not have been so hard upon Miss Leonora; but being a woman of very distinct and uncompromising vision, she could not conceal from herself either Julia

Trench's cleverness or her own mixed and doubtful motives. Having this sense of wrong and injustice, and general failure of the duty of kindred towards Frank, it might have been supposed a little comfort to Miss Leonora to perceive that he had entirely recovered from his disappointment, and was no longer in her power, if indeed he had ever been so. But the fact was, that if anything could have aggravated her personal smart, it would have been the fact of Frank's indifference and cheerfulness, and evident capability of contenting himself with his duty and his favorite district, and his Lucy,—whom, to be sure, he could not marry, being only a perpetual curate. The spectacle came to have a certain fascination for Miss Wentworth. She kept watching him with a grim satisfaction, punishing herself, and at the same time comforting herself with the idea that, light as he made of it, he must be suffering too. She could not bear to think that he had escaped clean out of her hands, and that the decision she had come to, which produced so much pain to herself, was innoxious to Frank; and at the same time, though she could not tolerate his composure, and would have preferred to see him angry and revengeful, his evident recovery of spirits and general exhilaration increased Miss Leonora's respect for the man she had wronged. In this condition of mind the strong-minded aunt lingered over her preparations for removal, scorning much the rumor in Carlingford about her nephew's advancement, and feeling that she could never forgive him if by any chance promotion should come to him after all. "He will stay where he is. He will be a perpetual curate," Miss Leonora said, uttering what was in reality a hope under the shape of a taunt; and things were still in this position when Grange Lane in general and Miss Dora in particular (from the window of the summer-house) were startled much by the sight of the rector, in terribly correct clerical costume, as if he were going to dine with the bishop, who walked slowly down the road like a man charged with a mission, and, knocking at Mrs. Hadwin's door, was admitted immediately to a private conference with the Curate of St. Roque's.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was the same afternoon that Mr Wentworth failed to attend, as he had never been known to fail before, at the afternoon school which he had set up in Prickett's Lane for the young bargemen, who, between the intervals of their voyages had a little leisure at that hour of the day. It is true there was a master provided, and the presence of the Perpetual Curate was not indispensable; but the lads, among whom, indeed, there were some men, were so much used to his presence

as to get restless at their work on this unprecedented emergency. The master knew no other resource than to send for Miss Lucy Wodehouse, who was known to be on the other side of Prickett's Lane at the moment, superintending a similar educational undertaking for the benefit of the girls. It was, as may be supposed, embarrassing to Lucy to be called upon to render an account of Mr Wentworth's absence, and invited to take his place in this public and open manner; but then the conventional reticences were unknown in unbarfside, and nobody thought it necessary to conceal his certainty that the curate's movements were better known to Lucy than to anybody else. She had to make answer with as much composure as possible in the full gaze of so many pairs of curious eyes, that she did not know why Mr. Wentworth was absent. "Somebody is sick perhaps," said Lucy, repeating an excuse which had been made before for the Perpetual Curate; but I hope it does not make any difference," she went on, turning round upon all the upturned heads which were neglecting their work to stare at her. "Mr Wentworth would be grieved to think that his absence did his scholars any injury." Lucy looked one of the ring-leaders in the eyes as she spoke, and brought him to his senses, all the more effectually, to be sure, because she knew all about him, and was a familiar figure to the boy, suggesting various little comforts, for which, in Prickett's Lane, people were not ungrateful. But when she went back again to her girls, the young lady found herself in a state of excitement which was half annoyance and half a kind of shy pleasure. To be sure, it was quite true that they did belong to each other; but at the same time, so long as she was Lucy Wodehouse, she had no right to be called upon to represent "the clergyman," even in the "district" which was so important to both. And then it occurred to her to remember that if she remained Lucy Wodehouse that was not the curate's fault—from which thought she went on to reflect that going away with Mr. and Mrs. Proctor when they were married was not a charming prospect, not to say that it involved a renunciation of the district for the present at least, and possibly forever; for if Mr. Wentworth could not marry as long as he was a perpetual curate, it followed of necessity that he could not marry until he had left Carlingford,—an idea which Lucy turned over in her mind very seriously as she walked home, for this once unattended. A new light seemed to be thrown upon the whole matter by this thought. To consent to be married simply for her own happiness, to the disadvantage in any respect of her husband, was an idea odious to this young

woman, who, like most young women, preferred to represent even to herself that it was for *his* happiness that she permitted herself to be persuaded to marry; but if duty were involved, that was quite another affair. It was quite evident to Lucy, as she walked towards Grange Lane, that the curate would not be able to find any one to take her place in the district; perhaps also—for she was honest even in her self-delusions—Lucy was aware that she might herself have objections to the finding of a substitute; and what then? Was the great work to be interrupted because she could not bear the idea of possibly diminishing some of his external comforts by allowing him to have his way, and to be what he considered happy? Such was the wonderful length to which her thoughts had come when she reached the garden-door, from which Mr. Wentworth himself, flushed and eager, came hastily out as she approached. So far from explaining his unaccountable absence, or even greeting her with ordinary politeness, the young man seized her by the arm and brought her into the garden with a rapidity which made her giddy. "What is it—what do you mean?" Lucy cried, with amazement, as she found herself whirled through the sunshine and half carried up stairs. Mr. Wentworth made no answer until he had deposited her breathless in her own chair, in her own corner, and then got down on his knee beside her, as men in his crazy circumstances are not unapt to do.

"Lucy, look here. I was a perpetual curate the other day when you said you would have me," said the energetic lover, who was certainly out of his wits, and did not know what he was saying—"and you said you did not mind?"

"I said it did not matter," said Lucy, who was slightly piqued that he did not recollect exactly the form of so important a decision. "I knew well enough you were a perpetual curate. Has anything happened, or are you going out of your mind?"

"I think it must be that," said Mr. Wentworth. "Something so extraordinary has happened that I cannot believe it. Was I in Prickett's Lane this afternoon as usual, or was I at home in my own room talking to the rector, or have I fallen asleep somewhere, and is the whole thing a dream?"

"You certainly were not in Prickett's Lane," said Lucy. "I see what it is. Miss Leonora Wentworth has changed her mind, and you are going to have Skelmersdale after all. I did not think you could have made up your mind to leave the district. It is not news that gives me any pleasure," said the Sister of Mercy, as she loosed slowly off from her shoulders the gray cloak which was the uniform of the district. Her own thoughts

had been so different that she felt intensely mortified to think of the unnecessary decision she had been so near making, and disappointed that the offer of a living could have moved her lover to such a pitch of pleasure. "All men are alike, it seems," she said to herself, with a little quiver in her lip,—a mode of forestalling his communications which filled the Perpetual Curate with amazement and dismay.

"What are you thinking of?" he said. "Miss Leonora Wentworth has not changed her mind. That would have been a natural accident enough, but this is incredible. If you like, Lucy," he added, with an unsteady laugh, "and will consent to my original proposition, you may marry on the 15th, not the perpetual curate of St. Roque's, but the Rector of Carlingford. Don't look at me with such an unbelieving countenance. It is quite true."

"I wonder how you can talk so!" cried Lucy, indignantly; "it is all a made-up story; you know it is. I don't like practical jokes," she went on, trembling a little, and taking another furtive look at him—for somehow it was too wonderful not to be true.

"If I had been making up a story, I should have kept to what was likely," said Mr. Wentworth. "The rector has been with me all the afternoon; he says he has been offered his father's rectory, where he was brought up, and that he has made up his mind to accept it, as he always was fond of the country;—and that he has recommended me to his college for the living of Carlingford."

"Yes, yes," said Lucy, impatiently, "that is very good of Mr. Morgan; but you know you are not a member of the college, and why should you have the living? I knew it could not be true."

"They are all a set of old—Dons," said the Perpetual Curate; "that is, they are the most accomplished set of fellows in existence, Lucy,—or at least they ought to be,—but they are too superior to take an ordinary living, and condescend to ordinary existence. Here has Carlingford been twice vacant within a year—which is an unprecedented event—and Buller, the only man who would think of it, is hanging on for a colonial bishopric, where he can publish his book at his leisure. Buller is a great friend of Gerald's. It is incredible, *Lucia mia*, but it is true."

"Is it true? are you *sure* it is true?" cried Lucy; and in spite of herself she broke down and gave way, and let her head rest on the first convenient support it found, which turned out, naturally enough, to be Mr. Wentworth's shoulder, and cried as if her heart was breaking. It is so seldom in this world that things come just when they are wanted; and this was not only an acceptable benefice,

but implied the entire possession of the "district" and the most conclusive vindication of the curate's honor. Lucy cried out of pride and happiness and glory in him. She said to herself, as Mrs. Morgan had done at the beginning of her incumbency, "He will be such a rector as Carlingford has never seen." Yet at the same time, apart from her glorying and her pride, a certain sense of pain, exquisite though shortlived, found expression in Lucy's tears. She had just been making up her mind to accept a share of his lowliness, and to show the world that even a perpetual curate, when his wife was equal to her position, might be poor without feeling any of the degradations of poverty; and now she was forestalled, and had nothing to do but accept his competence, which it would be no credit to manage well! Such were the thoughts to which she was reduced, though she had come home from Prickett's Lane persuading herself that it was duty only, and the wants of the district, which moved her. Lucy cried, although not much given to crying, chiefly because it was the only method she could find of giving expression to the feelings which were too varied and too complicated for words.

All Carlingford knew the truth about Mr. Wentworth's advancement that evening, and on the next day, which was Sunday, the church of St. Roque's was as full as if the plague had broken out in Carlingford, and the population had rushed out, as they might have done in medieval times, to implore the succor of the physician-saint. The first indication of the unusual throng was conveyed to Mr. Wentworth in his little vestry after the choristers had filed into the church in their white surplices, about which, to tell the truth, the Perpetual Curate was less interested than he had once been. Elsworthy, who had been humbly assisting the young priest to robe himself, ventured to break the silence when they were alone.

"The church is very full, sir," said Elsworthy, "there's a deal of people come, sir, after hearing the news. I don't say as I've always been as good a servant as I ought to have been; but it was all through being led away, and not knowing no better, and putting my trust where I shouldn't have put it. I've had a hard lesson, sir, and I've learnt better," he continued, with a sidelong glance at the curate's face; "it was all a mistake."

"I was not finding fault with you, that I am aware of," said Mr. Wentworth, with a little surprise.

"No, sir," said Elsworthy, "I'm aware as you wasn't finding no fault; but there's looks as speaks as strong as words, and I can feel as you haven't the confidence in me as you once had. I aint ashamed to say it, sir,"

continued the clerk of St. Roque's. "I'm one as trusted in that girl's innocent looks, and didn't believe as she could do no harm. She's led me into ill-feeling with my clergyman, sir, and done me a deal o' damage in my trade, and now she's gone off without as much as saying 'Thank you for your kindness.' It's a hard blow upon a man as was fond of her, and I didn't make no difference, no more than if she had been my own child."

"Well, well," said the curate, "I dare say it was a trial to you; but you can't expect me to take much interest in it after all that has passed. Let bygones be bygones," said Mr. Wentworth with a smile, "as indeed you once proposed."

"Ah! sir, that was my mistake," sighed the penitent. "I would have 'umbled myself more becoming, if I had known all as I know now. You're a-going off to leave St. Roque's, where we've all been so happy," said Mr. Elsworthy, in pathetic tones. "I don't know as I ever was as 'appy, sir, as here, a-listening to them beautiful sermons, and a-giving my best attention to see as the responses was well spoke out, and things done proper. Afore our troubles began, sir, I don't know as I had a wish in the world, unless it was to see an 'andsome painted window in the chancel, which is all as is wanted to make the church perfect; and now you're a-going to leave, and nobody knows what kind of a gentleman may be sent. If you wouldn't think I was making too bold," said Elsworthy, "it aint my opinion as you'll ever put up with poor old Norris as is in the church. Men like Mr. Morgan and Mr. Proctor as had no cultivation doesn't mind; but for a gentleman as goes through the service as you does it, Mr. Wentworth"—

Mr. Wentworth laughed, though he was fully robed and ready for the reading-desk, and knew that his congregation was waiting. He held his watch in his hand, though it already marked the half minute after eleven, "So you would like to be clerk in the parish church?" he said, with what seemed a quite unnecessary amount of amusement to the anxious functionary by his side.

"I think as you could never put up with old Norris, sir," said Elsworthy: "as for leading of the responses, there ain't such a thing done in Carlingford church. I don't speak for myself," said the public-spirited clerk, "but it aint a right thing for the rising generation; and it aint everybody as would get into your way in a minute for you have a way of your own, sir, in most things, and if you'll excuse me for saying of it, you're very particular. It aint every man, sir, as could carry on clear through the service along of you, Mr. Wentworth; and you wouldn't put up with old Norris, not for a day."

Such was the conversation which opened this memorable Sunday to Mr. Wentworth. Opposite to him, again occupying the seat where his wife should have been, had he possessed one, were the three Miss Wentworths, his respected aunts, to whose opinion, however, the curate did not feel himself bound to defer very greatly in present circumstances; and a large and curious congregation ranged behind them, almost as much concerned to see how Mr. Wentworth would conduct himself in this moment of triumph, as they had been in the moment of his humiliation. It is, however, needless to inform the friends of the Perpetual Curate that the anxious community gained very little by their curiosity. It was not the custom of the young Anglican to carry his personal feelings, either of one kind or another, into the pulpit with him, much less into the reading-desk, where he was the interpreter not of his own sentiments or emotions, but of common prayer and universal worship. Mr. Wentworth did not even throw a little additional warmth into his utterance of the general thanksgiving, as he might have done, had he been a more effusive man; but, on the contrary, read it with a more than ordinary calmness, and preached to the excited people one of those terse little unimpassioned sermons of his, from which it was utterly impossible to divine whether he was in the depths of despair or at the summit and crown of happiness. People who had been used to discover a great many of old Mr. Bury's personal peculiarities in his sermons, and who, of recent days, had found many illusions which it was easy to interpret in the discourses of Mr. Morgan, retired altogether baffled from the clear and succinct brevity of the Curate of St. Roque's. He was that day in particular so terse as to be almost epigrammatic, not using a word more than was necessary, and displaying that power of saying a great deal more than at the first moment he appeared to say, in which Mr. Wentworth's admirers especially prided themselves. Perhaps a momentary human gratification in the consciousness of having utterly baffled curiosity passed through the curate's mind as he took off his robes when the service was over; but he was by no means prepared for the ordeal which awaited him when he stepped forth from the pretty porch of St. Roque's. There his three aunts were awaiting him, eager to hear all about it, Miss Dora, for the first time in her life, holding the principal place. "We are going away to-morrow, Frank, and of course you are coming to lunch with us," said Aunt Dora, clinging to his arm. "Oh, my dear boy, I am so happy, and so ashamed, to hear

it. To think you should be provided for, and nobody belonging to you have anything to do with it! I don't know what to say," said Miss Dora, who was half crying as usual; "and as for Leonora, one is frightened to speak to her. Oh, I wish you would say something to your Aunt Leonora, Frank. I don't know whether she is angry with us, or with you, or with herself, or what it is; or if it is an attack on the nerves—though I never imagined she had any nerves; but, indeed, whatever my brother may say, it looks very like—dreadfully like—the coming-on of the Wentworth complaint. Poor papa was just like that when he used to have it coming on; and Leonora is not just—altogether—what you would call a female, Frank. Oh, my dear boy, if you would only speak to her!" cried Miss Dora, who was a great deal too much in earnest to perceive anything comical in what she had said.

"I should think it must be an attack on the temper," said the curate; who, now that it was all over, felt that it was but just his Aunt Leonora should suffer a little for her treatment of him. "Perhaps some of her favorite colporteurs have fallen back into evil ways. There was one who had been a terrible blackguard, I remember. It is something that has happened among her mission people, you may be sure, and nothing about me."

"You don't know Leonora, Frank. She is very fond of you, though she does not show it," said Miss Dora, as she led her victim in triumphantly through the garden-door, from which the reluctant young man could see Lucy and her sister in their black dresses just arriving at the other green door from the parish church, where they had occupied their usual places, according to the ideas of propriety which were common to both the Miss Wodehouses. Mr. Wentworth had to content himself with taking off his hat to them, and followed his aunts to the table, where Miss Leonora took her seat much with the air of a judge about to deliver a sentence. She did not restrain herself even in consideration of the presence of Lewis the butler, who, to be sure, had been long enough in the Wentworth family to know as much about its concerns as the members of the house themselves, or perhaps a little more. Miss Leonora sat down grim and formidable in her bonnet, which was in the style of a remote period, and did not soften the severity of her personal appearance. She pointed her nephew to a seat beside her, but she did not relax her features, nor condescend to any ordinary preliminaries of conversation. For that day even she took Lewis's business out

of his astonished hands, and herself divided the chicken with a swift and steady knife and anatomical precision; and it was while occupied in this congenial business that she broke forth upon Frank in a manner so unexpected as almost to take away his breath.

"I suppose this is what fools call poetical justice," said Miss Leonora, "which is just of a piece with everything else that is poetical,—weak folly and nonsense that no sensible man would have anything to say to. How a young man like you, who know how to conduct yourself in some things, and have, I don't deny, many good qualities, can give in to come to an ending like a trashy novel, is more than I can understand. You are fit to be put in a book of the Goodchild series, Frank, as an illustration of the reward of virtue," said the strong-minded woman, with a little snort of scorn; "and, of course, you are going to marry and live happy ever after, like a fairy tale."

"It is possible I may be guilty of that additional enormity," said the curate, "which in all events, will not be your doing, my dear aunt, if I might suggest a consolation. You cannot help such things happening, but, at least, it should be a comfort to feel you have done nothing to bring them about."

To which Miss Leonora answered by another hard breath of mingled disdain and resentment. "Whatever I have brought about, I have tried to do what I thought my duty," she said. "It has always seemed to me a very poor sort of virtue that expects a reward for doing what it ought to do. I don't say you haven't behaved very well in this business, but you've done nothing extraordinary; and why I should have rushed out of my way to reward you for it—Oh, yes, I know you did not expect anything," said Miss Leonora; "you have told me as much on various occasions, Frank. You have, of course, always been perfectly independent, and scorned to flatter your old aunts by any deference to their convictions; and, to be sure, it is nothing to you any little pang they may feel at having to dispose otherwise of a living that has always been in the family. You are of the latest fashion of Anglicanism, and we are only a parcel of old women. It was not to be expected that our antiquated ideas could be worth as much to you as a parcel of flowers and trumpery!"

These were actually tears which glittered in Miss Leonora's eyes of fiery hazel grey—tears of very diminutive size, totally unlike the big dewdrops which rained from Miss Dora's placid orbs and made them red, but did her no harm—but still a real moisture, forced out of a fountain which lay very deep down and inaccessible to ordinary efforts. They made her eyes look rather fiercer than

otherwise for the moment; but they all but impeded Miss Leonora's speech, and struck with the wildest consternation the entire party at the table, including even Lewis, who stood transfixed in the act of drawing a bottle of soda-water, and, letting the cork escape him in his amazement, brought affairs to an unlooked for climax by hitting Miss Wentworth, who had been looking on with interest without taking any part in the proceedings. When the fright caused by this unintentional shot had subsided, Miss Leonora was found to have entirely recovered herself; but not so the Perpetual Curate, who had changed color wonderfully, and no longer met his accuser with reciprocal disdain.

"My dear aunt," said Frank Wentworth, "I wish you would not go back to that. I suppose we parsons are apt sometimes to exaggerate trifles into importance, as my father says. But, however, as things have turned out, I could not have left Carlingford," the curate added, in a tone of conciliation; "and now, when good fortune has come to me unsought!"

Miss Leonora finished her portion of chicken in one energetic gulp, and got up from the table. "Poetic justice!" she said, with a curious sneer. "I don't believe in that kind of rubbish. As long as you were getting on quietly with your work, I felt disposed to be rather proud of you, Frank. But I don't approve of a man ending off neatly like a novel in this sort of ridiculous way. When you succeed to the rectory, I suppose you will begin fighting, like the other man, with the new curate, for working in your parish?"

"When I succeed to the rectory," said Mr. Wentworth, getting up in his turn from the table, "I give you my word, Aunt Leonora, no man shall work in *my* parish unless I set him to do it. Now I must be off to my work. I don't suppose Carlingford Rectory will be the end of me," the Perpetual Curate added, as he went away, with a smile which his aunts could not interpret. As for Miss Leonora, she tied her bonnet-strings very tight, and went off to the afternoon service at Salem Chapel by way of expressing her sentiments more forcibly. "I dare say he's bold enough to take a bishopric," she said to herself; "but fortunately we've got that in our own hands as long as Lord Shaftesbury lives;" and Miss Leonora smiled grimly over the prerogatives of her party. But though she went to Salem Chapel that afternoon, and consoled herself that she could secure the bench of bishops from any audacious invasion of Frank Wentworth's hopes, it is true, notwithstanding, that Miss Leonora sent her maid next morning to London with certain obsolete ornaments, of which, though the fashion was hideous, the jewels were pre-

cious; and Lucy Wodehouse had never seen anything so brilliant as the appearance they presented when they returned shortly after, reposing upon beds of white satin in cases of velvet,—“Ridiculous things,” as Miss Leonora informed her, “for a parson’s wife.”

It was some time after this—for, not to speak of ecclesiastical matters, a removal, even when the furniture is left behind and there are only books and rare ferns and old china to convey from one house to another, is a matter which involves delays,—when Mr. Wentworth went to the railway station with Mrs. Morgan to see her off finally, her husband having gone to London with the intention of joining her in the new house. Naturally, it was not without serious thoughts that the Rector’s wife left the place in which she had made her first beginning of active life, not so successfully as she had hoped. She could not help recalling, as she went along the familiar road, the hopes so vivid as to be almost certainties with which she had come into Carlingford. The long waiting was then over, and the much-expected era had arrived and existence had seemed to be opening in all its fulness and strength before the two who had looked forward to it so long. It was not much more than six months ago; but Mrs. Morgan had made a great many discoveries in the mean time. She had found out the wonderful difference between anticipation and reality; and that life, even to a happy woman married after long patience to the man of her choice, was not the smooth road it looked, but a rough path enough; cut into dangerous ruts, through which generations of men and women followed each other without ever being able to mend the way. She was not so sure as she used to be of a great many important matters which it is a wonderful consolation to be certain of—but, notwithstanding, had to go on as if she had no doubts, though the clouds of a defeat, in which certainly, no honor, though a good deal of the *prestige* of inexperience had been lost, were still looming behind. She gave a little sigh as she shook Mr. Wentworth’s hand at parting. “A great many things have happened in six months,” she said—“one never could have anticipated so many changes in what looks so short a period of one’s life”—and as the train which she had watched so often rushed past that bit of new wall on which the Virginian creeper was beginning to grow luxuriantly, which screened the railway from the rectory windows, there were tears in Mrs. Morgan’s eyes. Only six months and so much had happened!—what might not happen in all those months, in all those years of life which scarcely looked so hopeful as of old? She preferred turning her back

upon Carlingford, though it was the least comfortable side of the carriage, and put down her veil to shield her eyes from the dust, or perhaps from the inspection of her fellow-travellers: and once more the familiar thought returned to her of what a different woman she would have been, had she come to her first experiences of life with the courage and confidence of twenty or even of five-and-twenty, which was the age Mrs. Morgan dwelt upon most kindly. And then she thought with a thrill of vivid kindness and a touch of tender envy of Lucy Wodehouse, who would now have no possible occasion to wait those ten years.

As for Mr. Wentworth, he who was a priest, and knew more about Carlingford than any other man in the place, could not help thinking, as he turned back, of people there to whom these six months had produced alterations far more terrible than any that had befallen the rector’s wife,—people from whom the light of life had died out, and to whom all the world was changed. He knew of men who had been cheerful enough when Mr. Morgan came to Carlingford, who now did not care what became of them; and of women who would be glad to lay down their heads and hide them from the mocking light of day. He knew it, and it touched his heart with the tenderest pity of life, the compassion of happiness; and he knew too that the path upon which he was about to set out led through the same glooms, and was no ideal career. But perhaps because Mr. Wentworth was young—perhaps because he was possessed by that delicate sprite more dainty than any Ariel who puts rosy girdles round the world while his time of triumph lasts, it is certain that the new rector of Carlingford turned back into Grange Lane without the least shadow upon his mind or timidity in his thoughts. He was now in his own domains, an independent monarch, as little inclined to divide his power as any autocrat; and Mr. Wentworth came into his kingdom without any doubts of his success in it, or capability for its government. He had first a little journey to make to bring back Lucy from that temporary and reluctant separation from the district which propriety had made needful; but in the mean time, Mr. Wentworth trod with firm foot the streets of his parish, secure that no parson nor priest should tithe or toll in his dominions, and a great deal more sure than even Mr. Morgan had been, that henceforth no unauthorized evangelization should take place in any portion of his territory. This sentiment, perhaps, was the principal difference perceptible by the community in general between the new rector of Carlingford and the late Perpetual Curate of St. Roque’s.

THE LIVING AGE.


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98 THE POOR PAINTER'S EPITAPH.—OVER THE HILLSIDE.

THE POOR PAINTER'S EPITAPH.

I.

YE rich, whom God has granteased
And time to work each brave design,
Who need not care the world to please,
Compare your happy lot with mine !
Who dare not do the best I can,
For on world's favor hangs my bread :
And, thwarted in each higher plan,
I have no hope, till for the dead
'Tis written on my churchyard stone,
"He lived unloved, he died unknown."

II.

From light of dawn till even's gloom,
Slow moves the pencil 'neath my hand ;
Alone within this lonely room,
Tired of each fancy ere 'tis planned ;
No friend stands by to give me cheer,
To check my faults, to help my way ;
I'm weary of this earth-life drear,
Long from the next I cannot stay.
Write soon upon the churchyard stone,
"He lived unloved, he died unknown."

III.

With the young days so long since fled,
How have the young dreams past as well !
I thought each morn to quit my bed
With some new word from God to tell,
With some new beauty men to raise
To things unseen by earth-types led :
Alas, we live in evil days,
When all men live on only bread.
Ye can but write then on the stone,
"He lived unloved, he died unknown."

IV.

And yet, perchance, 'tis want of faith ;
Had I but bravely done my best,
I might not now be nearing death
'Mid lonely care and fixt unrest.
O God ! I know not. In the night
And tumult of the things that be,
I may have failed to read aright
The intent of 'what thou'dst planned for me :
Howe'er it be, write on the stone,
He lived unloved, he died unknown."

V.

Or had I been of coarser mould,
Content to choose the pettier gain,
Ambitious, eager after gold,
I might not now have lived in vain.
But strength and weakness, Lord, thou know'st ;
I leave the judgment to thy hand :
A broken shard, I cannot boast ;
Who before thee excused can stand ?
For men alone write on the stone,
"He lived unloved, he died unknown."

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

OVER THE HILLSIDE.

FAREWELL ! In dimmer distance
I watch your figures glide,
Across the sunny moorland,
And brown hillside.

Each momentarily uprising,
Large, dark, against the sky ;
Then—in the vacant moorland,
Alone sit I.

Along the unknown country,
Where your lost footsteps pass,
What beauty decks the heavens
And clothes the grass !

Over the mountain shoulder,
What glories may unfold !
Though I see but the mountain,
Blank, bare, and cold ;

And the white road, slow winding
To where, each after each,
You slipped away—ah, whither ?
I cannot reach.

And if I call, what answers ?
Only, twixt earth and sky,
Like wail of parting spirit,
The curlew's cry.

.

Yet sunny is the moorland,
And soft the pleasant air ;
And little flowers, like blessings,
Grow everywhere.

While, over all, the mountain
Stands, sombre, calm, and still ;
Immutable and steadfast
As the One Will ;

Which, done on earth, in heaven,
Eternally confessed
By men and saints and angels,
Be ever blest !

Under its infinite shadow,
Safer than light of ours,
I'll sit me down a little
And gather flowers.

Then I will rise and follow
Without one wish to stay,
The path ye all have taken,—
The appointed way.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS OF CONCORD.

It is now nearly thirty years since Ralph Waldo Emerson, having already startled the generation of young Americans from the drowsiness which they had inherited, returned from his communion with Carlyle, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and came to his ancestral home at Concord, Massachusetts, to be the Arthur of an intellectual Round Table. The little village of Concord is about twenty miles from Boston, just too far to be an inviting place of residence to those having business with the city. It had exactly the same number of inhabitants, according to the census of 1860, that it had in 1850,—about 1,200. It is known among the manufacturing towns around as Sleepy Hollow. Its visitors for fifty years had been only some young patriots who came occasionally to stand on the spot where the first physical resistance was made to the soldiers of George III. by his revolutionary colonies—

“By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Where once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

But within these thirty years there have been more pilgrims to Concord than were ever attracted by the little granite shaft and the submerged buttresses of the old bridge, which indicate the sacred spot; for in that time the seemingly sleepy little village has been the arena of a nobler revolution,—that against creeds and forms whose time had come to pass away, but which still aspired to grasp and wield in their skeleton hands the sceptre of the New World.

Emerson stood, not only by gifts, but by hereditary right, the representative of whatever new unfoldings of thought might be possible under the new conditions of American life. He was the eighth in regular succession of a family line of clergymen, a most important fact in a country where the clergyman was at once the scholar and authentic spiritual guide in every community, and also a paramount power behind every magistrate; and it is well known that the Puritans did not fail to appreciate the sweets of power when they became the rulers instead of the ruled. But it is more interesting to know that these eight ministers of the family had each represented the most advanced phase of what is called “New England Theology,” in

his time. The earliest ancestors had, of course, preached extreme Calvinism; but no ray of liberalism that mitigated that shadow was without an Emerson standing for it. When the time of Arminianism came, Emerson's grandfather was in the van of its defenders, and his father was one of the earliest to avow Unitarianism. Ralph Waldo certainly proved himself to be, if I may be allowed the phrase, “a chip of the old block,” when he took Unitarianism, in the plaintive language of an old Boston clergyman, and carried it God knows where. Emerson thus inherited the accumulated culture and heresies of two hundred years, and is reverently regarded by his disciples as the consummate flower which the sturdy root and thorny stem of Puritanism existed to produce.

It is a part of the Boston creed that one who is born in that city does not need to be born again. Destiny gave this advantage to Emerson, May, 25th, 1803. He had the usual advantages, also, of a boy of good family, brought up in a city where, as I think, more careful attention is paid to the real education of children than in any other part of the world. So early as the age of fourteen he entered Harvard University, at Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1821. He had the much-sought distinction of being the class-poet on class-day. He did not take a very high rank in his class, though, during his college course, he had twice received a Bowdoin prize for dissertations, and once a Boylston prize for declamation. Amongst his companions he was distinguished for general literary attainments. After graduation, Emerson studied in the Divinity College at Cambridge, and at the same time taught school; this extra labor was undertaken for the purpose of educating, at Harvard, his younger brother Charles, who was by many at that time regarded as intellectually superior to Ralph Waldo. This young man died soon after graduation, leaving behind him a few remarkable manuscripts which were published in the *Dial*, as “Notes from the Journal of a Scholar.” In 1826, Emerson was “approved” by the Middlesex Association of Ministers; but his health failing, he spent the winter in Florida and South Carolina. In 1829 he was ordained pastor of a church of importance in Boston. He had been in this position a year or two when, as the regular day for celebrating the Lord's Supper

returned, he announced to his congregation that he must decline to administer it. He gave as his reason, that he thought the Quakers right in thinking that the Lord's Supper was an inward communion, which was only sensualized by the presentation of outward symbols. This wrought such an agitation amongst his fellow-ministers that he resigned his pulpit. About this time, also, his spirits were much depressed by the loss of his wife, a beautiful and superior woman, whom he married in September, 1830, and lost in less than five months thereafter. He then visited Europe, where he had important interviews with Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and more particularly with Thomas Carlyle, whose genius he was perhaps one of the first to recognize. He travelled far, and by a private carriage, to find Craigenputtock, amid its "desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." Many will remember his account of this visit. "We went out," he says, "to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth's country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carlyle's fault that we talked on that topic; for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects the future. 'Christ died on the tree: that built Dunscone kirk yonder: that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence.'"

On his return from Europe in the winter of 1833, Emerson began his career as a lecturer, and really created the Lyceum system of America. The successive subjects upon which he lectured during the next few years indicate the direction of his studies: "Water;" "Italy" (2); "The Relation of Man to the Globe" (3); "Michael Angelo;" "Milton;" "Luther;" George Fox;" "Edmund Burke."

In the year 1835, Mr. Emerson was a second time married, and went to reside in Concord. In the same year he began to be known as one who was giving new views to the people. Large and anxious crowds attended his lectures on "The Times," on

"The American Scholar," on "Transcendentalism," and kindred subjects. The excitement was very great. He spoke to the young men around him with an emphasis that deprived them of sleep. He brought the age to the bar of judgment. "Our age," he cried, "is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we, also, enjoy our original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us, by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship." Of course a religious teacher could not go on in this strain without producing a panic in the churches. This came, and culminated in a formal condemnation of his doctrines by the Faculty of the Divinity College (Unitarian), upon his delivery of the celebrated address before the graduating class of that institution in 1838. That address was an era in the religious history of New England: it created a new school of Unitarianism, and planted the germ of an American philosophy. Theodore Parker was, as yet, a comparatively unknown inquirer when he heard it; to him it was a crystallizing touch as to many others. In his private journal was found the following entry: "Sunday, July 15th, 1838. Proceeded to Cambridge to hear the valedictory sermon by Mr. Emerson. In this he surpassed himself as much as he surpasses others in the general way. I shall give no abstract. So beautiful, so just, so true, and terribly sublime was his picture of the faults of the church in its present position. My soul is roused, and this week I shall write the long meditated sermons on the state of the church and the duties of these times."

From this time Concord became a transcendental Mecca, and was visited by all

manner of "come-outers." Men with long hair, long beards, and long collars; very many with long ears; those who believed that man was to reach the millennium by abstinence from meat; committees from the Female Short Skirt Society; communists of every hue,—all came with laughable pertinacity, each seeking to get the new candle for his altar, and each in full chase of the millennium which *Mrs. Emerson* had much reason to wish would make haste and come. But *Emerson's* mind was, like Thebes, hounded. Fortunately, though there are swarms of insects at the tropics, there are also to be found gorgeous growths and birds with sunset tints. Around him were Channing, Thoreau, Curtis, Hawthorne, Ripley, and, above all, Margaret Fuller. Then Concord became a centre of "extraordinary generous seeking." The effect of the presence of these superior persons upon the village itself was most remarkable; it was as if a new climate had breathed upon it and evoked germs and growths which were hitherto unsuspected. This little agricultural village presently had libraries, scientific classes, and lecturers, such as many large cities could not show. *Emerson* was looked up to as the good genius of the place and of the country; he was a prophet most honored in his own country.

The *Aspasia* of this high council was Margaret Fuller. Plain, and, to many, even repulsive in appearance, she had a light within which could shine out and in which she was easily transfigured. She had a special and personal relation to each of the magnates around her, discerning their individualities more clearly and swiftly than they themselves could. One of her most intimate friends described her peculiar power of reading faces and forms as a kind of spiritual fortune-telling. With a devotion akin to fascination, the old and the young gathered about this transcendental queen; and the young girls declared that they wilted if she left the village but for a day. They were freely admitted to her room, and the magic play of her voice was like the singing of a fountain. Nor was it with a few choice minds that her singular power was alone felt. "The Concord stage-coachman," says *Emerson*, "distinguished her by his respect, and the chamber-maid was pretty sure to confide to her on the second day her homely romance." The

better class of young Cambridge students came to see her, as if she had been a revisory professor; through the problems which engaged them her all-revealing eye shot like lightning, and for each she read the mystic character of his destiny; and I know several distinguished men who have declared that they have ever since been living and toiling under standards erected for them by Margaret on such occasions. Of course, with this power and magnetism there was much that was strange and much that was morbid. She was a victim of pain nearly all her lifetime; read and wrote in bed, and fancied that she could understand anything better when suffering, and that "pain acted like a girdle to give tension to her powers." "During a terrible attack of headache," writes one of her friends, "which made her totally helpless, Margaret was yet in her finest vein of humor, and kept those who were assisting her in a strange painful excitement between laughing and crying by perpetual brilliant sallies."

There was a singular mixture of faculties and tendencies in this extraordinary woman, calculated to remind one of *Mrs. Browning's* address to George Sand: "Thou great-souled woman and large-hearted man!" Margaret was fully conscious of the male intellect in which was incarnate her sensitively feminine heart. In some unpublished verses "To the Moon," she wrote,—

"But if I steadfast gaze upon thy face,
A human secret like my own I trace,
For through the woman's smile looks the male
eye."

She had a fancy, too, for wearing carbuncles, because carbuncles are male and female; the latter casts out light, the male has his within himself; for she was not without a tendency to dally with the stories of spells and charms; and, it seems, really believed that, when she turned her head on one side, she had second sight. It is certain that her eyes were, at times, visible in the dark.

Her "conversations" given in Boston were attended by *Emerson*, Parker, Phillips, Lowell, and indeed all the leading persons of that region. Her wonderful eloquence and electric spirit gave to these conversations an impressiveness and influence which cannot be inferred from the scanty reports which have been preserved of them. However, I will give a specimen, if only for its drollery,

and to show the kind of intellectual activity which was the first-fruit of the "transcendental movement" in New England:—

March 22d, 1841.—The question of the day was, What is Life? Let us define, each in turn, our idea of living. Margaret did not believe we had, any of us, a distinct idea of life.

A. S. thought so great a question ought to be given for a written definition. "No," said Margaret; "that is of no use. When we go away to think of anything, we never do think. We all talk of life. We all have some thought now. Let us tell it. C——, what is life?" C—— replied, "It is to laugh or cry according to our organization." "Good," said Margaret, "but not grave enough. Come, what is life? I know what I think. I want you to find out what you think."

Miss P. replied, "Life is division from one's principle of life in order to a conscious reorganization. We are cut up by time and circumstance in order to feel our reproduction of the eternal law." Mrs. E.: "We live by the will of God, and the object of life is to submit,"—and went on into Calvinism. Then came up all the antagonism of Fate and Freedom.

Mrs. H. said, "God created us in order to have a perfect sympathy from us as free beings." Mrs. A. B. thought the object of life was to attain absolute freedom. At this Margaret immediately and visibly kindled. C. S. said, "God creates from the fulness of life and cannot but create; he created us to overflow without being exhausted, because what he created necessitated new creation. It is not to make us happy; but creation is his happiness and ours."

Margaret was then pressed to say what she considered life to be. Her answer was full, clear, and concise, and so inspiring that the reporter apologizes for not giving it: he was magnetized. He says, "She began with God as Spirit,—life so full as to create and love eternally, yet capable of pause. Love and creativeness are dynamic forces, out of which we, individually, as creatures, go forth bearing his image, that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we also add constantly to the total sum of existence, and shaking off ignorance and its effects, and by becoming more ourselves, i.e., more divine, destroying sin in its principle,

we attain absolute freedom, we return to God, conscious like himself, and as his friends, giving as well as receiving felicity evermore. In short, we become gods, and able to give the life which we now feel ourselves able only to receive."

With Margaret Fuller began the demand of women in America for social and legal existence; and what is known as the "Woman's Rights Movement" is the organization of her spirit which, like that of John Brown, is still "marching on." Her claim for an independent development for women knew no bounds: "let them be sea-captains if they will!" The modifications of many hard laws in the States, relating to women, must be credited to the interest which she awakened.

In after-years she went to Rome, and remained there during the revolutions of 1848, doing valuable service in the hospitals. Here, also, she married Count Ossoli.

There were, it is known, many ill-natured rumors concerning this marriage, the peculiarities of which were justified by circumstances. Many of her friends, and amongst them the Brownings, wished Margaret to make public explanations of these circumstances; but she stoutly refused, saying, "that no one for whose opinion she cared, would be likely to believe that she had done anything wrong in such a matter." In this she certainly did not underrate the confidence with which her friends in America regarded her. It was at Florence that Margaret enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, who appreciated her rare powers fully as much as her friends in America did, during the last six months of her life. It was with them that she, with her husband and child, spent the last evening that she ever spent on land. As Margaret went to the ill-starred ship, Mrs. Browning pressed upon her finger a ring with a carbuncle in it, entirely unaware of her superstition already alluded to concerning that stone. Later they received from her a letter written—or scratched rather—at Gibraltar, telling them of the ravages of the small-pox, which had deprived them of a captain, and of the rigors by which they were forbidden to land, and compelled to go on toward America with only the mate for captain, and with the disease still lurking in the ship. This was the last letter she ever wrote. I need not here renew the grief of recording the

tragic end of this strange and noble life ; nor the sorrow of the long-expectant relatives and friends who received her and her husband and child, only as the waves washed them to the shore, within hailing distance of which they perished.

So long as Margaret Fuller lived at Concord, that "airy nothing," called Transcendentalism, had a local habitation and a name : those interested in it joined with each other to form a sort of body, of which Emerson was the brain and Margaret the blood. When Margaret left, it broke to pieces like a cosmical ring, each piece flying off to revolve on its own axis and orbit. Some, whose views had been in the direction of social reconstruction, went off to become the centre of the socialistic movement on Brook Farm, others to form religious societies, others to become anti-slavery leaders, whilst Hawthorne took office and fell into the mire of the democratic party, and Emerson, Thoreau, and others remained to follow as individuals, their congenial pursuits.

Somewhere about the year 1845, George W. Curtis, since then celebrated as a brilliant traveller and humorist, found his way to Concord. Curtis was fresh from Cambridge University, of high family, and with fair fortune ; but thinking he had not had sufficient contact with the rough side of life, he, with his brother, hired himself as a farm-laborer near Concord. The whimsical youths worked well for fair wages, and reserved enough leisure to enjoy the society of the village notabilities. He gives some amusing pictures of the Concord circle as it was then.

"Towards the end of the autumn," he writes, "Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter at his library. I went the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, 'Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?' It was quite involuntary and unavoidable ; for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners on the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Allcott invaded the desert of silence with a solemn saying, to

which, after due pause, the Hon. Member for Blackberry Pastures" (Thoreau, the naturalist) "responded by some keen and graphic observation, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale" (Nathaniel Hawthorne), "a statue of Night and Silence, sat, a little removed under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group ; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes, and suit of sable, made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories ; while the shifting presence of the Brook farmer" (Mr. Pratt) "played like heat-lightning round the room. I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver ; for such was the rich ore of his thought, and the deep melody of his voice. Orson charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden Woods ; but still in vain. The oracular sayings were the unalloyed saccharine element, and every chemist knows how much else goes to practical food, how much course, rough, woody fibre is essential. The club struggled valiantly, discoursing celestially, eating apples and disappearing into the dark, until the third evening it vanished altogether."

Meanwhile the village of Concord enjoyed the solid privilege of hearing weekly lectures from these eminent men, and others whom they attracted from a distance. Amongst others they frequently listened to the eloquent voice of W. H. Channing, now chaplain to the House of Representatives at Washington. A firm friendship has long subsisted between Channing and Emerson. Channing was one who gave his earliest sympathies to the socialistic experiments of New England, and, when they failed, was known as an earnest champion of liberal ideas, and of emancipation. There was about him a crystal purity which attracted all, and none more than Emerson. Mrs. Emerson had always wished to have her children christened. Emerson declared that he would offer no objection when a minister could be found to christen

the children "who was as good as they." When Channing came to Concord, he agreed with his wife that the right man had been found, and the children were christened.

At the other end of the village from the residence of Emerson stands the somewhat historic house known as the Old Manse, about which were gathered Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse." It was built for the residence of an early colonial functionary of Massachusetts, and, as its fine front gables and rich wainscoting indicate, was in its time a fine mansion.

In this Old Manse came Nathaniel Hawthorne to dwell in those days when, as he afterwards wrote with a certain grim satisfaction, he "was the most unknown author in America." The twilight region of romance in which he loved to dwell found a congenial centre in this quaint old home, haunted by so many traditions. As a phantom he came, and as a phantom he dwelt there; and, after several years, was still to the villagers a dark, sombre stranger. He was a silent locker-on, and noted down with the interest of an artist the movements which were going on around him; and entering, with an artist's interest, even the community of Brook Farm,—out of which experience grew his "Blithedale Romance," in which all the enthusiasts of that experiment appear. A boat on the beautiful river Musketaquid, at twilight, a bath in the same river a little later, seemed to be the mortal routine of this most reserved and unsocial of men. Whatever befell him went at once into the scrap-bag, out of which came from time to time the finely-woven tales which have fascinated so many. The mother of Goethe said, "My son, whenever he had a grief, made a poem of it, and so got rid of it." It was much the same with the life of Hawthorne, in whose works real events and characters are worked up more than in those of any author with whom I am acquainted. Many will remember the thrilling termination to the story of Zenobia (Margaret Fuller), in the "Blithedale Romance." The terrible details of the dragging for the corpse of the suicide were made with a singular fidelity from an actual event which cast a deep shadow over the village. About a mile from the residence of Mr. Hawthorne lived a farmer of humble fortunes, who had much struggle to obtain a competence for his large family. Among these was a daughter of precocious

talent, who had interested Emerson and others by her studies and earnestness. But as she got older, the hard duties of life and poverty wore upon her delicate organization; and she was not yet twenty years of age when she disappeared. Through the night she was sought in every direction. At length one of the neighbors found some article of her clothing upon the riverside; and, as Mr. Hawthorne's was the nearest house, he went there to get a boat and some assistance. It was after midnight, and Hawthorne went in his boat with the other; together they sat in the moonlight, a mile from the city, and silently dragged for the corpse. At last it was drawn up. Silently Hawthorne went home to spend the rest of the night in writing that chapter, which for tragic power is perhaps unsurpassed in the literature of the horrible.

President Polk took Hawthorne, who was very "impecunious," to use a new American coinage, away from Concord, and gave him the care of the customs in Salem, Massachusetts, with the antiquities, particularly the witches, of which ancient city he made immediate acquaintance. His strange and reserved habits gave him the reputation in Salem of a man who was haunted by an evil conscience and by several unusually pertinacious ghosts whom he had, perhaps, helped to make ghosts in early life. After this he lived in other towns, but finally returned to Concord, declaring that it was, he suspected, the only place on the planet where a man could live as he liked without interference from his neighbors. Had he known how many spinsters his odd habits had tortured with curiosity, and how much tea he had spoiled, he would not have given so much credit even to Concord. Unhappily Hawthorne had been a college classmate of Franklin Pierce; and when the latter was nominated by the Democrats, so-called (*lucus a non lucendo*), for the presidency, the novelist wrote a biography of Pierce. For this, his most remarkable work of fiction, he was, on the election of Mr. Pierce, made consul at Liverpool. To say any more about him here would be carrying coals to Newcastle. Nevertheless, I may add, that amongst those in America who knew Hawthorne best, his criticisms upon so much of English life and character as may be only seen in parlors, and especially his judgments concerning English or other women, are regarded as the

breaking out of a comic genius in him, for which he has hitherto had little credit. Upon entering a room where any company had assembled, Hawthorne was very sure to make for the darkest corner, and it would have taken more than a forty-dowager power to draw him out of it. At an evening company in Boston last year, at which I was present, and where he was the chief guest, he was found to have disappeared at about nine, and being sought for by the host, was discovered in a remote room of the house reading Defoe's "Ghost Stories."

Though personally acquainted with the transcendentalists, Hawthorne was looked upon as having little or no real interest in the principles which they discussed or represented. He was more a keen-eyed intellectual huntsman, who knew where the finest game was to be found; and, as the forester must be unespied,—

"He took the color of his vest
From rabbit's coat or grouse's breast."

Mr. Hawthorne was the only literary man in America who has not given his voice against slavery. At the same time it should be said that, in his personal relations, this ablest of American story-tellers was without reproach, and that they mourn most his early death who knew him best.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, in his celebrated "Fable for Critics," had the discernment to recognize Emerson's common sense as well as his genius, and regarded his head as a well-balanced sphere, with

"One pole on Olympus and t'other on 'Change."

Nevertheless, the majority of his neighbors could not consent that the transcendental philosopher was anything but a dreamer. Yet they all agreed that he was a very charming dreamer, and his plain speech and simple manners with the rough farmers around him won their hearts. Moreover, it was certainly true that the presence of this dreamer in Concord had largely raised the value of real estate. This "simple child, and wildly wise," must be taken care of; and so delicate services were rendered him without his knowledge, and by some persons, doubtless, with whom he had never met. Some nurseryman in the gray of the morning had entered his garden and carefully pruned his vines and trees for the season. One put up a bird house near him, and "ever since," said Mr. Emerson, "there has been a chorus

of birds singing his praises." When he first went to reside on the pleasant little farm at Concord, his house was unprotected from the keen winds of winter, and the intense heats of summer, for which New England is remarkable. A gentleman with whom Emerson had no acquaintance, riding by, paused and saw what was needed. On the next day a wagon loaded with young firs came, and several workmen occupied the day in planting them in front of the house, on each side. Since their growth, the house has been comfortable at all seasons, and the yard remarkable for its beauty.

But one day a tall, slender, blonde and white-haired man was found busily engaged upon Mr. Emerson's grounds, contriving and building with a pile of sticks, which he had heaped together, a fantastic something which might be called arbor, or bower, or summer-house. The architect was A. Bronson Alcott, and this the first and last house evolved from his inner consciousness. Alcott is an institution of Concord and of Transcendentalism, and no account of them would be complete which did not include some sketch of him. Since Wordsworth has celebrated the pedler in an epic, it may not be thought disparaging to say that this singular individual was in early life a traveller through the Southern States in that capacity, even within a short time of his appearance as builder of the ideal bower in Emerson's garden. But his experience certainly did not whet in him any shrewdness which would entitle him to be considered an exemplary Yankee. Alcott, with a large and interesting family, one daughter of which has become distinguished as an authoress, was, humanly speaking, utterly unable to support it. He was utterly unable to do anything for which the great world was willing to trade: it (with exception of the little Emersons) did not wish his summerhouses, still less those mystical ideas which his genius only authorized him to utter, not to write. But Alcott, despite certain inconveniences, believed that there were still kindly ravens who would feed prophets in extremity. On one occasion he in some way became possessed of a twenty-dollar gold-piece, whereat there was rejoicing in his household. On the same day a traveller in distress knocked at his door, and telling a piteous story, besought five dollars to enable him to get home somewhere, promising to return it. Alcott told him that he had not a

five-piece but if a twenty would do he had that. The man naturally accepted the alternative, and went his way rejoicing. Mrs. Alcott, on hearing of the transaction, was much provoked, and did not share her husband's hope of again seeing the money. On the next day the newspaper contained a full description of the rogue, and an account of how he had on false pretences swindled several others. Nevertheless, a few days afterwards Alcott received a letter containing the money, in which the swindler declared that though he had taken the money of other people whenever he could, without compunction, he could not make up his mind to retain the money of a man so simple-hearted and generous as to give him four times the amount that he had asked for.

Alcott was without public reputation for a long time, except among the school-children of Boston, among whom he was the hero of heroes. He had an idea that the children were new arrivals from a higher world, and that, could their ideas and intuitions only be got at and interpreted before they should "fade into the light of common day," we should have the highest revelations. With these ideas he visited many schools, and was freely permitted to occupy a portion of their time with his "Conversations." The children in the schools which he visited were of ages ranging from four to fourteen years. I have reports of two or three of these conversations, which I know to have been genuinely made: they are interesting enough for me to give a specimen here, though they would have been much more interesting if we could have, with the name of each child whose answer is repeated, his or her exact age. Mr. Alcott's plan was to read some passage, generally from the New Testament, and then call upon each of the children to declare what portion of such passage made the deepest impression upon his mind, and the reason of that impression.

In the conversation of which I shall give a portion, the children were all between the ages of six and twelve years of age. Mr. Alcott began by reading that portion of the conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria, contained in John iv. 16-30.

Samuel T. (spoke)—"I was most interested in this verse: 'He that drinks of this water shall thirst again; but he that drinks of the water that I shall give him shall never

thirst.' He means by this that those who heard what he taught, and did it, should live always; should never die; their spirits should never die."

Mr. Alcott.—"Can spirit die?"

Samuel T.—"For a spirit to die is to leave off being good."

Edward J.—"I was interested in the words, 'For the water that I shall give him will be in him a well of water.' I think it means that when people are good, and getting better, it is like water springing up always. They have more and more goodness."

Samuel R.—"Water is an emblem of holiness."

Mr. Alcott.—"Water means spirit, pure and unspoiled."

Edward J.—"It is holy spirit."

Later in the same conversation Mr. Alcott puts the question,—

"When a little infant opens its eyes upon this world, and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginning of worship?"

Josiah (seven years of age).—"No, Mr. Alcott; a little baby does not worship. It opens its eyes on the world, and sees things, and perhaps wonders what they are; but it don't know anything about them or itself. It don't know the use of anything; there is no worship in it."

Mr. Alcott.—"But in this feeling of wonder and admiration which it has, is there not the beginning of worship that will at last find its object?"

Josiah.—"No; there is not even the beginning of worship. It must have some temptation, I think, before it can know the thing to worship."

Such conversations as the above, it must be remembered, were undertaken in the theoretical interest of Mr. Alcott and a few of his acquaintances, not in that of the children; amongst these, however, the philosopher became famous, and, on one occasion, at the end of a conversation, the children overpowered him, and placed on his head a wreath of flowers which some of the larger girls had carefully contrived from various contributions. And, though I have a lurking suspicion that these children would have been better employed (especially Josiah) eating gingerbread and spinning tops in the back lot, nevertheless, there is such a grand advance in the mild enthusiast's conversation over Michael

Wigglesworth's "Domesday Booke," with its meditations on the divine glory manifested in the damnation of infants, which was a children's school-book in New England in early times, that I will give it as my conviction that rarely has a chaplet been more gracefully bestowed, or more fitly worn, than upon those white hairs that, on this childlike man, recall the phrase in which Orpheus describes such as "the white blossom of old age." The reader has doubtless recalled the similar conversations, held for an hour each day, by Jean Paul Richter, with the little children of his school at Schwarzenbach, and the record of it which he called his "Bon-mot Anthology." My belief is that Alcott knew nothing of this experiment when his own was undertaken; but it is, as Richter's English biographer remarks, "curious to see that German children and Boston children, making allowance for difference of age, make very much the same observations."

Since this time, Mr. Alcott has held his conversations with circles of grown-up people. And he has certainly not escaped the trials which an energetic Platonist would naturally incur in disseminating his ideas in a very practical age and country.* The logician and the humorist were his mortal foes. On one occasion the simple-hearted philosopher, having divided the entity *Man* into the Knower, the Thinker, the Actor, was interrupted by a religiously-trained lady with the question, whether the *Knower*, which she understood phonetically, was the same that was saved in the Ark. Some student of Cambridge was wicked enough to mystify the philosopher and the company by inquiring what he thought "of the late theory of Verdantius Grün, that the moon is a mass of sweetzerocaseous mat-

* Profane parodies floated about, of which the following is a specimen:—

"The world-soul rusheth
 Into the world's strife,—
 Hope gusheth
 Anew for life.
 From the sky
 Stars
 Fall;
 In the wood
 Bars
 Growl:—
 But what of that, O brave Heart?
 Art thou laborer?
 Labor
 On!
 Art thou Poet?
 Go it
 Strong!"

ter, congealed from the uberous glands of the lacteal nebula?" which one of his accomplices earnestly maintained to be the philosophy of Xeno modernized. Some earthly minds also set afloat the following as one of the "Orphic utterances:" "And why, too, we may tremblingly ask, is the nose placed in the front of the countenance, stretching toward the infinite, but that it may attain, as it were, a foreshell of the illimitable?"

It would scarcely be just if I did not give the reader some of the extemporaneous sayings of this devout idealist, taken down from time to time, to suggest the more important elements in these conversations, which have made them acceptable in the most intelligent American communities to this day. "Action translates death into life; fable into verity; speculation into experience; freeing man from the sorceries of tradition and the torpor of habit. The eternal Scripture is thus expurgated of the falsehoods interpolated into it by the supineness of the ages. Action mediates between conscience and sense: it is the gospel of the understanding." "Choice implies apostasy. The pure, un-fallen soul is above choice." "In the theocracy of the soul majorities do not rule." "Beelzebub marshals majorities. Prophets and reformers are always special enemies of his, and his minions. Multitudes ever lie. Every age is a Judas, and betrays its Messiahs into the hands of the multitude. The voice of the private not popular heart is alone authentic." "The hunger of an age is alike a presentiment and a pledge of its own supply." "Prudence is the footprint of wisdom." "To benefit another, either by word or deed, you must have passed from the state in which he is to a higher. Experience is both law and method of all tuition, all influence." "Opinions are life in foliage; deeds in fruitage. Always is the fruitless tree accursed." "To apprehend a miracle, a man must have wrought it." "The true teacher defends his pupils against his own personal influence. He inspires self-trust." "Obedience is the mediator of the soul."

What further I have to say concerning the society into which I have tried to introduce the reader can best be given directly as personal reminiscences. These relate to the last twelve years, during which I have known much of Concord and its inhabitants, and

during a portion of which I have resided there.

It was some fifteen years ago that I first met with a sentence from the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Into old Virginia, where I was born and then lived, literary importations from England were permitted, and sometimes occurred; but the quarantine on all that hailed from New England was very strict. This single sentence came to me in an English magazine, as I lay under the shade—the Virginian's normal position—on the banks of the beautiful Rappahannock, since then reddened with brave blood. Thenceforth the world was for me changed! I went to the bookstores in Fredericksburg, and inquired for Emerson's works. No bookseller there had ever heard of any writer of that name. They *had* Emerson's arithmetic! At length, by bringing over from Falmouth the magazine in which I encountered the sentence, I persuaded a bookseller that there was such a writer, and he promised to try and get his works for me. And one day I actually did find myself locked in my room, with the "Essays" in my hand! But already, in that one great sentence,—which I can never bring myself to quote,—my Prospero had waved his wand, and my revels were ended: the fowling-piece and the law-book, which had before divided my days, were laid aside forever. To my anxious parents and friends the word "Emerson" conveyed no impression whatever, until, on one occasion, a lady, who heard that I had turned hermit to study "Emerson," was interested to come and warn them, that her father had once employed a young man from the North as instructor in his household; that this young man read Emerson; that he was a general unbeliever of the doctrines of the Church, and, in fact they feared, a sceptic; that he had died of consumption, and that his last words were "Send my love to R. W. Emerson, who has done more for me than any other on earth." This created a serious panic in our household; and it did appear, when the catechetical test was applied, that I was absorbed in very different reflections from those which had been instilled by early training. Three or four years given to the bitter work of uttering the eternal adieu to the hereditary church and state, and to the untwining of restraining arms, and I am ready to listen to whatever still small voice may be sent. This

brings me to Cambridge Divinity College. But here I am only to rest awhile; soon a bright morning finds me at the door of him whose little sentence, crossing the ocean, had bounded back to seek me out in the woods, where, but for it, I might now have been prowling, not after river-game, but after those whom I have learned to know as brothers.

My note of introduction was presented, and my welcome was cordial. Emerson was, apparently, yet young; he was tall, slender, of light complexion; his step was elastic, his manner easy and simple, and his voice at once relieved me of the trembling with which I stood before him,—the first great man I had ever seen. (I had seen, however, Webster, and the President, and men called great at Washington.) He proposed to take me on a walk; and whilst he was preparing, I had the opportunity of looking about the library. Over the mantel hung an excellent copy of Michael Angelo's "Parcæ;" on it there were two statuettes of Goethe, of whom, also, there were engraved portraits on the walls. Afterward Emerson showed me eight or ten portraits of Goethe which he had carefully collected. The next in favor was Dante, of whom he had all the known likenesses, including various photographs of the mask of Dante, made at Ravenna. Besides the portraits of Shakspeare, Montaigne, and Swedenborg, I remember nothing else on the walls of the library. The bookshelves were well filled with select works, amongst which I was only struck with the many curious Oriental productions, some in Sanscrit. He had, too, many editions in Greek and English, of Plato, which had been carefully read and marked. The furniture of the room was antique and simple. There were, on one side of the room, four considerable shelves, completely occupied by his MSS., of which there were enough, one might suppose, to have furnished a hundred printed volumes, instead of the seven, which he has given the world, though under perpetual pressure for more from the publishers and the public.

On this first walk Emerson took me to the Walden Water. This lakelet, which has inspired as many poems, perhaps, as any in the world, is certainly very beautiful. It is on the eastern verge of Emerson's farm, and he has made it public property. A pure white crystal, in setting of emerald, clear and

calm, there being no known inlet or outlet to it, one can scarcely imagine a more fitting spot for the haunt of a poet. As soon as we reached it, its fascinations were felt, and in a few moments we were suspended far out in its delicious embrace. Of all the waters I have ever seen this was the most transparent; to the depth of ten or twelve feet one could see the fishes and the rocks it held.

Having bathed, we sat down on the shore; and then Walden and her beautiful woods began to utter their pæans through his lips. Emerson's conversation was different from that of any one I have ever met with, and unequalled by that of any one, unless it be Thomas Carlyle. Of course there is no comparison of the two possibles; but the contrasts between them are very striking and significant. In speaking of that which he conceives to be ignorant error, Mr. Carlyle is vehement, and where he suspects an admixture of falsehood and hypocrisy, his tone is that of rage; and although this indignation is noble and the utterances always thrilling, yet when one recurs to the little man or thing at which they are often levelled, it seems to be like the bombardment of a sparrow's nest with shot and shell. On such Emerson merely darts a spare beam of his wit, beneath which a lie is sure to shrivel; but if he breaks any one on his wheel, it must be some one who has been admitted at the banquet of the gods, and violated their laws. Every one who has witnessed the imperial dignity, or felt the weight of authentic knowledge, which characterize Mr. Carlyle's conversation, to such an extent that even his light utterances seem to stand out like pillars of Hercules, must also have felt the earth tremble before the thunders and lightnings of his wrath; but with Emerson, though the same falsehood is fatally smitten, it is by the invisible, inaudible sunstroke, which has left the sky as bright and blue as before. For the rest, and where abstract truths and principles are discussed, whilst Carlyle astonishes by the range of his sifted knowledge, he does not convey an equal impression of having originally thought out the various problems involved in other departments than those which are plainly his own; but there is scarcely a realm of science or art in which Emerson could not be to some extent the instructor of the academies. Agassiz, as I have heard him say, prefers his conversa-

tion on scientific questions to that of any other.

I remember him on that day at Walden as Bunyan's pilgrim might have remembered the Interpreter. The growths around, the arrow-head and the orchis, were intimations of that mystic unity in nature, which is the fountain of poetry to him; either of these, or of many others of the remarkably rich vegetable fauna of that region, excited emotions much more solemn than the æsthetic in him. He fully felt that if we only knew how to look around, we would not have need to look above. He called me to observe that the voices of some fishermen out on the wafer, talking about their affairs, were intoned by the distance and the water into music: and that the curves which their oars made, marked under the sunlight in silver, made a succession of bows which Diana might covet, I remember to have thought that the local legend of the Indian on whom there was a spell, which forbade the rain or the sunshine to fall on him, was here changed, and that on this one there was a spell, that caused whatever elements should touch him to crystallize into manifold forms of truth and beauty. On the religious or theological points, about which there was a renewed excitement on account of the tendencies of one class in the prevailing denomination (the Unitarian) to go to the Episcopal Church, of another to Swedenborgianism,—both due to that of a still larger class to admit the views of Theodore Parker,—he was not deeply interested; and coming from the heated debates at our Cambridge Divinity College to him, could be only symbolized by the plunge from the hot atmosphere into Walden, which we had enjoyed. "I am not much interested in these discussions; but still it does seem deplorable that there is such a tendency in some people to creeds which would take man back to the Chimpanzee." "I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian too; I need not nibble forever at one loaf, but eat it and thank God for it, and earn another." Of Theodore Parker he said, it was "a great comfort to remember that there was one sane voice heard among the religious and political affairs of America." He could not go to church, but supported the village minister because it was well "to have a conscientious man to sit on school committees, to help at town meetings, to attend the sick and the dead." The thing he hated most

was sickness, and often quoted Dr. Johnson's declaration "that every man is a rascal when he is sick." "Sickness is utterly selfish; a ghoul, feeding on all in the house." "These outward complaints one cannot help suspecting originate in inner complaints: when one is sick, I am inclined to think something the devil is the matter." "Virtue is health."

In 1852, when I entered the University at Cambridge, Emerson's influence was confined to a few; and these were in the Divinity College, where his influence was dreaded. The Secular University had for its idols the governor, the senators, and particularly Daniel Webster. These were the men who occupied the chief seats on the platform at Commencements. Emerson's idea of the scholar was a very high and exacting one; he was to be of a different caste from others. He insisted that the whole plan of educating young men was subverted: the merchants send their sons to the University, not that they may return to trail truth and ideas in the old mires of trade and selfishness, but for just the reverse,—that they should be trained in those higher forces which are needed to lift men out of those old ruts. The merchants mean if they could only express it, "we have educated you in order that you might *not* be one of us; we do not wish you to come and show us how truth and justice may be evaded by cotton and sugar: we have been long under that harrow of low interests, and have adjourned our nobler lives to you." This is the undertone even of the flatteries and plaudits with which they may feel committed to meet the orator or literary man, who descends even for their interests to compromise with King Creed or King Cotton. Nevertheless, Webster was still the idol of Cambridge when he returned about that same time from Washington, crowned by the "solid men of Boston," as he who had saved the Union of the States from dissolution, whilst others were in sackcloth, that their State should have purchased that or any other boon at such a cost as surrendering itself to be the free hunting-ground of slave-catchers. The lecture-room was crowded with students when Emerson uttered the words which have been so well remembered in New England,—“Every drop of his blood has eyes that look downward. He knows the heroes of '76 well enough; he does not know the heroes of to-day, when he meets them in the streets,”—and the sentence was cut in two by

a hurricane of hisses. It was the first time he had ever been hissed at Cambridge, or, perhaps, anywhere; but he seemed scarcely to hear it, and when it was over took up the very next word in the sentence and completed it. There was a certain power in his masterly quietness during this interruption, which had a deep effect; and though the relentless anatomy of the favorite orator proceeded for yet thirty minutes, no other hiss was heard.

From this time the interest of the students in Emerson increased, and when, soon after, Webster died from grief at having failed to receive the seat in the White House, for which he had betrayed Freedom, I think Emerson and his opinions became the leading themes at the University. During that winter (1852) quite a number of students got together one night and went in sleighs to Concord—some twenty miles—to hear a lecture which he was advertised to deliver there. When we arrived, it was found that the lecture had been, for some local reason postponed. Emerson was, however, much moved at seeing such a train of young men who had come so far to hear him, and invited them to his house where the evening was passed in interesting conversation. Emerson then agreed to compensate us by coming down to Cambridge and reading, in one of our rooms, one of his lectures. The arrangement was made, and, besides the students present, there were Longfellow, Lowell, and several other poets. The lecture was on poetry; and the effect of it was electrical. When it was over, there was a deep silence which no one seemed willing to break, but Otto Dressel, the first musical artist in America, who was present, went to the piano and gave three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words,"—which said all that could be said; after which the company separated.

During the ensuing long (summer) vacation I resided at Concord, Mr. Emerson having kindly consented to give me some advice about reading, and offered me the use of his books. He introduced to me then all of the Old English Chronicles, as published by Bohn; Beaumont and Fletcher, and the early English poets; Plato, Boehme, Bhagavat Geeta, Hafiz, the Desatir, some of the Puranas and the Redekunste (Von Hammer). He did not care much about the modern poets, except Wordsworth, whom he spoke of as "the great mod-

ern poet." He said, also, "When Nature wants an artist, she makes Tennyson." He had read Robert Browning partly only, but with deep interest. "'Paracelsus,'" he said, "is the wail of the nineteenth century."

It was during that summer that I first saw A. H. Clough, the English poet, between whom and Mr. Emerson existed a close intellectual sympathy and an intimate acquaintance. Mr. Emerson was the first American who recognized the subtle genius of the young Oxonian, and had advised the publication of the "Bothie of Topér-na-Fuosich," which gained such a great popularity in New England twelve or thirteen years ago,—a popularity which it has retained. Mr. Clough did not so much find, in America, friends as lovers. There was not one superior person who was not pleased to meet him; and when the tidings came that he was to be married, no box of ordinary size was sufficient to hold the presents that his literary friends were eager to send him. I am anxious to claim, as to the credit of the cultivated circles of American society, that this deep friendship and hearty welcome were extended to one who came so quietly, whose genius was without affectation, and culture without ostentation.

"He had built not fame, but a godlike soul."

He did not, however, appear much in society, but could be more frequently seen strolling in the groves at Cambridge, around the residence of his dear friends, Charles Norton and his sisters, or in the woods at Concord, with the one in whom he had long years before recognized a master.

"Nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla
Nascuntur violæ?"

Here, too, came Theodore Parker from the thick of that final battle for free thought which was planned when Luther tore Tetzels list from the church-door. He hit hard, and no blow was too hard for the Unitarians to deal to the man who justified all the taunting prophecies of the orthodox as to the inevitable results of their position. Yet those who were in bitterest antagonism to Parker knew that every poor or wronged man in Boston followed him with a silent benediction as he walked the street. When I was leaving Virginia for Massachusetts, a negro woman belonging to my father confided to me that her husband, who had escaped the year before,

was in Boston, and sent by me a message to him. When I arrived in Boston, I found that it was difficult to discover any particular negro, on account of the apprehensions concerning slave-catchers which the recent passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill had excited. On mentioning this to a distinguished Unitarian minister of the old school, who had been a severe antagonist of Parker, he said, frankly, "The only man that can help you thoroughly in finding this negro is Theodore Parker." To Parker, then, I repaired. He took me from street to street where negroes resided, and wherever he went the poor creatures received him with joy, even to tears. Never have I seen such adoration extended to a man as that which welled up from the hearts of these lowly creatures, to whom his services had not been rendered in brave words alone. All of these negroes were of various orthodox churches; yet for them, all that came from Parker was piety, even his refusal, which I heard, to pray for the deliverance of a fugitive slave, who sent, from the jail, petitions to the various churches that they would so pray. Parker read it, and said that he did not believe in asking God to do their work. During the week he joined in the ineffectual effort at rescuing the slave.

My reader has by this time seen that the story I am telling is a prickly-pear growth,—one leaf budding out from another,—and will therefore indulge me in a few other reminiscences of Parker. I remember well the first Sunday on which I entered the great Music Hall at Boston. There was something triumphal in the scene of the four or five thousand well-dressed and cheerful people gathered in that beautiful hall, with its pure white walls, and lofty blue ceiling, which almost cheated the eye into believing that it was looking through to the sky beyond. When the choir, which was behind the preacher, had sung an anthem from Mendelssohn, the grave and even sad-looking man arose for an utterance which could scarcely be called a prayer, but was more like a spoken hymn of thankfulness. He began, "Our heavenly Father and our Mother," in a voice which blended, in a most notable degree, earnestness and tenderness,—a voice which can never be forgotten by any who have heard it, and was the only outward endowment of oratory which Parker possessed. No matter what

he said, no one could even associate with it any idea of affectation or levity. Thus in this very prayer, as it would be called, he prayed for a charity which might even include political conservatives. "There are many mean men in high position in Boston; but they cannot help it,—they are made mean; they will grind the weak and rob the poor; their lips will deny what their hearts know to be true and just; they are mean,—but they cannot help it; help us, Spirit of Charity, to triumph here over our strongest temptation, and love instead of hating these,—with a love too faithful to be mistaken for indulgence of their baseness." I have often smiled, remembering these words, but I believe that few could have smiled hearing them; for each word struggled out and fell ponderous and full of sorrow. Then he read out, for the hymn, Sir H. Wotton's verses, beginning,—

"How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill!"

After this came the discourse,—he never called any production a "sermon." He arose quietly, and continued quietly; there was no raising of the voice, but when he was especially moved in any utterance, it was indicated by a lowering of the voice. A gesture of any kind was extremely rare; there was but one in the discourse to which I am referring, when his finger pointed to a violet by way of illustration; for whatever flower was blooming was sure to be laid on his desk. Plain, direct, calm, without art or flourish, the vast audience was motionless for whatever length of time the discourse should occupy, and it was almost never less than an hour; for in this discourse every word was loaded with a thought; there were masses of information conveyed, there were interpretations of nature, and a bravery and honesty of statement which were exciting enough without rhetoric. All this was very powerful, and under some passages the people bent as before a strong wind.

Before such a man, as may be imagined, the casuists of Boston could prevail only among those who would not admit that he should have a hearing. He did not hold long arguments in controversies, but gave formidable replies in single sentences. He was once accused by Dr. Gannett, before the Min-

isterial Conference, of using unchristian language concerning Judge Curtis, who belonged to Dr. Gannett's church,—that which Dr. Channing once ministered to. Judge Curtis's offence, for which Parker had publicly denounced him, was the vehement effort which he had made to return to slavery William and Ellen Crafts, who had journeyed a thousand miles for freedom, she disguised as a Southern gentleman, her husband being his body-servant. It was the same William Crafts who last year at Newcastle defended, against Dr. Hunt, his right to be considered a man. He and his wife were concealed some days in Parker's study, whilst Parker wrote at the door, with several loaded pistols, and the gun which his father had used in the Revolution, by his side. Curtis, however, was about to prevail, when the fugitives were smuggled off to England. Then Parker attacked Curtis, and therefore Dr. Gannett attacked him. In his apology, Parker began, "You see, Mr. Chairmen and gentlemen, the thing was this: a member of Dr. Gannett's church tried to kidnap two of mine." Under the explosion of laughter which followed this, Dr. Gannett beat a retreat, and the matter ended.

Mr. Parker would respect intellectual honesty wherever he found it. There was an editor in the State of Virginia who boldly maintained slavery on grounds which were then regarded in the South as subversive of many orthodox views, but which Parker believed were the only grounds upon which an intelligent man could base any honest attempt to defend that institution. So he subscribed for the paper and always read it carefully; and indeed, such faith had he in the honesty of that editor, that when they both were in Europe, the one as a *charge d'affaires*, the other as an invalid, he did not hesitate to make (though he was not in need of friends) a personal request to this very fiery Southerner.

The temper on both sides, in the controversy between him and the Unitarians, will appear in the following facts. When our class at Cambridge, that of 1854, was about to be graduated, the majority of us were, at least, rationalistic, and all had an admiration for Mr. Parker. We had concluded to elect him to deliver the annual discourse at our graduation, an honor which he might naturally have coveted, as indicative of the

progress of his opinions. But when we waited for him, he said, "I should rejoice to do it; but the faculty have already been embarrassed by the reputation of your class for religious radicalism, and it is not right to press them further: therefore I decline: get a liberal man less notorious than myself." He then suggested Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, who delivered the address. After us there came a class that cared less about embarrassing the faculty, and which, without consulting Mr. Parker, voted to invite him to deliver the address. The faculty, violating the legal rights of the Alumni, refused to allow him to address them. The youths stood their ground, and so there was no address that year, but a silence more eloquent than anything that had been heard there since Emerson's oration twenty years before.

But I must now follow Parker to Concord, where he came to recover from his wounds by contact with nature, whether represented in the Mayflowers or the Brahmin of the meadows, who could expound

"The Vedas of the violet."

Parker, if he had not been so important to the religious revolution going on in New England, would have been distinguished as a botanist. He knew by heart and by name every plant of New England; and had a tender love for flowers. Their presence always excited him to exultation. I remember once strolling with him in the woods, when we came across an early violet. He sat down by it and gazed on it for some time in silence. Then he said, "There is a miracle-sense in man which should be respected: man is too near to the divine mystery of existence not to clutch at anything that seems to declare it. At present, men feed that mystic part, that miracle-sense, with church fables, as a man who has not bread will eat grass and berries rather than starve; but when man has got so far as to see God full in that flower, nature will so rise as a miraculous dawn above him that the legendary night-fires will sink to pale ashes."

In his deep communion with Emerson, the first of men to him, Parker cooled his hot temples, and went back to his fight serene and happy; he came up feeling that Boston was a whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones; he went back convinced that it was the "hub of the universe," as Dr. Holmes

has described it. But after such visits some of Emerson's virtue had, it used to be said, gone out of him; and he was wont to regard mankind, or at least the world, as a failure. At any rate, there is an allegorical story current that once, immediately after Parker had parted from Emerson on the road to Boston, a crazy Millerite encountered Parker, and cried, "Sir, do you not know that the world is coming to an end?" Upon which Parker replied, "My good man, that doesn't concern me: I live in Boston." The same fanatic, overtaking Emerson, announced in the same terms the approach of the end of the world; upon which Emerson replied, "I am glad of it, sir: man will get along much better without it!"

The advent of Agassiz at Cambridge was an important event in connection with the intellectual activity of the country. M. Agassiz was soon instructing the American people, north, south, east, and west. He also made acquaintance with every superior person; and thus the whole nation was put under contribution to furnish him with specimens. Old fishermen on the coasts were found carefully setting aside every fish suspected of any eccentricity, and huntsmen in the far West every peculiar feather, as choice morsels for this distinguished guest of the nation. To the young men at Cambridge, who were his pupils, he was a great assistance, because of his sympathy—amounting to enthusiasm—for every effort at independent investigation. At the end of every week a portion of the afternoon was given to questionings of Agassiz by the students. These became invariably earnest discussions, which lasted until late hours, and always turning upon the origin of species, and showing a tendency to the Darwinian theory, which M. Agassiz must have concluded to be the original depravity of the scientific mind, as I believe there was not a student or professor at Cambridge who did not adopt it. At least once in every fortnight Agassiz would take us to the seashore to study geology and zoölogy. Generally it was at Nahant that we spent such glorious days. It was easy for him to find there, for lecture-desks and charts, rocks veined with mica and hornblende, and beaches strewn with sea-urchins, star-fishes, and often rarer forms.

But Agassiz was very fond of Concord, where he gave lectures at times, and where

he often went to exchange with his friend Emerson the new facts and observations which were always flowing into his world-wide nets, for the philosophical interpretations which with the transcendentalist were always awaiting and anticipating such facts and discoveries. Emerson had a scientific method of the severest kind, and could not be carried away by any theories. But it was not so with all of Emerson's friends. I remember well being present at Emerson's when Agassiz and Alcott had a most remarkable conversation.

"I have long desired," says Alcott, "to bring my views of creation to the severest scientific test. To me the idea that man is the development from lower orders of beings is a subversion of the truth."

"I agree with you entirely," exclaims Agassiz, with a somewhat pleased glance at the rest of the company, whom he knew to be inclined to the hypothesis of Darwin.

"Yes, sir," continues Alcott, "an exact subversion of the truth. Man, I take it, was the first created being; was he not?"

Agassiz (in some dismay).—"I don't know that I exactly understand"—

Alcott.—"Why, it is manifest that God could never have created a miserable, poisonous snake and filthy vermin and malignant tigers."

Agassiz (embarrassed).—"Well, who could have created them?"

Alcott (seeing with sorrow that Agassiz is as materialistic as the rest).—"Must we not conclude that these evil beasts which fill the world are the various forms of human sins? That when man was created they did not exist, but were originated by his lusts and animalisms?"

Agassiz (bewildered).—"But geology shows that these beasts existed many ages before man."

Alcott.—"*But may man not have created these things before he appeared in his present form?*"

Here Agassiz gave that signal of distress which in company is unmistakable: he looked at his watch. Emerson came to the rescue when the worthy naturalist was on the brink of despair, and suggested that probably the two would comprehend the positions of each other, if Mr. Alcott's theory were given in more scientific rhetoric. "Doubtless he meant that man was the primal idea and pur-

pose of nature; that these things which swim, fly, creep, are so many *short-comings* of man,—that is, they fall short of being men at this or that degree, and thus represent some as yet uncontrolled animalism of human nature. Thus they may be man flying or creeping; and though as forms they may be anterior, *the type* they are trying to realize (i. e., man) may be anterior to them; in fact, the type must be in some sense their creator."

After this Agassiz had the look of a man who has taken to the sea to avoid a fire (for he suspected some Darwinism in every word of Emerson's); and Alcott had the look of having been cheated; for he did not recognize his scientific summer-house in Emerson's fabric; whilst the host, not without some wicked twinklings in his eye, assured the company that faith and science had been reconciled, the conflict of ages ended, and dinner ready.

But the chief attraction to men of science that Concord presented was, that it was the home—so far as he could be said to have any—of that strange apparition that bore the name of Thoreau,—a man of such wonderful, even unparalleled, intimacy with nature that his biography when it is written will seem like a myth. Of this man, who, next to Emerson, is certainly the most notable American product, I have said the least; and this because his life in the woods and the secrets confided to him by nature merit a separate narrative, which I hope to be able to prepare for English readers.

"He was Emerson's forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart."

Though Concord has been recognized as the literary centre of America, its society was far removed from anything stilted and pretentious in that direction. The standard of culture was indeed high, and the young people formed themselves into classes for the study of languages and other branches; but equally celebrated in the surrounding villages, and in Boston, were the Concord picnics, theatricals, skating-parties, May festivities, and berryings. The philosophers of the village were on terms of intimacy with the children, and it was a rule there that to their merry expeditions should be invited "all children from

six to sixty years of age." Hawthorne having removed from the Old Manse, the mirthful fairies have in these last years avenged themselves on the sombre spirits of his dynasty by making it the cheerful home of the family of Mrs. Ripley, well known to the naturalists on account of her valuable collection of lichens, and to the Cambridge professors on account of her success in training young men for the university. It is said that a learned gentleman once called to see this lady, and found her hearing at once the lesson of one student in Sophocles, and that of another in Differential Calculus; at the same time rocking her grandchild's cradle with one foot, and shelling peas for dinner,—a story not at all incredible, and given here because somewhat characteristic of a class of

the women of New England. The Old Manse gradually became a social heart to the village, in distinction from the philosophical capitol at the other end, with which, however, it was in close alliance.

Once in that neighborhood I met with an unquiet soul, yearning for a higher social condition, which had shaped itself to his mind after the pattern shown by Charles Fourier. "Have you ever heard," I said, "of the child that went about lamenting and searching for the beautiful butterfly which she had lost? The butterfly had softly alighted upon her head, and sat there while the search went on. May not this fable apply to one who, living in Concord, searches as far as France for a true society?"

WASHINGTON IRVING AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS AT SUNNYSIDE.—Messrs. Moore, McQueen, & Co., of Berners Street, have published an engraving, by Mr. T. O. Barlow, from an extremely interesting design by Mr. F. O. C. Darley, an American artist, representing Washington Irving, at his house at Sunnyside, surrounded by the chief literary celebrities of his country. The figure and face of Irving himself are rather feeble; but most of the others present very grand varieties of human intellect. In the well-written little book which accompanies the engraving, the authors grouped round the central figure are thus indicated: "Prescott, evidently the last speaker, bends towards him his handsome, intellectual face in an earnest and inquiring manner; while behind him stands Longfellow, thoughtfully attentive for the momentarily-expected response from the presiding spirit of the occasion. At the left hand of Irving, sits Fennimore Cooper, conscious of his own brilliant fame, yet cordially mindful of the still higher eminence of his great contemporary. A little behind Cooper, we see the happy, smiling face of Ralph Waldo Emerson, hopeful of all good things, and indifferently content with his Carlylian reputation as the most original thinker in America. The front line of this portion of the group includes the strong, decisive profile of Bancroft, in the attentive attitude of an expectant listener. Thus we have, as the prominent interest of the picture, the admirable and lifelike portraits of the representative writers of America, in history, philosophy, romance, and poetry, naturally and characteristically disposed. The fine conception of the artist is happi-

ly enlivened by the introduction of other of the hospitable Knickerbocker's friends and intimates, scarcely less distinguished in the literary world than those thus especially honored. Bryant stands near the window, pensively meditating on those melancholy days that annually cast their shade of sadness over Nature's varying face; and opposite him is seen Hawthorne, already wandering in imagination through those mysterious chambers in the 'House with the Seven Gables,' through whose dusky windows was destined to stream the clear sunshine of his prolific fancy. Tuckerman is charging his memory with the characteristic points of the celebrities before him, and Willis is treasuring a 'jotting down,' and a piquant item for his 'Seeings and Hearings,' worthy of mention." The plate is executed in mixed line and stipple, and is certainly a most interesting memorial of a splendid literary company, some of which are now removed from amongst us.—*London Review*, 2 July.

A MEMORIAL is about to be erected by public subscription over the grave of poor John Clare at Helpston, in Northamptonshire. The late Lord Spencer granted a yearly pension of £10 to the poet, which is continued by the present earl to the widow. A new edition of Clare's Poems is about to be published for the benefit of the widow, by Messrs. Whittaker & Co., illustrated with photographic views, etc., by Mrs. Higgins of Stamford.—*Reader*.

PART XII.—CHAPTER, XLI.

EAVESDROPPING.

If M'Caskey was actually startled by the vicinity in which he suddenly found himself to the persons within the room, he was even more struck by the tone of the voice which now met his ear. It was Norman Maitland who spoke, and he recognized him at once. Pacing the large room in its length, he passed before the windows quite close to where M'Caskey stood,—so close, indeed, that he could mark the agitation on his features, and note the convulsive twitchings that shook his cheek.

The other occupant of the room was a lady; but M'Caskey could only see the heavy folds of her dark velvet dress as she sat apart, and so distant that he could not hear her voice.

"So, then, it comes to this!" said Maitland, stopping in his walk and facing where she sat: "I have made this wearisome journey for nothing! Would it not have been as easy to say he would not see me? It was no pleasure to me to travel some hundred miles and be told at the end of it I had come for nothing."

She murmured something inaudible to M'Caskey, but to which Maitland quickly answered, "I know all that; but why not let *me* hear this from his own lips, and let *him* hear what I can reply to it? He will tell *me* of the vast sums I have squandered and the heavy debts I have contracted; and I would tell *him* that in following his rash counsels I have dissipated years that would have won me distinction in any land of Europe."

Again she spoke; but before she uttered many words, he broke suddenly in with, "No no, no! ten thousand times. No! I knew the monarchy was rotten,—rotten to the very core; but I said, Better to die in the street *à cheval* than behind the arras on one's knees. Have it out with the scoundrels, and let the best man win,—that was the advice *I* gave. Ask Caraffa, ask Filangieri, ask Acton, if I did not always say, 'If the king is not ready to do as much for his crown as the humblest peasant would for his cabin, let him abdicate at once.'"

She murmured something, and he interrupted her with, "Because I never did—never would—and never will trust to priestcraft. All the intrigues of the Jesuits, all the craft of the whole college of cardinals, will not bring back confidence in the monarchy. But why do I talk of these things to you? Go

back and ask him to see me: Say that I have many things to tell him; say"—and here the mockery of his voice became conspicuous—"that I would wish much to have his advice on certain points.—And why not?" cried he aloud to something she said; "has my new nobility no charm for him? Well, then, I am ready to strike a bargain with him. I owe Caffarelli two hundred and eighty thousand francs, which I mean to pay, if I take to the highway to do it. Hush! don't interrupt me. I am not asking he should pay this for me; all I want is, that he will enable me to sell that villa which he gave me some years ago beyond Caserta. Yes, the 'Torricella'; I know all that—it was a royal present. It never had the more value in my eyes for that; and perhaps the day is not very distant when the right to it may be disputed. Let him make out my title, such as it is, so that I can sell it. There are Jews who will surely take it at one-half its worth. Get him to consent to this, and I am ready to pledge my word that he has seen the last of me."

"He gave it to you as a wedding present, Norman," said she, haughtily; and now her deep-toned voice rung out clear and strong; "and it will be an unpardonable offence to ask him this."

"Have I not told you that I shall not need forgiveness,—that with this act all ends between us?"

"I will be no party to this," said she, haughtily; and she arose and walked out upon the terrace. As she passed, the lamp-light flared strongly on her features, and M'Caskey saw a face he had once known well; but what a change was there! The beautiful Nina Brancaleon—the dark-haired Norma—the belle that Byron used to toast with an enthusiasm of admiration—was a tall woman advanced in years, and with two masses of snow-white hair on either side of a pale face. The dark eyes, indeed, flashed brightly still, and the eyebrows were dark as of yore; but the beautifully-formed mouth was hard and thin-lipped, and the fair brow marked with many a strong line of pain.

"You forget, perhaps," said she, after a short pause,—“you forget that it is from this villa I take my title. I am Brancaleon della Torricella, and I forfeit the name when it leaves our hands.”

"And do you hold to this, mother?"

asked he, in a voice of sorrow, through which something of scorn was detectable.

"Do I hold to it? Of course I hold to it! You know well the value it has in his eyes. Without it he never would have consented"—she stopped suddenly, and seemed to catch herself in time to prevent the utterance of some rash avowal. "As it is," added she, "he told me so late as yesterday that he has no rest nor peace, thinking over his brother's son, and the great wrong he has done him."

"Let him think of the greater wrong he has done me!—of my youth that he has wasted, and my manhood lost and shipwrecked. But for him and his weak ambition, I had belonged to a party who would have prized my ability and rewarded my courage. I would not find myself at thirty brigaded with a set of low-hearted priests and seminarists, who have no other weapons than treachery, nor any strategy but lies. If I have squandered his fortune, he has beggared me in reputation. He does not seem to remember these things. As to him whom he would prefer to me and make his heir, I have seen him."

"You have seen him, Norman! When?—where?—how?" cried she, in wild impatience.

"Yes, I even had a plan to let the uncle meet his promising nephew. I speculated on bringing together two people more made for mutual detestation than any other two in Europe."

"It would have been a rash venture!" said she, fiercely.

"If you mean for *me*, that was the very reason I thought of it. What other game than the rash one is open to a man like *me*?"

"Who ever had the safer road to fortune if he could have walked with the commonest prudence?" said she, bitterly.

"How can you say that? Talk of prudence to the man who has no fortune, no family, not even a name—no!" cried he, fiercely; "for by the first Maitland I met I might be challenged to say from what stock I came. He could have saved me from all this. Nothing was ever easier. You yourself asked,—ay, begged this. You told me you begged it on your knees; and, I own, if I never forgave him for refusing, I have never forgiven you for the entreaty."

"And I would do it again to-day!" cried

she, passionately. "Let him but acknowledge you, Norman, and he may turn me out upon the world houseless and a beggar, and I will bless him for it!"

"What a curse is on the bastard!" broke he out in a savage vehemence, "if it robs him of every rightful sentiment, and poisons even a mother's love. Do not talk to me this way, or you will drive me mad!"

"Oh, Norman! my dear, dear Norman!" cried she, passionately; "it is not yet too late."

"Too late for what?"

"Not too late to gain back his favor. When he saw the letter in the king's hand, calling you Count of Amalfi, he said, 'This looks ill for the monarchy. I have a Scotch earldom myself in my family, granted by another king the day after he had lost his own crown.' Try, then, if you cannot rally to the cause those men who are so much under your influence that, as you have often told me, they only wanted to be assured of your devotion to pledge their own. If *he* could believe the cause triumphant, there is nothing he would not do to uphold it."

"Yes," said he, thoughtfully, "there never lived the man who more worshipped success! The indulgences that he heaped upon myself were merely offerings to a career of insolent triumph."

"You never loved him, Norman," said she, sadly.

"Love had no share in the compact between us. He wanted to maintain a cause which, if successful, must exclude from power in England the men who had insulted him, and turned him out of office. I wanted some one who could afford to pay my debts, and leave me free to contract more. But why talk to you about these intrigues?—once more, will he see me?"

She shook her head slowly in dissent. "Could you not write to him, Norman?" said she at last.

"I will not write to a man under the same roof as myself. I have some news for him," added he, "if he cares to buy it by an audience; for I suppose he would make it an audience," and the last word he gave with deep scorn.

"Let me bring him the tidings."

"No, he shall hear them from myself, or not hear them at all. I want this villa!" cried he, passionately—"I want the title to

sell it, and pay off a debt that is crushing me. Go, then, and say I have something of importance enough to have brought me down some hundred miles to tell him something that deeply concerns the cause he cares for, and to which his counsel would be invaluable."

"And this is true?"

"Did I ever tell you a falsehood, mother?" asked he, in a voice of deep and sorrowful meaning.

"I will go," said she, after a few moments of thought, and left the room. Maitland took a bottle of some essenced water from the table and bathed his forehead. He had been more agitated than he cared to confess; and now that he was alone, and, as he believed, unobserved, his features betrayed a deep depression. As he sat with his head leaning on both hands, the door opened. "Come," said she, gently,—"come!" He arose and followed her. No sooner was all quiet around than M'Caskey rowed swiftly back to his quarters, and, packing up hastily his few effects, made with all speed for the little bay, where was the village he had passed on his arrival, and through which led the road to Reggio. That something was "up" at Naples he was now certain, and he resolved to be soon on the field; whoever the victors, they would want *him*.

On the third evening he entered the capital, and made straight for Caffarelli's house. He met the count in the doorway. "The man I wanted," said he, as he saw the major. "Go into my study and wait for me."

"What has happened?" asked M'Caskey, in a whisper.

"Everything. The king is dead."

CHAPTER XLII.

MARK LYLE'S LETTER.

THE following letter was received at Lyle Abbey shortly after the events recorded in our last chapter had happened. It was from Mark Lyle to his sister, Mrs. Trafford:—

"HOTEL VICTORIA, NAPLES.

"MY DEAR ALICE,—While I was cursing my bad luck at being too late for the P. and O. steamer at Marseilles, your letter arrived deciding me to come on here. Nothing was ever more fortunate; first of all, I shall be able to catch the Austrian Lloyds at Ancona, and reach Alexandria in good time for the mail;

and, secondly, I have perfectly succeeded—at least I hope so—in the commission you gave me. For five mortal days I did nothing but examine villas. I got a list of full fifty, but in the course of a little time, the number filtered down to ten possible, and came at last to three that one could pronounce fairly habitable. To have health in this climate—that is to say, to escape malaria—you must abjure vegetation; and the only way to avoid tertian is to book yourself for a sunstroke. These at least were my experiences up to Tuesday last; for all the salubrious spots along the sea-shore had been long since seized on either by the king or the church, and every lovely point of view was certain to be crowned by a royal villa or a monastery. I was coming back then on Tuesday, very disconsolate indeed from a long day's fruitless search, when I saw a perfect gem of a place standing on the extreme point of a promontory near Caserta. It was of course 'royal,'—at least it belonged to a Count d'Amalfi, which title was borne by some younger branch of the Bourbons; yet as it was untenanted, and several people were working in the gardens, I ventured in to have a look at it. I will not attempt description, but just say that both within and without it realizes all I ever dreamed or imagined of an Italian villa. Marble and frescoes and fountains, terraces descending to the sea, and gardens a wilderness of orange and magnolia, and grand old rooms, the very air of which breathed splendor and magnificence; but *à quoi bon*? dear Alice. It was a 'Palazzotto reale,' and one could only gaze enviously at delights they could not hope to compass.

"Seeing my intense admiration of the place, the man who showed me around it said, as I was coming away, that it was rumored that the count would not be indisposed to sell the property. 'I know enough of Italians to be aware that when a stranger supposed to be rich—all English are in this category—is struck with anything,—picture, house, or statue,—the owner will always part with it at tenfold its value. Half out of curiosity, half to give myself the pretext for another morning's ramble over the delicious place, I asked where I could learn any details as to the value, and received an address as follows, "Count Carlo Caffarelli, Villino della Boschetta, Chiaja, Naples." Caffarelli

I at once remembered as the name of Maitland's friend, and in this found another reason for calling on him, since I had totally failed in all my attempts to discover M. either in London, Paris, or even here.

"The same evening I went there, and found Count Caffarelli in one of those fairy-tale little palaces which this country abounds in. He had some friends at dinner, but on reading my name, recognized me, and came out with a most charming politeness to press me to join his party. It was no use refusing: the Italian persuasiveness has that element of the irresistible about it that one cannot oppose; and I soon found myself smoking my cigar in a company of half a dozen people who treated me as an intimate friend.

"I may amuse you some day by some of the traits of their *bonhomie*. I must now confine myself to our more immediate interests. Caffarelli, when he found that I wanted some information about the villa, drew his arm within my own, and, taking me away from the rest, told me in strictest confidence that the villa was Maitland's,—Maitland being the Conte d'Amalfi,—the title having been conferred by the late king, one of the very last acts of his life.

"'And Maitland,' said I, scarcely recovering from my astonishment,—'where is he now?'

"'Within a few yards of you,' said he, turning and pointing to the closed jalousies of a room that opened on a small separately enclosed garden; 'he is there.'

"There was something like secrecy, mystery at least, in his manner as he said this, that prevented my speaking for a moment, and he went on: 'Yes, Maitland is in that room, stretched on his bed, poor fellow; he has been severely wounded in a duel which, had I been there, should never have been fought. All this, remember, is in confidence; for it is needless to tell you Maitland is one of those men who hate being made gossip of; and I really believe that his wound never gave him one-half the pain that he felt at the bare possibility of his adventure being made town-talk. So well have we managed hitherto, that of the men you see here to-night—all of them intimate with him—one only knows that his illness is not a malaria fever.'

"'But can you answer for the same prudence and reserve on the part of the other principal?'

"'We have secured it, for the time at least, by removing him from Naples; and as the laws here are very severe against duelling, his own safety will suggest silence.'

"'Do you think Maitland would see me?'

"'I suppose he will be delighted to see you; but I will ascertain that without letting him know that I have already told you he was here. Remember, too, if he should receive you, drop nothing about the duel or the wound. Allude to his illness as fever, and leave to himself entirely the option of telling you the true story or not.'

"After a few more words of caution,—less needed, if he only had known how thoroughly; I understood his temper and disposition,—he left me. He was back again in less than five minutes, and, taking me by the arm, led me to Maitland's door. 'There,' said he; 'go in; he expects you.'

"It was only after a few seconds that I could see my way through the half-darkened room, but, guided by a weak voice saying, 'Come on—here,' I approached a bed, on the outside of which in a loose dressing-gown, the poor fellow lay.

"'You find it hard to recognize me, Lyle,' said he, with an attempt to smile at the amazement which I could not by any effort repress; for he was wasted to a shadow, his brown cheeks were sunken and sallow, and his dark, flashing eyes almost colorless.

"'And yet,' added he, 'the doctor has just been complimenting me on my improved looks. It seems I was more horrible yesterday,' I don't remember what I said, but he thanked me and pressed my hand,—a great deal from him, for he is not certainly demonstrative; and then he pressed me to tell about you all,—how you were, and what doing. He inquired so frequently, and recurred so often to Bella, that I almost suspected something between them,—though, after all, I ought to have known that this was a conquest above Bella's reach,—the man who might any day choose from the highest in Europe.

"'Now a little about yourself, Maitland,' said I. 'How long have you been ill?'

"'This is the seventeenth day,' said he, sighing. 'Caffarelli of course told you fever; but here it is,' and he turned on his side and showed me a great mass of appliances and bandages. 'I have been wounded. I went out with a fellow whom none of my

friends would consent to my meeting, and I was obliged to take my valet Fenton for my second, and he, not much versed in these matters, accepted the Neapolitan sword instead of the French one. I had not touched one these eight years. At all events, my antagonist was an expert swordsman,—I suspect, in this style of fencing, more than my equal; he certainly was cooler, and took a thrust I gave him through the fore-arm without ever owning he was wounded till he saw me fall.'

"'Plucky fellow,' muttered I.

"'Yes; pluck he has unquestionably; nor did he behave badly when all was over; for though it was as much as his neck was worth to do it, he offered to support me in the carriage all the way back to Naples.'

"'That was a noble offer,' said I.

"'And there never was a less noble antagonist!' cried Maitland, with a bitter laugh. 'Indeed, if it ever should get abroad that I crossed swords with him, it would go near to deny me the power of demanding a similar satisfaction from one of my own rank to-morrow. Do not ask me who he is, Lyle; do not question me about the quarrel itself. It is the thinking, the brooding over these things as I lie here, that makes this bed a torture to me. The surgeon and his probes are not pleasant visitors; but I welcome them when they divert my thoughts from these musings.'

"'I did my best to rally him, and get him to talk of the future, when he should be up and about again. I almost thought I had done him some little good, when Caffarelli came in to warn me that the doctors were imperative against his receiving any visitors, and I had been there then full two hours!

"'I have told Lyle,' said he, as we were leaving the room, 'that you must let him come and see me to-morrow; there are other things I want to talk over with him.'

"'It was high time I should have left him, for his fever was now coming on, and Caffarelli told me that he raved throughout the whole night, and talked incessantly of places which, even in a foreign pronunciation, I knew to be in our own neighborhood in Ireland. The next day I was not admitted to see him. The day after that I was only suffered to pass a few minutes beside his bed, on condition, too, that he should not be allowed to speak; and to-day, as it is my last in Na-

ples, I have been with him for above an hour. I am certain, my dear Alice, that there is something at least in my suspicion about Bella, from what took place to-day. Hearing that I was obliged to leave to-night to catch the steamer at Ancona, he said, 'Lyle, I shall want a few minutes with you, all alone though, before you leave.' He said this because either the doctor or Caffarelli, or both, have been with us since our first meeting. 'Don't look gloomy, old fellow,' he added; 'I'm not going to speak about my will. It is rather of life I mean to talk, and what to do with life to make it worth living for. Meanwhile, Caffarelli has been telling me of your hunt after a villa. There is mine—the Torricella—take it. Carlo says you were greatly struck with it; and as it is really pretty, and inhabitable, too, a thing rare enough with villas, I insist upon your offering it to your family. There's a sort of summer-house or "Belvidere" on the extreme point of the rock, with half a dozen little rooms; I shall keep that for myself; but tell Lady Lyle I shall not be a troublesome visitor. It will be the rarest of all events to see me there; for I shall not be long in Italy.' I was eager to ask why, or whether he was turning his steps; but he was never one to stand much questioning, and in his present state it would have been dangerous to cross him. By way of saying something,—anything at the moment,—I asked how were things going on here politically. He laughed his usual little quiet laugh, and called out to Caffarelli, who stood in the window. 'Come here, Carlo, and tell Lyle how we are getting on here. He wants to know if the ammunition has been yet served out for the bombardment; or are you waiting for the barricades?' He jumped up in his bed as he spoke, and then fell back again. The doctor ran hastily over, and cried out, 'That's exactly what I said would come of it! There's hemorrhage again!' And so we were turned out of the room, and the other doctors were speedily summoned, and it was only an hour ago I heard that he was going on favorably, but that in future a strict interdict should be put upon all visits, and none admitted to him but his physicians. Seeing this, there was no use deferring my departure, which would, besides, place my commission in jeopardy. I have already outstayed my leave by two mails.

"Caffarelli is to write to you about the villa, and take all your directions about getting it in order for your arrival. He says that there is only too much furniture; and as there are something like eighty odd rooms—it is called Palazzotto, a diminutive for palace!—the chances are that even you will have space enough for what you call 'to turn round in.' I am in no dread of your being disappointed in it, and I repeat once more, it is the most exquisitely beautiful spot I ever saw. I would rather own it than its larger brother, the great kingly palace on the opposite side of the bay.

"I left my card at the Legation for your friend Mr. Damer; but he has not returned my visit. I own I had no peculiar anxiety to know him. Maitland could only say that he 'was not an ill-natured fellow, and perhaps a shade smarter than his colleagues.'

"Caffarelli promises to keep you informed about poor Maitland, of whom, notwithstanding all the doctors say, I do not augur too favorably. On every account, whether you really avail yourselves of it or not, do not refuse his offer of the villa; it would give him the deepest pain and mortification, knowing how I had fixed upon it before. I heard of his being the owner. I am very sorry to leave him, and sorrier that I have not heard what he was so eager to tell me. I shall be very impatient till I hear from you, and know whether you concur in my conjecture or not.

"The king sent twice to-day to inquire after M., and has already announced his intention to come in person, so soon as the doctors deem such a visit safe. To see the names that were left to-day with the porter, you would say it was one of the first men in Europe was causing all this public anxiety.

"I trust, my dear Alice, you will be satisfied with this long-winded epistle,—the last, probably, you will get from me till I reach Calcutta. I had intended to have given you all the gossip of this pleasant place, which, even on the verge, as some think, of a revolution, has time and to spare for its social delinquencies; but Maitland has so engrossed my thoughts that he has filled my letter; and yet I have not told you one tithe of what I have heard about him from his friend Caffarelli. Indeed, in his estimation, M. has no equal living;—he is not alone the cleverest, boldest, and most accomplished of men, but

truest and the best-hearted. I sat late into the night last night listening to traits of his generosity,—the poor people he has helped, the deserving creatures he had succored, and the earnest way he had pressed claims on the ministry for wretched families who had been friendless without him. I was dying to ask other questions about him; but I did not venture, and yet the man puzzles me more than ever. Once, indeed, Caffarelli seemed on the verge of telling me something. I had asked what Maitland meant by saying that he should probably soon quit Italy? 'Ah,' replied Caffarelli, laughing, 'then he has told you of that mad scheme of his; but of all things in the world, why go into the service of a Bey of Tunis?' 'A Bey of Tunis!' cried I, in such evident astonishment as showed I had heard of the project for the first time. 'Of course it was but a jest,' said Caffarelli, catching himself up quickly. 'The present Bey and Maitland lived together in Paris in their early days; and I have seen scores of letters entreating Maitland to come to Tunis, and offering him the command of a division, the place of a minister,—anything, in fact, that might be supposed to tempt him. You may imagine yourself how likely it is that a man with all Europe at his feet would consent to finish his life in an African banishment.'

"If I could only have one week more here, I feel certain that Caffarelli would tell me everything that I want to learn; but I must up and away. My servant is already hurrying down my baggage, and I have not more time than to send my loves to you all.

"Yours always,

"MARK LYLE.

"P. S.—Caff. is just the fellow to be made very useful, and likes it; so don't scruple to write to him as fully as you please. He has already told me of a first-rate chief-servant, a Maestro di Casa, for you; and, in fact, only commission him, and he'll improvise you a full household ready for your arrival. Ado!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MAJOR AT BADEN.

"You will please to write your name there, sir," said a clerk from behind a wooden railing to a fierce-looking little man in a frogged coat and a gold-banded cap, in the busy bank-room of Parodi at Genoa.

"And my qualities?" asked the other, haughtily.

"As you please, sir."

The stranger took the pen, and wrote "Milo M'Caskey, Count of the two Sicilies, Knight of various orders, and Knight-postulate of St. John of Jerusalem," etc, etc.

"Your Excellency has not added your address," said the clerk, obsequiously.

"The Tuileries when in Paris, Zarkoe-Zeloe when in Russia. Usually incog. in England, I reside in a cottage near Osborne. When at this side of the Alps, wherever be the royal residence of the sovereign in the city I chance to be in." He turned to retire, and then, suddenly wheeling round, said, "Forward any letters that may come for me to my relative, who is now at the Trombetta, Turin."

"Your Excellency has forgotten to mention his name."

"So I have," said he, with a careless laugh. "It is somewhat new to me to be in a town where I am unknown. Address my letters to the care of His Highness the Duke of Lauenburg-Gluckstein;" and with a little gesture of his hand, to imply that he did not exact any royal honors at his departure, he strutted out of the bank and down the street.

Few met or passed without turning to remark him, such was the contrast between his stature and his gait; for while considerably below the middle size, there was an insolent pretension in his swagger,—a defiant impertinence in the stare of his fiery eyes, that seemed to seek a quarrel with each that looked at him. His was indeed that sense of overflowing prosperity, that, if it occasionally inclines the right-minded to a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness, is just as certain to impel the men of a different stamp to seats of aggressiveness and insolence. Such was indeed his mood, and he would have hailed as the best boon of Fate, the occasion for a quarrel and a duel.

The contempt he felt for the busy world that moved by, too deep in its own cares to interpret the defiance he threw around him, so elevated him that he swaggered along as if the flagway were all his own.

Was he not triumphant. What had not gone well with him? Gold in his pocket, success in a personal combat with a man so highly placed that it was a distinction to him for life to have encountered: the very per-

emptory order he received to quit Naples at once was a recognition of his importance that actually overwhelmed him with delight; and he saw in the vista before him the time when men would stop at the windows of print-shops to gaze on the features of "Le fameux M'Caskey."

There was something glorious in his self-conceit; for there was nothing he would not dare to achieve that estimation which he had already conceived of his own abilities. At the time I now speak of, there was a momentary lull in the storm of Italian politics caused by Count Cavour's crafty negotiations with the Neapolitan Government,—negotiations solely devised to induce that false sense of security which was to end in downfall and ruin. Whether M'Caskey had any forebodings of what was to come or not, he knew well that it was not the moment for men like himself to be needed. "When the day of action comes, will come the question, 'Where is M'Caskey?'" Meanwhile I will be off to Baden. I feel as though I ought to break the bank."

To Baden he went. How many are there who can recall that bustling, pretentious, over-dressed little fellow, who astonished the pistol-gallery by his shooting, and drove the poor *maitre d'armes* to the verge of despair by his skill with the rapier, and then swaggered into the play-room to take the first chair he pleased, only too happy if he could provoke any to resent it. How he frowned down the men and ogled the women; smiling blandly at the beauties that passed, as though in recognition of charms their owners might well feel proud of, for they had captivated a M'Caskey! How sumptuous, too, his dinner; how rare and curious his wines; how obsequious were they who waited on him; what peril impended over the man that asked to be served before him!

Strong men,—men in all the vigor of their youth and strength,—men of honor and men of tried courage, passed and repassed, looked at, but never dreamed of provoking him. Absurd as he was in dress, ridiculous in his overweening pretension, not one ventured on the open sneer at what each in his secret heart despised for its vulgar insolence. And what a testimony to pluck was there in all this! for to what other quality in such a man's nature had the world consented to have paid homage?

Not one of those who made way for him would have stooped to know him. There was not a man of those who controlled his gravity to respect a degree of absurdity actually laughable, who would have accepted his acquaintance at any price; and yet for all that, he moved amongst them there, exacting every deference that was accorded to the highest, and undeniably inferior to none about him.

What becomes of the cant that classes the courage of men with the instincts of the lowest brutes in presence of a fact like this? or must we not frankly own that, in the respect paid to personal daring, we read the avowal that, however constituted men may be, courage is a quality that all must reverence?

Not meeting with the resistance he had half hoped for, denied none of the claims he preferred, M'Caskey became bland and courteous. He vouchsafed a nod to the croupier at the play-table, and manifested, by a graceful gesture as he took his seat, that the company need not rise, as he deigned to join them.

In little more than a week after his arrival he had become famous; he was splendid, too, in his largesses to waiters and lackeys; and it is a problem that might be somewhat of a puzzle to resolve, how far the sentiments of the very lowest class can permeate the rank above them, and make themselves felt in the very highest; for this very estimation, thus originating, grew at last to be at least partially entertained by others of a very superior station. It was then that men discussed with each other who was this strange count—of what nation? Five modern languages had he been heard to talk in, without a flaw even of accent. What country he served? Whence and what his resources? It was when newspaper correspondents began vaguely to hint at an interesting stranger, whose skill in every weapon was only equalled by his success at play, etc., that he disappeared as suddenly as he had come, but not without leaving ample matter for wonder in the telegraphic despatch he sent off a few hours before starting, and which, in some form more or less garbled, was currently talked of in society. It was addressed to M. Mocquard, Taileries, Paris, and in these words, "Tell the E. I shall meet him at Compiègne on Saturday."

Could anything be more delightfully inti-

mate? While the crafty idlers of Baden were puzzling their heads as to who he might be who could thus write to an imperial secretary, the writer was travelling at all speed through Switzerland, but so totally disguised in appearance that not even the eye of a detective could have discovered in the dark-haired, black-bearded, and sedate-looking Colonel Chamberlayne the fiery-faced and irascible Count M'Caskey.

A very brief telegram in a cipher well known to him was the cause of his sudden departure. It ran thus: "Wanted at Chambery in all haste." And at Chambery, at the Golden Lamb, did he arrive with a speed which few save himself knew how to compass. Scarcely had he entered the arched doorway of the inn than a traveller, preceded by his luggage, met him. They bowed as people do who encounter in a passage, but without acquaintance; and yet in that brief courtesy the stranger had time to slip a letter into M'Caskey's hand, who passed in with all the ease and unconcern imaginable. Having ordered dinner, he went to his room to dress, and then, locking his door, he read,—

"The Cabinet courier of the English Government will pass Chambery on the night of Saturday the 18th, or on the morning of Sunday the 19th. He will be the bearer of three despatch-bags, two large and one small one, bearing the letters F. O. and the number 18 on it. You are to possess yourself of this, if possible; the larger bags are not required. If you succeed, make for Naples by whatever route you deem best and speediest, bearing in mind that the loss may possibly be known at Turin within a brief space.

"If the contents be as suspected, and all goes well, you are a made man. C. C."

M'Caskey read this over three several times, dwelling each time on the same places, and then he arose and walked leisurely up and down the room. He then took out his guide-book and saw that a train started for St. Jean de Maurienne at six, arriving at eight,—a short train, not in correspondence with any other; and as the railroad ended there, the remainder of the journey, including the passage of Mont Cenis, must be performed by carriage. Of course, it was in this short interval the feat must be accomplished, if at all.

The waiter announced "his Excellency's" dinner while he thus cogitated, and he descended and dined heartily; he even or-

dered a bottle of very rare chambertin, which stood at eighteen francs in the *carte*. He sipped his wine at his ease; he had full an hour before the train started, and he had time for reflection as well as enjoyment. "You are to possess yourself of this," muttered he, reading from a turned-down part of the note—"had you been writing to any other man in Europe, Signor Conte Caffarelli, you would have been profuse enough of your directions: you would have said, 'You are to shoot this fellow—you are to waylay him—you are to have him attacked and come to his rescue,' and a score more of suchlike contrivances: but—to me—to ME—there was none of this. It was just as Bonaparte said to Dessaix at Marengo,—Ride through the centre—he never added how. A made man! I should think so! The man has been made some years since, sir. Another bottle, waiter, and mind that it be not shaken. Who was it—I can't remember—stopped a Russian courier with despatches for Constantinople? Ay, to be sure, it was Long Wellesley; he told me the story himself. It was a clumsy trick, too; he upset his sledge in the snow, and made off with the bags, and got great credit for the feat at home."

"The train will start in a quarter of an hour, sir," said the waiter.

"Not if I am not ready, my good fellow," said the major, "though now I see nothing to detain me, and I will go."

Alone in his first-class, he had leisure to think over his plans. Much depended on who might be the courier. He knew most of them well, and speculated on the peculiar traits of this or that. "If it be Bromley, he will have his own calèche; Airie will be for the cheap thing, and take the diligence; and Poynder will be on the look-out for some one to join him, and pay half the post-horses and all the postilions. There are half a dozen more of these fellows on this 'dodge,' but I defy the craftiest of them to know me now;" and he took out a little pocket-glass, and gazed complacently at his features. "Colonel Moore Chamberlayne, A. D. C., on his way to Corfu, with despatches for the Lord High Commissioner. A very soldierlike fellow too," added he, arranging his whiskers, "but, I shrewdly suspect, a bit of a Tartar. Yes, that's the ticket," added he, with a smile at his image in the glass,—“despatches of great importance for Storks at Corfu.”

Arrived at St. Jean, he learned that the mail-train from France did not arrive till 11.20, ample time for all his arrangements. He also learned that the last English messenger had left his calèche at Susa, and, except one light carriage with room for only two, there was nothing on that side of the mountain but the diligence. This conveyance he at once secured, ordering the postilion to be in the saddle and ready to start, if necessary, when the mail-train came in. "It is just possible," said he, "that the friend I am expecting may not arrive, in which case I shall await the next train; but if he comes, you must drive your best, my man; for I shall want to catch the first train for Susa in the morning." Saying this, he retired to his room where he had many things to do,—so many, indeed, that he had but just completed them when the shriek of the engine announced that the train was coming; the minute after, the long line dashed into the station and came to a stand.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MESSENGER'S FIRST JOURNEY.

As the train glided smoothly into the station, M'Caskey passed down the platform peering into each carriage, as if in search of an expected friend. "Not come," muttered he, in a voice of displeasure loud enough to be heard by the solitary first-class passenger, who soon after emerged with some enormous bags of white linen massively sealed, and bearing addresses in parchment.

"I beg pardon," said M'Caskey, approaching and touching his hat in salute.

"Are you with despatches?"

"Yes," said the other in some astonishment at the question.

"Have you a bag for me?" and then suddenly correcting himself with a little smile at the error of his supposing he must be universally known, added "I mean for the Hon. Colonel Chamberlayne."

"I have nothing that is not addressed to a legation," said the other, trying to pass on.

"Strange! they said I should receive some further instructions by the first-messenger. Sorry to have detained you—good-evening."

The young man—for he was young—was already too deep in an attempt to inquire in French after a carriage to hear the last words, and continued to ask various inattentive bystanders certain questions about a

calèche that ought to have been left by somebody in somebody's care for the use of somebody else.

"Is it true, can you tell me?" said he, running after M'Caskey. "They say that there is no conveyance here over the mountain except the diligence."

"I believe it is quite true," said the "colonel," gravely.

"And they say, too, that the diligence never, at this season, arrives in time to catch the early train at—I forget the place."

"At Susa?"

"Yes, that's it."

"They are perfectly correct in all that; and knowing it so well, and as my despatches are urgent, I sent on my own light carriage here from Geneva."

"And have you despatches too?" asked the other, whom we may as well announce to the reader as Tony Butler. "Have you despatches too?" cried he, in great delight at meeting something like a colleague.

"Yes, I take out the orders for the Lord High Commissioner to Corfu. I am the head of the staff there."

Tony bowed in recognition of the announced rank, and said, quietly, "My name is Butler. I am rather new to this sort of thing, and never crossed the Alps in my life."

"I'll give you a lift, then; for I have a spare place. My servant has gone round with my heavy baggage by Trieste, and I have a seat to spare."

"This is most kind of you; but I scarcely dare put you to such inconvenience."

"Don't talk of that. We are all in the same boat. It's my luck to have this to offer to-day; it, will be yours to-morrow. What's your destination?"

"First Turin, then Naples; but I believe I shall have no delay at Turin, and the Naples bags are the most urgent ones."

"Is there anything going on down there, then?" asked M'Caskey, carelessly.

"I suspect there must be; for three of our fellows have been sent there—I am the fourth—within a fortnight."

"A country that never interested me. Take a cigar. Are you ready, or do you want to eat something?"

"No, I am quite ready, and only anxious not to be late for this first train. The fact is, it's all a new sort of life to me, and as I am a

wretchedly bad Frenchman, I don't get on too well."

"The great secret is, be peremptory, never listen to excuses, tolerate no explanations. That's my plan. I pay liberally; but I insist on having what I want."

They were now seated, and dashing along at all the speed and with all the noise of four wiry posters, and M'Caskey went on to describe how with that system of united despotism and munificence he had travelled over the whole globe with success. As for the anecdotes he told, they embraced every land and sea; and there was scarcely an event of momentous importance of the last quarter of a century of which he had not some curious private details. He was the first man to discover the plans of Russia on the Pruth. It was he found out Louis Philippe's intrigue about the Spanish marriages. "If you feel interest in this sort of thing," said he, carelessly, "just tell the fellows at home to show you the blue-book with Chamberlayne's correspondence. It is private and confidential; but, as a friend of mine, you can see it." And what generosity of character he had! he had let Seymour carry off all the credit of that detection of Russia. "To be sure," added he, "one can't forget old times, and Seymour was my fag at Eton." It was he, too, counselled Lord Elgin to send off the troops from China to Calcutta to assist in repressing the mutiny. "Elgin hesitated; he couldn't make up his mind; he thought this at one moment and that the next; and he sent for me at last and said, 'George, I want a bit of advice from you.' 'I know what you mean,' said I, stopping him; 'send every man of them—don't hold back a drummer.' I will say," he added, "he had the honesty to own from whom he got that counsel, and he was greatly provoked when he found I could not be included in the vote of thanks of the House. 'Confound their etiquette,' said he; 'it is due to George, and he ought to have it.' You don't know why I'm in such haste to Corfu now?"

"I have not the faintest notion."

"I will tell you; first, because a man can always trust a gentleman; secondly, it will be a matter of table-talk by the time you get back. The Tories are in need of the Radicals, and to buy their support intend to offer the throne of Greece, which will be va-

cant whenever we like, to Richard Cobden."

"How strange! and would he accept it?"

"Some say no; I say yes; and Louis Napoleon, who knows men thoroughly, agrees with me. '*Mon cher Cham*'—he always called me Cham—talk as people will, it is a very pleasant thing to sit on a throne, and it goes far towards one's enjoyment of life to have so many people employed all day long to make it agreeable." If Tony thought at times that his friend was a little vainglorious, he ascribed it to the fact that any man so intimate with the great people of the world, talking of them as his ordinary every-day acquaintances, might reasonably appear such to one as much removed from all such intercourse as he himself was. That the man who could say, "Nesselfrode, don't tell me," or, "Rechberg, my good fellow, you are in error there!" should be now sitting beside him, sharing his sandwich with him, and giving him to drink from his sherry-flask; was not that glory enough to turn a stronger head than poor Tony's? Ah, my good reader, I know well that *you* would not have been caught by such blandishments. You have "seen men and cities." You have been at courts, dined beside royalties, and been smiled on by serene highnesses; but Tony has not had your training; he has had none of these experiences; he has heard of great names just as he has heard of great victories. The illustrious people of the earth are no more within the reach of his estimation than are the jewels of a Mogul's turban; but it is all the more fascinating to him to sit beside one who "knows it all."

Little wonder, then, if time sped rapidly and that he never knew weariness. Let him start what theme he might, speak of what land, what event, what person he pleased, the colonel was ready for him. It was marvellous indeed—so very marvellous that to a suspicious mind it might have occasioned distrust—with how many great men he had been at school, what shoals of distinguished fellows he had served with. With a subtle flattery, too, he let drop the remark, that he was not usually given to be so frank and communicative. "The fact is," said he, "young men are, for the most part, bad listeners to the experiences of men of my age; they fancy that they know life as well if not better than ourselves, and that our

views are those of 'bygones.' *You*, however, showed none of this spirit; you were willing to hear and to learn from one of whom it would be false modesty, were I not to say few know more of men and their doings."

Now Tony liked this appreciation of him, and he said to himself, "He is a clever fellow,—not a doubt of it: he never saw me till this evening, and yet he knows me thoroughly and well." Seeing how the colonel had met with everybody, he resolved he would get from him his opinion of some of his own friends, and to lead the way, asked if he was acquainted with the members of the English Legation at Turin.

"I know Bathurst; we *were* intimate," said he; "but we once were in love with the same woman,—the mother of an empress she is now—and as I rather 'cut him out,' a coldness ensued, and somehow we never resumed our old footing. As for Croker, the Secretary, it was I got him that place."

"And Damer—Skeff Damer—do you know him?"

"I should think I do. I was his godfather."

"He's the greatest friend I have in the world!" cried Tony, in ecstasy at this happy accident.

"I made him drop Chamberlayne. It was his second name, and I was vain enough to be annoyed that it was not his first. Is he here now?"

"Yes, he is attached to the Legation, and sometimes here, and sometimes at Naples."

"Then we'll make him give us a dinner to-day, for I shall refuse Bathurst: he is sure to ask me; but you will tell Damer that we are both engaged to *him*."

Tony only needed to learn the tie that bound his newly-made acquaintance with his dearest friend to launch freely out about himself and his new fortunes; he told all about the hard usage his father had met with,—the services he had rendered his country in India and elsewhere, and the ungenerous requital he had met for them all. "That is why you see me here a messenger instead of being a soldier, like all my family for seven generations back. I won't say I like it,—that wouldn't be true; but I do it because it happens to be one of the few things I *can* do."

"That's a mistake, sir," said the colonel,

fiercely,—"a mistake thousands fall into every day. A man can make of life whatever he likes, if only—mark me well—if only his will be strong enough."

"If wishing would do it"—

"Hold! I'm not talking of wishing; schoolboys wish, pale-cheeked freshmen at college, goggle-eyed ensigns in marching regiments, wish. Men, real men, do not wish; they will: that's all the difference. Strong men make a promise to themselves early in life, and they feel it a point of honor to keep it. As Rose said one day in the club at Calcutta, speaking of me, 'He has got the Bath, just because he said he would get it.'"

"The theory is a very pleasant one."

"You can make the practice just as pleasant, if you like it. Whenever you take your next leave—they give you leave, don't they?"

"Yes, three months; we might have more, I believe, if we asked for it."

"Well, come and spend your next leave with me at Corfu. You shall have some good shooting over in Albania, plenty of mess society, pleasant yachting, and you'll like our old Lord High; he's stiff and cold at first, but, introduced by me, you'll be at once amongst the 'most favored nations.'"

"I can't thank you enough for so kind a proposal," began Tony; but the other stopped him with, "Don't thank me, but help me to take care of this bag. It contains the whole fate of the Levant in its inside. Those sacks of yours—I suppose you know what they have for contents?"

"No; I have no idea what's in them."

"Old blue-books and newspapers, nothing else; they're all make-believes,—a farce to keep up the notion that great activity prevails at the Foreign Office, and to fill up that paragraph in the newspapers, 'Despatches were yesterday sent off to the Lord High Commissioner of the Bahamas,' or Her Majesty's minister at Otaheite. Here we are at the rail now; that's Susa. Be alive, for I see the smoke, and the steam must be up."

They were just in time; the train was actually in motion when they got in, and as the colonel, who kept up a rapid conversation with the station-master, informed Tony, nothing would have induced them to delay but having seen himself. "They knew me," said he; "they remembered my coming down here last autumn with the Prince de Carignan and Cavour." And once more had Tony

to thank his stars for having fallen into such companionship.

As they glided along towards Turin, the colonel told Tony that if he found the *Weazle* gunboat at Genoa, as he expected, waiting for him, he would set him, Tony, and his despatches, down safely at Naples, as he passed on to Malta. "If it's the *Growler*," said he, "I'll not promise you, because Hurton, the commander, is not in good-humor with me. I refused to recommend him the other day to the First Lord for promotion—say nothing about this to the fellows at the Legation; indeed, don't mention anything about me, except to Damer—for the dinner, you know."

"I suppose I ought to go straight to the Legation at once," said Tony, as they entered Turin; "my orders are to deliver the bags before anything else."

"Certainly; let us drive there straight—there's nothing like doing things regularly; I'm a martinet about all duty;" and so they drove to the Legation, where Tony, throwing one large sack to the porter, shouldered the other himself, and passed in.

"Holloa!" cried the colonel; "I'll give you ten minutes, and if you're not down by that time, I'll go off and order breakfast at the inn."

"All right," said Tony; "this fellow says that Damer is at Naples."

"I knew that," muttered the colonel to himself; and then added aloud, "Be alive and come down as quick as you can;" he looked at his watch as he spoke; it wanted five minutes to eight; "at five minutes past eight the train should start for Genoa."

He seized the small despatch-bag in his hand, and, telling the cabman to drive to the Hotel Feder and wait for him there, he made straight for the railroad. He was just in the nick; and while Tony was impatiently pacing an ante-room of the Legation, the other was already some miles on the way to Genoa.

At last, a very sleepy-looking attaché, in a dressing-gown and slippers, made his appearance. "Nothing but these," said he, yawning and pointing to the great sacks.

"No; nothing else for Turin."

"Then why the — did you knock me up—when it's only a shower-bath and Greydon's boot-trees?"

"How the — did I know what was in them?" said Tony, as angrily.

"You must be precious green, then. When were you made?"

"When was I made?"

"Yes; when were you named a messenger?"

"Sometime in spring."

"I thought you must be an infant, or you'd know that it's only the small bags are of any consequence."

"Have you anything more to say? I want to get a bath and my breakfast."

"I've a lot more to say, and I shall have to tell Sir Joseph you're here: and I shall have to sign your time-bill, and to see if you haven't got something for Naples. You're for Naples; aint you? And I want to send Damer some cigars and a pot of caviare that's been here these two months, and that he must have smelled from Naples."

"Then be hasty, for Heaven's sake, for I'm starving."

"You're starving! how strange, and it only eight o'clock! Why, we don't breakfast here till one, and I rarely eat anything."

"So much the worse for you," said Tony, gruffly. "My appetite is excellent, if I only had a chance to gratify it."

"What's the news in town—is there anything stirring?"

"Not as I know."

"Has Lumley engaged Teresina again?"

"Never heard of her!"

"He ought; tell him I said so. She's fifty times better than La Gradina. Our *chef* here," added he in a whisper, "says she has better legs than Pochini."

"I am charmed to hear it. Would you just tell him that mine are getting very tired here?"

"Will Lawson pay that handicap to George Hobart?"

Tony shook his head, to imply total ignorance of all concerned.

"He needn't, you know; at least Saville Harris refused to book up to Whitemare on exactly the same grounds. It was just this way: here was the winning-post—no, here; that seal there was the grand stand; when the mare came up, she was second. I don't think you care for racing, eh?"

"A steeple-chase; yes, particularly when I'm a rider. But what I care most for just

now is a plunge into cold water and a good breakfast."

There was something actually touching in the commiserating look the attaché gave Tony as he turned away and left the room. What was the public service to come to if these were the fellows to be named as messengers!

In a few minutes he was back again in the room. "Where's Naples?" asked he, curtly.

"Where's Naples? Where it always was, I suppose," said Tony, doggedly,—"in the gulf of that name."

"I mean the bag,—the Naples bag; it is under flying seal, and Sir Joseph wants to see the despatches."

"Oh, that is below in the cab. I'll go down and fetch it," and without waiting for more he hastened down-stairs. The cab was gone. "Naturally enough," thought Tony, "he got tired waiting; he's off to order breakfast."

He hurried up-stairs again to report that a friend with whom he travelled had just driven away to the hotel with all the baggage.

"And the bags!" cried the other, in a sort of horror.

"Yes, the bags, of course; but I'll go after him. What's the chief hotel called?"

"The Trombetta."

"I don't think that was the name."

"The Czar de Russia?"

"No, nor that."

"Perhaps Feder?"

"Yes, that's it. Just send some one to show me the way, and I'll be back immediately. I suspect my unlucky breakfast must be prorogued to luncheon-time."

"Not a bit of it!" cried a fine, fresh-looking, handsome man who entered the room with a riding-whip in his hand; "come in and take share of mine."

"He has to go over to Feder's for the bags, Sir Joseph," whispered the attaché, submissively.

"Send the porter—send Jasper—any one you like. Come along," said he, drawing his arm within Tony's. "You've not been in Italy before, and your first impression ought to be favorable; so I'll introduce you to a Mont Cenis trout."

"And I'll profit by the acquaintance," said Tony. "I have the appetite of a wolf."

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With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent
Coleridge. In Two Volumes. Moxon.

IN our description of Books of the Week we gave, in a few lines last Saturday, the dry outline of the facts of the life of Winthrop Praed, and of his character as a poet only added that he was the best English writer of *vers de société*, and something more. What more? He had a refined and sensitive man's keen perception of surrounding influences, whether social or familiarly personal, and the singularly strong evidence of this forms almost a characteristic of his poetry. It is not the whole characteristic, the rest of it being that his verse is really alive with original wit and genius. He is like a good swimmer who hugs the shore; a great and earnest preacher, who cannot help feeling that Miss Gubbins's eyes are upon him; a philosopher at his club, where he has learnt to chip grand masses of thought into sparkling morsels of small talk. There is something amiable and very delightful in the warmth of social feeling and the sensitive thought for the humor of his fellows that thus, in a way, sets Hercules down with balls of thread at the feet of the social Omphale. Yet let us not overrate Praed. A perfectly great poet rises fearlessly to the full height of his ideal. Praed never flew far without perching. But as a poet bound to society he was free as the song-bird that builds near our villages and haunts our garden doors; he was not like Moore, the mere clever lap-dog to whom soft caresses, and his recognized plate of chicken at the dinner-table, and a pagoda all to himself in the drawing-room, are the be-all and end-all of existence. Above that type of the social verse-writer, Winthrop Praed stood at an immeasurable height. No insignificant ambition prompted his desire to please. Vanity did not spur, but modesty reined in, his Pegasus. With a soul full of bright and tender fancies, and full of pure affections, too, he was as the mounted man who chooses to keep pace with friends and comrades travelling the same road on foot. The steed in his fresh vigor curvets and prances, his movements are pleasant to see, true though it be that they are not the fleet running he is made for. But by as much as his rider's bright eye and glad lips are better than the liveliest gam-

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bol's of the little dog who runs among the company, by so much is Praed, as a writer of *vers de société*, above the hanger-on who strains to please with artificial sentiment or forced display of wit. And to the true sociableness that was in the heart of Winthrop Praed, a graciousness lying far deeper than the smooth outward manner which is consistent, also, with the coldest selfishness, to this true geniality belongs by nature the glad wit that blends often a gayety of innocence with the most touching earnestness of feeling, and will touch with mocking radiance the far solemn hills of thought.

Much that is characteristic of Praed as a poet will be found in the first of the eight metrical tales that open the collection of his works, the "Fairytale of Lillian." It is an occasional poem,—the most charming of its class,—printed when the age of its author was but twenty, with this introduction:—

"The reader is requested to believe that the following statement is literally true, because the writer is well aware that the circumstances under which 'Lillian,' was composed are the only sources of its merits, and the only apology for its faults.

"At a small party at Cambridge some malicious belles endeavored to confound their sonneteering friends, by setting unintelligible and inexplicable subjects for the exercise of their poetical talents. Among many others, the thesis was given out which is the motto of 'Lillian'—

'A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart,'

and the following poem was an attempt to explain the riddle.

"The partiality with which it has been honored in manuscript, and the frequent applications which have been made to the author for copies, must be his excuse for sending it to the press.

"It was written, however, with the sole view of amusing the friends in whose circle the idea originated; and to them, with all due humility and devotion, it is inscribed.

"Trinity College, Cambridge, October 26, 1822."

Never was young lady's problem solved by young poet with a more exquisitely dainty playfulness.

To the genius of the same youth of twenty belongs the fragment of "The Troubadour," of which the first two cantos appeared in Mr. Charles Knight's *Quarterly Maga-*

zine. Here, more than in "Lillian," the serious interest is sportively disturbed with whimsical antithesis, alliteration, quips of fancy, even puns; as when, in the gay train of the Baroness,—

"Pleasure laughed on every cheek
And nought, save saddles, dreamed of pique."

There is the poet's depth of feeling often stirred and a great feast of fancy spread, but all is with constant heedfulness of the temper of the glad young minds with which his own young mind is sharing it. At first, the false taste of the strain for verbal antithesis and alliteration is a little tedious, though it hits not seldom a happy turn of phrase. There is evidence enough of youth in the labored cleverness of lines like these upon Sir Hubert's funeral:—

"Maiden and matron, knave and knight,
All rode or ran to see the sight;
Yeoman with horse and hound,
Gossips in grief and program clad,
Young warriors galloping like mad,
Priors and pedlers, pigs and pyxes,
Cooks, choristers, and crucifixes,
Wild urchins cutting jokes and capers,
And taper shapes, and shapely tapers.
The mighty barons of the land
Brought pain in heart, and four in hand;
And village maids, with looks of woe,
Turned out their mourning, and their toe.
The bell was rung, the hymn was sung,
On the oak chest the dust was flung;
And then, beneath the chapel stones,
With a gilt scutcheon o'er his bones,
Escaped from feather-beds and fidget,
Sir Hubert slept with Lady Bridget."

But the antithesis has even here a ring of wit, and very honestly whimsical is the subsequent account of the young troubadour's bed and board when, after his father's death, he rode away from his desolate castle:—

"Three days he rode all mad and mute;
And when the sun did pass,
Three nights he supped upon dry fruit,
And slept upon wet grass."

And in the same poem, how full of tender truth is the troubadour's song of his dead mother, expressing the thought of many a young soul that opens into manhood with unsatisfied yearning for the present sympathy and love of a mother, who died before even the memory of her face could be left as a precious legacy to the son over whose cradle she had hung. Praed, too, lost a good mother in early childhood.

"My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair;
Yes! love is dead, and memory faded!
But when the dew is on the brake,
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
And mourners weep and ghosts awake,
Oh! then she cometh back to me,
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!"

"I cannot guess her face or form;
But what to me is form or face?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace
Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart,
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses!"

"Not in the waking thought by day,
Not in the sightless dream by night,
Do the mild tones and glances play;
Of her who was my cradle's light!
But in some twilight of calm weather
She glides by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought,
And all the passion of a dream,
Linked in a golden spell together!"

Very weird and solemn again is the incantation of the blighting spirits of the dead, introduced with a fantastic lightness of speech, and of which the attendant incidents are narrated with an occasional plunge into light bathos that forbids the comrade who may read the poem, or may hear it read, from supposing that the poet is not still capering and laughing by his side.

Of course it is to be remembered that this disposition to break seriousness with a defiant caper, though taking a peculiarly natural and kindly form in the verse of Praed, had been shown by other writers of his day, and was in accordance with the literary temper of his time. Our poets had broken from the restraints of the trim and formal French parterre, where they were bound to walk demurely and keep step together, and were running loose in the wild English woodland. Not in England only had there been in literature, as in politics, a trampling and jumping and dancing upon the French periwig that was to represent no more the dignity of man. Young Schiller, in the first burst of reaction, was all for the freedom of a robber-life out in the woods; nothing but nature in her wildest moods seemed good to Byron; and, as for man, the more lawless and defiant

the more welcome was he as a relief to the old trimmed and powdered models of good breeding. Even the precision of the orthodox heroic rhyming couplet seemed a badge of slavery, and our most popular poets quickened their measures, mixed them, flung their songs at will into a gay musical disorder. That was, of course, only one turn, but still it was one of the turns in the current of poetical taste, when Winthrop Praed began to exercise his inborn faculty of song; and it must be taken into account as part even of the roughest estimate of his poetical character.

But the larger influence has only strengthened individuality of character. The geniality and utmost tenderness of individual human life is to be felt in all Praed's verses, and it is well that we have, among these collected poems, no withdrawal of the tender home thoughts about which not seldom the graces of his fancy played. Here are the yearnings toward sympathy of love, written in the solitude of the college room on the night before an examination; here are love verses addressed with birthday gifts, or on other pleasant occasions, to the poet's wife; and here he hangs over the baby graces of an infant daughter:—

“SKETCH OF A YOUNG LADY FIVE MONTHS OLD.

“My pretty, budding, breathing flower,
Methinks if I to-morrow
Could manage, just for half an hour,
Sir Joshua's brush to borrow,
I might immortalize a few
Of all the myriad graces
Which Time, while yet they all are new,
With newer still replaces.

“I'd paint, my child, your deep blue eyes,
Their quick and earnest flashes;
I'd paint the fringe that round them lies,—
The fringe of long, dark lashes;
I'd draw with most fastidious care
One eyebrow, then the other,
And that fair forehead, broad and fair,—
The forehead of your mother.

“I'd oft retouch the dimpled cheek
Where health in sunshine dances;
And oft the pouting lips, where speak
A thousand voiceless fancies;
And the soft neck would keep me long,—
The neck, more smooth and snowy
Than ever yet in schoolboy's song
Had Caroline or Chloe.

“Nor less on those twin rounded arms
My new-found skill would linger,
Nor less upon the rosy charms
Of every tiny finger;

Nor slight the small feet, little one,
So prematurely clever
That, though they neither walk nor run
I think they'd jump forever.

“But then your odd, endearing ways,—
What study e'er could catch them?
Your aimless gestures, endless plays,—
What canvas e'er could match them?
Your lively leap of merriment,
Your murmur of petition,
Your serious silence of content,
Your laugh of recognition.

“Here were a puzzling toil, indeed,
For Art's most fine creations!
Grow on, sweet baby; we will need,
To note your transformations,
No picture of your form or face,
Your waking or your sleeping,
But that which Love shall daily trace,
And trust to Memory's keeping.

“Hereafter, when revolving years
Have made you tall and twenty,
And brought you blended hopes and fears,
And sighs and slaves in plenty.
May those who watch our little saint
Among her tasks and duties,
Feel all her virtues hard to paint,
As now we deem her beauties.
“October 10, 1836.”

Of his pleasant vein of wit we might quote from these volumes many an example. Take for one his “every-day character” of the fair partner at a ball with whom conversation was tried upon every conceivable topic, with the one result of fetching out of her some remark on the weather.

“Was she a Blue? I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pedant? I discussed
The toga and the fasces;
A Cockney-Muse? I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A saint? I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;
A politician? It was vain
To quote the morning paper;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, Hail, and Snow, and Vapor.

“Flat Flattery was my only chance:
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling.
I envied gloves upon her arm
And shawls upon her shoulder;
And, when my worship was most warm,—
She—“never found it colder.”

“I don't object to wealth or land;
And she will have the giving

Of an extremely pretty hand,
 Some thousands, and a living.
 She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
 Sings sweetly, dances finely,
 Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-schools,
 And sits a horse divinely.
 But to be linked for life to her !—
 The desperate man who tried it
 Might marry a Barometer
 And hang himself beside it !”

One of Praed's social accomplishments as a poet lay in the skilful rhyming of charades. Here is one upon the name of that vain bird the Peacock :—

“ I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
 All dressed in fire and feather,
 When Loveliness and Chivalry
 Were met to feast together ;
 He flung the slave who moved the lid
 A purse of maravedis,—
 And this that gallant Spaniard did
 For me, and for the Ladies.

“ He vowed a vow, that noble Knight,
 Before he went to table,
 To make his only sport the fight,
 His only couch the stable,
 Till he had dragged, as he was bid,
 Five score of Turks to Cadiz,—
 And this that gallant Spaniard did
 For me, and for the Ladies.

“ To ride through mountains, where my First
 A banquet would be reckoned,—
 Through deserts where, to quench their thirst,
 Men vainly turn my Second ;—
 To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
 To dare the gates of Hades,—
 And this that gallant Spaniard did,
 For me, and for the Ladies.”

Among Praed's songs is the familiar strain beginning—

“ I remember—I remember
 How my childhood fled by.”

And here is another that is worth good music :—

“ THE CONFESSION.

“ Father—Father—I confess—
 Here he kneeled and sighed,
 When the moon's soft loveliness
 Slept on turf and tide.
 In my ear the prayer he prayed
 Seems to echo yet ;
 But the answer that I made
 Father—I forget !
 Ora pro me !

“ Father—Father—I confess—
 Precious gifts he brought ;
 Satin, sandal, silken dress ;
 Richer ne'er were wrought ;

Gems that made the daylight dim,
 Plumes in gay gold set ;—
 But the gaud I gave to him—
 Father—I forget !
 Ora pro me !

“ Father—Father—I confess—
 He's my beauty's thrall,
 In the lonely wilderness,
 In the festive hall ;
 All his dreams are aye of me,
 Since our young hearts met ;
 What my own may sometimes be—
 Father—I forget !
 Ora pro me !”

Praed's verse, we believe, will live as something individual and real, although its writer does not approach the first rank of our poets. For in much that he wrote his social nature caused him not only to restrain, but, in respect of some requirements of a poet's art, not otherwise—to pervert the expression of a genius capable of satisfying a much higher standard of taste than that of the friends and comrades to whose sympathy alone he looked.

From The Press.

VISIBLE SPEECH.

UNIVERSAL language has long been a philosopher's dream. Leibnitz believed it possible, and did something toward organizing it. Clearly, if only we could establish a certain written sign for every conceivable idea, with another class of signs for the relations of ideas, the thing would be done. And within certain limits it is done already. Music has a universal language ; so has mathematics. The language of music conveys only sounds, but those sounds are the exponents of musical ideas, so that the conceptions of Rossini or Verdi are capable of being made known to musicians of any country, without any aid from the ordinary language of men. The language of mathematics conveys ideas ; if, for example, to an algebraist ignorant of any language save Arabic an Englishman were to enunciate the Binomial or Laplace's Theorem, no words would be requisite to make it intelligible. Scientific men in other departments might find it worth while to establish a universal language of their own : chemistry especially might be rendered almost independent of ordinary language. But Leibnitz's magnificent idea of universal language for all subjects, although, perhaps, not impossible, involves difficulties too great for the present generation of inventors. Mr. Babbage is the

only man living whom the magnitude of the enterprise would not appall.

If, however, there is slight hope of universal language, we have to announce the unquestionable success of what may be styled a universal alphabet. Mr. Melville Bell, of Edinburgh, is its inventor. Of course everybody recollects the great phonetic mania of some years ago,—and how Mr. Pitman and his followers denounced English spelling as heterography, and organized an orthography of their own,—and how the *Phonetic Nux* astonished ordinary readers by its vagaries. Well, the phoneticians did good. They originated a system of shorthand which is superior to all others both for speed and readableness. They called public attention to the deficiencies and redundancies of the English alphabet. A glance at the unscientific pages of Walker shows that four pronunciations of the vowels *a* and *o*, three of *u*, two of *e* and *i*, perplexed that obsolete orthoëpist. Then we have redundant consonants, as *c* and *x*; while the two sounds of *θ* are both absurdly rendered by *th*. But, while Mr. Pitman, Mr. Ellis, and their associates, did considerable service by indicating alphabetical anomalies, they necessarily failed in their attempt to revolutionize our spelling: Of this a main reason was the rapid advance of etymology as a science. It is now an axiom of lexicography that the origin of a word is more important than its pronunciation. The days of dictionaries without etymology are ended. Richardson, Hyde Clarke, Latham, Wedgewood, and other scientific investigators, have succeeded the unlearned writers of whom Walker is the type. And a movement that would break the connection between English and its cognate languages,—that would spell asymptote *asimtol*, and sneeze *snez*, and plague *plug*, ague *agu*,—that would barbarize the form of our words by destroying all traces of their kinship with the languages whence they came,—was not to be thought of. But Mr. Melville Bell's scheme of "visible speech" is a natural and important result of the phonetic movement. He exhausts all the simple sounds which men can utter. These he finds to be thirty-four in number. Any single language contains less; thus the English language requires only twenty-two types for all its vowels and consonants. Now the results obtainable hereby are obvious enough. Given a passage in the Russian language, written

in Mr. Bell's alphabet, an Englishman can read it so that a Russian shall perfectly understand it. For missionary enterprise this is most valuable. The Bible being written in any tongue, the most illiterate persons may be taught to read ("in a very few days," Mr. Bell says), though the teacher himself is ignorant of the language. Of course, also, a missionary might read the Scriptures to any audience, without knowing a word of the language which he read. And the application of the system to telegraphy will probably be very important. The symbols being learnt, telegraphic messages in any language may be sent from one country to another, and all necessity for translation superseded.

Mr. Bell states that his alphabet has been tried, without a single failure, on American, Indian, Ancient and Modern Greek, Russian and Polish, Hindu, Oordoo, and many other languages. Mr. Ellis, himself a distinguished experimenter, reports that he has thoroughly tested the system, with satisfactory results. Mr. Bell took down what Mr. Ellis dictated, and then Mr. Bell's son, who had only had five weeks' instruction in the use of the alphabet, read aloud what was written. "I dictated to him a most heterogeneous collection of sounds, such as Latin pronounced in the Etonian and Italian fashions, and according to a purposely rather eccentric theoretical fancy; various provincial and affected English and German utterances; series of sounds distinguished from each other by minute shades of difference; Cockneyisms mixed up with Arabic sounds, and so forth. My object was to test for minute differences, and to introduce sounds overlooked in some or all alphabets with which I was acquainted." And this is the verdict: "The result was perfectly satisfactory,—that is, Mr. Bell wrote down my queer and purposely exaggerated pronunciations and mispronunciations and delicate distinctions in such a manner that his sons, not having heard them, so uttered them as to surprise me by the extremely correct echo of my own voice. I have made it my business for twenty-one years to study alphabetical systems. I do not know one which could have produced the same results. I do not know one which could have written every sound I used. So far, then, as I am able to judge, Mr. Bell has solved the problem." Mr. Ellis's testimony will be quite sufficient for those who know how consummate a master of the subject he is. We entirely agree with him that, "for extra-European nations,—as for the Chinese dialects and the several extremely diverse Indian languages,—such an alphabet would rapidly become a great social and political engine."

RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY.

[As many of our readers have been practically acquainted with the business of recruiting in this country in time of war, they may be interested in reading the following account of the process and expense of this work in England in time of peace. The following is the best part of an article contributed to the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, by Captain W. W. Knollys.—*Living Age*.]

In a country where the conscription is unknown, work generally plentiful, and wages comparatively high, the cost of recruiting must necessarily be great. By recruiting we mean catching the man, inducing him to enlist, causing him to be examined by a doctor, and bringing him to the regiment, or depot, in which he is to serve. Once he has arrived, has received his bounty, and been provided with a free kit, recruiting, as far as he is concerned, ceases. Now, in this proceeding there are two points to be considered. The first is, how to spend as little money as possible on the raw material; the second, how to get raw material of the most useful description, and of such a quality that the country may subsequently be put to the least possible expense, through sickness and misconduct, on its behalf. We will examine the question of preliminary cost first. For this purpose let us turn to the army estimates for 1863-64. There we find it stated that the cost of recruiting for the military year which expired on the first of April last—a time, be it remembered, of profound peace—will be £119,185. This sum is to be distributed in the payment of the allowances and salary of the recruiting staff, the levy money for recruits, travelling allowances of the recruits and the non-commissioned officers who convey them to the depot battalions, medical attendance on recruiting parties and recruits, salary and allowances to general agent of recruiting service, and the bounty to men re-engaging in the colonies, the cost of free kits to recruits and men re-engaging, and the bounty to men re-engaging in England. To this must be added the pay and lodging allowances of the non-commissioned officers of regimental recruiting parties,—who act under the orders of the recruiting staff, and are, while so employed, lost to their respective regiments,—and the expenses of billeting the recruits before they are forwarded to the head-quarters of the recruiting district, as well as the pay of the recruits themselves. We have no means of estimating the amount of these additional items, but it is large, and added to

the £119,185 above mentioned, makes a considerable aggregate. Now this raw material, obtained at so heavy a price, cannot be manufactured into efficient soldiers, at the earliest, under six months for the infantry, and twelve months for the artillery and cavalry,—during all which time the money expended on them may be considered as being sunk, and might, without any impropriety, be also added to the cost of recruiting. In this paper, however, we are dealing simply with the question of the provision of the raw material, and not the process by which it is manufactured into a useful article. What we have here to do is to inquire if the cost of mere recruiting can be reduced without injury to the public service. To pursue our investigation properly, we must first examine how the present system is carried on.

The whole of the United Kingdom is at present divided into nine recruiting districts, to each of which are attached an inspecting field officer, an adjutant, a paymaster, some clerks, and staff non-commissioned officers. Any regiment which requires recruits obtains permission to send out one, two, or more sergeants for the purpose of getting them. We will suppose Sergeant Kite, of the 153d, to be detached to Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire, his regiment being at the time stationed at Inverness. His first step is to place in his cap a cockade, with long streamers attached, both composed of four or five different brightly-colored ribbons. This is to announce his object. He then finds out the market-days and the most frequented public-houses and thoroughfares. On market-days he goes about among the countrymen who have come into the town; and on other occasions, he visits the different public-houses, and parades up and down the high-street. If he sees a likely-looking young fellow, he contrives to enter into conversation with him, and, after discoursing on different topics, gradually, and, as it were, accidentally, begins to descend on the pleasures and advantages of a soldier's life. If Chawbacon shows any inclination to listen, he tells him in an off-hand sort of way, that his regiment wants a few good-looking lads like himself, and that he would be sure to get on, and the colonel would make him a sergeant like himself. Perhaps Chawbacon bites. Sergeant Kite then says, "Come, my lad, you can't do better than serve Her Majesty; you will live like a

gentleman, and have scarcely anything to do." If the yokel yields, Sergeant Kite says, "Are you married? Have you ever been marked with the letter D? (the mark of a man having been convicted as a deserter.) Or do you belong to the militia?" If these questions are satisfactorily answered in the negative, Sergeant Kite then proceeds, "Are you free, able, and willing to serve Her Majesty the queen for ten years?" On his giving an answer in the affirmative, a shilling is slipped into his hand, and he is told that he is enlisted. A shilling is the coin generally used; but any current coin of the realm is sufficient, according to law. Should, however, Chawbacon not seem in a hurry to surrender his liberty, Sergeant Kite proceeds to talk the matter over quietly. All the sergeant's eloquence and powers of imagination and exaggeration are now employed to persuade the coy rustic, who at length, allured by his brilliant description of the charms of a military life, in which a man "is treated like a gentleman, and has nothing to do except a little drill now and then," and enticed by the showy uniform, which he is told will make all the girls in love with him, succumbs. Formerly it was a common practice to make a man drunk, and while he was stupefied with drink, get him to "take the shilling," as it is technically called. This is, however, now seldom done, for the good reason that the magistrate, on the recruit being brought before him to be sworn in, asks him if he has any objection to make to the mode in which he was enlisted. If he urges some valid reason,—such for instance, that he was drunk at the time,—the enlistment is considered null and void. The man enlisted when drunk generally turns out a bad soldier, being always sulky and disgusted at the idea of having been taken in. The best soldiers are, as might be expected, either those who have been enlisted after a little persuasion, or those who have offered themselves. The causes which induce men to enter the army are various. They may for the most part be classified under the following heads: women,—that is to say, a quarrel with a sweetheart or wife; * a poaching or other scrape; a family quarrel; a distaste for regular work; want of employment—the most fre-

quent cause of all; and, in some instances, a love for an adventurous life.

The recruit having been caught, the next step is to take him before a surgeon and have him examined. In some cases he is put to a very severe test; but, when the medical officer happens to be a civilian, or if recruits are urgently wanted, he passes very easily. Having passed the doctor, he is taken before a magistrate to be sworn in. This must not be done sooner than twenty-four hours, or later than four days, after his enlistment, Sundays not included; and he has then an opportunity of freeing himself by paying smart, i. e., twenty shillings. The recruit having been attested, the sergeant is entitled to sixteen shillings bringing-money, out of which he has to pay one shilling to the magistrate's clerk. Immediately after the attestation has taken place, Sergeant Kite writes to acquaint the staff-adjutant at Glasgow—which is the head-quarters of the recruiting district—with the fact. Generally speaking, he is told to retain the recruit till some three or four more have been enlisted, when the whole batch is sent off by coach and railway to Inverness, and from thence to Glasgow by canal. Till that occurs, the recruit is lodged in billets, and receives pay as a soldier. During this interval of waiting, the sergeant has hard work to prevent desertion,—which, in spite of all his efforts, not unfrequently takes place. High bounties, also, though they doubtless attract an increased number of recruits, yet are the cause of much desertion in the early stage of a soldier's career. A man enlists into one corps, and gets the bounty; he then deserts immediately, and enters another regiment in a distant part of the country; from this he probably again deserts, thus a third time pocketing the bounty. This is with some a regular trade, and a few years ago was carried to such an extent that it could only be repressed by making it a rule that desertion should invariably be punished by flogging.* On arrival at Glasgow, the recruit is again examined by the staff-surgeon, and finally approved by the inspecting field officer, who, however, sometimes finds it necessary to reject recruits, notwithstanding their previous medical inspection. From Glasgow he is despatched, in charge of a sergeant, by canal to Inverness, where he is handed over to his regiment to be licked into shape.

* A man who is known to be married is never accepted as a recruit, but many falsely deny they are so.

* The order has now been abrogated by the classification of soldiers.

From The Examiner.

FORTIFICATIONS.

WHILE our Government, always regardless of expense, is lavishing twelve millions on permanent fortifications, the one important lesson taught by the American war is that earth-works, serving effectually for defence, can be thrown up anywhere in a few days. Now, no country in the world has such a command of the spade as England. She has thousands of navvies, expert in making railway embankments and cuttings, to whom intrenchments, parapets, and ditches, would be child's play. When the costly plan for Portsmouth was under discussion, Sir M. Peto said he would undertake in three weeks to crown Portsdown Hill with field-works. But if twice that time were necessary for the purpose, is it conceivable that we should ever want six weeks' warning of an invasion? And Portsmouth could only want defence on the land side against an enemy who had not only effected a disembarkation with horses, artillery, and all material of war, but also got possession of the neighboring country, for Portsdown could only be reached by a circuitous march, the direct approaches right and left of Portsmouth being all intersected by waters and marsh.

To guard against a surprise, permanent works for the defence of arsenals are undoubtedly necessary; but the only *coups de main* we have to be prepared against are from the sea, not from the interior. All recent experience both in Europe and America shows that the means of defence are quicker than the means of attack. Sebastopol was not half fortified when first besieged, and was fortified as completely as the nature of the ground and place permitted when finally captured.

The truth is that we have been in a great hurry to throw money away, and now we are learning, too late, how defences may be extemporized, or may wait occasion. With reference to the character of the war in America, the *Times* truly remarks,—

"It must not be forgotten that, though fortifications enter thus largely into the machinery of this desperate war, they must, in most instances, have been extemporized. America was the one country in the whole world without strong places and fortified towns, except on the seacoast. Even Richmond and Washington have been fortified since the war began, and probably we may learn by and by something more of a system

which Todleben introduced, but which Beauregard and his colleagues have developed. We are assured that Richmond—as open a town four years ago as Brentford or Croydon—is now one of the strongest places in the world. We know that Vicksburg, hastily encircled with defensive works, resisted every hostile attack, and yielded only to famine. The very man who took it cannot succeed, though still at the head of a large force, in taking the little country town of Petersburg. It is not easy to see the design of Grant's late operations, but they appear to be directed against the communications of Petersburg, with the hope of establishing such a blockade of that town as may possibly in the end lead to its surrender, and thus perhaps open one of the roads to Richmond. The defences themselves are too strong even for the reckless obstinacy of the Northern commander, and if he cannot effect his purpose indirectly, he must give it up altogether. Yet these fortifications had never been heard of till the other day, when the little place all of a sudden was found to be an Antwerp or a Mantua in strength."

Yet we are spending millions on works that may never be needed. Sufficient for the day is not the evil thereof, for we are providing at great cost against an evil which is most unlikely to happen, and against which, happen when it might, there would always be time to guard in the way exemplified by the Americans. With the present better knowledge of the public, the grant that was obtained four years ago could not be proposed with any chance of success by the strongest government. The ready answer would be, "See how they manage these things in America, waiting for the occasion, and fully provided for the occasion; without throwing away labor and money."

From the Examiner.

PERSIGNY—FRANK AND FREE.

Sir,—

"Well, old man, have you made your strains To praise the hand which pays your pains,"

Such was the address of Robert the Bruce, —according to Walter Scott,—to the bard of the lord of the Isles, after his song in praise of his master.

His Grace of Persigny is entitled to the same commendation as that given to the mercenary bard. He does well to laud the emperor, and to declare that his government is "*le meilleur de tous les gouvernements possibles.*" Has he—the Duke of Persigny—not

been raised from the rank of a sergeant in a regiment of the line, and does he not now possess,—in addition to his official salary,—two large estates with a rental of above £12,000 a year? He would be the most ungrateful man in the world if he were not contented with the present state of things in France.

Persigny has a number of admirers in England, who are continually talking of his disinterestedness in joining Louis Napoleon before his rise. I cannot for the life of me see in what his disinterestedness consists. He is a man of humble birth, who never rose, previous to the *coup d'état*, higher than the rank of a non-commissioned officer in a regiment of the line. This was during the reign of Louis Philippe. Finding he was likely to remain there without mounting to a higher grade, he joined Louis Napoleon in England, who was on the look-out for French adventurers of courage and broken fortune to aid him in his attempts against the dynasty of July. From this time he has lived at the cost of Louis Napoleon as his friend and adviser. Where is, then, the disinterestedness of Persigny? He certainly resigned his serjeanty in the line. But he exchanged for the better, in pay, food, and every material advantage.

Persigny—there can be no doubt of this—is a man of reckless courage and of great resources. It was Persigny, according to the general belief in Paris, who planned the whole details of the *coup d'état*,—the bribery of the officers commanding the army of Paris, the midnight arrest of the parliamentary generals, and the *fusillade* of the Boulevards, to prevent the citizens and the troops from fraternizing. Had he failed, he and his master would have been proscribed and considered infamous. But they succeeded, and success, like charity, covereth a multitude of crimes.

Louis Napoleon had at the same time another friend and adviser,—Count d'Orsay, a high-born gentleman. D'Orsay was a different character from Persigny. He advised the emperor to wait, and not to perjure himself, or lay the foundation of his power in blood. He said that it was probable the French people in their difficulty would elect him freely for their sovereign, and that he would then mount the throne without bloodshed, and with the love of his subjects. Louis Napo-

leon would not, however, listen to Count d'Orsay, and followed the counsels of Persigny. The *coup d'état* took place, and Count d'Orsay was afterward neglected, ill-treated, and finally died a broken man,—he to whom the emperor was under considerable pecuniary obligations when in England.

Persigny and the rest of the *entourage* have so far succeeded; but they are not altogether at their ease. They know well that if anything were to happen to Louis Napoleon, they would be ruined men; that they would be deprived not only of their rank, but of their illegally bestowed fortunes,—abstracted by the emperor without warrant out of the public purse, in order first to bribe and then to reward his unscrupulous partisans.

No wonder the Duke de Persigny is so anxious to maintain the existing state of things. No wonder he is opposed to a free press and a free parliament. One of the very first uses which would be made of a free press, would be to demand of His Grace how he comes to possess estates worth twelve thousand a year,—he who, twelve years ago, possessed—to use the French idiom—nothing but debts.

Every Imperialist knows that a free press and a free parliamentary government are impossible under Louis Napoleon. Such are the vices connected with the origin of his power that it can only be maintained by the bayonets of his soldiers. It would not stand six months before a free press and free chambers. Louis Napoleon—even if he wished to do so—could not give liberty to the people. The Parisians, who are the king-makers in France when the army does not interfere, will never forget and never forgive the scenes of December, 1851. The last elections sufficiently prove this.

JAMES AYTON.

PALLMALL, Sept. 3, 1864.

From The Examiner.

A ROMANCE IN POLITICS.

FORTUNE does certainly at times show strange caprice in its treatment of individuals or of families. The tricky goddess's treatment of the present royal family of Denmark is certainly of the most whimsical. It seems as if she had lifted up King Christian but to cuff and humiliate him. Whilst of actual empire and territory he has been

shorn, the first princes in the world seek his alliance, and the most illustrious marriages follow as well as precede disastrous desertions and defeats.

It is needless to recall to any one the rise of the house of Glücksburg, its coronation by a treaty, the marriage of its elder princess to the heir of the English throne, and the elevation of one of its young princes to the throne of Greece. Then stepped in Nemesis, and brought Denmark suppliant and prostrate before the German sovereigns at Vienna. Scarcely were the last acts perpetrated before the heirs of two of the most potent thrones of the world appear as rivals in the palace of Copenhagen, both pretending to the hand of the daughter of the ill-used sovereign. Prince Humbert of Italy, visiting Paris and offered a wife there, bethought him could he not do better, and posted off to Hamburg, from whence, by Lubeck, he made a hurried steam excursion to Copenhagen. What he said or did, or how he was received, courtly chronicles tell not. But he had scarcely time to disappear when upon his heels came another prince, and rather a handsome fellow, the Grand Prince Nicholas, eldest son of the reigning czar. He, too, had thought of the Princess Dagmar, which means, we suppose, something like Aurora, and, afraid of being anticipated, he took post and steam to Copenhagen. The court chronicles are equally silent as to his reception. But few readers are without sufficient imagination to fill up the picture.

It was probably not the wish of the imperial family of Russia that its hereditary prince should declare himself a suitor for the hand of the Danish princess until after peace had been signed at Vienna. But the curiosity or ardor of Prince Humbert defeated that discretion. The little Court of Copenhagen has, in consequence, been so much inspired that its plenipotentiaries decline to undergo the hard pecuniary conditions imposed at Vienna. How can a prince, father-in-law to the future sovereigns of Russia and England, be deprived of his provinces? It is for the political novelist rather than for the sober historian to attempt to discern or shadow forth what may come of all this. As we belong rather to the latter category, we should answer—nothing. Denmark will not be foolish enough to provoke war, because Russia would treat her as England has done, as

even she cannot do otherwise than shrink from the extremity of war. Prussia and Austria are, on the other hand, embarked in it. Russia, at the eleventh hour, is trying in September to accomplish what she could very easily have secured in January by honest and frank support of England. But it is now too late. Neither Austria nor Prussia cares for the legitimate rights of the Slesvig succession, and would sell or barter them to-morrow, were merely their own feelings and interests in play. But what is Austria, and still more what is Prussia, unless, apart or together, they mean Germany, and carry Germany along with them? Germany, never so much awake as at present, they cannot deceive. And however willing to gratify Russia, they cannot depopularize themselves at present.

They, however, may make great promise for the future, and to give speciousness to their sincerity, make and maintain a provisional state of things in the north, which is dangerous, because fraught with all the elements of popular disturbance and war. The worst of all this is the assumption by Russia of an influence which England ought to have had. Not that we should have profited by it. Our only object is peace, justice, and the content of each country with its frontier and position. Both France and Russia have quite other than such merely conservative views. And both one and the other would desire no better than to fish in the troubled waters of Germany,—keeping them troubled for the very purpose,—the one to extend its empire to the Rhine, the other to extend its sway over the Baltic and its shores and its outlet.

It is only at the expense of Germany that France and Russia can extend their power. And Germans, therefore, should look carefully on both sides of them. Even if united, Germany ought not to play the bully; she will have enough to do to defend herself on either side. And this she must do, not by military or numerical strength, in which she is surpassed, but by a respect for the rights of populations and the great principles of nationality, of freedom, and of justice.

From the Spectator, 17 September.

THE POLITICIANS OF CHICAGO.

THE nomination of General McClellan by the Democratic Convention at Chicago as its candidate for the next Presidency has been re-

ceived in this country by the self-styled friends of peace with a vacant and irrational joy. The Confederate organ, the *Index*, even before the news of the fall of Atlanta and the defeat of the Confederate General Hood, had candidly admitted that M'Clellan's election as president could not well hasten peace. But the recent great successes of Mr. Lincoln's generals will probably nip in the bud even such chances of election as General M'Clellan once had. But suppose it otherwise, what could General M'Clellan's election mean except a return to the faded craft of that vaunted compromise policy which yields principles to gain time,—first, a disgraceful and useless fawning on the pro-slavery politicians of the South in the cause of Union,—next, a dishonorable repulse,—and then at last an angry resumption of war after time had been given to the South to rally,—but of war undertaken to restore a Union with the living seeds of disunion as carefully preserved in it as ever, instead of such a war as the present, which is waged, not only to put down rebellion, but extinguish the causes of rebellion? That is what General M'Clellan's election would mean, and would only mean. The Democratic party *dare* not give up the magic formula of Union. The peace at any price party had no supporters at Chicago. The platform adopted there and accepted by the unready soldier, who having failed in arms has attempted to transfer to politics the same lukewarm and half-and-half policy which caused his ill success as a general, is as much a Union platform as that of the supporters of General Fremont or Mr. Lincoln. The whole difference between their and General M'Clellan's political principles is, that the latter pledges himself first to court and even compel a humiliating rebuff from the South, of which Mr. Jefferson Davis has not failed to give him ample and emphatic warning, and afterward to protect with all his strength the seeds of fresh disunion wherever his arms may succeed in restoring nominal union. If it is a subject for intelligent and rational joy that this feeble representative of a flavorless policy may possibly be empowered by the ignorance and unscrupulousness of the Northern democracy to plunge it into a larger, more wicked, and more hopeless contest for the more cruel and greedy idol called Union, then only can we understand the sickly show of congratulation with which the friends of

peace in England strive to utter the name of General M'Clellan.

"The probability of the election of a man of the calibre of General M'Clellan," says the *Times*, "strikes us as being itself in the nature of a revolution. The notion that the American democracy should submit to place itself under a leader, and that leader a man of character and ability unstained by the arts of the demagogue, and trusted mainly for his personal character, is so strange and startling that we really begin to hope the war has taught lessons never learnt in peace, and that in the hard school of adversity the evils engendered by a too luxuriant and exuberant prosperity may have found a remedy." We cannot think of a single fact justifying however remotely such a judgment as this. Between the elections of General Jackson in 1829 and Mr. Lincoln, we do not remember a single president who has *not* been of the calibre of General M'Clellan,—Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, they have one and all been more or less men of some culture and no principle, tools of the South, playing into the hands of the pro-slavery party with polished treachery, and often with far more ability than General M'Clellan has shown any indication of possessing. Mr. Lincoln has been the first *rude* president, so to speak, since the days of the rough but able Jackson; and he has been, as far as we can judge the history of the States, the first honest president since the time when the Democratic party first became the instruments in the hands of the malign Southern ambition. There is not a single intellectual quality in which the accomplished diplomatist, ex-President Buchanan, was not in all probability General M'Clellan's superior; nay, there is no moral quality belonging to a politician in which we have any evidence for thinking Mr. Buchanan inferior to the new Democratic favorite; and yet of all the long file of bad rulers under which the earth has groaned, we do not remember one who in a smooth and diplomatic way was worse, weaker, more mischievous and more contemptible, more shuffling in his treason to the Union and more vacillating in his assistance to the South, than President Buchanan. All we know of General M'Clellan is that he is following as far as he can at the present crisis in Mr. Buchanan's track, and why therefore his election, if it were to take place, should be

"in the nature of a revolution," it would have been kind of our contemporary to explain.

The truth is that the Chicago Democrats and their nominee General M'Clellan represent but one deep-seated tendency in American politics,—the great political vice which the circumstances of their constitution have generated from the first,—an idolatry of Compromise. The Federation was itself a compromise, and a compromise not merely in practice, which is true of all political compacts, but in *principle*,—statesmen in all the States having agreed not only to tolerate *for a time*, but protect, guarantee, and help to perpetuate what many of them, nay, most of them, both South and North, believed to be intrinsically poisonous to the life of the nation they were forming, and what they hoped with all their hearts might die out even while they solemnly pledged themselves to foster and feed it. This origin of the American constitution has borne its natural fruit in moulding generation after generation of statesmen who have lived to devise, and died with the patriotic boast on their lips that they *have* devised, new artifices for procrastinating the crisis of an inevitable and desperate struggle. Run over the greater names of the Union statesmen of the half-century previous to secession, take, for instance, Clay and Webster,—and we may truly say that each of these able and eminent men earned and re-earned his reputation wholly by mutilating his own most intimate convictions so as to make out of them and the convictions of his adversaries some platform on which, as he believed, the Union might be artificially propped up for a few years longer. Henry Clay of Kentucky, often called the "father of compromises," first distinguished himself by inventing and carrying, in conjunction with Calhoun, the Missouri Compromise as the condition of the admission of Missouri as a Slave State; he next carried the compromise tariff, Calhoun reluctantly consenting, when South Carolina had threatened nullification; he modified and then adopted Calhoun's memorable resolution, denying the right of Congress to legislate on slavery even for the District of Columbia, in which Washington is situated, in 1837-8, and so averted for a time the growing feud; on the annexation of Texas he tried to avoid and did avoid declaring either

for or against it; and he ended his life with his "Omnibus" Bill, a great effort to avoid deciding the question whether territorial legislatures should admit slavery or not. Mr. Clay of Kentucky has been the great model whom in his smaller way Mr. Crittenden has more recently striven to emulate. Clay, however, was a Border-State Unionist, and it is easy to see how Border-State statesmen are born into the very spirit of compromise. Daniel Webster was a New Englander, and yet the same indelible character of the constitution fixed its mark upon him and made him a mere imitator of Clay. The whole spirit of his life was compromise for the sake of the Union,—one of his first steps being a compromise with Mr. Calhoun at the time South Carolina threatened nullification, and one of his last to support the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. Even his foreign policy was often a mere manoeuvre to withdraw the attention of the States from internal differences, and no other consideration would probably have dragged so cautious and shrewd a statesman into the impertinent correspondence with Austria about Hungary in 1849. The truth simply is that statesmanship in the North has long meant nothing but vicious ingenuity in inventing compromises and staving off the evil hour, and hence the genuine Southern statesmen, like Calhoun in the later part of his career, and Jefferson Davis throughout it, have had, and have still, all the advantage of a clear aim, homogeneous views, and a vicelike tenacity of purpose over the hesitating and piteous bargainers of the Free States.

Mr. Lincoln has been the first break in this long line of gentlemanly waverers, who have been always willing to pay, if so it must be, the full price asked by the Southern slave-owners for their adhesion and forbearance; yet the *Times* sees a wonderful revolution in the mere nomination of a man by the Democratic party who takes up all the old traditions, offers all the old bribes, will be guilty of any iniquity, to save the Union, but *dare* not even whisper that he would sacrifice it. Why, instead of constituting a revolution, the choice of M'Clellan would be the return of the sow to her wallowing in the mire. It would be the reëntree of the evil spirit with seven other spirits worse than itself into the house that had been swept and garnished. We would not speak

thus of any man who would venture to go openly or disunion, and to encourage the North to develop the genius of her free institutions independently of the Slave States. That would be a clear and intelligible policy, likely to prove fruitful of good to one section of the country at least, if it held out also the terrible prospect of long life for a worse form of slavery than the world has ever seen, in the other section of the States. But this is not the policy of Governor Seymour and M'Clellan. They take up again the old creed and reverently appropriate the worn-out mantle of Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan. They propose to wheedle the Slave States back into the Union at the cost of all faith and all freedom. They cry aloud to the South, "Make us your tools, your servile tools if you please, if you will only come back. Your fathers made our yoke heavy; but you shall add to our yoke. Your fathers chastised us with whips; but you shall chastise us with scorpions."

And even that cry will not be heard. Mr. Davis has, we verily believe, too much of the statesman in him to rule again by pandering to the servility of the Northern democracy where he could not rule by the right of the stronger. He has found out how disgusting is the duty of governing, as Mr. Randolph of Virginia long ago said that the South governed the North, "not by our black slaves, but by your own white slaves," and he will not attempt it again. He will foil the Northern democracy by refusing all terms but independence, and then if General M'Clellan should, after all, be elected,—which is, we think, improbable,—we should see the disgusting spectacle of a bloody war renewed under a man who has vaunted his contempt for the only principle which can excuse it,—who has apologized for the rebellion and its principle when he hoped to bribe it into submission,—and will then be compelled by the utter break-down of his senseless manœuvre to invade the rights he has justified, and murder the men on whom he has fawned. In General M'Clellan the principle of compromise would thus indeed culminate. Many others of his predecessors have surrendered their principles cheerfully to purchase a peace; but he would have done so only to exasperate a war,—to turn it from what has always a certain majesty—a conflict of good and evil principles—into the most miserable and evil

of all human spectacles,—a bloodthirsty strife in which nothing is at issue except the possession of the soil and the name of the victor.

From the Spectator.

THE TIPPERARY WITCH.

THERE is something much more pleasant and touching about the Irish rustic superstitions than there is about the English. Superstition makes the English boor simply brutal and pitiless, while in the Irish peasant it excites the lively credulous imagination of a child. At Sible Hedingham the other day, the Essex villagers regarded the mere suspicion that poor old Dummy was preternaturally endowed as lawful justification for all sorts of experimental torment. No sooner do English rustics suspect demoniacal agency than they deliver themselves up to mixed feelings of anger and curiosity, and set about their tortures partly in the spirit of cruel fear and partly in the spirit of scientific investigation,—partly like inquisitors, and partly like artillerymen trying with their guns the strength of a renowned fort. They want to hurt the demon, and they want also to know how much it can endure,—whether a few hours under water will have the effect of sending it away, or brickbats applied to the organism of the possessed person will affect it at all unpleasantly. A hundred and fifty years ago Addison described the rural English feeling towards a witch as precisely that which it still is:—"In our return home Sir Roger told us that old Moll White had often been brought before him for making children spit pins and giving maids the nightmare, and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day if it was not for him and his chaplain." There is no such feeling towards a gipsy, because a gipsy is supposed to work only by a traditional knowledge of natural signs which anybody might acquire if he could find the key; there is nothing preternatural attributed to the gipsy, only a wilder life and more intimate acquaintance with natural secrets. But the moment the suspicion of preternatural powers suggests itself, the English rustic becomes brutal. The belief in fairies or kindly preternatural agencies has wholly vanished from England, while the belief in demons or the black art still lingers to a considerable extent. How different the state of feeling is in Ireland the very cu-

rious examination of three or four "bewitched" people before the magistrates of Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, on Thursday week will sufficiently show. The witch was one Mrs. Mary Doheny, the wife of a blind man, who appeared at Carrick-on-Suir about fourteen months ago with a reputation for preternatural powers which she soon began to sustain and increase. The charge against her was of cheating certain persons afterwards examined in court, and who evidently were far from admitting that they had been cheated at all, out of subsidies not in money but in food, on the false pretence that they were for the support of deceased relatives of the contributors recently restored to life—or sufficiently so to need food. The scene in the Court-house of Carrick-on-Suir was a very curious one. People of all ranks thronged from all sides to hear the examination, and even the most educated persons present were, it is said, in parts of the evidence visibly awestruck and confounded by the simple faith and earnest testimony of more than one witness to the preternatural facts alleged. The witnesses called against Mrs. Doheny certainly testified to the continuous stream of subsidies with which they had supplied her for their rather uncomfortably situated relatives,—who appear to have *half* got back from the grave, but still to be, if we may so term it, spiritual *invalids* living on earth, but in mysterious seclusion amongst the "good people," and preparing on a mild diet of tea and other food generally known to the medical profession as "slops" for their more active return to life; but while they gave this evidence, they not only imputed no falsehood to Mrs. Doheny, but were even eager in their simple faith that the subsidies had actually been needed and consumed by their half-reanimated kinsmen, whom they had, they said, seen with their own eyes. There is something inexpressibly childlike about the whole story. In reading it we feel as if we were present at the birth of one of those Irish fairy legends related with so much spirit by Mr. Lover, in which humpbacks sleeping in haunted moats so please the "good people" as not only to get rid of their humps but have them transferred to the persons of their cruel enemies, or banshees flit round decaying mansions wailing forth the death-song of some one of its inmates.

There were no fewer apparently than five independent witnesses who asserted that they had *seen* the forms of relatives long dead restored to life, always it appears in Mrs. Doheny's presence, though she does not seem to have claimed any power in the matter. The first witness was "Sub-Constable Joseph Reeves," who stated that after Mrs. Doheny's appearance at Carrick-on-Suir some fourteen months ago she began to doctor his child for him with herbs. The child was afflicted with epileptic fits, and Mrs. Doheny's remedies certainly gained it quieter sleep, he thought, than it had ever had before. But after this little experiment in the healing art, in which she does not appear to have been strikingly successful, she seems to have diverted her energies into more exciting channels. We are told that one night at twelve o'clock, while Mrs. Doheny's medical attentions were being directed to the child, Mrs. Reeves, the wife of the sub-constable, had a vision, when she was "in bed, but not asleep," of her deceased father, Mr. Mullins, who said "he would return home to me in perfection,"—whatever that may have meant. Mrs. Doheny "had not said anything to me of my father till I told her this circumstance, but the remark appears to have been carefully laid up in Mrs. Doheny's heart, and to have suggested the important change of her "base of operations" from administering physical sedatives to the child to administering spiritual stimulants to the parents. After the hint dropped by Mrs. Reeves of her expectation, that her father would return to her "in perfection," Mrs. Doheny appears to have made statements to the effect that he *had* returned to life, and would soon manifest himself to his daughter and her family. About four months or more ago "Sub-Constable Joseph Reeves" was asked by Mrs. Doheny to go with her to Knockroe, where he would see his late father-in-law. The man, accompanied by his boy Terence, a child of eight years of age, started, but on getting to Knockroe appears to have seen nothing till Mrs. Doheny came up ten minutes after him, when pointing in a particular direction she asked Reeves if he saw anything. "I replied, 'Yes,' for I saw my father-in-law William Mullins (who had been dead three years) about twenty yards distant from me." Asked by the magistrate whether he was frightened, Reeves replied

simply, "I was not, sir; this is a rare case in a court of justice, and a laughable one to some people; but there have been instances of the kind before." He had known his father-in-law, he said, for sixteen years, and "ought" to know him. "We remained looking at him for a time; he was standing in the field with a stick in his hand; his side-face was turned toward me. There was good light at the time, about eight o'clock in the evening. I don't think William Mullins is dead now; but he *was* dead. I have been sending him food for the last four months since he came to life. I sent bread, butter, and tea once in each of the twenty-four hours, sometimes by the defendant and sometimes by my wife's niece. Defendant asked in my presence for the food, and as it was after I had seen William Mullins alive, I consented." Reeves further said that he had lost a son named William, who died at seven years of age in 1860. Two months ago, Mrs. Doheny told him "to go to Duggan's waste-house and I would see him." This he did, again with his son Terence, and he asserts that they both saw his late son William standing inside the window with a dead aunt (Margaret Power), who had died about seven years ago. "They came to the window and I walked up to it,—there was only the glass between us. . . . The boy Terence remarked to me when they came to the window, 'There's Will and his aunt.' " We may casually note here the remarkably tenacious memory of the living boy Terence, who is only eight years old. His little brother had died when he was only four years old, and his aunt when he was only *one* year old; but he recognizes them at once. The dead or risen boy was said to be in the same clothes in which he died. The magistrate, asking if the lad had had his clothes on when he died, his mother, who was sitting in court, cried out, "O God help us! he had, he had!" and Reeves goes on, "Yes, he died in his chair; he appeared to me to have grown since he died; he did not look very badly, though he was delicate; he had no hat on." Of the aunt he says that she did not wear a crinoline, "they were not in fashion when she died,"—but we are not assured whether she died in those clothes or has dressed *since*. There also appears to have been a separate manifestation of some of these deceased persons to Mrs. Reeves. Mrs. Doheny, she said, brought her father "and showed him to me. She also showed

me Tom Sheehan [a deceased relative of Reeves], who was lame, and my own child. They were all alive." The niece of Mrs. Reeves, who is described as a "fine, intelligent girl," also swore positively that every night,—but "after dark,"—she brought tea, milk, butter, bread, and other food, and gave them to her uncle, Tom Sheehan, who was always standing under the wall of the old "waste house." She swore positively that it was to her deceased uncle, Tom Sheehan, and no one else, that she delivered the food. A fifth witness was an ex-policeman, James Hayes; but as he had known none of the deceased parties in their lifetime, except by description, his evidence only proved that he had seen persons whom he believed on his friends' word to be dead people restored to life. These persons still appear to be in a very delicate state. The dead Father Mullins indeed seems to be hearty under the protection of the "good people," smokes, and can manage new potatoes and eggs. But "Mrs. Doheny said my sisters and son were too delicate to eat new potatoes and eggs, and I changed the diet next night." Some tea was sent back as not good enough for the wards of the fairies, two months ago, and fresh tea of a better quality was substituted. William Mullins wanted clothes but once; and then he made shift with one of his daughter's *chemises* for a shirt. The promise held out by Mrs. Doheny appears to be that all these shadowy forms now undergoing their novitiate for a second earthly life in the deserted house near the moat of Ballydine will, after due assimilation respectively of new potatoes, eggs, and bread and milk by the hardier men, and superior tea by the boy and women, be able to come back *quite* to life, and that whenever that occurs they will "bring their living with them,"—an event apparently much to be desired, as the intermediate state is rather expensive to relations who are still enjoying their *first* lease of life, and on whom it is rather hard to ask them to work so hard for relatives who are about to enjoy their second. However, when they *quite* return to life, they are to bring not only money but "land in the county of Waterford"—or perhaps rather the *title* to it—with them, which is certainly a consolatory hope; only as the title can only have been gained by a conveyance effected in the other world, it must still be a harassing doubt to the sub-constable whether earthly lawyers will recognize its validity. Indeed, we fear the wholesome efficacy of the Encumbered Estates Act would soon be neutralized if this sort of lien upon land were admitted.

The whole story shows a wonderful Irish naïvete and amiability with its marvellous credulity. The placid faith with which the

sub-constable and his family accept the intermediate state, and send their tributes of new potatoes, eggs, milk, butter, and tea to the unreal world, in the sanguine hope of a reversionary right to real property in Waterford in compensation for these pious labors, is quite touching in its simplicity. A whole family give dairy produce to ghosts or fairies; and hope for a farm in Waterford as their reward! Was there ever confidence in imaginary powers so profound?

From The Spectator.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA.*

WE venture to hope that few Englishmen will read this authentic narrative of the cruise of the *Alabama* without a feeling of shame that any of their countrymen should have been found willing to coöperate in organizing or sending forth from our shores an expedition has which been so successful in preying upon the commerce of a friendly ally, and disturbing the relations between this country and the United States. Without entering into the vexed question whether any of the persons concerned in this affair were within the express words of the Foreign Enlistment Act so as to render themselves liable to its penal consequences, but looking at the transaction as a whole, it cannot, we think, be doubted that it was precisely that which it was the object of that act to prevent, and which if the powers given by the Legislature to the Executive do not prevent, the whole act becomes a dead letter, a pretence and a sham.

Captain Semmes' work adds little to what was known before. We all knew that the *Alabama* was "built expressly for the Confederate Navy by Messrs. Laird and Sons, of Birkenhead" (Vol. I., p. 266); that it was paid for in money obtained in this country by means of a loan raised upon the faith of cotton certificates which would only be good in the event of success of the Confederacy; that it was obviously a war vessel, and so far as its armament was completed in this country fit for nothing else; that it left Liverpool on pretence of making a trial trip with its builders and a party of ladies on board on the very day on which orders were issued by the Government for its detention, and of which information had been obtained in some irregular and clandestine manner; that instead of returning into port she proceeded to Moelfra Bay, where she shipped her crew and sailed on an ostensible voyage to Nassau; that she made for Terceira, and met there by previous arrangement the sailing vessel *Agrippina*, and the steamer *Bahama*, bringing

her guns, ammunition, and coal, all supplied by English firms, and the remainder of her crew; that there Captain Semmes, who had been commissioned to the vessel before she left England, took command, went through a form of reëngaging his crew, hoisted the Confederate flag, and then commenced his career of destruction; that, with the exception of the captain and two other officers, all her crew, officers and men, were Englishmen,—Captain Semmes calls them "the most reckless from the grogeries of Liverpool" (Vol. II., p. 33) and that wages were regularly paid to their families through a firm at Liverpool; that the vessel was constantly supplied with coal from England by the *Agrippina*; that she made a practice of luring her victim by flying the British flag; that she never once entered a Confederate port, but made constant use of British and other neutral ports, and was received with hospitality by British officers; that no attempt was ever made to send her prizes into port for condemnation according to the recognized usage of belligerents at sea, but that Captain Semmes constituted a *quasi* court of condemnation on his own quarter-deck without due regard for the property of neutrals, and then burnt the vessels and their cargoes.

On all these points Captain Semmes' log only confirms what was matter of notoriety, and those who can read with patience this great scandal to our laws and disgrace to the shipbuilders and merchants engaged in this transaction, will find little more than a dreary and monotonous account of the burning of vessels throughout a lengthened cruise. That there was anything heroic in the action of Captain Semmes we entirely deny. The vessel was built for the purpose only of destroying the commerce of the United States, and that a vessel could be built which should for a length of time out-pace any of its opponents at sea taking advantage of the law of neutrality which gives twenty-four hours' start to a belligerent from any neutral port, cannot be a matter of surprise to any one acquainted with the efficiency of British steamship builders, and more especially of the Messrs. Laird; it is, or ought to be, more mortifying that such a vessel armed and manned by Englishmen should have had eventually to succumb to an opponent as nearly equal as possible in size, armament, and number of men, of which the iron-plating turns out to be nothing more than the festooning of its own iron cable about the most vulnerable portion of its hull, a device equally open to the *Alabama*; and that its loss was wholly due to the superior gunnery of the American sailors over those of the *Alabama*, notwithstanding the training which many of the latter had received as Naval Reserve men.

* *Cruise of the Alabama and the Sumter. From the private Journals of Commander R. Semmes, C. S. N.* Two vols. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1064.—22 October, 1864.

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NEW BOOKS.

MR. JAY'S SECOND LETTER ON DAVISON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE FEDERALIST, with a vote on the unfriendly policy of France toward the United States, at the time of the Treaty of Peace. The subject of the note on France will probably attract more attention; but the most important matter is to prevent the insidious infusion of Secession feelings and arguments into our common literature.

SHAKESPEARE: THE SEER—THE INTERPRETER. By the Rev. Dr. Scadding, Chaplain to the St. George's Society of Toronto. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

MARBLE ISLE LEGENDS OF THE ROUND TABLE AND OTHER POEMS. By Sallie Bridges. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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THE WISHING WELL.

Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum !

I.

VOICE of this region fabulous !—
For silent else is all the air,
None else remains to tell us
The story of the things that were :—

II.

Fair fountain of this valley lone,
That falling with a ceaseless plaint
Into thy cup of sculptured stone,
Speakest of fairy and of saint ;

III.

For name of either thou hast borne :
Time was Titania round thee played ;
And rings by elfish footsteps worn
Still linger in the magic shade.

IV.

But when the Benedictine came,
To build upon these meadows fair,
He called thee by a holier name,
And blessed thy source with book and prayer ;

V.

And said the old belief was sin :—
Yet still, so ran the rustic creed,
Strange voices sounded, faint and thin,
By summer nights along the mead.

VI.

And whether it were saint or fay,
Blessing or magic, who could tell ?—
Men said that virtue in thee lay,
And loved thee as "the Wishing Well."

VII.

And still thy chalice carved of stone,¹
Though old beliefs have passed away,
Though fairies and though saints are gone,
Brims with clear crystal day by day.

VIII.

And waiting here an idle while,¹
And looking with a listless eye,
I see beneath thy waters smile
The changeless azure of the sky :

IX.

The changeless azure flecked with gray,
That was as deep, as fair, as clear,
Or ever down the woodland way
The first wild savage wandered here :—

X.

Or ever man thy dwelling knew,
And, resting on the virgin sod,
Looked wondering on the imaged blue,
And blessed thee as the gift of God.

XI.

And if there still be power in thee
To grant the wishes we conceive ;
If it avail implicitly
The old tradition to believe, —

XII.

Give me, fair stream, not gold nor love.
Not fortune high nor wealth of days
Not strength to rise the crowd above,
Nor the deceit of human praise :

XIII.

But this : that like thy waters clear,
Though creeds and systems come and go,
Unvexed within a narrow sphere
My life with even stream may flow, —

XIV.

May flow, and fill its destined space,
With this at least of blessing given,
Upward to gaze with fearless face,
And mirror back some truth of heaven !

C. A. L.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
That a noble deed is a step toward God, —
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet ;
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way —
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray ;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

From The Spectator.

MR. HAWTHORNE'S LAST FRAGMENT.*

THIS last brief fragment of Mr. Hawthorne's contains one of the finest and most delicate specimens of his exquisitely clear yet dusky pictures. The colors in which he paints, never either various or brilliant, yet always pure and mellow, remind one continually of that clear, rich brown in the streams just fresh from the Yorkshire fells and from feeding the roots of broom and heather. In precisely the same way Mr. Hawthorne's style, rarely rivalled for beauty either in England or America,—and it is remarkable that a classical simplicity and refinement of style has especially distinguished almost all the greater authors of America,—Washington Irving, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Hawthorne,—always seems to take its dusky-clear beauty from the roots of the fresh New England nature through which it has flowed so long, and to have been slowly distilled by the pensive musings of many generations rather than to be the individual style of a single author. Never in any of his numerous dreamy and yet shrewd, transcendental and yet half-cynical essays,—never in any of his meditative and yet almost prying analyses of character and fortune, has Mr. Hawthorne drawn anything so striking and yet so simple, so full of truth and so full of subtlety, so homely, so mellow, and so toned down into the sort of depth that age gives to great paintings, as the unfinished sketch which opens what was to have been his new tale.

There is a special adaptation, too, in the subject of the sketch to the qualities of his genius. It is the picture—a most marvellous picture—of great age almost losing its hold on the world, and seeing it afar off through the bedimmed cloud of failing senses, yet still held back from the grave by love for a lonely child. Now the main characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne's genius was always the far-off sort of twilight solitude from which his shrewd and curious eye watched and dissected the movements of the human heart. He had a sort of monopoly in the representation of that mental non-conducting medium which forbids the close approach between mind and mind even when it does not obscure the vision of him who is enveloped in it as in an atmosphere. It was this that gave

* "Pansie." By Nathaniel Hawthorne,—his last literary effort. London: John Camden Hotten.

him both the great shyness and profound sense of the weariness of life which his friend Mr. Dicey recently portrayed so admirably in the sketch in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It was to him that Hawthorne remarked, when they were discussing the question of the immediate resurrection or prolonged sleep of the soul after death, that he trusted there would be at least a sleep of a thousand years or so, for rest and restored vitality, before the labor of a new life began. That expresses precisely the literary impression conveyed by all his tales, of a mind operating with difficulty on the world through a long line of communications which it took much labor to put in motion,—of an eye watching acutely from the recesses of a cave the forms that flit to and fro in the sunlight before its mouth, but hardly caring to establish any system of mutual recognition. All his finest conceptions are removed in this way into an atmosphere of intellectual solitude, painful and burdensome in itself, more painful and more burdensome to break through; and when he wrote his tale of "The Minister's Black Veil,"—of the clergyman who to typify the inaccessible solitude of every human heart puts a black veil over his face which no one is to remove, and so, while he frightens away his betrothed wife and all his friends, gains a mysterious spiritual power over the imagination of his flock,—he did but write a parable of his own life. And this great characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne's imagination, which, like aged sight, magnified even while it interposed a separating film between him and the outer world, gave him peculiar advantages for the story of which we have here a brief but exquisite commencement.

In a New England town or village, a great-grandfather is left the only guardian of a child of three years of age, their house standing on the edge of the burial-ground where all the old man's relatives and descendants lie buried, and all that we have left us of the story is Mr. Hawthorne's opening delineation of the old man and the tie between him and the child,—the "unfrozen drop of youthfulness" which sometimes expands in the former's veins, diminishing the otherwise painful distance between him and the world, and almost restoring to him for a moment that tendency to repudiate age and feebleness as essentially unnatural to man which, as Mr. Hawthorne truly says, lurks somewhere

even in the recesses of the most sluggish and age-worn heart. No picture more exquisite and minute of the slow mental pulses of age, of the gradual retreat of life into the last stronghold and the occasional sallies that it makes thence, as a spring sunbeam, or a child's hand and voice, or the sip of a cordial, or any other accidental influence for a moment restores some of the vivacity of former sensation, has ever been drawn than this by Hawthorne of the aged apothecary, Dr. Dolliver, as he still feebly clings to the guardianship of his great-grandchild Pansie. He has availed himself of his own experience of a nature far withdrawn from the tingling sympathies of the outer world, to depict the state of a mind where the chills of old age had produced what peculiarity of organization had effected for himself.

"While the patriarch was putting on his small-clothes, he took care to stand in the parallelogram of bright sunshine that fell upon the uncarpeted floor. The summer warmth was very genial to his system, and yet made him shiver; his wintry veins rejoiced at it, though the reviving blood tingled through them with a half-painful and only half-pleasurable titillation. For the first few moments after creeping out of bed, he kept his back to the sunny window, and seemed mysteriously shy of glancing thitherward; but as the June fervor pervaded him more and more thoroughly, he turned bravely about, and looked forth at a burial-ground on the corner of which he dwelt. There lay many an old acquaintance, who had gone to sleep with the flavor of Dr. Dolliver's tinctures and powders upon his tongue; it was the patient's final bitter taste of this world, and perhaps doomed to be a recollected nausea in the next. Yesterday, in the chill of his forlorn oldage, the doctor expected soon to stretch out his weary bones among that quiet community, and might scarcely have shrunk from the prospect on his own account, except, indeed, that he dreamily mixed up the infirmities of his present condition with the repose of the approaching one, being haunted by a notion that the damp earth, under the grass and dandelions, must needs be pernicious for his cough and his rheumatism. But this morning, the cheerful sunbeams, or the mere taste of his grandson's cordial that he had taken at bedtime, or the fitful vigor that often sports irreverently with aged people, had caused an unfrozen drop of youthfulness, somewhere within him, to expand.—'Hem! ahem!' quoth the doctor, hoping with one effort to clear his throat of the dregs of a ten years' cough. 'Matters

are not so far gone with me as I thought. I have known mighty sensible men, when only a little age-stricken or otherwise out of sorts, to die of mere faint-heartedness a great deal sooner than they need.'—He shook his silvery head at his own image in the looking-glass, as if to impress the apophthegm on that shadowy representative of himself; and for his part he determined to pluck up a spirit and live as long as he possibly could, if it were only for the sake of little Pansie, who stood as close to one extremity of human life as her great-grandfather to the other. This child of three years old occupied all the unfossilized portion of good Dr. Dolliver's heart. Every other interest that he formerly had, and the entire confraternity of persons whom he once loved, had long ago departed, and the poor doctor could not follow them because the grasp of Pansie's baby fingers held him back."

Nor is the picture of the little girl, though much less complete,—scarcely indeed commenced,—less touching so far as it is given at all. The child was intended, we imagine, to be moulded by her forlorn destiny into early imperiousness and yet a melancholy concentrated tenderness and dreamy wonder, and to be almost as far removed from the rest of mankind by the peculiarity of her education, and the shadow of her parents and grandparents' neighboring graves, as her grandsire is by the dulness of failing sense:—

"Half-way to the bottom, however, the doctor heard the impatient and authoritative tones of little Pansie—Queen Pansie, as she might fairly have been styled, in reference to her position in the household—calling again for grandpapa and breakfast. He was startled into such perilous activity by the summons that his heels slid on the stairs, the slippers were shuffled off his feet, and he saved himself from a tumble only by quickening his pace and coming down at almost a run. 'Mercy on my poor old bones!' mentally exclaimed the doctor, fancying himself fractured in fifty places. 'Some of them are broken surely, and methinks my heart has leaped out of my mouth! What! all right? Well, well! but Providence is kinder to me than I deserve, prancing down this steep staircase like a kid of three months old!' He bent stiffly to gather up his slippers and fallen staff; and meanwhile Pansie had heard the tumult of her great-grandfather's descent, and was pounding against the door of the breakfast-room in her haste to come at him. The doctor opened it, and there she stood, a rather pale and large-eyed little thing, quaint in her aspect, as might well be the case with

a motherless child, dwelling in an uncheerful house, with no other playmate than a decrepit old man and a kitten, and no better atmosphere within doors than the odor of decayed apothecary's stuff, nor gayer neighborhood than that of the adjacent burial-ground, where all her relatives, from her great-grandmother downward, lay calling to her, 'Pansie, Pansie, it is bedtime!' even in the prime of the summer morning. For those dead womenfolk, especially her mother and the whole row of maiden aunts and grand-aunts, could not but be anxious about the child, knowing that little Pansie would be far safer under a tuft of dandelions than if left alone, as she soon must be, in this difficult and deceitful world."

It is sad that a picture begun with outlines so clear and shades so delicate should be so mere a fragment; but it is a fragment which embodies more of the essence of Hawthorne's genius than almost any other of equal length in all his writings. The last lines which he appears to have written are, as poet's last words (and in some sense Hawthorne was a poet) so often have been, a sort of farewell to the world, and a farewell as musical as it was probably unconscious,—sounding as if the deepest chords of his nature had just been touched by a breath of inspiration:—

"And there were seasons, it might be, happier than even these, when Pansie had been kissed and put to bed, and Grandfather Dolliver sat by his fireside, gazing in among the massive coals, and absorbing their glow

into those cavernous abysses with which all men communicate. Hence come angels or fiends into our twilight musings, according as we may have peopled them in bygone years. Over our friend's face, in the rosy flicker of the fire-gleam, stole an expression of repose and perfect trust that made him as beautiful to look at, in his high-backed chair, as the child Pansie on her pillow; and sometimes the spirits that were watching him beheld a calm surprise draw slowly over his features and brighten into joy, yet not so vividly as to break his evening quietude. The gate of heaven had been kindly left ajar, that this forlorn old creature might catch a glimpse within. All the night afterwards he would be semi-conscious of an intangible bliss diffused through the fitful lapses of an old man's slumber, and would awake, at early dawn, with a faint thrilling of the heartstrings, as if there had been music just now wandering over them."

There is in that sentence a silvery beauty, which Hawthorne himself has seldom equalled. It is curious that by far the most original of American literary men strikes us so often both in style and substance, as nearer the classical standard of English authors than any Englishman we could produce. New England has filtered away much of the richness and also much of the impurity of Anglo-Saxon genius. There is something exquisitely delicate, but refined away almost to gossamer, in the tissue of the noblest genius of the New World.

IDEAS ABOUT WOMEN.—A French book, recently published at Brussels, contains, among other interesting matters, a collection of aphorisms about women, taken from the writings of various authors. We copy a few of them: Chamfort.—In the choice of a lover, woman considers more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more pleasing than history. Bonquart.—If we speak ill of the sex generally, they will rise against us; if we do the same of any individual woman, they will agree with us. Charles Lemsle.—Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities. Daniel Sterne.—Most of women are endowed with such naturally endearing charms that even their very presence is generally beneficial. Madame De Stael.—Love in a woman's life is a history; in a man's an episode. Catalina.—Only he who has nothing to hold from a woman is truly sincere in her praise. Diderot.—There exists among women a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each other's interests. Stuhl.—No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly

homely. The self-deception is natural; for there are some most charming women without a particle of beauty. Octave Feuillet.—Providence has so ordered it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man,—his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except painful and idle delusion. Alphonse Carr.—Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and be assured that she will ever think kindly of you. Say that she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but very homely, and she will never forget you in her life. Madame De Maintenon.—In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also to a certainty always a charm never to be found in the letters of men. Duclos.—Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly almost all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creation, and so, also, friendship, especially when it follows love. J. J. Rousseau.—Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women can read it better.

PART X.—CHAPTER XXIX.

THE place which the Meredith's had chosen for their residence was Frascati, where everything was quieter, and most things cheaper, than in Rome,—to which, besides, the brother and sister had objections, founded on former passages in their family history, of which their new friends were but partially aware; and to Frascati, accordingly, the two Scotch pilgrims were drawn with them. Colin having, as usual, persevered in his own way, and obtained it, as Lauderdale prophesied, the arrangement came about, naturally enough, after the ten days' close company on board ship, when young Meredith, whom most people were either contemptuous of, or inclined to avoid, found refuge with his new friends, who, though they did not agree with him, at least understood what he meant. He slackened nothing of those exertions which he thought to be his duty,—and on which, perhaps unconsciously, the young invalid rather prided himself, as belonging to his rôle of dying man—during the remainder of the voyage; but, finding one of the sailors ill, succeeded in making such an impression upon the poor fellow's uninstructed and uncertain mind as repaid him, he said, for all the exertions he had made. After that event, he passed by very often to the fore-castle to pray with his convert, being, perhaps, disposed to the opinion that they two were the salt of the earth to their small community; for which proceeding he was called fool, and fanatic, and Methodist, and a great many other hard names by the majority of his fellow-passengers,—some of whom, indeed, being, like most ordinary people, totally unable to discriminate between things that differ, confidently expected to hear of some secret vice on the part of Meredith; such things being always found out, as they maintained, of people who considered themselves better than their neighbors. "After a while, it will be found out what he's up to," said a comfortable passenger, who knew the world; "such fellows always have their private peccadilloes. I dare say he don't go so often to the fore-castle for nothing. The stewardess aint bad-looking, and I've seen our saint engaged in private conversation when he didn't know I was there," said the large-minded Christian who denounced poor Meredith's uncharitableness. And, to be sure, he was uncharitable, poor fellow. As for Colin, and,

indeed, Lauderdale also, who had been attracted, in spite of himself, they looked on with a wonderful interest, from amid-ships, knowing better. They saw him dragging his sister after him, as far as she could go, along the crowded deck, when he went to visit his patient,—neither he, whose thoughts were occupied solely with matters of life and death, nor she, who was thinking entirely of him, having any idea that the dark dormitory below, among the sailors' hammocks, was an unfit place for her. It was Colin who stepped forward to rescue the girl from this unnecessary trial, and Meredith gave her up to him, with as little idea that this, too, was a doubtful expedient, as he had had of anything unsuitable in his original intention. "It is a privilege, if she but knew it," the invalid would say, fixing his hollow eyes on her, as if half doubtful whether he approved of her or not; and poor Alice stayed behind him, with a bad grace, without feeling much indebted on her own account to her new friends. "It does not matter where I go, so long as I am with him," she said, following him with her anxious looks; and she stopped seated patiently upon her bench, with her eyes fixed on the spot where he had disappeared, until he rejoined her. When Arthur's little prayer-meeting was ended, he came with a severe, and yet serene, countenance towards the sister he had left behind him, and the two friends who did not propose to accompany him. "He is a child of God," said the sick man; "his experiences are a great comfort to me"—and he looked with a little defiance at the companions, who, to be sure, so far as the carnal mind was concerned, were more congenial to him. Indeed, the new chapter of the "Voice from the grave" was all about Lauderdale and Colin. They were described under the initials N. and M., with a heightening of all their valuable qualities, which was intended to make more and more apparent their want of the "one thing needful." They were like the rich young man whom Jesus loved, but who had not the heart to give up all and follow him,—like "him who, through cowardice, made the great refusal." The sick man wrote without, however, quoting Dante, and he contrasted with their virtuous and thoughtful worldliness the condition of his convert, who knew nothing but the love of God, poor Meredith said. Perhaps it was true that the sick sailor knew

the love of God, and certainly the prayers of the dying apostle were not less likely to reach the ear of the Divine Majesty for being uttered by the poor fellow's bedside. But, though he wrote a chapter in his book about them, Meredith still clung to his friends. The unseen and unknown were familiar to their thoughts,—perhaps even too familiar, being considered by them as reasonably and naturally interesting; and poor Meredith was disposed to think that anything natural must be more or less wicked. But still he considered them interesting, and thought he might be able to do them good, and, for his own part, found all the human comfort he was capable of in their society. Thus it was that, with mutual companions and sympathy,—he sorry for them and they for him, and mutual good offices,—the three grew into friendship. As for Alice, her brother was fond of her, but had never had his attention specially attracted to her, nor been led to imagine her a companion for himself. She was his tender little nurse and attendant,—a creature made up of loving, watchful eyes, and anxious little noiseless cares. He would have missed her terribly, had she failed him, without quite knowing what it was he missed. But, though he was in the habit of instructing her now and then, it did not occur to him to talk to his sister. She was a creature of another species,—an unawakened soul, with few thoughts or feelings worth speaking of. At least such was the estimate her brother had formed of her, and in which Alice herself agreed to a great extent. It was not exactly humility that kept the anxious girl in this mind, but an undisturbed habit and custom, out of which no personal impulse had delivered her. The women of her kindred had never been remarkable one way or another. They were good women,—perfectly virtuous and a little tiresome, as even Alice was sensible; and it had not been the custom of the men of the house to consult or confide in their partners. Her mother and aunts had found quite enough to occupy them in housekeeping and needlework, and had accepted it as a matter of faith that men, except, perhaps, when in love, or in “a passion,” did not care to talk to women,—a family creed from which so young and submissive a girl had not dreamt of enfranchising herself. Accordingly, she accepted quite calmly Arthur's low estimate of her powers

of companionship, and was moved by no injured feeling when he sought the company of his new friends, and gave himself up to the pleasure of conversation. It was the most natural thing in the world to Alice. She kept by him, holding by his arm when he and his companions walked about the deck together, as long as there was room for her; and when there was no room, she withdrew and sat down on the nearest seat, and took out a little bit of needlework which never made any progress; for, though her intellect could not do Arthur any good, the anxious scrutiny of her eyes could,—or at least she seemed to think so. Very often, it was true, she was joined in her watch by Colin; of whom, however, it never occurred to her to think under any other possible aspect than that of Arthur's friend. Lauderdale might have spared his anxieties so far as that went; for, notwithstanding a certain proclivity on the part of Colin to female friendship, Alice was too entirely unconscious, too utterly devoid of any sense or feeling of self, to be interesting to the young man. Perhaps a certain amount of self-regard is necessary to attract the regard of others. Alice was not aware of herself at all, and her insensibility communicated itself to her silent companion. He sometimes even wondered if her intelligence was up to the ordinary level, and then felt ashamed of himself when by chance she lifted upon him her wistful eyes; not that those eyes were astonishingly bright, or conveyed any intimations of hidden power,—but they looked, as they were, unawakened, suggestive eyes, which might wake up at any moment and develop unthought-of lights. But, on the whole, this twilight was too dim to interest Colin, except by moments; and it was incomprehensible, and to some extent provoking and vexatious, to the young man, to see by his side a creature so young, and with so many natural graces, who neutralized them all by her utter indifference to herself.

So that, after all, it came to be a very natural and reasonable step to accompany the Merediths, to whose knowledge of the country and language even Lauderdale found himself indebted when suddenly thrown without warning upon the tumultuous crowd of Leghorn boatmen, which was his first foreign experience. “They all understand French,” a benevolent fellow-passenger said, as he went

on before them; which did not convey the consolation it was intended to bear to the two Scotch travellers, who only looked at each other sheepishly, and laughed with a very mixed and doubtful sort of mirth, not liking to commit themselves. They had to give themselves up blindly into the hands of Meredith and his sister,—for Alice felt herself of some importance in a country where she “knew the language,”—and it was altogether in the train of these two that Colin and Lauderdale were dragged along, like a pair of English captives, through the very gates of Rome itself, and across the solemn Campagna to the little city set upon a hill, to which the sick man was bound. They made their way to it in a spring afternoon when the sun was inclining towards the west, throwing long shadows of those long, weird, endless arches of the Claudian aqueduct across the green wastes, and shining full upon the white specks of scattered villages on the Alban hills. The landscape would have been impressive, even had it conveyed no associations to the minds of the spectators. But, as the reluctant strangers left Rome, they saw unfold before them a noble semicircle of hills,—the Sabines, blue and mysterious, on one side, the Latin range breaking bluntly into the centre of the ring, and towards the right hand the softer Alban heights with their lakes hidden in the hollows, and the sunshine falling full upon their crest of towns; and, when they had mounted the steep ascent to Frascati, it was still more wonderful to look back and see the sunset arranging itself over that great Campagna, falling into broad radiant bands of color with inconceivable tints and shadings, betraying in a sudden flash the distant sea, and shining all misty and golden over the dwarfed dome of St. Peter’s, which rose up by itself with a wonderful insignificance of grandeur,—all Rome around being blotted into oblivion. That would have been a sight to linger over, had not Meredith been weary and worn out, and eager to get to his journey’s end. “You will see it often enough,” he said, with a little petulance; “neither the sunset nor St. Peter’s can run away:” for it was to himself a sufficiently familiar sight. They went in accordingly to a large house, which, a little to the disappointment of Colin, was just as square and ugly as anything he could have found at home, though it stood all the days and nights gazing with

many eyes over that Campagna which looked like a thing to dream over forever. It was the third story of this house—the upper floor—to which Meredith and his sister directed their steps; Colin and Lauderdale following them, not without a little expectation, natural enough under the circumstances. It was cold, and they were tired, though not so much as the invalid; and they looked for a bright fire, a comfortable room, and a good meal,—with a little curiosity, it is true, about the manner of it, but none as to the blazing fire and spread board and all the other items indispensable to comfort, according to English ideas. The room where they got admittance was very large, and full of windows, letting in a flood of light, which, as the sunshine was now too low to enter, was cold light,—white, colorless, and chilling. Not a vestige of carpet was on the tiled floor, except before the fireplace, where a square piece of a curious coarse fabric and wonderful pattern had been laid down. A few logs were burning on the wide hearth, and close by was a little stack of wood intended to replenish the fire. The great desert room contained a world of tables and four uncushioned chairs; but the tired travellers looked in vain for the spread board which had pleased their imagination. If Colin had thought the house too like an ordinary ugly English house outside to satisfy him; he found this abundantly made up for now by the interior, so unlike anything English; for the walls were painted with a brilliant landscape set in a frame of brilliant scarlet curtains, which the simple-minded artist had looped across his sky without any hesitation; and underneath this most gorgeous bit of fresco was set a table against the wall, upon which were spread out an humble store of little brown rolls, a square slice of butter, a basin full of eggs, and a flask of oil,—the humble provisions laid in by the attendant Maria, who had rushed forward to kiss the young lady’s hand when she opened the door. While the two inexperienced Scotch travellers stood horror-stricken, their companions, who were aware of what they were coming to, threw down their wraps and began to settle themselves in this extraordinary desert. Meredith for his part threw himself into a large primitive easy-chair which stood by the fire. “This is a comfort I did not look for,” he said; “and, thank Heaven, here we are at last.” He drew a long breath

of satisfaction as he stretched out his long, meagre limbs before the fire. "Come in and make yourselves comfortable. Alice will attend to everything else," he said, glaring back at his annoyed companions, who, finding themselves in some degree his guests, had to subdue their feelings. They came and sat by him, exchanging looks of dismay,—looks which, perhaps, he perceived; for he drew in his long, languid limbs, and made a little room for the others. "Many things, of course, that are necessary in our severe climate are unnecessary here," he said, with a slight shiver; and, as he spoke, he reached out his hand for one of the wraps he had thrown off, and drew it round his shoulders. That action gave a climax to the universal discomfort. Colin and Lauderdale once more looked at each other with mutual comments that could find no utterance in words,—the only audible expression of their mutual sentiment being an exclamation of "Climate!" from the latter in an undertone of unspeakable surprise and consternation. This, then, was the Italy of which they had dreamed! The mistress's parlor on the Holy Loch was words could not tell how much warmer and more genial. The tired travellers turned towards the fire as the only possible gleam of consolation, and Meredith put out his long, thin arm to seize another log and place it on the hearth; even he felt the difference. He had done nothing to help himself till he came here; but habits of indulgence dropped off on the threshold of this Spartan dwelling. Colin repeated within himself Lauderdale's exclamation, "Climate!" as he shivered in his chair. No doubt the invalid chair by the fireside on the banks of the Holy Loch was a very different thing, as far as comfort was concerned.

In the mean time Alice found herself in command of the position. Humble little woman as she was, there came by moments, even to her, a compassionate contempt for the male creatures who got hungry and sulky after this fashion, and could only sit down ill-tempered and disconsolate before the fire. Alice, for her part, sent off Maria to the trattoria, and cheerfully prepared to feed the creatures who did not know how to set about it for themselves. When she had done her utmost, however, there was still a look of dismay on Colin's face. The dinner from the trattoria was a thing altogether foreign to the experi-

ences of the two Scotchmen. They suspected it while they ate, making secret wry faces to each other across the equivocal board. This was the land of poets into which they had come,—the land of the ideal where, according to their inexperienced imaginations, everything was to share the general refinement! But, alas, there was nothing refined about the dinner from the trattoria, which was altogether a native production, and with which the Merediths, being acquainted and knowing what they had to expect, contented themselves well enough. When Lauderdale and his charge retired, chilled to the bone, to their stony, chilly bedrooms, where everything seemed to convey not warmth but a sensation of freezing, they looked at each other with amazement and disgust on their faces. "Callant, you would have been twenty times better at home," said Lauderdale, with a remorseful groan; "and, as for those poor innocents who have nobody to look after them—but they kent what they were coming to," he continued, with a flash of momentary anger. Altogether it was as unsuccessful a beginning as could well be imagined of the ideal poetic Italian life.

CHAPTER XXX.

It is impossible to deny that, except in hotels which are cosmopolitan, and chiefly adapted to the many wants of the rich English, life in Italy is a hard business enough for the inexperienced traveller, who knows the strange country into which he has suddenly dropped rather by means of poetical legends than by the facts of actual existence. A country of vineyards and orange-groves, of everlasting verdure and sunshine is, indeed, in its way, a true enough description of a many-sided country: but these words of course convey no intimation of the terrors of an Italian palace in the depth of winter, when everything is stone-cold, and the possibilities of artificial warmth are of the most limited description; where the idea of doors and windows closely fitting has never entered the primitive mind, and where the cardinal virtue of patience and endurance of necessary evils wraps the contented native sufferer like the cloak which he hugs round him. Yet, notwithstanding, even Lauderdale relaxed out of the settled gloom on his face when he went to the window of the great bare sitting-room and gazed out upon the grand expanse

of the Campagna, lighted up with the morning sunshine. The silence of that depopulated plain, with its pathetic bits of ruin here and there,—ruins, to be sure, identified and written down in books, but for themselves speaking, with a more woful and suggestive voice than can be conveyed by any historical associations, through the very depths of their dumbness and loss of all distinction,—went to the spectator's heart. What they were or had been, what human hands had erected or human hearts rejoiced in them their lingering remains had ceased to tell; and it was only with a vagueness which is sadder than any story that they indicated a former forgotten existence, a past too far away to be decipherable. Lauderdale laid his hand on Colin's shoulder, and drew him away. "Ay, ay," he said, with an unusual thrill in his voice, "it's grand to hear that yon's Soracte, and theraway is the Sabine country, and that's Rome, lying away among the clouds. It's no Rome, callant; it's a big kirk, or heathen temple, or whatever you like to call it. I'm no heeding about Rome. It's the awfu' presence of the dead, and the skies smiling at them—that's a' I see. Come away with me, and let's see if there's ony living creatures left. It's an awfu' thought to come into a man's head in connection with that bonnie innocent sky," the philosopher continued, with a slight shudder, as he drew his charge with him down the chilly staircase; "but it's aye bewildering to one to see the indifference o' Nature. It's terrible like as if she was a senseless heathen hersel', and cared nothing about nobody. No that I'm asserting that to be the case; but it's gruesome to look at her smiles and her wiles, as if she kent no better. I'm no addicted to little bairns in a general way," said Lauderdale, drawing a long breath, as he emerged from the great door, and suddenly found himself in the midst of a group of ragged little picturesque savages; "but it's aye a comfort to see that there's still living creatures in the world."

"It is not for the living creatures, however, that people come to Italy," said Colin. "Stop here and have another look at the Campagna. I am not of your opinion about nature. Sometimes tears themselves are less pathetic than a smile."

"Where did you learn that, callant?" said his friend. "But there's plenty of time

for the Campagna, and I have aye an awfu' interest in human folk. What do the little animals mean, raging like a set of little furries? Laddies, if you've quarrelled, fight it out like men instead of scolding like a parcel of fishwives," said the indignant stranger, addressing himself to a knot of boys who were playing mona. When he found his remonstrance disregarded, Lauderdale seized what appeared to him the two ringleaders, and held them, one in each hand, with the apparent intention of knocking their heads together, entirely undisturbed by the outcries and struggles of his victims, as well as by the voluble explanations of the rest of the party. "It's no use talking nonsense to me," said the inexorable judge; "they shall either hold their tongues, the little cowardly wretches, or they shall fight!"

It was, luckily, at this moment that Alice Meredith made her appearance, going out to provide for the wants of her family like a careful little housewife. Her explanation filled Lauderdale with unbounded shame and dismay. "It's an awful drawback no to understand the language said the philosopher, with a rush of burning color to his face; for, Lauderdale, like various other people, could not help entertaining an idea, in spite of his better knowledge, that English (or what he was pleased to call English), spoken with due force and emphasis, was sure in the end to be perfectly intelligible. Having received this sad lesson, he shrank out of sight with the utmost discomfiture, holding Colin fast, who betrayed an inclination to accompany Alice. "This will never do; we'll have to put to our hands and learn," said Colin's guardian. "I never put much faith before in that Babel business. It's awfu' humbling to be made a fool of by a parcel of bairns." Lauderdale did not recover his humiliating defeat during the lengthened survey which followed of the little town and its dependencies, where now and then they encountered the slight little figure of Alice walking alone, with a freedom permitted (and wondered at) to the Signora Inglese, who thus declared her independence. They met her at the baker's, where strings of biscuits, made in the shape of rings, hung like garlands about the door, and where the little Englishwoman was using all her power to seduce the master of the shop into the manufacture of *pane Inglese*, bread made

with yeast instead of leaven; and they met her again in the dark vicinity of the trattoria, consulting with a dingy *traiteur* about dinner. Fortunately for the success of the meal, the strangers were unaware that it was out of these dingy shades that their repast was to come. Thus the two rambled about, recovering their spirits a little as the first glow of the Italian sunshine stole over them, and finding summer in the bright piazza, though winter and gloom lingered in the narrow streets. Last of all they entered the cathedral, which was a place the two friends approached with different feelings. Colin's mind being full of the curiosity of a man who was himself to be a priest, and who felt to a certain degree that the future devotions and even government of his country was in his hands, he was consequently quick to observe, and even, notwithstanding the prejudices of education, not disinclined to learn, if anything worth learning was to be seen in the quiet country church, where at present nothing beyond the ordinary service was going on. Lauderdale, in whose mind a lively and animated army of prejudices was in full operation, though met and crossed at every turn by an equally lively belief in the truth of his fellow-creatures,—which was a sad drawback to his philosophy,—went into the Frascati Cathedral with a curious mixture of open criticism and concealed respect, not unusual in a Scotchman. He was even ashamed of himself for his own alacrity in taking off his hat, as if one place could be holier than another; yet, nevertheless, stowed his gaunt, gigantic figure away behind the pillars, and did what he could to walk softly, lest he should disturb the devotions of one or two kneeling women, who, however, paused with perfect composure to look at the strangers without apparently being conscious of any interruption. As for Colin, he was inspecting the arrangements of the cathedral at his leisure, when a sudden exclamation from Lauderdale attracted his attention. He thought his friend had got into some new bewilderment, and hastened to join him, looking round first, with the helplessness of a speechless stranger in a foreign country, to see if there were any one near who could explain for them in case of necessity. When, however, Colin had joined his friend, he found him standing rapt and silent before a

tombstone covered with lettering which was placed against the wall of the church. Lauderdale made a curious, unsteady sign, pointing to it, as Colin approached. It was a pompous Latin inscription, recording imaginary grandeurs which had never existed, and bearing the names of three British kings who never reigned. Neither of the spectators who thus stood moved and speechless before it had been brought up with any Jacobite tendencies,—indeed, Jacobite ideas had died out of all reality before either of them was born,—but Lauderdale, Whig and sceptic as he was, uttered hoarsely out of his throat the two words, “Prince Charlie!” and then stood silent, gazing at the stone with its pompous Latin lies and its sorrowful human story, as if it had been, not an extinct family, but something of his own blood and kindred which had lain underneath. Thus the two strangers went out, subdued and silenced, from their first sight-seeing. It was not in man, nor in Scotchman, to see the names and not remember all the wonderful vain devotion, all the blind heroic efforts that had been made for these extinct Stuarts; and, with a certain instinctive loyalty, reverential yet protesting, Colin and his friend turned away from Charles Edward's grave.

“Well,” said Lauderdale, after a long pause, “they were little to brag of, either for wisdom or honesty, and no credit to us that I can see; but it comes over a man with an awfu’ strange sensation to fall suddenly without any warning on the grave of a race that was once in such active connection with his own. ‘Jacobus III., Carolus III., Henricus IX.’—is that how it goes? It's terrible real, that inscription, though it's a’ a fiction. They might be a feckless race; but, for a’ that, it was awfu’ hard, when you think of it, upon Prince Charlie. He was neither a fool nor a liar, so far as I ever heard,—which is more than you can say for other members of the family; and he had to give way, and give up his birthright for the miserable little wretches from Hanover. I dinna so much wonder, when I think of it, at the ’45. It was a pleasant alternative for a country, callant, to choose between a bit Dutch idiot that knew nothing, and the son of her auld kings. I'm no speaking of William of Orange,—he's awfu’ overrated, and a cold-blooded demon, but aye a kind of a man

notwithstanding,—but thae Hanoverfellows—
And so y on's Prince Chairlie's grave ! ”

Just then Meredith, who had come out to bask in the sunshine, came up to them, and took, as he had learned to do by way of supporting himself, Lauderdale's vigorous arm.

“ I forgot to tell you,” he said, “ that the Pretender's grave was there. I never enter these churches of Antichrist if I can help it. Life is too short to be wasted even in looking on at the wiles of the destroyer: Oh that we could do something to deliver these dying souls ! ”

“ I saw little of the wiles of the destroyer for my part,” said Lauderdale, abruptly ; “ and, as for the Pretender, there's many pretenders, and it's awfu' hard to tell which is real. I know no harm of Prince Chairlie, the little I do know of him. If it had been mysel', I'm no free in my mind to say that I would have let go my father's inheritance without striking a blow.”

“ These are the ideas of the carnal mind,” said Meredith. “ Oh, my friend, if you would but be more serious ! Does not your arrival in this country suggest to you another arrival which cannot be long delayed,—which indeed, for some of us at least, may happen any day,” the sick man continued, putting out his long, thin hand to clasp that of Colin, who was on the opposite side. Lauderdale, who saw this gesture, started aside with a degree of violence which prevented the meeting of the two invalid hands.

“ I know little about this country,” he said, almost with sullenness ; “ but I know still less about the other. It's easy for you, callants, to speak. I'm real willing to make experiment of it, if that were possible,” he continued, softening ; “ but there's no an ignorant soul hereabouts that is more ignorant than me.”

“ Let us read together,—let us consider it together,” said Meredith ; “ it is all set down very plain, you know. He that runneth may read. In all the world there is nothing so important. My friend, you took pains to understand about Italy.”—

“ And a bonnie business I made of it,” said Lauderdale ; “ deluded by the very bairns ; set free by one that's little more than a bairn, that little sister of yours ; and not letting myself be drawn into discussions ! I'm twenty years, or near it, older than you are,” he went on, “ and I've walked with

them that have gone away *yonder*, as far as flesh and blood would let me. I'm no mis-doubting anything that's written, callant, if that will satisfy you. It's a' an awful, darkness with visions of white angels here and there ; but the angels dinna belong to me. Whisht—whisht,—I'm no profane ; I'm wanting more,—more than what's written ; and, as I cannot get that, I must even wait till I see for myself.—Here's a grand spot for looking at your Campagna now,” he said, breaking abruptly off ; but poor Meredith, who had so little time to spare, and whose words had to be in season and out of season, could not consent to follow, as a man without so great a mission might have done,—the leading of his companion's thoughts.

“ The Campagna is very interesting,” he said, “ but it is nothing to the safety of your soul. Oh, my dear friend !—and here is Campbell, too, who is not far from the kingdom of heaven. Promise me that you will come with me,” said the dying man. “ I shall not be able to stay long with you. Promise me that you will come and join me *there* ! ” He put out his thin arm, and raised it toward the sky, which kept smiling always serene, and took no note of these outbursts of human passion. “ I will wait for you at the golden gates,” the invalid went on, fixing his hollow eyes first on one and then on another. “ You will be my joy and crown of rejoicing ! You cannot refuse the prayer of a dying man.”

Colin, who was young, and upon whom the shadow of these golden gates was still hovering, held out his hand this time, touched to the heart. “ I am coming,” he said, softly, almost under his breath, but yet loud enough to catch the quick ear of Lauderdale, whose sudden movement displaced Meredith's arm, which was clinging almost like a woman's to his own.

“ It's no for a man to make any such unfounded promises,” said Lauderdale, hoarsely ; “ though you read till your heart's sick, there's nothing written like *that*. It's a' imaginations and yearnings and dreams. I'm no saying that it cannot be, or that it will not be, but I tell you there's no such thing written ; and as far as I ken or you ken, it may be a delusion and disappointment. Whisht, whisht, callants ! Dinna entice each other out of this world, where there's aye plenty to do for the like of you.

I'm saying,—"Silence, sir!" cried the philosopher, with sudden desperation. And then he became aware that he had withdrawn the support which Meredith stood so much in need of. "A sober-minded man like me should have other company than a couple of laddies, with their fancies," he said, in a hurried, apologetic tone; "but, as long as we're together, you may as well take the good of me," he added, with a rare, momentary smile, holding out his arm. As for Meredith, for once in his life,—partly because of a little more emotion than usual, partly because his weakness felt instantly the withdrawal of a support which had become habitual to him,—he felt beyond a possibility of doubt that further words would be out of season just at that moment, and so they resumed their way a little more silently than usual. The road, like other Italian roads, was marked by here and there a rude shrine in a niche in the wall, or a cross erected by the wayside,—neither of which objects possessed in the smallest degree the recommendation of picturesqueness which sentimental travellers attribute to them; for the crosses were of the rudest construction, as rude as if meant for actual use, and the poor little niches, each with its red-eyed Madonna daubed on the wall, suggested no more idea of beauty than the most arbitrary symbol could have done. But Meredith's soul awoke within him when he saw the looks with which Colin regarded these shabby emblems of religious feeling. The Protestant paused to regain his breath, and could keep silence no more.

"You look with interest at these devices of Antichrist," said the sick man. "You think they promote a love of beauty, I suppose, or you think them picturesque. You don't think how they ruin the souls of those who trust in them," he said, eagerly and loudly; for they were passing another English party, which was at the moment engaged in contemplating the cross, without much apparent admiration, and already the young missionary longed to accost them, and put the solemn questions about life and death to their (presumably) careless souls.

"They don't appear to me at all picturesque," said Colin; "and nobody looks at them that I can see except ourselves; so they can't ruin many souls. But you and I don't agree in all things, Meredith. I like the

cross, you know. It does not seem to me to come amiss anywhere. Perhaps the uglier and ruder it is it becomes the more suggestive," the young man added, with a little emotion. "I should like to build a few crosses along our Scotch roads; if anybody was moved to pray, I can't see what harm would be done; or, if anybody was surprised by a sudden thought, it might be all the better even; one has heard of such a thing," said Colin, whose heart was still a little out of its usual balance. "A stray gleam of sunshine might come out of it here and there. If I was rich like some of you merchants, Lauderdale," he said, laughing a little, "I think, instead of a few fine dinners, I'd build a cross somewhere. I don't see that it would come amiss on a Scotch road"—

"I wish you would think of something else than Scotch roads," said Meredith, with a little vexation; "when I speak of things that concern immortal souls, you answer me something about Scotland. What is Scotland to the salvation of a fellow-creature? I would rather that Scotland, or England either, was sunk to the bottom of the sea than stand by and see a man dying in his sins."

The two Scotchmen looked at each other as he spoke; they smiled to each other with a perfect understanding, which conveyed another pang of irritation to the invalid, who by nature had a spirit which insisted upon being first and best beloved. "You see," said Lauderdale, who had entirely recovered his composure, "this callant, innocent as he looks, has a consciousness within him that Scotland's his kingdom. His meaning is to mould his generation with these feckless hands of his. It's a ridiculous aspiration," continued Colin's guardian, "but that makes it the more likely: he's thinking what he'll do when he comes into his kingdom. I wouldna say but he would institute decorations, and give crosses of honor like any other potentate. That's what the callant means," said his friend, with pride which was very imperfectly hidden by his pretended sarcasm.—a speech which only made Meredith more impatient, and to which he had no glew. "I think we'd better go home," he said, abruptly. "I know Scotch pretty well, but can't quite follow when you speak on these subjects. I want to have a talk with Maria about her brother, who used to be

very religiously disposed. Poor fellow, he's ill now, and I've got something for him," said the young man. Here he paused, and drew forth from his pocket a sheet folded like a map, which he opened out carefully, looking first to see that there was nobody on the road. "They took them for maps at the dogana," said Meredith; "and geography is not prohibited,—to the English at least; but this is better than geography. I mean to send it to poor Antonio, who can read, poor fellow." The map, which was no map, consisted of a large sheet of paper, intended apparently to be hung upon a wall, and containing the words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," translated into Italian. It was not without a little triumph that Meredith exhibited this effort at clandestine instruction. "He has to lie in bed," he said, with a softened inflection of his voice; "this will console him and bear him company. It is a map of his future inheritance," the young missionary concluded, putting it fondly back into its deceitful folds; and after this there was an uneasy pause, no one quite knowing what to say.

"You fight Antichrist with his own weapons, then," said Colin, "and do evil that good may come,"—and Lauderdale added his comment almost in the same breath,—

"That's an awfu' fruitful principle if you once adopt it," he said; "there's no telling where it may end. I would sooner leave the poor lad in God's hands, as no doubt he is, than smuggle in light to him after that fashion. I'm no fond of maps that are no maps," said the dissatisfied critic; by which time Colin had reloaded his guns, and was ready to fire.

"It is short enough," said Colin; "a man might keep such an utterance in his memory without any necessity for double dealing. Do you think, for all the good it will do your patient to look at that text, it is worth your while to risk him and yourself?"

"For myself I am perfectly indifferent," said Meredith, glad of an opportunity to defend himself. "I hope I could take imprisonment joyfully for the saving of a soul."

"Imprisonment would be death to you," said Colin, with a touch of compunction, "and would make an end of all further possibilities of use. To be thrown into a stony Italian prison at this season"—

"Hush," said Meredith; "for my Master's sake could I not bear more than that? If not, I am not worthy to call myself a Christian. I am ready to be offered," said the young enthusiast. "It would be an end beyond my hopes to die like my Lord for the salvation of my brother. Such a prophecy is no terror to me."

"If you two would but hold your tongues for five minutes at a time," said Lauderdale, with vexation, "it would be a comfort. No doubt you're both ready enough to fling away your lives for any nonsensical idea that comes into your heads. Suppose we take the case of the other innocent callant, the Italian lad that a' this martyrdom's to be for. No to say that it's awfu' cheating,—which my soul loathes," said the emphatic Scotchman,— "figure to yourself a when senseless women maybe, or a when frightened priests, getting on the scent o' this heresy of yours. I'm real reluctant to think that he would not get the same words, poor callant, in his ain books without being torn to pieces for the sake of a map that was not a map. It's getting a wee chilly," said the philosopher, "and there's a fire to be had in the house if nothing else. Come in, callant, and no expose yourself; and you would put your grand map in the fire if you were to be guided by me."

"With these words of consolation on it!" said Meredith. "Never, if it should cost me my life."

"Nae fear of its costing you your life; but I wouldna use even the weapons of God after the devil's manner of fighting," said Lauderdale, with a little impatience. "Allowing you had a' the charge of saving souls, as you call it, and the Almighty himself took no trouble on the subject, I'm no for using the sword o' the Spirit to give stabs in the dark."

Just then, fortunately, there came a seasonable diversion, which stayed the answer on Meredith's lips.

"Arthur, we are going to dine early," said the voice of Alice just behind them; "the doctor said you were to dine early. Come and rest a little before dinner. I met some people just now who were talking of Mr. Campbell. They were wondering where he lived, and saying they had seen him somewhere. I told them you were with us," the

girl went on, with the air of a woman who might be Colin's mother. "Will you please come home in case they should call?"

This unexpected intimation ended the ramble and the talk, which was of a kind rather different from the tourist talk which Colin had shortly to experience from the lips of his visitors, who were people who had seen him at Wodensbourne, and who were glad to claim acquaintance with anybody in a strange country. Little Alice received the ample English visitors still with the air of being Colin's mother, or mature protecting female friend, and talked to the young lady daughter, who was about half as old again as herself with an indulgent kindness which was beautiful to behold. There were a mother, father, daughter, and two sons, moving about in a compact body, all of whom were exceedingly curious about the quaint little brotherhood which, with Alice for its protecting angel, had taken possession of the upper floor of the Palazzo Savvielli. They were full of a flutter of talk about the places they had visited, and of questions as to whether their new acquaintances had been here or there; and the ladies of the party made inquiries after the Frankland family, with a friendly significance which brought the blood to Colin's cheeks. "I promised Matty to write, and I shall be sure to tell her I have seen you, and all about it," the young lady said, playfully. Was it possible, or was it a mere reflection from his own thoughts, throwing a momentary gleam across her unimpassioned face? Anyhow, it occurred to Colin that the little abstract Alice looked more like an ordinary girl of her years for the five minutes after the tourist party, leaving wonderful silence and sense of relief behind them, had disappeared down the chilly stone stairs.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is not to be inferred from what has just been said that it had become a matter of importance to Colin how Alice Meredith looked. On the contrary, the relations between the two young people grew more distant instead of becoming closer. It was Lauderdale with whom she talked about the domestic arrangements, which he and she managed together; and indeed it was apparent that Alice, on the whole, had come to regard Colin, in a modified degree, as she regarded her brother

—as something to be taken care of, watched, fed, tended, and generally deferred to, without any great possibility of comprehension or fellowship. Lauderdale, like herself, was the nurse and guardian of his invalid. Though she lost sight of him altogether in the discussions which perpetually arose among the three (which was not so much from being unable to understand these discussions as from the conclusion made beforehand that she had nothing to do with them), it was quite a different matter when they fell into the background to consult what would be best for their two charges. Then Alice was the superior, and felt her power. She talked to her tall companion with all the freedom of her age, accepting his as that of a grandfather at least, to the amusement of the philosopher, to whom her chatter was very pleasant. All the history of her family (as he imagined) came unawares to Lauderdale's ears in this simple fashion, and more of Alice's own mind and thoughts than she had the least idea of. He walked about with her as the lion might have done with Una, with a certain mixture of superiority and inferiority, amusement and admiration. She was only a little girl to Lauderdale, but a delightful thing in her innocent way; and, so far from approving of Colin's indifference, there were times when he became indignant at it, speculating impatiently on the youthful folly which did not recognize good fortune when it saw it. "Of all women in the world the wife for the callant, if he only would make use of his een," Lauderdale said to himself; but so far from making use of his eyes, it pleased Colin, with the impertinence of youth, to turn the tables on his mentor, and to indulge in unseasonable laughter, which sometimes had all but offended the graver and older man. Alice, however, whose mind was bent upon other things, was none the wiser, and for her own part found "Mr. Lauderdale" of wonderful service to her. When they sat making up their accounts at the end of the week, Alice with her little pencil putting everything down in pails and scudi, which Lauderdale elaborately did into English money, as a preliminary to the exact division of expenses which the two careful housekeepers made, the sight was pleasant enough. By times it occurred that Alice, dreadfully puzzled by her companion's Scotch, but bound

in chains of iron by her good breeding, which coming direct from the heart was of the most exquisite type, came stealing up to Colin, after a long interview with his friend, to ask the meaning of a word or two preserved by painful mnemonic exercises in her memory; and she took to reading the Waverley novels by way of assisting her in this new language; but, as the only available copies of these works were in the shape of an Italian translation, it may be imagined that her progress was limited. Meanwhile, Meredith lived on as best he could, poor fellow, basking in the sun in the middle of the day, and the rest of his time sitting close to the fire with as many pillows and cloaks in his hard, old-fashioned easy-chair as might have sufficed for Siberia; and, indeed, it was a kind of Siberian refuge which they had set up in the top floor of the empty cold palace, the other part of which was used for a residence only during the hot season, and adapted to the necessities of a blazing Italian summer. For the Italian winter,—often so keen and penetrating, with its cutting winds that come from the mountains, and those rapid and violent transitions which form the shadow to its sunshine,—there, as elsewhere, little provision had been made; and the surprise of the inexperienced travellers, who had come there for warmth and the genial atmosphere, and found themselves suddenly plunged into a life of Spartan endurance,—of deadly chill and iciness indescribable,—has been already described. Yet neither of them would consent to go into Rome, where comfort might be had by paying for it, and leave the brother and sister alone in this chilly nest of theirs. So they remained together on their lofty perch, looking over the great Campagna, witnessing such sunsets and grandness of cloud and wind as few people are privy to all their lifetime; watching the gleams of snow appear and disappear over the glorious purple depths of the Sabine hills, and the sun shooting golden arrows into the sea, and gloom more wonderful still than the light, rolling on like an army in full march over that plain which has no equal. All these things they watched and witnessed, with comments of all descriptions, and with silence better than any comment. In themselves they were a strange little varied company; one of them, still in the middle of life, but to his own consciousness done with it,

and watching the present actors as he watched the sunsets; two of them entirely full of undeveloped prospects in the world which was so familiar and yet so unknown; the last of all making his way steadily with few delays into a world still more unknown,—a world which they all by times turned to investigate, with speculations, with questions, with enthusiastic anticipation, with profound childlike faith. Such was their life up among the breezes across the soft slopes of the Alban hills; and in the midst of everything more serious, of opening life and approaching death, Lauderdale and Alice sat down together weekly to reckon up their expenses in Italian and English money, and keep their accounts straight, as the little house-wife termed it, with the world.

During this wintry weather, however, the occupations of the party were not altogether limited to these weekly accounts. Meredith, though he had been a little startled by the surprise shown by his companion at the too ingenious device of the map,—which, after all was not his device, but that of some Tract Society, or other body more zealous than scrupulous,—had not ceased his warnings, in season and out of season. He talked to Maria about dying, in a way which inspired that simple woman to the unusual exertion of a pilgrimage to Tivoli, where the kind Madonna had just been proved upon ample testimony to have moved her eyes, to the great comfort and edification of the faithful. “No doubt, it would be much better to be walking about all day among the blessed saints in heaven, as the Signor Arturo gives himself the trouble of telling me,” Maria said, with anxiety in her face, “but *vedi, cara signorina mia*, it would be very inconvenient at the beginning of the season;” and, indeed, the same opinion was commonly expressed by Arthur’s Italian auditors, who had, for the most part, affairs on hand, which did not admit of immediate attention to such a topic. Even the good-natured friars at Cape Cross declined to tackle the young Englishman after the first accost: for they were all of opinion that dying was business to be got over in the most expeditious manner possible, not to be dwelt on either by unnecessary anxiousness before or lingering regret after; and, as for the inevitable event itself, there were the last sacraments to make all right—though, indeed, the English invalid, *povero infelice*, might

well make a fuss about a matter which must be so hopeless to him. This was all the fruit he had of his labors, there being at that time no enterprising priest at hand to put a stop to the discussions of the heretic. But, at the same time, he had Colin and Lauderdale close at hand, and was using every means in his power to "do them good," as he said; and still, in the quiet nights, when the cold and the silence had taken entire possession of the great, vacant house and the half-frozen village, poor Meredith dragged his chair and his table closer to the fire, and drew his cloak over his shoulders, and added yet another and another chapter to his "Voice from the Grave."

As for Colin, if he had been a *litterateur* by profession, it is likely that, by this time, he would have begun to compile "Letters from Italy," like others of the trade; but being only a Scotch scholar, the happy holder of a Snell bursary, he felt himself superior to such temptations; though, indeed, after a week's residence at Frascati, Colin secretly felt himself in a condition to let loose his opinions about Italian affairs in general. In the mean time, however, he occupied himself in another fashion. Together, he and his watchful guardian made pilgrimages into Rome. They went to see everything that it was right to go to see: but over and above that, they went into the churches,—into all manners of churches out of the way, where there were no grand functions going on, but only every-day worship. Colin was not a watchful English divine spying upon the superstition of Rome, nor a rampant Protestant finding out her errors and idolatries. He was the destined priest of a nation in a state of transition and renaissance, which had come to feel itself wanting in the balance after a long period of self-complacency. With the instinct of a budding legislator and the eagerness of youth, he watched the wonderful scene he had before him,—not the pope, with his peacock feathers, and purple and scarlet followers, and wonderful audience of heretics,—not high masses in great basilicas, nor fine processions, nor sweet music. The two Scotsmen made part of very different assemblies in those Lenten days, and even in the joyful time of Easter, when carriages of the English visitors, rushing to the ceremonies of the week, made the narrow Roman streets almost impassable. Perhaps it was a feeling

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of a different kind which drew the two strangers to the awful and solemn temple, where once the heathen gods were worshipped, and where Raphael rests; but let artists pardon Colin, whose own profession has associations still more lofty than theirs, if, on his second visit, he forgot Raphael, and even the austere nobility of the place. An humble congregation of the commonest people about,—people not even picturesque,—women with shawls over their heads, and a few of the dreamy poor old men who seem to spend their lives about Italian churches, were dotted over the vast floor, kneeling on those broken marbles which are as old as Christianity,—some dropped at random in the middle, beneath the wonderful blue breadth of sky which looked in upon their devotions, some about the steps of the little altars round, and a little group about the special shrine where vespers were being sung. A lover of music would not have found a voice worth listening to in the place, and perhaps neither time nor tune was much attended to; but there was not a soul there, from the faint old men to the little children, who did not, according to his capabilities, take up the response, which was to every one, apparently, matter as familiar as an every-day utterance. These worshippers had no books, and did not need any. It might be words in a dead language; it might be partially understood, or not understood at all; but at least it was known and familiar as no religious service is in England, notwithstanding all our national vaunt of the prayer-book, and as nothing could be in Scotland, where we have no guide (save "the minister") to our devotion. When Colin, still weak and easily fatigued, withdrew a little, and sat down upon the steps of the high altar to listen, with a kind of shame in his heart at being unable to join those universal devotions, there came to his ear a wonderful chime of echoes from the great dome, which sent his poetic heart astray in spite of itself; for it sounded to the young dreamer like another unseen choir up there, who could tell of what spectators and assistants?—wistful voices of the past, coming back to echo the Name which was greater than Jove or Apollo. And then he returned to his legislative thoughts, to his dreams, patriotic and priestly, to his wondering, incredulous question with himself whether worship so familiar and so general, so absolutely a part of their daily

existence, could ever be known to his own people. Such a thought, no doubt, had it been known, would almost have warranted the withdrawal of the Snell scholarship, and certainly would have deferred indefinitely Colin's chances of obtaining license from any Scotch Presbytery. But, fortunately, Presbyterians are little interested in investigating what takes place in the Pantheon at Rome—whether old Agrippa breathes a far-off Amen out of the dome of his dead magnificence, to the worship of the Nazarene, as Colin thought in his dreams; or what vain imaginations may possess the soul of a wandering student there. He was aroused abruptly out of these visions by the English party who had visited him at Frascati, and who came up to salute him now with that frank indifference to other people for which our nation is said to be pre-eminent. They shook hands with him all round, for they were acquainted with his story, and Colin was of the kind of man to make people interested in him; and then they began to talk.

"A sad exhibition this, is it not, Mr. Campbell?" said the mother; "one forgets how dreadful it is, you know, when one sees it in all its grandeur,—its fine music, and silver trumpets, and so forth; but it is terrible to see all these poor creatures, and to think they know no better. Such singing! There is not a charity school at home that would do so badly, and they speak of music in Italy!" said the English matron, who indeed in her last observation had some truth on her side.

"Hush," said Colin, who was young, and not above saying a fine thing when he could; "listen to the echo. Are there some kind angels in the dome, do you think, to mend the music? or is it the poor old heathens who hang about for very wistfulness, and say as good an Amen as they can, poor souls? Listen; I have heard no music like it in Rome."

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, what a beautiful idea!" said the young lady; and then, the service being ended, they walked about a little, and looked up from the centre of the place to the blue wintry sky, which forms the living centre of that vault of ages,—an occupation which Lauderdale interrupted hurriedly enough by reminding Colin that they had still to get out to Frascati, and were already after time.

"Oh! you still live in Frascati," said Colin's acquaintance, "with that very strange young man? I never spoke to anybody in my life who startled me so much. Do you hap-

pen to know if he is a son of that very strange Mr. Meredith, whom there was so much talk of last year?—that man, you know, who pretended to be so very good, and ran away with somebody. Dear me, I thought everybody knew that story. His son was ill, I know, and lived abroad. I wonder if it is the same."

"I don't think my friend has any father," said Colin, who, stimulated by the knowledge that the last train would start in half an hour, was anxious to get away.

"Ah, well, I hope so, I am sure, for your sake; for *that* Mr. Meredith was a dreadful man, and pretended to be so good till he was found out," said the lady. "Something Hall was the name of his place. Let me recollect. Dear me, does nobody know the name?"

"Good-by; it is over time," said Colin, and he obeyed the gesture of Lauderdale, and rushed after his already distant figure; but, before he had turned the corner of the square, one of the sons overtook him. "I beg your pardon, but my mother wishes you to know that it was Meredith of Moreby she was talking of just now," said the young man out of breath. Colin laughed to himself as he hastened after his friend. What had he to do with Meredith of Moreby? But as he dashed along, he began to recollect an ugly story in the papers, and to bethink himself of a certain odd prejudice which he had been conscious of on first hearing the name of the brother and sister. When he got near enough to Lauderdale to lay hold of his arm, Colin could not help uttering, as was usual to him, what was at present on the surface of his mind.

"You know all about them," he said; "do you think they have a father?" which simple words were said with a few gasps, as he was out of breath.

"What's the use of coming after me like a steam-engine?" said Lauderdale: "did you think I would run away? and you've need of a' your breath for that weary brae. How should I ken all about them? They're your friends and not mine."

"All very well, Lauderdale; but she never makes *me* her confidant," said the young man with his usual laugh.

"It's no canny to speak of *she*," said Lauderdale: "it's awfu' suggestive, and no a word for either you or me. She has an aunt in India, and two uncles that died in the Crimea, if you want to know exactly. That is all she has ever told to me."

And with this they dismissed the subject from their minds, and, arm in arm, addressed themselves to the arduous task of getting to the station through the narrow crowded streets in time for the train.

From The North British Review.

Enoch Arden, etc. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. London: Moxon, 1864.

"Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of human beings." To render us this service is the peculiar and noble privilege of poetry. For though that art has been truly said to have the creation of intellectual pleasure for its chief object, yet all poetry worthy of the name achieves something beyond and better than this: it purifies and exalts, not less than it pleases. It is, therefore, with more than the expectation of mere enjoyment that we welcome a new volume from the foremost of our living poets.

Mr. Tennyson is now beyond criticism in one sense of the word. Whether or no he has attained "the wise indifference of the wise," he has assuredly won for himself a place in literature against which no critical assaults could much prevail, and the honor and dignity of which no critical praise could much enhance. But to criticise, in the true sense of the term, is not to dispense loftily praise or blame,—often on no sounder principle than that on which was based the dislike entertained towards Dr. Fell. Real criticism loves not fault-finding, neither does it yield to the self-indulgence of indiscriminate praise; it rests upon a regard for truth, and a desire to appreciate justly. It is in such a spirit that we would approach the volume before us, seeking to discover what stage it marks in the development of the poet, endeavoring to estimate what it adds to the debt the world already owes him.

It has been remarked, not unfrequently, that Mr. Tennyson's early poems were, as a rule, wanting in human interest. Some—like the "Mermaid" and the "Dying Swan"—were uninteresting, owing to unreality of subject; others again,—the "Margarets" and "Lilians" and "Adelines" were uninteresting, owing to unreality or insufficiency of treatment. There was in these first efforts no attempt to portray life; no study of the motives and interests of life, or of the sources of action; no story, little real emotion. There is not even distinct representation of nature. There is sweetness of music, and painting rich in color; but the tones are like the murmur of

a brook, speaking of many things, yet of nothing clearly; and the lines are confused with the mirage of unreality which hangs over the whole. These, however, were but prolusions; the poet was "mewing his mighty youth." It was not long before he beat his deeper music out. In the words of his ablest critic: "With the publication of the Third Series, in 1842, Mr. Tennyson appears distinctly as the poet of his own age. His apprenticeship is over, his mastery over the instruments of his art is complete, and he employs it in either presenting the life of his contemporaries, the thoughts, incidents, and emotions of the nineteenth century in England, or in treating legend and history with reference to the moral and intellectual sympathies now active amongst us."* The poems here referred to established at once and finally his place in English literature, and the place so won he has ever since retained, and by the same means. He never after lost his hold on his own time. A poet may use unaccustomed forms; he may choose new themes, may illustrate strange aspects of life; but if he is to be a poet at all, he must reach the hearts of his readers, and to do this he must be the poet of his own age. Herein Mr. Tennyson's strength has lain. The "Princess," "*Medley*" as it was, and, in its machinery at least, utterly dis severed from all reality, yet spoke the thoughts, and reflected the interests, and set forth the duties and the true relations of our every-day life. "Maud," whether "morbid" or "spasmodic,"—or whatever other exploding name it must be content to bear,—was in all points a tragedy which might have darkened yesterday. The "Idylls," like the older fragment called "Morte d'Arthur," are made alive by "modern touches here and there;" the old legends derive new youth and a deeper truthfulness from the modern point of view. And now in this volume we have, with a few exceptions, modern touches only. It is generally believed that the title originally proposed for this book was "Idylls of the Hearth." The change which has taken place is, we think, to be regretted. "Idylls of the Hearth" would have been a descriptive, and a very accurately descriptive title. The volume is made up of five leading poems, with some pieces called "miscellaneous" added. These five, however differing in other respects;

* "Essays by the late George Brimley, M. A." Macmillan & Co., 1860.

have all this characteristic in common, that they are poems of domestic life,—of the life of the present day in various ranks, as modified and colored by certain of the chances and changes, some startling, others of common occurrence, to which it is ever exposed. Never has it been more clearly shown that the elements of pathos and tragedy are always existing; that in the life we lead, and which is led by others around us, poetry is not dead, though it may sleep, only to be awakened by the touch of its master.

In a review of "The Angel in the House," included among his essays, the accomplished critic, already quoted, warmly vindicates the claims of married love as a fit subject for poetry. In answer to the common and vulgar remark, that marriage is the death of romance, he exclaims, with no less beauty than truth:—

"The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle; no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. . . .

To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honor, and keep, in sickness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life and happiness, into his hands."

Mr. Browning has more than once chosen married life as his theme, and Mr. Tennyson

at least once before in "The Miller's Daughter." But Mr. Brimley's eloquent words have their fullest justification in the representation of the fortunes of Enoch Arden and Annie Lee; for here we have something more than a lyric, something nobler than a calm retrospect of tame, if virtuous, felicity; the whole drama of domestic life is spread before us,—in sunshine and in storm, in happiness, in struggles, and in grievous calamity.

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil:
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renewed
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward."

The great drawback to life after marriage, as a subject for poetry, is the lack of incident, or, as Mr. Brimley puts it: "We concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are narrated." This want is too frequently supplied by vice or crime, adultery or murder, or both; Mr. Tennyson, eschewing in this volume such sources of interest, does not go beyond the changes which, without fault of ours, come to all mortal things. He seeks incident indeed, in order to escape the sameness which will always detract from any mere narration of feelings, however lofty these may be, and however subtle their development; but, obeying the dictates of true art, he selects such incidents as insure that the emotions of his readers shall not be marred or blunted by any thought that they have been called forth by unworthy causes. Misfortune falls on this unhappy household. Enoch, in the course of his daily work, meets with an accident:—

"And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept, too, across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Although a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seemed, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,

And her, he loved, a beggar : then he prayed
 "Save them from this, whatever comes to me." "

His prayer is answered by the offer of a berth as boatswain in a ship bound for China, which he accepts ; planning thus for the welfare of those whom he must leave behind : —

"To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
 How many a rough sea had he weathered in her !
 He knew her as a horseman knows his horse—
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade !
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—
 So might she keep the house while he was gone.
 Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go
 This voyage more than once ? yea, twice or thrice—
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own."

Here begins the tragedy of the drama. Years pass away, and Enoch returns not. The scheme devised for the support of his family during his absence does not succeed. His wife makes little of trade ; at least "gains for her own a scanty sustenance." The sickly child, too, grows sicker, and

"After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away."

To this sorrow and poverty, Philip Ray, "the miller's only son," who, like Enoch, had been the friend of her childhood, and the lover of her youth, but who had never told his love, would fain bring comfort. In the name of his old friendship for Enoch and for herself, he asks to send her boy and girl to school,—which had been Enoch's dearest wish. Her he cares for tenderly, yet "fearing the lazy gossip of the port," seldom sees her ; but with the children it was different : —

"From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with him,
 And called him Father Philip. Philip gained
 As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seemed to them
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far-end of an avenue,
Going we know not where : and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
 Flew forward, and no news of Enoch came."

After these ten years, and yet another, when all hope was dead, after many prayers and a dream which seemed, as it were, a sign from Heaven in answer to her prayers, the

woman so long widowed yields more to Philip's devotion, and her children's wishes, than to the dictates of her own heart. It is impossible by quotation, it is yet more impossible by any critical analysis, to convey an adequate conception of the tenderness and refinement with which this delicate theme is touched. The faithfulness and purity of Annie are kept without stain ; and by an exquisite touch, she lives sad, almost unhappy as Philip's wife, until "the new mother came about her heart," reconciling her to her lot, and causing the past, not indeed to be forgotten, but to be remembered without a pang. The nobility of Philip's character, too, is thoroughly sustained,—following never any selfish end, but, in true singleness of purpose, leaving nothing undone to soothe the grief and lighten the burdens of the playmate of his childhood,—in the poet's words, "hungering for her peace ;" and at last finding his reward, brought to him, as it were, by force of circumstances rather than sought by any effort of his own.

Meanwhile, where was Enoch ? Voyaging afar ; trading on distant shores, not for pleasure or idleness, not from selfish greed and lust of gain, but stirred by his honorable ambition to have "all his pretty young ones educated." He prospers well in his endeavors ; but, when returning with purposes fulfilled, hope painting his future in highest colors, sudden calamity comes upon him ; for the ship *Good Fortune* goes down in ruin : —

"Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed
 Through many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce rocking, her full-busted figure-head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :
 Then followed calms, and then winds variable,
 Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens,
 Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
 The crash of ruin and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
 Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea."

As time runs on, his companions die, and he is left through long years alone. The oriental landscape is painted as only the author of "Locksley Hall" could paint it ; but all the glories of eternal summer become hideous in the eyes of the castaway. Deliverance at last comes to him, broken, prematurely aged, strange to human speech and human society ; but with the memories of wife, of chil-

dren, and of home, alive within him still. He returns to find all things changed, and is told of his own death, of his wife's long sorrow, of Philip's friendship, and of how that friendship was at last repaid, by a kindly gossip of the village, who can see no trace of Enoch Arden in the bent, gray-haired, worn-out old man who seeks the shelter of her half-ruined roof. Bowed down by unspeakable sadness, one wish only is present to him,—to see *her* face once again, and “know that she is happy.” He yields to the irresistible longing, and from Philip's garden he gains a sight of the comfort and the genial happiness of Philip's hearth :—

“Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things
heard,

Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and
feared

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his
knees

Were feeble, so that, falling prone, he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

“Too hard to bear! why did they take me
thence?

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

It would be hard to parallel the homely and tragic pathos of this. Circumstance so overwhelming, grief so over-mastering, so utterly without hope or remedy, surely, never found more fitting voice. Seldom, too, has even the music of Mr. Tennyson's verse moved in such perfect harmony with the feeling,—hurried and passionate when in the first spasm

of misery, almost unendurable, he fears that he may unawares “send forth a shrill and terrible cry,”—irregular, and, as it were, broken by bursting sobs, in his great agony of supplication. Strength was given him to keep his vow. Unknown to any, he goes about his daily work, broken as he was, yet able to earn his frugal living :—

“He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Uphore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul.”

But that life, so nurtured, was not for earth. He was not to wait long bearing his burden of sorrow. He does not so much die of a broken heart as give way before the unbearable weariness of existence without hope :—

“A languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully;
For sure no gladder does the stranded wreck
See through the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach,
To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.”

One thing yet remains,—to assure his wife, whom he learns to be even yet at times disquieted with thoughts of him, that he is really dead. Accordingly, he discovers himself to the woman Miriam, in whose house he lived, enjoining her, after his death, to bear his love and last blessing to his children, and to his wife, his no longer; and, this charge given, the third night after,—

“While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, ‘A sail! a sail!
I'm saved!’ and so fell back and spoke no
more.”

We have dwelt thus long on “Enoch Arden,” because it is not only the most important poem in the book, but also, in our judgment, incomparably the finest. It need not fear comparison with anything Mr. Tennyson has written. We have the same music in the verse as of old: if the rugged line occurs perhaps more frequently than in the “Idylls of the King,” this is of set purpose, and accords with the sentiment; we have the same

constant activity of imagination shown in a diction so exquisitely expressive that every line is a study; the same art in construction of the whole, the same care and appropriateness in the details; the same power of appealing to our highest moral and intellectual capacities. The poem (though dated a hundred years ago) is in all essentials of our own day and of lowly life; yet it strikes a note as lofty as if it were sung of the chosen heroes of romance, of times consecrated by legend and made dignified by antiquity. The sorrows and death of Enoch Arden, the fisherman, stir our tenderest sympathy, and evoke our deepest emotions not less than the betrayal and the mysterious doom of Arthur the king.

The characters of the three children who together played at keeping house on the seashore, and whose after-lives make up this tragedy, are beautifully and finely drawn. Annie is a true woman, loving and faithful; gentle, and so first attracted by the energy and strong will of Enoch, but not without a force and self-reliance which made her worthy of the love she won. Philip is placed in trying circumstances, and demeans himself nobly through them all. Losing his love, he has his "dark hour unseen;" and without complaint bears "a life-long hunger in his heart." The sensitive delicacy with which he seeks to comfort Annie and care for her children when Enoch has gone, is like the delicacy of a woman, his genial nature expands with his happier fortunes, but whether in happiness or in sorrow, he is ever manly, true-hearted, and self-denied. Enoch's is a stronger and more complex nature. His strength shows itself in a vigorous independence, which continued prosperity might have hardened into a rugged disregard for others; in his early prime "he held his head high, and cared for no man, he." He is perhaps a little urgent and self-willed; but he is urgent for good, and self-willed not in promoting his own well-being, but in promoting the well-being of others,—loving dearly the wife his energy had won him, and eager that his children should rise higher than himself. Affliction is laid upon him which all the strength of the strong man could hardly bear; changed from his proud youth, "his head is low, and no man cares for him." But he finds a consolation better than man could give him; chastened and purified, he

bears his hard lot meekly, without repining, like a true Christian hero, until his release comes, and the poem closes as with the music of the harmonies of heaven.

Next in length and in dignity of place comes "Aylmer's Field." "Enoch Arden" was a tale of married life; this is a tale of youthful love, which never finds its earthly close. Sir Aylmer Aylmer, an "almighty man," who traced his line through an infinitude of partridge-breeding ancestors up to an antiquity beyond all mortal ken, save that of the Herald Office, was lord of the soil as far as he could see, and of an only child, a daughter, whom he loved "as heiress not as heir regretfully." The rectors of the same sleepy land—"a land of hops, and poppy-mingled corn," less fortunate in the possession of acres, came from a stock as ancient, and with them, too, father has followed son in regular succession for many generations. Hence the hall and the rectory have been always bound together in close intimacy, and hence Edith Aylmer, and Leolin Averill, the rector's younger brother, "had been together from the first." Surely, a more graceful picture of childhood was never drawn than this sketch of the companionship of their early days:—

"For want of playmates, he
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and rolled
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged
Her garden, sowed her name and kept it green
In living letters, told her fairy tales,
Showed her the fairy footings on the grass,
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,
Or from the tiny pitted target blew
What looked a flight of fairy arrows aimed
All at one mark, all hitting: make-believes
For Edith and himself: or else he forged,
But that was later, boyish histories
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love
Crowned after trial; sketches rude and faint,
But where a passion yet unborn, perhaps,
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

This, of course, ends in the old, old story. But when the said story becomes legible to the stupid eyes of Sir Aylmer, great is the wrath of that potentate. It had seemed to some, and to the Averills among the rest, that the possibility of this result had been foreseen, and regarded without disfavor; for Leolin was always welcome at the Hall, and

the secluded charms of Edith had never been set forth

"Here in the woman-markets of the west,
Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold."

But Sir Aylmer, in his blind pride, had looked on Leolin's companionship with his daughter as he would on the attendance of a dog; he had never dreamed of such an issue, and surprise made his anger hotter. Leolin is banished with bitter reproaches, and goes to London, resolute to win the fame which will silence scorn. Meanwhile, society is courted at the Hall to distract the thoughts of Edith, and a fitful kindness seeks to wean her from her misplaced love. When this fails, sterner repression follows. A correspondence is detected and closed, a watch is set on every movement, her liberty is restrained, all intercourse with others, even with the village poor, her peculiar care, is denied her, contempt and reproach become her constant portion. Under such treatment Lucy Ashton lost her reason; Edith Aylmer loses her hold on life.

"He seldom crost his child without a sneer;
The mother flowed in shallower acrimonies:
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word:
So that the gentle creature, shut from all,
Her charitable use, and face to face
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost,
Nor greatly cared to loose, her hold on life.
Last, some low fever ranging round to spy
The weakness of a people or a house,
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,
Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt,—
Save Christ as we believe him,—found the girl
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,
Where careless of the household faces near,
And crying upon the name of Leolin,
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past."

Leolin hereupon stabs himself, and from the Hall and the Rectory alike comes the bitter wail, "My house is left unto me desolate." From this text the rector discourses a thrilling burst of rhetoric, recalling in tenderest cadence the virtues of the gentle Edith, sending out a cry of passionate hope over the grave of the suicide, scathing with fiery rebuke the hard, mean cruelty which had wrought such woe; hearing which the authors of all are found out by their sin,—the mother is borne heart-stricken from the church to a bed of death, Sir Aylmer droops into imbecility, and after two miserable years follows her to the tomb, leaving all things to waste and ruin, pictured in a few lines which breathe the very spirit of desolation:—

"Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcelled into farms:
And where the two contrived their daughter's
good,

Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plaitain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, *and the thin weasel there*
Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

We venture to think that the development of this story is marred by three serious blemishes; we do not object to the sorrow of the theme, though so entirely unrelieved. Poetry is not intended to afford enjoyment only; to move the passions, to "purge the soul" by pity and terror is, according to the old canon, rightly within its scope. "Aylmer's Field" does not close in deeper tragedy than Lear; and we cannot see that tragedy is unfit for poetic treatment because it is the tragedy of domestic life, and of our own day. But then, in order to justify tragedy, in order to move the true tragic emotions within us, as distinguished from mere vexation or a dull sense of pain, the passion of the poem must be so strong as not only to account for, but to necessitate, and, in a certain deep sense, assuage the tragic end. Who can fancy Lear stretched out longer "upon the rack of this tough world,"—that rack being a green old age in the comfortable society of Cordelia? Who can fancy Othello—the theft of the handkerchief explained a few minutes sooner—living happily with Desdemona ever after on the "mutual confidence" principle? Or, in another walk of fiction, do we ever anticipate happiness for Amy Robsart? Does not the shadow of destiny rest from the first on the Bride of Lammermoor? While, on the other hand, in an ordinary novel like "Cyrilla," still more in a jocular novel like the "King's Own," a melancholy conclusion is represented as an unnecessary annoyance, almost as an impertinence. When the natures of the actors in the drama are utterly unfit to cope with the circumstances with which they are environed, or when the passions are too violent for the strength of the heart or the force of the will, then tragic issues are involved; but to excite mere grief or vexation is not tragedy. One or other of these conditions, or both, may be found in "Romeo and Juliet," may be found in the "Bride of Lammermoor," nay, may be found in "Maud," but are not, we think, to be found in "Aylmer's Field." We do not mean to say that disap-

pointed love, and the loss of the loved, may not form a true motive of tragedy; the instances we have just cited show the contrary. But it is requisite that the passion should be prominently brought before us in all its fatal and inevitable vehemence. Now this is not done here. Some may doubt whether the fancy of childhood can ever strengthen into the dominant passion of mature years; but Mr. Tennyson assures us that it can.

"How should Love,
Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met eyes
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow
Such dear familiarities of dawn?
Seldom, but when he does, master of all."

This may be so, but what we complain of is that it is not shown to be so in "Aylmer's Field." We are told, indeed, that the lovers were dear to each other; but this is not brought home to us with any dramatic force; there is nothing of the passion which burns in every line of "Maud." We cannot but regard this want of the due presentation of an adequate motive as a serious defect in the construction of the poem as a whole.

"Aylmer's Field" seems also open to objection in point of form. The crisis in the piece is brought about by the ascendancy of low natures; it is the perfected triumph of ill-doing. Such things doubtless are; but they are not themes which can be expressed in any form of poetic art. To solve or justify the mystery of evil may be attempted, and in part achieved, in the drama with its wide scope, and the complex relations both of events and of characters which it is able to grasp and present. But this cannot be in the least degree achieved in a short narrative poem, of necessity direct in its view, and limited in its range. Accordingly, it is not attempted here, and the result is that we have a picture of pure wretchedness and mishap,—the unredeemed mastery of evil; and that, we venture to think, is an unfit subject for art. In short, "Aylmer's Field" is a deep tragedy without the requisite tragic form, or the necessary tragic passion and atmosphere. We may be wrong in all this; but we feel confident that we are not wrong in the next objection.

We object still more strongly to the manner of Leolin's death. "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" have been written, and therefore we cannot say that suicide must be rejected

from poetry. But we may say that it must be employed very sparingly, and only under very peculiar conditions. When distance of time softens down the harsh reality, in a different state of society, and under different standards of manliness and of morality, it may be all very well. But it does not do nowadays. Were any young gentleman in the Temple to cut his throat some morning, because an heiress to whom he was betrothed had died, we fear the world would experience very little of the tragic feeling, or at least that pity would be dashed with no small amount of disgust and contempt. It is a thing with which it is simply impossible for us to sympathize. If it be urged that the date of this tragedy is 1793, we answer, first, that suicide was in 1793 regarded very much in the same light as it would be regarded in 1864; and, second, that the poem is really one of our own time, that the date is merely nominal, marked only by one or two passages, as if introduced for this special purpose,—especially by an allusion to the French Revolution in Averill's discourse, which strikes us as much out of place, marring not a little the natural sequence of the preacher's impassioned rhetoric. Moreover, there is nothing whatever in Leolin's character to make us anticipate for him such an ending. The sensitive, hysterical, half-mad lover of "Maud" resists a temptation which at once overpowers the sound, manly, "sanguine" lawyer.

But were there many more and greater drawbacks than these, "Aylmer's Field" would yet remain a very noble poem. Samples cannot fairly represent the work of a great artist, but our quotations will give the reader at least an idea of the beauties which abound in these pages. The diction has all Mr. Tennyson's wonted felicity and grandeur, the imaginative power in the lesser parts is quick and strong, often curiously rich and playful, as with the rabbit and the weasel, the Newfoundland dog, and "the tender pink five-beaded baby-soles;" the sentiment is lofty and true; and the stern satire which now and again flashes out, the fervid exhortation and the teaching of the whole story, well become a great poet addressing a somewhat material and worldly age.

Of the three remaining "Idylls of the Hearth," we can speak but briefly. They are in a homelier style than the two on which

we have dwelt so long ; have less elaboration of ornament, less fervor of feeling. "The Grandmother" is a charming picture of serene old age. She has just heard of the death of the last child left to her, her first-born ; and now, surviving all, save one little granddaughter, old memories throng fast upon her. Her mind, busy with the past, goes slipping back upon the golden days of youth and love again ; her children's feet patter round her ; she hears their voices singing to their team in the field :—

"They come and sit by my chair, they hover
about my bed—

I am not always certain if they be alive or dead."

It is a retrospect less poetical than "The Miller's Daughter," less artistic in form, but with more of the varied reality, the shadow and the sunshine of life,—very beautiful and tender and true. "Northern Farmer" is peculiar. It is the deathbed of an agriculturist of the old school, who insists on drinking his ale as usual, in defiance of the doctor, and rests satisfied with having done his duty by the land, and particularly with having "stubb'd Thornaby waaste," regardless of the admonitions of the parson. It is in a quite different style from the tender melancholy of "The Grandmother," and will hardly be so generally attractive ; but it is a sketch of great power, with a rough but thoroughly genuine pathos, sustained with perfect dramatic propriety, and not devoid of some sound practical theology. Perhaps, however, its somewhat stern irony would have been better suited, we think, to the genius of Mr. Browning. "Sea Dreams," if we remember rightly, appeared not long ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*; it seems to us the least successful of all. In "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field" we have a story worked out at length, embracing within its development the whole lives of the actors. In "The Grandmother" and "Northern Farmer," again, we have a crisis in life selected which affords natural occasion for an adequate representation of the whole character. In "Sea Dreams" we have neither of these things. A city clerk and his wife, anxious about the health of their child, and he at least also sorely disturbed as to the result of a speculation into which he had been inveigled, go to the seaside. When there, each dreams a dream, on awakening from which the husband is persuaded by his wife to forgive the man, who

had defrauded him, and then they go to sleep again. The dreams are, of course, magnificently described ; and the way in which the novel phenomena of the sea affect the minds of the dreamers, and are connected with their waking thoughts, is managed with great skill. But, on the whole, we feel that the poem fails to command our interest.

Several smaller pieces follow under the head "Miscellaneous," some of which have appeared in the *Cornhill*. "Tithonus" is not unworthy to be placed beside the gorgeous mythological pictures of "Cenone" and "The Lotus-Eaters." There are a few exquisite gems, as "In the Valley of Caute-retz" and "Requiescat ;" while others, as "The Voyage" and "The Islet," are rather to be classed with the poet's early efforts, of uncertain meaning, or of purely pictorial beauty without human interest. Of the two or three "Experiments" in unusual metres, with which the volume closes, the most noticeable is a wonderfully perfect rendering of the night scene at the end of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, which has ever been the despair of translators.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of those Occasional Papers* which, when brought together, will furnish us with some of the most subtle and most cultivated criticism in the language, thus expresses himself : "Poetry is the interpretess of the natural world, and she is the interpretess of the moral world. Poetry interprets in two ways ; it interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world, and it interprets by expressing, with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having *natural magic* in it, and by having *moral profundity*." Mr. Tennyson's poetry is, to a certain extent, interpretative in both these ways. Beyond question it has the "moral profundity." In interpreting the inward world of the human heart lies his especial power,—a power which has gone on increasing with his widening experience and the greater maturity of his genius. The outward world he approaches in a manner peculiarly his own. He is not, indeed, the high-priest of nature as was Wordsworth. With all his vivid appreciation of the beauty of the universe, it does

* *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1863.

not alone suffice for his genius. Never in his later poems does he present to us the external world without immediate relation to humanity. His landscape is never inanimate. His principle is, as it were, to interpret nature to us through man: his scenery is always closely connected with the human interests of his story, and takes its coloring from those who see it or describe it. Nor do we think that it is the less true, or comes to us with a less fullness of teaching on that account. This volume is unusually rich in those pictures, and, much as we have already quoted, we must make room for two of them.

Here is an English village cared for by an Englishwoman:—

“For out beyond her lodges, where the brook
Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran
By sawlows rims, arose the laborers’ homes,
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls
That dimpling died into each other, huts
At random scattered, each a nest in bloom.
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
About them: here was one that, summer-blanchéd,
Was parcel-bearded with the traveller’s joy
In autumn, parcel ivy-glad; and here
The warm, blue breathings of a hidden hearth
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle:
One looked all rose-tree, and another wore
A close set robe of jasmine sown with stars:
This had a rosy sea of gilly-flowers
About it; this, a milky-way on earth,
Like visions in the Northern dreamer’s heavens,
A lily-avenue climbing to the doors;
One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;
Each, its own charm; and Edith’s everywhere.”

And, as a contrast to this happy picture, take the following description of tropical beauty, grown hateful to the lonely cast-away, almost bewildering the imagination with its rich magnificence:—

“The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco’s drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Ev’n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,—
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:

No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.”

A sadly erroneous notion appears to prevail at present among some readers and many writers of verse, that obscurity of thought, or of expression, or of both, is a merit in poetic composition. The history, so to speak, of Mr. Tennyson’s writings affords a signal refutation of this fallacy. Many of his earlier efforts were certainly open to the charge of being hard to understand. From the first, however, this blemish never rested on his best poems, and gradually obeying the doctrine of the soundest critics, and following the example of the greatest masters of his art, he has come to recognize the value and the beauty of simplicity. “In Memoriam,” perhaps, contains some traces of the original fault; but the whole of that poem cannot be ascribed to the date of its publication, and in all his writings since, his diction has been, like crystal, at once clear and splendid. In the fullness of his experience and the maturity of his powers, he has risen altogether above this pernicious weakness or affectation. Poetry, according to Milton, must be “simple, sensuous, and passionate;” and Coleridge’s commentary on these words is a rebuke, and should be a lesson to the numerous versifiers who, having nothing particular to say, seem to think that the power of darkness will transform it into something:—

“The first condition, simplicity,—while on the one hand, it distinguishes poetry from the arduous processes of science, laboring toward an end not yet arrived at, and supposes a smooth and finished road, on which the reader is to walk onward easily, with streams murmuring by his side, and trees and flowers and human dwellings to make his journey as delightful as the object of it is desirable, instead of having to toil with the pioneers, and painfully make the road on which others are to travel,—precludes, on the other hand, every affectation and morbid peculiarity; the second condition, sensuousness, insures that framework of objectivity, that definiteness and articulation of imagery, and that modification of the images themselves, without which poetry becomes flat-

tened into mere didactics of practice, or evaporated into a hazy, unthoughtful day-dreaming; and the third condition, passion, provides that neither thought nor imagery shall be simply objective, but that the *passio vera* of humanity shall warm and animate both."*

It does not greatly signify whether many of the poetasters now writing express themselves obscurely or no. Before we regret our inability to understand anything, we must first be persuaded that to understand it would be a gain. But it does signify very greatly that the popularity of a man of real genius should be marred, and his influence hampered and limited by a defect the more provoking because it appears to be wilful. And this, we fear, is the case with Mr. Browning. In intellectual power he is second to none; in the wide range of his sympathies he is superior to all; he possesses many of the highest qualities of the poet,—dramatic force, lyrical feeling, and richness of coloring; his poetry is both sensuous and passionate; but simple it is not. In an appreciative and very interesting estimate of Mr. Browning in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1863, it is observed, with perfect truth, that "he does not care to study the stock passions." And it is precisely in this that we think he errs. The "stock passions," that is, the plain elements of human nature, are the proper material for the poet. To neglect these for subtle analysis and over-refinement may make delightful and instructive reading, but will not make good poetry. Profound speculation is not, indeed, incompatible with the highest poetry; for has not "Hamlet" been written? But then that speculation must be based on the passions and emotions which are common to all, and therefore sympathized in by all, on the human nature which makes the whole world kin, and must be confused by no allegories or half-utterances, but set forth with a clearness and distinctness which will bring them at once home to the heart. The peculiar glory of poetry lies in the suddenness and force with which it appeals to the imagination, and to this over-refinement of thought and obscurity of expression are alike fatal. Mr. Browning too often forgets that poetry is the strict antithesis of science, and instead of poems, gives us hard metaphysical studies, the difficulty of which is enhanced by the elliptical and involved language in which

* "Literary Remains," ii. 10.

they are conveyed. It is to this cause, far more than to his frequent harshness, that the comparative indifference of the public—an indifference which will, we suspect, prove lasting—must be ascribed. It is not, indeed, to be expected that every poet should gain an early or noisy popularity. A Jeffrey may interpose, and for a time successfully, between a Wordsworth and the public. But it is to be required that every poet should write at the hearts of the people, and so doing, sooner or later, if he is a poet at all, he will reach them. Mr. Browning has not done so, as we rather think he has not greatly cared so to do; and to have failed in this, is to have won but an imperfect position, and to have lost claim to a place among the foremost poets.

Not that when Milton demanded simplicity in poetry he meant that poetry should be kept down to such a level that it can be appreciated and enjoyed by a hasty glance in any mood of the reader, like a sensation novel. He could never have countenanced the idea that the highest reach of the intellect cannot find appropriate exercise in poetry. His simplicity could never have been childishness. His authority, therefore, teaches us that to be simple is not inconsistent with depth or power, that to be profound it is not necessary to be obscure, that to speak darkly is no proof that we have thought clearly. This teaching is confirmed by his own example, and by the example of all our greatest poets, and so far as any of them have at any time forgotten it, so far have they fallen short of the full perfection of poetry. Mr. Tennyson, as we have already said, confirms it strongly. All his later poems, all his best poems of any date, are at once simple in their themes and clear in expression. And yet there has seldom been a poet more certain to remain all unknown to the careless reader, more certain to reward fully those who diligently study him. From a hasty perusal, a commonplace pleasure may doubtless be derived; but not in this fashion can the loftiness of his sentiment be reached, and the beauty of his details realized. Those only who have some heart to feel, some imagination to be roused, and who do not shrink from exercising their faculties when they read, will come to understand the artistic perfection, to know and value the pure and exalted spirit of his poetry.

We are often told that the present is not a poetical age. If by this is meant that the present age is not suited to the *production* of good poetry, it may be true. That, as matter of fact, very little good poetry is produced, no one will dispute. There is no want of writers who try, but a sad want of writers who succeed. In fact, verse-writing, according to the modern English school,—that school the leaders of which completed the revolution begun by Cowper, and which, with some slight modifications, has prevailed ever since,—is now exceedingly easy. In any kind of literature, when a certain style has gained a strong hold on public taste, multitudes of writers surely spring up who can imitate that style with facility, but who, beyond this trick, have in them no excellence at all. Most of English poetry now is just what English poetry was after the supremacy of Pope,—

“A mere mechanical art,
And every warbler has his song by heart;”

or, as Mr. Tennyson puts the same idea in his little fable of “The Flower:”—

“Most can raise the flowers now;
For all have got the seed.”

Such productions, for example, as “Tannhäuser,” and the verses of Owen Meredith, not to go lower in the scale, are very clever echoes, and no more. Poetical language has become so common, and all varieties of metrical form been so often exemplified, that to produce such echoes is a matter of small difficulty; requiring ingenuity, but nothing beyond. Real poetry, however,—perhaps for these very reasons,—always rare in a highly cultivated time, save when some mighty shock works a change in its ideas, and even on its language, is unusually rare at the present day.

On the other hand, if the remark that this is not a poetical age is to be taken as meaning that the age does not desire, or cannot appreciate, poetry, then it seems to be an erroneous remark. Certainly cultivation can in no way hinder the appreciation of poetry; and as little, we think, does it repress the desire for it. But it may be urged that our practical pursuits and material tendencies have this effect. To some extent this may be true, yet, on the other hand, these very tendencies will induce a certain liking for poetry, arising from the force of contrast,—as the

worst times of the French Court aped the fashions of pastoral life; and this liking, though coming from no very pure origin, may nevertheless lead to good issues in the end. In some shape or other, it is very certain that love of poetry yet exists among us. Like religion, it can never be altogether driven from the heart of man; and though the divine light may be obscured by pleasure, or excitement, or the contentment of material prosperity, it will kindle into brighter life at the bidding of genius. And great the meed of gratitude and honor to be paid to him who renders such service. Mr. Carlyle says somewhere, that “this age is incapable of being sung to in any but a trivial manner.” Mr. Tennyson has shown that it can be sung to in a manner quite other than trivial; and if this be possible, it is surely most desirable. It seems to us that the worst thing connected with this so much abused age is the literature on which it is forced to live. We have lost the only novelist who could raise us to true conceptions, or a pure ideal of life, and we are given over to the excitement of mere story-telling, or to the commonplace of Trollope, with its ordinary types and vulgar aims, stealing away our time pleasantly, without stirring one deep emotion, or inspiring one noble aspiration; not seeking to better the lives we lead, but rather doing honor to the mean reality; at its highest, holding up to us a photograph of ourselves, with our vices softened into weaknesses, and our prudences exalted into virtues. And yet we who are thus left desolate are not a generation apt to stone our prophets, as Mr. Carlyle himself can testify. Perhaps in this great scarcity we might do more than merely refrain from stoning them; we might render them honor more frankly than is our wont. Certainly no man living more deserves all honor, or has stronger claims on our grateful reverence, than the author of “Enoch Arden.”

It may be doubted whether this volume will speedily, if ever, gain the wide popularity of the “Idylls of the King.” It is not glorified by

“what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther’s son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;”

surely, the grandest theme that ever fired the imagination of a poet; nor can it boast the rich blossoms of poesy which were showered upon the “Idylls.” It seems almost tame

when we recall the brilliant, if somewhat fevered flush of passion which glows through every line of "Vivien." There is nothing to be compared with those exquisite flowers of song, "Too Late," or "Sweet is true Love," a want which we regret the more, because such ornament would have been quite in harmony with the general tone of these pages, and Mr. Tennyson's best songs are unsurpassed in our language. The death of Edith moves less keen emotion than the fading away of "the lily maid of Astolat;" the denunciations of Averill fall far short, both in power and pathos, of the majestic sorrow and heavenly forgiveness of Arthur.

Yet "Enoch Arden" commands sources of interest, humbler, perhaps, but not less enduring. The poet's genius has set itself to the noble task of shedding its light over common things; we are kept always in familiar paths, and see our ordinary life dignified and made beautiful by the charms of song. We learn how to live melodious days; we are shown what trials may await us, what sacrifices may be demanded of us, and in what spirit those sacrifices should be made, those trials borne; we are taught how, by purity of feeling and singleness of heart, what is lowly may become exalted, what is mean may be made noble, what is sorrowful may be turned into joy. Higher duty than this no man can perform; more glorious service no man can render to his fellows; Mr. Tennyson has never more clearly established his claim to our reverence as the true Poet and Teacher of his age.

From The Saturday Review.
CROQUET.

In English amusements, as in French studies, there is a bifurcation. Each sex has its own pastimes founded on instinct, and suited to its natural capacities. Hunting and shooting are to men what dress and fancy needlework are to women,—the expression of the admiration with which the former regard force, and the latter beauty. But between these extremes,—between the purely manly and the purely feminine amusements,—are others which may be called mixed or debatable. These belong to neither sex exclusively, and are suited to both. Billiards, for instance, reclaimed from the fumes of circumambient tobacco, is a game as fit for one sex as the other. It involves no greater

amount of physical force than it may become a woman to exert, and it elicits just those qualities in which she is usually most wanting,—accuracy and caution. It has received the highest possible sanction,—the pope himself, to say nothing of several Gallican bishops, handling a cue, it is understood, with some dexterity. At the present time, when the fair sex is claiming so many of man's prerogatives, we recommend billiards, on disciplinary grounds, to the attention of young ladies. Archery, again, is a recreation common to both sexes; though, as a set-off to the usurpation of billiards by man, woman is the real heroine of the archery meeting,—the male competitors, in their Lincoln green, looking painfully like licensed victuallers disporting themselves at a Foresters' fête. But neither billiards nor archery fulfil the requisite conditions of a game which large numbers of either sex can enjoy together. A billiard-table is an expensive luxury. *Non cuivis*. There is a stiffness and solemnity about archery,—the result probably of its Diana and Robin Hood associations,—which is quite in character with a grand field-day, the prelude to a county ball or musical festival, but is not exactly a provocative of homely every-day enjoyment.

Croquet is the best attempt which has yet been made to provide a game in which the two sexes can join. Depending on dexterity rather than strength, it admits of their contending against each other on equal terms. It has two advantages over billiards, to which, in a scientific point of view, it is immeasurably inferior,—first, that it is inexpensive, and, secondly, that it is played in the open air. These are two points which ought to recommend it to parents and guardians, whose object always is to combine health with economy. And it has this advantage over archery, that it is much less formal and much more feasible. A game that involves much previous arrangement, and the appointment of a secretary *ad hoc* will never attain general vogue. It is making a toil of a pleasure,—a proceeding to which Englishmen are particularly averse, taking their diversion often sadly, but never laboriously. It is the domesticity of croquet which makes it so acceptable. Given a plot of grass, be it in a London square or in front of a seaside lodging, and the inevitable hoops and mallets follow. There is not a vicarage garden which does

not resound with the click of colored balls. The country clergy have thrown themselves into the croquet movement with characteristic energy. It is admirably adapted for a clerical pastime. It can offend no parochial prejudice, as more muscular recreations often do; and it gratifies the polemical instincts of the cloth. Perhaps, as he scatters his adversaries' balls, his reverence imagines, for the moment, that he is roquetting Dr. Colenso, or treating Professor Jowett to a taste of the secular arm. Or, if his move be meditative, the intricacies of the game may suggest an argument for next Sunday's discourse, of which Hodge shall have the benefit. Young ladies are even more enthusiastic about croquet than young curates. They exhibit the same ardor, but diversities of skill. There is the brilliant young lady, whose stroke is unerring; and the strategical young lady, fertile in expedients, lavish of advice, always coaxing her supporters to make themselves stepping-stones for her to get at a distant enemy. There is the simple young lady, who never succeeds in grasping the principles of the game; the unprogressive young lady, who sticks at the third hoop; the oblivious young lady, who always forgets the order of playing and runs into the lion's jaws; and the perverse young lady, whose blows have the invariable effect of propelling her ball in a direction the exact contrary of that which she intends. Croquet, as a feminine amusement, has one great merit in which it differs from the games which girls used to play some twenty or thirty years ago. It is intended for amusement pure and simple, and not for moral or physical improvement. Jesuitical mothers with an eye to the future had a way of concealing a lesson under a pleasure, as they cajole their infants into swallowing a powder in jam. Their daughters were encouraged to play at *Les Grâces*, not as an innocent recreation, but as a covert means of giving them a graceful deportment or an elegant figure. Miss in her teens, as she handled the sticks, was unconsciously developing beauties which were to make her the cynosure of future ball-rooms. There is none of this unhealthy false pretence about croquet, which will be welcomed by thoughtful educators as a sign that this form of maternal artifice, at any rate, has been laid aside. Indirectly, however, croquet serves for another purpose than the mere amusement of the players. It is be-

coming a recognized mode of receiving afternoon visitors,—the nucleus of a good deal of pleasant, unceremonious hospitality. If there is one terror which haunts the British materfamilias and her daughters more than any other, it is asking people to what they call nothing. Croquet supplies that indispensable something which will justify an invitation. Neighbors are asked to croquet, as they are asked to luncheon, or a picnic. We English need every possible aid to sociability. Anything which tends to thaw the coating of starch which overlies our real kindliness is deserving of encouragement.

There are two attractions of the fair sex which croquet might seem, to a superficial observer, chiefly designed to exhibit,—the exquisite finish of their *chaussure*, and their perfect command of temper. There are certain operations in the game, for a description of which we must refer our readers to the exhaustive treatise of Captain Mayne Reid, which display both these charms very prettily. A young lady who submits with good-humor, as young ladies invariably do, to the infliction known as a "roquet," will accept the rubs of life with good-humor, and may be safely credited with the possession of that equanimity which will make a husband happy. On the other hand, there is something extremely captivating about the fair executioner who deals the fatal blow as she stands with uplifted arm, poisoning her mallet and tapping her victim with the daintiest of Balmorals. No pen but that of the author of "Guy Livingstone" could do justice to so fascinating an attitude. Is it too much to hope that, in his next novel, he will turn to account his consummate skill in photographing his heroines' ankles by the introduction of a scene in which several cool captains and cooler young ladies shall occupy the moments between a steeplechase and a prize-fight by a quiet game of croquet? But the final cause of croquet is neither to exhibit a neat foot nor to test a sweet temper. To one who looks below the surface, the prevalent mania has a much deeper meaning. Like all great inventions, it has been ushered in by premonitory symptoms. The public mind, or that fraction of the public mind represented by marriageable young ladies, has been gradually ripening for it. It is notorious that they have long felt straitened in their borders. Their darling wish of late years has been to

obtain fresh outlets for the exercise of their powers of fascination. All their ingenuity has been directed to the extension of the area of flirtation. This is only natural, and not at all unreasonable, when it is considered that, until lately, young ladies of eighteen and more enjoyed but two opportunities for shining in society. They might dine out and they might dance out. Thus much the usage of the drawing-room allowed, and no more. This instalment of liberty has proved, in course of time, miserably inadequate. A number of concurring causes have practically reversed the conditions under which that long and delicate business known as courtship proceeds. Instead of being wooed, the soft sex has been driven to enact the part of wooer. Can any lot be harder than to have to woo with no facilities for wooing? A man can choose his own times and opportunities for approaching the object of his admiration; but a young lady enjoys no such enviable discretion. She cannot of her own mere motion jump into a Hansom and take the train to Brighton, or Homburg, or whithersoever young love may bid her follow. A cruel edict of etiquette condemns her to inaction at the very moment when such a display of energy might secure her happiness. Against this tyranny of old-fashioned ideas young-ladydom has at last openly revolted. She demands a relief from disabilities which have long been irksome, and which, in the altered state of the marriage-market, have become simply intolerable. Like the Pharisee of old, young ladies want to be more seen of men. The cry is for more freedom, a wider field for flirting operations, multiplied opportunities for fascinating. It is in connection with this remarkable movement of the female mind that croquet assumes a deep significance. Its birth is shrouded in the veil of Magic and Mystery, which envelops Mr. Cremer's fashionable emporium. The world knows not even the name of one of its greatest benefactors. But, whoever the inventor of croquet may have been, he must have read aright the signs of the times. He must have observed the current of female thought, and the direction in which it has latterly been setting. His invention comes to supply a recognized want of the most interesting class of the community. It satisfies the yearnings of many gentle bosoms for male companionship in their sports. It draws the sexes nearer to

each other. It enables the fair to retain their adorers at their side. They have long looked with some little jealousy on that bifurcation of which we spoke at starting. The early disappearance of the male visitors in quest of fox or bird, and their absence during the greater part of the day, is the feature of country-house life which the female portion of the circle least appreciates. The more enterprising young ladies, who cannot bear the separation long, either take themselves to hunting, or join the shooters at luncheon, which is very flattering to them as men, but sometimes embarrassing to them as sportsmen. These spasmodic attempts to identify themselves with manly amusements do not generally meet with the success which they deserve. Croquet supplies a much safer and more legitimate opportunity for the enjoyment of male society; and it is a far greater triumph to attract a man from, instead of pursuing him into, his own field of recreation. Who shall say that the moments spent in dawdling on sunny lawns are wholly thrown away. The impression produced at last night's ball may be deepened into passion by the sight of beauty in difficulties, appealing with a tender glance for advice at every step of her erratic course through the hoops. The agreeable neighbor at last night's dinner-party, whose ready flow of prattle not even two converging crinolines with the thermometer at ninety degrees could arrest, will prove much more susceptible to female charms in the pure air of the garden than when held in a vice of invisible steel, and almost asphyxiated. Croquet thus comes in aid of other and more formal modes of entertainment. It serves as a link between the last ball and the next. There is every reason to believe that it fully answers the purpose of throwing the young people of either sex together in pleasant because unceremonious intercourse, and creating for them a fresh topic of common interest.

The future of croquet it is premature for us to predict. The rapidity with which the infection spreads is unprecedented. The fashionable epidemic catches first one class, and then another, and seems likely to penetrate to every part of the body politic. Already it has reached the middle classes—even the lower-middle, as they are called in the language of social science—to an extent which is not generally known. Farmers'

daughters are adding it to their other accomplishments of music and embroidery. The "young persons" who sit behind bars in all the glory of ringlets and radiant colors, and that much more impressive class of young persons who dispense, with queenly condescension, fiery soup or coffee at a railway buffet, snatch an interval from business hours to devote to croquet. There is no reason that it should stop there. Pending its introduction into national schools, one may venture to anticipate that it will not supersede, as it is not intended to supersede, any of the old-established games. Cricket, for the present, is safe. Croquet merely fills the gap in the cycle of amusements between that national sport and billiards.

From The Spectator.

BABIES' NAMES.

THE earnest little discussion which arises in a new nursery as to "dear baby's name" seems a little absurd to outsiders, but the instinct of mothers is right. The baby will not be lord high chancellor or an archbishop, as mamma and nurse think so probable, but through life one of the most direct influences bearing upon his fortunes will be his name. It is almost a quality which his mother gives him, something which may smoothen his path like a new faculty, or retard it like some physical want or bodily deformity. So great is its influence that it seems a little hard the parent should have so despotic a power, that the child himself should not, say at fifteen, have the right to insist, if he sees fit, upon a legal rechristening. He must accept the family cognomen like any other decree of fate, and consent to be Sim for the same reason that he consents to be red-haired. But he need not be Sardanapalus Sim any more than he need have his eyebrows shaved, and it is a little unjust that a Byron-struck mother should have the right to inflict such a deformity. We do not allow a mother to tattoo a child, or burn letters upon its forehead, or snip bits off an already snub nose, and why should she be permitted to brand her child still more effectually, burden his life with a name like Adonijah, or Alietta Mehetable Chinnery Stubbs, or Susannah Marianna Moneybuckle Clayton, all real names of to-day, or render it ridiculous by calling him—we know the man—Noah's Ark Hodgson? The mother would be hooted if she deliber-

ately bred her son as a scamp, yet she may call him Jerry,—or taught him to be a sneak, yet she can compel all men to call him Uriah. It is very hard, and in that coming time when the dignity of humanity is fully appreciated, we expect to hear of a revolt of universal childhood in favor of extending that dearly loved privilege of babies, "doing things one's own self," to the right of rechristening. Mothers, however, are usually pretty sensitive to ridicule, and horrible names are consequently growing less common; but still there is a want of principle in the matter, a need of a nursery law to which the injudicious, or the weak, or the over-political may at a pinch appeal. Women are imaginative, and apt to fall under the influence of novels and superstition, leading to names like Zannoni Tompkins, and Mephibosheth Britain; and fathers are disposed to name their children not with any reference to their comfort, but to advertise their own connections, or convictions, or, worse than all, admirations. Whether any man ever really called his son Acts because "he'd used up the evangelists, and wanted to compliment the apostles a bit," may reasonably be doubted; but the habit of "complimenting" the great by using their names is very widely diffused. Percy at one time became so common as to be regularly admitted into the list of "Christian names," and Victor will from this year be added to that very limited repertoire. There must be scores of children by this time all ticketed Garibaldi, a process equivalent to branding a date on their foreheads, and it is lucky for the next generation of girls that the princess's name is an old one; for if it had been Caesarea or Napoleona they would have borne it none the less. So long as the name is generic, mere ugliness does not greatly matter to the child, but a name given from admiration is almost always peculiar; and if the original wearer were widely known, it is difficult to inflict on a child a deeper injury. It puts him throughout his whole life out of gear with his associations, dislocates the idea of the man from the idea of his name till the mere mention of him excites a smile. If his career is utterly unlike that of his namesake, there is a sense of dissonance; if it resembles it, there is the impression of inferiority. Nothing could be worse for a rising general than to be named Napoléon, yet the title would sound as ridiculous if attached to a

white-faced curate. In most instances the secret idea of the unlucky man would be to live up to his name, to be Mirabeau Stubbs the Revolutionist, an idea sure to spoil his life; but even if it worked the other way, half his energy would be exhausted in merely getting rid of his burden. There is or was a very respectable shoemaker in Norwich to whom his father, a freethinker like most cobblers, gave the names of Voltaire Paine Smith. Smith grew up a meek, godly Sunday-school teacher, with no brains, and his name would have proved a serious embarrassment to his piety but that his neighbors fortunately for his repute in class-meeting could not pronounce it. They called him in their ignorance Vulture Smith, and the poor man complained with tears in his eyes that he, best meaning of imbecile mortals, was universally believed to have earned a nickname by cruel usury. "Napoleon Price" of Bond Street, we suspect, has found his name worth an annuity; for nobody can forget his advertisements, from the absurd contrast between the ideas suggested by the conqueror's name and the hair-oil his namesake sells, but in private life it must be a very considerable bore. There is the poor man who died this week so suddenly at the St. Pancras meeting, Mr. Washington Wilks. He was, we believe, a decidedly intelligent man, very earnest in his somewhat advanced opinions, and a very good speaker; but if he had been an orator beyond compare, he never could have lived down his name. Somehow the treble relation called up by it, the remembrance of Washington and of Wilkes, and of the difference between the two, and the sense of the contrast between both and a vestry agitator, was too strong for common sense or kindness. We heard a very good-natured man remark on the catastrophe, "natural for such a name to die of a public meeting," and probably, except among those who knew him, there was not one who could quite escape the sense of incongruity between the horror of the event and the effect of the sufferer's name, and all incongruity is grotesque. Byron Brown may be a most respectable man, but nobody will ever believe in his verses, and Demosthenes Jones had better follow any trade than that of a public speaker. The mothers may rest assured that of all the mistakes they can make, that of giving their babies names which suggest to all men distinct

associations, calling their boys Gracchus or their daughters Semiramis, is the very worst. There is some reason for the growing dislike to the twelve or fifteen names once called distinctively Christian, probably because they have no relation whatever to Christianity; for the use of a name is to insure distinctiveness, and when whole clans are named Henry, distinctiveness is not attained. But if they want a new list, let them shun the conquerors and poets and politicians and agitators and ancient Hebrews and either employ a surname,—the use of the mother's surname as the eldest son's prænomen is a blameless and useful custom, and very "aristocratic,"—or revert to the old Saxon reservoir now so liberally drawn upon for girls, but still neglected for boys' names.

From The Saturday Review.

A TRANSCENDENTAL MECCA.

THE title of a Transcendental Mecca has been bestowed on the town of Concord by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, who has given a very interesting account of the society that has been gathered together round Mr. Emerson and the other chief persons of his school.

It is a society which is very well worth studying, not only because there are men belonging to it who earned and deserved some slight degree of fame, but also because it has really affected and stimulated the national mind of the Federal Americans, and still more because it is a violent reaction against the spirit and ways of the middle classes of New England. In the New England States there is exhibited to the highest degree that union of a keen pursuit of wealth and a blind adherence to the remains of the Puritan creed which has stamped itself on so many country towns in England as their chief characteristic. In England there is a gradual change going on which affects country towns as well as every other part of the kingdom. There is a flow of the modern spirit,—of that spirit which Dr. Newman so bitterly and so consistently hates under the name of Liberalism,—a spirit that forces its way, like the tide, into all the little creeks and bays, as well as into the big harbors and the deep channels. But there is nothing like a reaction in the circle of our commercial and Puritan world. There is no movement from within, and only a gentle movement from without. It is to the credit

of the Americans that they, being destitute of those sources of a refining and elevating influence which silently and gradually change one sphere after another of English society, should have been able to produce a reaction and counter-movement of some sort. There is hope for a nation when its thought has thus much of elasticity; and there is still more hope when a movement in strong opposition to prevailing notions, and to the ordinary thoughts of thriving dictatorial men, holds its own, wins the affectionate admiration of ardent and generous minds, and persuades and instigates a powerful minority to assert itself in the face of a compact tyrannous majority. There are many things in American transcendentalism which are amusing and some that are even ludicrous; there are many things in it that are founded on great mistakes, and there are some things in it that are mere idle puzzles. Perhaps there is scarcely anything in it of any great value to Englishmen. The countrymen of Wordsworth and Shelley need not fatigue themselves with making the pilgrimage to a Transcendental Mecca beyond the Atlantic. But an Englishman would be a very poor and narrow critic who was satisfied with merely laughing at American transcendentalism and showing its philosophical mistakes. There is much more in it for us than food for ridicule or literary criticism. It records the first great protest, made in the breast of a society like the mass of middle-class English society, against the spirit and teaching of that society. Being like us in many respects, and being haunted with the thoughts of a nobler life, recoiling from the abyss of arrogant comfort, and at the same time not having anything at hand like our church and universities and aristocracy, and our proximity to the Continent, and feeling horror and contempt for Puritanism in the ugliness of its decay, some of the nobler men of America sought and found a refuge in transcendentalism. This was the Zoar to which they fled, and there they found rest, and grew strong, and awoke in the minds of many of those around them the chord which answers to the assertion of high purposes and the record of noble aspirations. The describer of the Transcendental Mecca tells us how, when he was a lad in Virginia, he one day read a volume of Mr. Emerson's writings, and instantly his whole life was changed. He had found a prophet in his own

country, and he determined to give up everything and become one of this prophet's disciples. He has learned to write of Mr. Emerson and his friends in a calm and sensible tone, and can feel and own amusement when he recalls some of the foibles and eccentricities of those who were gathered together at Concord. But his heart is full of love and reverence for those who, as he thinks, pointed him the way to right and truth, and filled his soul with longing for something richer than fine gold and sweeter than the honeycomb. Every mode in which, at any time, and in any country, this longing has been created and satisfied, is so precious to mankind that only fools will sneer at it because it may have been partial and imperfect.

Of the prophets who lived at Concord, Mr. Emerson was the chief. It was, indeed, because he lived there that the others came. Within the limits of the personal experience of the writer in *Fraser*, Mr. Emerson's great influence began with an address to the students of Cambridge, in which he openly declared that Webster, who was then the idol of Cambridge, was a very poor idol of clay, not worth worshipping, and in which he asserted that things were going downward in America, and that its great men had ceased to be. He was loudly hissed; but many of his hearers were much impressed, and a large party went over to hear him lecture at Concord. "The lecture," we are told, "was on Poetry, and the effect of it was electrical. When it was over, there was a deep silence, which no one seemed willing to break." And then there follows a touch of that sensibility or sentimentalism which comes naturally, it must be owned, to some minds, and which they would lose by repressing, but which is alien to English reserve, and easily declines into exaggeration and silliness. "Otto Dresel, the first musical artist in America, who was present, went to the piano and gave three of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, which said all that could be said, after which the company separated." At Concord, the writer also saw Mr. Clough, who, as he said, "did not so much find in America friends as lovers." We regret that the writer's sense of bathos was not acute enough to prevent him from going on to add, "There was not one superior person who was not pleased to meet him." To Concord, also, Theodore Parker used to repair, "to

recover from his wounds by contact with nature," and Agassiz was welcomed there for his science, and gladly went there "for the philosophical interpretations which, with the transcendentalist, were always awaiting and anticipating scientific facts and discoveries." Among the less known and more purely local frequenters or inhabitants of this Mecca were Thoreau, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller. Of Thoreau we learn that he "was a man of such wonderful, even unparalleled intimacy with nature that his biography, when it is written, will seem a myth." A. Bronson Alcott appears to have been a pedler with a large family, "which he was, humanly speaking, utterly unable to support." How any of the set of people managed to live, and eat bread and meat every day, is surprising; but the world is astonishingly kind to those who try to reform it, and there are always rich people who are sufficiently pricked with uneasiness at their wealth to gratify the pleasant caprice of giving unexpected presents to those among the poor who seem to be something out of the common way. Alcott is an energetic Platonist, and the logician and the humorist are his mortal foes. He has an idea that children are new arrivals from a higher world,—a notion which the writer gently ridicules by putting down accurately a conversation which Alcott had with a child, and in which the child, not being aware that he was expected to give intimations of immortality, answered the questions put to him in a straightforward and prosaic manner. For instance, when Alcott asked, "When a little infant opens its eyes upon this world, and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginning of worship?" the boy very sensibly replied, "No, Mr. Alcott, a little baby does not worship."

Of Margaret Fuller the writer speaks with great respect, although he sketches the course of one of her conversations, or philosophical social discussions, "for the drollery of it;" and certainly nothing can sound more absurd to English readers. The party seems to have consisted almost entirely of ladies, and only ladies took part in the discussion. The question of that particular meeting was "What is life?" and Margaret Fuller stimulated or piqued her friends by declaring at the outset her conviction that none of those present had a distinct idea of life. Then came a series of

shots offered by these female philosophers in turn, who were each prepared at a moment's notice. Miss C., for example, said that "Life is to laugh or cry according to our organization." Miss P. said, "Life is division from one's principle of life in order to a conscious reorganization." Mrs. A. B. thought the object of life was to obtain absolute freedom. At last Margaret Fuller gave her view of life, and "her answer was so full, clear, concise, and inspiring, that the reporter was magnetized and unable to record it accurately." As far as he could recollect, her view was that "Love and Creativeness are dynamic forces, out of which we individually, as creatures, go forth bearing His image, that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we add constantly to the whole sum of existence"—and so on through one or two sentences equally lucid and valuable. Ridicule would have no function in the world if it might not laugh down such nonsense as this, and if it could not clear society of rubbish like the dissertations of these ladies on Life. But although the conversations of Margaret Fuller may have been pretentious and silly, and although there is feebleness and folly in all the sayings and writings of these transcendentalists, there was in all, and especially in Mr. Emerson, a sincere, and it may be said a burning wish to get hold of something in life that would offer man in America a new beginning, and make him nobler and better than he exhibited himself in Boston and New York.

The first assumption of the transcendentalists was that the historical creed of Christendom was dead. They did not stop to prove it. They voted it, as it were, by acclamation; for to them this creed meant Puritanism in its degeneracy, and this was the most degrading of spiritual tyrannies. But then, if there is to be no definite religion in the world, what is to be the food of the spirit striving to grow better and nobler? This was the real question which the transcendentalists set themselves to answer, and it is to their credit that they saw that this was the question they had to answer, and that they set to work to the best of their power. All answers given to this greatest of questions resolve themselves into two. Either the answerer says that no precise and satisfactory reply can be given, and that refuge must be taken in the zealous discharge of the duties

of practical life, and in the pursuit of self-culture,—which substantially is the answer given by Goethe; or else the answerer must say that there is a universal mystery in the world ever being revealed to those whose eyes are purified to see it, and that the apprehension of this mystery is the true religion. This is the answer of the transcendentalists, and Emerson apprehended a kind of double meaning in the scheme of things, just as Theodore Parker apprehended an absolute and intuitive morality. The great key to this mystery of things is assumed to be the study of the face of nature,—of trees, rocks, and animals. A man, it is thought, who is determined to find a mystery in the universal scheme of things, can so gaze, and lose himself in gazing, upon things animate and inanimate, that he sees behind them, perceives the true forms of which they are the shadows, and lives in the world of reality and not in that of appearance. Whatever philosophical defects this system may have, it evidently offers to minds weary of the self-complacent life of a bustling commercial town the attraction of having to seek wisdom from solitude and the country; and it offers to minds recoiling from the grim logic of Puritanism, a vague, subtle, gentle religiousness. This, perhaps, explains the hold it gained on American minds, and the enthusiasm with which the Mecca, when it flourished, was regarded. But then, how is such a philosophy to be prosecuted, and with what are the philosophers to occupy themselves? How are they to connect themselves with practical life, and to say something that will instruct and please the outer world? They may, among other things, survey life and think over it until they have shaped an abundance of little epigrams about it; and this appears to have been the favorite occupation of the prophets of the Transcendental Mecca. They were always setting themselves such problems as Margaret Fuller set the unhappy ladies of her circle. To say a neat thing about life seemed to them the most wise, practical, and philosophical thing they could do. Almost all Mr. Emerson's writings are composed of these philosophical epigrams,—some good, some bad, and many without meaning. A few of Mr. Alcott's have been collected by the writer in *Fraser*. They run in this way:—"Opinions are life in foliage, deeds in fruitage;" "Obedience is the mediator of

the soul,"—sentences which sound neat, and would probably be found by any one who would take the trouble to unravel them to do nothing worse than wrap up a platitude in obscurity. Pantheism, the study of physics, and the construction of philosophical epigrams were thus the chief glory and occupation of the dwellers in Mecca; and, if any one is inclined to cast stones at them, let him first remember what is the nature of that spirit of commercial Puritanism against which they entered a protest that was honest, and not ineffectual.

From The Spectator.

THE METAPHYSICS OF AN AUTOMATON.

MR. BABBAGE, in his amusing book, enters at some length and very instructively into the intellectual advantages and disadvantages of automaton as compared with men. In many respects, of course, Mr. Babbage assigns them a very great superiority. Of those of a mathematical bent, for instance, it is not so much true that they *won't* make mistakes as that they *can't*. And yet they are perfectly aware of their own needs, and ring the bell quite cheerfully when in want of their human attendants. When one of Mr. Babbage's mathematical automatons "wanted a tabular number, say the logarithm of a given number, it would ring a bell, and then stop itself. On this the attendant would look at a certain part of the machine, and find that it wanted the logarithm of a given number, say of 2,303. The attendant would then go to the drawer containing the pasteboard cards representing its table of logarithms. From this he would take the required logarithmic card and place it on the machine. Upon this the engine would first ascertain whether the assistant had or had not given him the correct logarithm of the number; if so, it would use it, and continue its work. But if the engine found the attendant had given him a wrong logarithm, it would then ring a louder bell and stop itself. On the attendant again examining the engine, he would observe the words 'wrong tabular number,' and discover that he really had given the wrong logarithm, and of course he would have to replace it by the right one." This clearly is an automaton of the highest order of mechanical intelligence and purpose, and yet it combines with this pertinacity of resolution and discrimination

of understanding an absolutely unerring accuracy in arithmetical operations. Indeed, it is more than unerring, incapable of error. Robert Houdin's automatons were of very different and very inferior order to most of Mr. Babbage's, and compare rather with Mr. Babbage's "silver lady," who received his guests, than with the great intelligences which the English philosopher called into existence. For instance, Robert Houdin invented a writing man which wrote or drew answers to questions that were put to it, and which was once, in 1848, so fortunate in its guess-work that in drawing a crown as the symbolic answer to a question about the destiny of the present Count de Paris, the pencil broke in its hand, and left the crown a mere unfinished anticipation, almost a prophecy. But, in general, even this automaton's intellect was strictly limited by that of M. Houdin's,—giving, for instance, in answer to Louis Philippe's question about the population of Paris, the number according to the old census, without allowance for the subsequent increase. This automaton, therefore, was only an ingenious trick, was scarcely, indeed, a much greater triumph than Vaucanson's automatic duck, which quacked, put out its bill to drink and dabble, swallowed seed, digested it, and passed it by the ordinary channels. Mere imitative motions like these are scarcely worthy of the name of automatic. On the other hand, Mr. Babbage's intellectual automatons perform with far greater precision, and on a far more extended scale, operations of which its maker of course fully understood the theory, but in which he is by no means infallible in practice,—in other words, they far outstrip him in the *application* of his own mathematical principles. The curious and instructive point is, however, to note their specific intellectual disadvantages and difficulties when you compare them with the more fallible intelligence of living men. Mr. Babbage gives us a very interesting illustration of the exact point of divergence between subordinate automatic intelligence and the human intellect which invented it. He proclaims that, in principle at least, all games of skill could be played by automatons constructed on the same general theory as his Calculating Machines, and he has proceeded some way towards the invention of an automaton intended to play at the very simple game called indifferently

"noughts and crosses" or "tit-tat-to." There was, however, one *not* insuperable, but characteristic difficulty. In any case in which *it does not matter* which of two or three moves should be made by the automaton, it is still absolutely necessary not only to make the automaton select one of them, but to select that one *on rule*. Now as there is no principle arising out of the intellectual conditions of the game to provide a rule, it becomes necessary to make an *arbitrary* rule for the automaton's guidance in this case,—a "ceremonial law," as we may call it, failing an intellectual law. It is nearly a parallel to the case of what we may call the *etiquettes* of good society. We all know that there is no intrinsic reason why tail-coats are worn in the evening and frock-coats in the morning, and on that very account the rule is more stringent, and its infringement graver, than in the case of rules of social courtesy for which there is good reason. The explanation is, we suppose, that if there were no rule at all, then there would be caprice and confusion and anarchy, while in the case of the *natural* law there would be still something *tending* to enforce it even if custom were silent. Hence an arbitrary rule is laid down in such cases which soon gets more honor and respect than even rules with a bottom to them. For a very similar reason, Mr. Babbage had to find his automaton a principle on which to choose between the two or three equally good moves, and make him put his noughts and crosses in a given place for fear of the anarchical embarrassment which would arise if he had no definite line of action before him. The first arbitrary rule he invented was "to make the machine keep a record of the number of games it had won from the commencement of its existence. Whenever two moves, which we may call A and B, were equally conducive to winning the game, the automaton was made to consult the record of the number of games he had won. If that number happened to be *even*, he was directed to take the course A, if *odd*, the course B. If there were three moves equally possible, the automaton was directed to divide the number of games he had won by 3. In this case the numbers 0, 1, or 2 might be the remainders, and the machine was directed to take the course A, or B, or C, accordingly." In other words, the automaton gets into difficulties exactly where

what metaphysicians call the "liberty of indifference" would come into play. He is obliged to have a rule of conduct when there is no reason why there should be a rule at all, because he, like the victims of society, can have nothing left to his discretion. If he once finds himself without a specific direction as to what he is to do next, he is a lost creature; the law of his being fails him; he must refer back to his government for instructions; he has no power to make a choice. At this meeting of the ways, accordingly, Mr. Babbage has to invent something equivalent to a binding etiquette for his automaton who can do everything but act *without* a criterion, but does not care in the least whether that criterion is natural, or artificial and arbitrary. There is a curious parallel to this in the mode adopted by young or superstitious people who cannot decide for themselves what to do or how to believe, and who fix on some arbitrary test which shall be a sign to them what they shall do or believe. Thus an odd number of magpies decides many people to expect misfortune, and an even number success. Or, to take a real instance, Mr. Babbage himself when a child was much exercised with doubts whether the religious truths he had learned in the Bible were true or not, and he made for himself an arbitrary test by which he determined to be guided. He said to himself that 'if on going to a certain room in his home he should find the door open, he would believe what he had been taught; but if it should be shut, that he would not. He cannot remember, he tells us, whether in fact he found it open or shut, but he supposes the former, as his childhood was for many years disturbed by no further doubts on the subject. Now this only differs from the considerations which determined his own automaton's next move in this, that the arbitrary sign was, or at least appeared to be, *his own* selection, while the automaton's equally arbitrary sign was selected for it by Mr. Babbage.

What, now, is the real difference between the intelligence of the automaton and that of man? Some people will say at once *consciousness*: the child is conscious of his calculating power and perhaps of its method, the automaton not. But then it is not the fact that people are conscious of half the mental operations they perform, and many thinkers now maintain that some of their

most wonderful intellectual efforts are done in complete unconsciousness. It is the favorite explanation of the spirit drawing and writing phenomena,—so far as they are not trickeries,—that the intellect acts in them *automatically*; that is, uses intellectual tests and criteria without being conscious that it is using them. We have seen very beautiful drawings made by a lady of the most unquestionable honor and integrity, who avers not only that she never could draw at all till the "influence" seized her, but that she never at any time knew what the next stroke of her drawing was to be; nay, that the unfolding of the subject was a greater surprise and interest to her than to those who were watching her, as it grew under her hand. Now, we have always explained this as being unconscious artistic instinct developing itself,—in other words, *unconscious intellect*. If there be such a phenomenon, and we believe all the physicians who have studied dreams, the acts of somnambulists, and so forth, affirm it most strongly, in what does the unconscious intelligence of the automaton contrived beforehand by Mr. Babbage differ from the unconscious intelligence of man or woman contrived beforehand by the Creator of man? If we once admit the absolute unconsciousness of the latter, we doubt whether the acutest metaphysician could find a discriminating criterion. The law of unbroken necessity applies equally to both, for if ever you come to a point where courses of action diverge, and there is absolutely nothing to determine which course shall be chosen, the automatic action of the human intelligence would cease, and either be wakened up into an act of conscious choice, or be foiled as completely as the automaton. In short, what Mr. Babbage's automatons teach us is that consciousness is really a *defect and a cause of error* so far as the mere carrying out of absolutely necessary intellectual laws is concerned; and that either a human intelligence acting automatically, or a machine contrived by human intelligence, will carry out all such necessary laws more precisely and rapidly than a mind which reflects upon what it is doing. But they also teach us that where the inexorable chain-work of necessary law ends, there the use of freedom and consciousness begins,—of freedom, because an artificial and arbitrary law has to be introduced to guide the automaton, sim-

ply because it is not equal to that very lowest and simplest of all free acts,—the tossing up, as it were, which of two or three equally beneficial courses it shall take, because it cannot determine *itself*, and in the absence of *reason* must be determined by a *rule*;—of consciousness, because all free choice, all acts of *judgment*, involve consciousness, and though the intellect can act, so to say, in a linear way, that is, along a stream of necessary sequences, without awakening, the moment it has to *divide* itself, as it were,—to enter into two different but simultaneous courses, and select between them,—it is no longer capable of automatic action, and must take up self-knowledge in the very act of choosing between two alternatives. Mr. Babbage's ingenious experiments constitute a very curious demonstration that the more mechanical, the more automatic, is the action of the intellect, the freer from error will be the operations which it performs; that the intellectual automaton is for its purposes the superior of the intellect, because it has neither freedom nor consciousness to disturb its operations; but that where the automaton gets into difficulties is exactly at that point which the reigning school of philosophy wish to ignore altogether,—the point where freedom and self-consciousness enter together into mental life.

From The Spectator, 10 Sept.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS AT RICHMOND.

WHATEVER else the struggle between the North and South teaches us, it ought to teach us above everything the moral and political value of a government that,—we cannot say in *worth*,—but in dignity of attitude and bearing does more than represent,—misrepresents by far excelling,—the nation which it governs. For all purposes of external policy, for all purposes of what we may call ideal or imaginative nationality, the men who wield the government of a nation are the symbols of that nation's character, both to itself and to the world. Russia is a country, for instance, full of ignorance, poverty, and barbarity, where millions of the lowest class are still—in character—serfs with all serfs' vices, and hundreds of thousands of the highest are serf-owners with all serf-owners' unscrupulous passions. But Russia, not only to the imagination of Europe, but to her own, stands for a nation governed by clear-sighted statesmen of courtly diplomatic reticence and prompt purpose, whose intellects are

deep and keen and devoted to the external honor of their country,—men like Prince Gortschakoff, who have defeated with stately irony the combined French and English statesmen, vindicated (successfully though falsely) the wisdom and humanity of their master's conduct, and carried out his ambitious purposes with swift and silent determination. We do not know that this vast intellectual chasm between the government and the average of the nation does much to improve—in some ways it may do much to lower—its *morale*. But doubtless it exalts the intellectual standard even of the coarsest political elements it contains, nerves men to vigor, clearness, and self-command, who desire to influence or cope with the present political organization, and raises the national self-respect of the masses themselves. However false it may be that “vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness,” there can be no doubt that a selfish tyranny loses half its *relaxing* effect on the national mind by losing all its effeminacy and cowardice. The astringent qualities which remain may be, no doubt usually are, as astringent of the malign passions as they are of the better fortitude of men; but they are at least altogether tonic, adding to the strength both of evil and of good, instead of mere laxatives loosening the reins and fomenting anarchy and rage.

One can never compare the average but loose, half-strung Government of the Northern American States, embodied indeed in a man of singular simplicity, lucidity, and intrepidity of mind, but still slow, hesitating, without the precision or dignity of culture, and without the power or the will to draw tight the reins of his own cabinet,—with the calm, dense, unwavering, and in some sense ascetic fortitude that guides the evil purposes of the South, without, perhaps, rather over-appreciating this imaginative value of a *select* rather than a representative government. As Mr. Lowell puts it quaintly in one of the newest of his humorous Biglow Papers,—

“I tell ye one thing we might larn

From them smart critters the Seceders,—

Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,

The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron leaders.”

And this infinite advantage the South has had from the first in the rule of Mr. Jefferson Davis, a man whose purposes have matured from the vulgar craft and dishonesty of Mississippi repudiation into the true dignity of evil as life went on,—who was the soul of perhaps the most malign, most polished, and most masterly government the North ever had, that *nominally* of President Pierce, which attempted to force slavery on Kansas,—and who now accepts the responsibility of the world's most deadly civil war

with the serene confidence and complacency of one who has all but attained his end of deliberately forming the life of a whole nation on a type which even worldly and despotic politicians receive with astonishment, and Christian civilization with indignation and disgust. Yet it is impossible to read the account which Mr. Gilmore has recently given us in the *Atlantic Monthly* of his own and Colonel Jacques's recent interview with the Southern President at Richmond without much of the sort of admiration which we feel for Milton's "Satan," till we are almost thankful to the vulgar Mississippi fraud of Mr. Davis's earlier days for breaking the completeness of the intellectual spell. Mr. Gilmore and Colonel Jacques seem to have gone on one of those fussy fools' errands to which volunteer politicians both North and South are so much addicted,—unless indeed its purpose were *indirect*, to bring back positive evidence to the North as to the unflinching firmness of the Southern purpose, and then Colonel Jacques can scarcely be quite so simple and straightforward as his companion represents him. They had no kind of "mission" or "powers" from any one but themselves. But they were "acquainted with the views of the Northern Government and with the sentiments of the Northern people," and wished to see if they could not patch up a basis for peace without disunion. Mr. Hawthorne tells us that when American consul at Liverpool his countrymen on their travels always thought it their duty to wait upon him in small committees who chose a chairman or spokesman on the mat outside his door, on no particular business, but simply to look him up, catechize him, and see generally how he was getting on. The same familiar idea of giving an unexpected lift to their respective governments appears to prevail among the political volunteers of Richmond and Washington, and it was two of these gentlemen with no better idea in their heads than to request Mr. Jefferson Davis, who seceded because he would *not* be ruled by a majority made up from the Free States, to bind himself to accept the decision of the very majority he had so cavalierly and at such enormous cost repudiated,—to whose errand we refer. The idea was intrinsically silly, and it was urged with argument so almost ostentatiously feeble that one is half inclined to suspect the finesse of a wish to elicit for the benefit of the North the restatement in the strongest form of the "cast-iron leader's" purpose. If that was its object, Mr. Davis felt too calm and strong to care to defeat it. He at least was not so short-sighted as to angle with the base Democratic party at the North, by dangling before their eyes baits of a possible reunion on a pro-slavery

basis, merely for the sake of breaking up the organization of the Republicans. He knows that sooner or later he must face and conquer, if he is to succeed at all, the whole strength of the Unionist passion of the North, and he is too wise to create a false crisis by misleading them. Mr. Davis's manner, says Mr. Gilmore, was "simple, easy, and fascinating." And in fact he was quite too much possessed with his purpose to feel any annoyance at the weak views of his opponents. He sat there quietly in the clear knowledge that through his initiative at least half a million of men have lost their lives; that that initiative was taken in the deliberate wish to mould a nation into institutions that are essentially incompatible with freedom and popular education; that for this purpose he has still to supply out of rapidly failing resources the strength of two great armies, to keep up the heart of a weary and ignorant people, and to keep down the heart of one still more weary and ignorant which he retains in servitude; and that the great struggle, the tide of which for four years has gravitated steadily against him may easily last at least as many more with constantly dwindling hope for this great project, which almost rests on his own life and that of his great military colleague General Lee. Yet with the clear knowledge of all this he can sit smiling quietly in his bare house at Richmond, saying, "I desire peace as much as you do; I deplore bloodshed as much as you do; but I feel that not one drop of the blood shed in this war is on my hands; and I look up to my God and say this; I tried all in my power to avert this war. I saw it coming, and for twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it; but I could not. The North was mad and blind; it would not let us govern ourselves; and so the war came, and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight his battles, unless you acknowledge our right to self-government. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence, and that, or extermination we will have."

Considering that the North never on any occasion interfered, or wished to interfere, or were even accused of interfering with the self-government of the South,—that Mr. Davis's efforts "for twelve years" to avert the crisis were all directed to repealing legal and equitable contracts as to the boundary of slavery, and forcing the "domestic institution" of the South into the Northern States, the perfect equanimity with which the Southern President declares that in this matter he has "lived in all good conscience before God" up to this day, strikes us as the very sublimity of incarnate purpose, so feeding itself on its own intensity as to lose all

apprehension of the self-delusions into which it has grown. Nay, Mr. Davis even contemplates the emancipation of the African slaves with perfect composure. Two millions, he says, have been emancipated already by the armies of the North,—it is a remarkable admission,—and he does not much care how soon the rest go. Slavery was the “corner-stone” of the South, said the Vice-President once; but Mr. Davis implies now that it was rather the *type and flower* of the national life than essential to its organization. General education, the idea of political equality, the ambition of the masses, all these principles were hostile to slavery, and also essentially hostile to the national type desired by the Southern people; but if the African slaves were removed, there would still be the same difference of type dividing them from the North,—still the idea of a laboring class to be kept without knowledge and under subjection;—so at least we understand the drift of the following between Mr. Gilmore and Mr. Davis:—

Mr. Gilmore—“And slavery, you say, is no longer an element in the contest?”

Mr. Davis—“No, it is not, it never was an essential element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements to an earlier culmination. It fired the musket which was already capped and loaded. There are essential differences between the North and the South that will, however this war may end, make them two nations.”

Mr. Gilmore—“You ask me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South pretty well, and never observed those differences?”

Mr. Davis—“Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years.”

Indeed later in the conversation Mr. Davis makes it clear that he believes the principle of the life of the South to be ruled by a minority,—and evidently he does not mean a select minority representing the whole nation, but a minority ruling by privilege a violent and barbarous majority proud of such rule:—

Mr. Davis—“That the majority shall decide it, you mean? We seceded to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority, and this would subject us to it again.”

Mr. Gilmore—“But the majority must rule finally, either with bullets or ballots.”

Mr. Davis—“I am not so sure of that. Neither current events nor history shows that the majority rules, or ever did rule. The contrary, I think, is true. Why, sir, the man who should go before the Southern people with such a proposition, with any proposition which implied that the North was to have a voice in determining the do-

mestic relations of the South, could not live here a day. He would be hanged to the first tree without judge or jury.” We suspect that the North has, and has had all along, but too little wish to “determine the domestic relations of the South,” and that Mr. Davis knows this well. What he means is that the Southern majority can only be kept under and kept attached to its own subordinate position by being incited to hatred of Northern institutions. He admits freely that in the lifetime of this generation there can be no permanent peace between North and South:—“You have sown such bitterness at the South, you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but we cannot;” and yet he admits it in a context and in a manner which cannot but suggest that this antagonism is rather his deliberate *policy* in forming the mind of his nation than that inevitable result of war which he calls it. There has been a current of good-natured feeling throughout between both parties, as there is notoriously between the soldiers of the contending armies, which almost contradicts the spoken words.

The conversation is throughout a remarkable one, the remarkable part of it being, of course, Mr. Davis's. It realizes almost for the first time how strong and calm a government may be founded for a moment on one man's clear, patient, evil purpose to enlist the best and noblest parts of a degraded people's life in the service of their worst institutions and lowest passions, till they themselves have almost learned to identify ignorant, servile, and cruel habits with patriotism, self-devotion, and even martyrdom. Nay, it does more: it realizes how the designer who projects and half accomplishes this may almost forget his own former craft and trickiness and intrigue in the superficial grandeur of his bad design, and display in his own character the same strangely inverted strata of character,—personal heroism, asceticism, fortitude, self-reliance, equanimity, beneath,—above, the vision of a nation existing for the sake of an oligarchy,—a nation kept ignorant that a few may be cultivated, kept poor that a few may be rich, kept brutal that a few may be powerful.

From The Spectator, 24 Sept.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

THE operations which have carried the Federals from Chattanooga to Atlanta, that is, from the frontier of Tennessee to the heart of Georgia, are as yet the most brilliant and the most solid achievements in the war. Except in its later phases, the campaign has at-

tracted but little public attention. Its successive incidents made but a small figure in telegrams, and many of those who pretended to be aware of the facts concealed their ignorance under assumptions not justified by the progress nor verified by the result. First Johnston was "drawing Sherman on," then Sherman was fairly stopped; finally, it was broadly stated that he could not take Atlanta, that his communications would be destroyed, and that he would be driven back to the Tennessee, perhaps to the Ohio. All these unfounded statements were made with an air of the greatest confidence by writers whose very language showed that they were ignorant of the facts, or utterly incapable of appreciating the solid character of Sherman's system. But they passed muster at the time, and served at least the purpose of "bulling" Confederate stock. Even now we are but imperfectly acquainted with the facts, yet sufficient has been made public to show that no officer ever performed a piece of work in a more business-like manner.

When the general command passed into the hands of Grant, he resolved to discontinue the system of operations by several separate armies, and to unite the disposable forces of the State into three great bodies. One was to invade Texas. That scheme failed through want of military skill on the part of Banks. A second under his own orders was to strike at Richmond. The consequent operations are now in progress. The third, under Sherman, was to assemble at Chattanooga and invade Georgia, having for its object the capture of Atlanta,—the junction of four railways and a grand dépôt of Confederate stores and factories. This campaign has been completed; this object has been attained.

Sherman broke up his camp at Chattanooga in the first week of May. He had united the corps of three armies,—those of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi. The Confederates had likewise drawn together every available man from the States west of the Savannah, and stood under Johnston a few miles north of Dalton. In their rear lay a region of mountains, broken and cleft by passes and valleys, and watered by numerous streams from rocky torrents to broad and deep rivers. Northern Georgia, Cherokee Georgia, as it is called, was therefore a fine country to defend. Johnston's base was Atlanta, on the left bank of the Chattahoochee, and his line of communications was the railway which from Chattanooga runs through Atlanta to Macon and the Atlantic coast. At intervals along this road were strong positions in the mountains. When Sherman moved out from Chattanooga he found his foe awaiting him on Tunnel Hill, a ridge under which passed the railroad. But Johnston

only resisted an advance upon this position in order to cover his retreat upon the stronger post, a little north of Dalton. There he halted, occupying Rocky Faced Ridge, a name implying its strength, deploying on either side of the pass of Buzzard Roost. Sherman had formed his plans. He engaged Johnston along his front, while he detached M'Pherson his best general, directing him to move down the valley on the western face of the ridge and intrench himself at Snake Creek Gap, a pass whence a road led directly upon Resaca, a railway station on the Coostanaula River, twenty miles in Johnston's rear. Then as soon as he heard that M'Pherson was intrenched, he glided from Johnston's front and carried his whole force to Snake Creek Gap. When he debouched upon Resaca, he found that his enemy had anticipated him and had reached that place. This promptitude must be placed to the credit of Johnston; for it was quite as skilful a yielding to facts as Lee's retreat from Spottsylvania Court House upon Sexton's Junction.

Arrived at Resaca, the Confederate general posted himself on the rugged uplands which rise between Coostanaula and one of its affluents, and accepted battle. For two days he stood up against the Federal onset. Driven back further and further into the angle, he saw at once that Sherman by moving upon the river below Resaca would coop him up and compel him to surrender. Both armies had suffered considerable losses,—perhaps 5,000 each,—but relatively the loss was greater to the defenders. To extricate himself from ground where he was penned up and where his line of retreat was threatened, he crossed the river in the night and fell back upon the Etowah, and then over it. Sherman immediately followed, marching upon Kingston. The fruit of a fortnight's marches and combats was the line of the Etowah and the town of Rome, an important Confederate factory and dépôt. Johnston now encamped on the Allatoona Mountains, with the river in front and covering the railway. Sherman, organizing his own line of retreat and supply, as he went, by repairing the slightly damaged railroad and establishing blockhouses and patrols, now crossed the Etowah. Again he showed a front with his left and his horsemen toward Allatoona Gap, again he sent the indefatigable M'Pherson forward with his right upon Dallas, a place well in rear of Johnston's left, whence the roads led easterly towards Marietta. Alarmed, and justly, by this movement, Johnston came down from the heights of Allatoona, and marching as swiftly as he could, endeavored to surprise and annihilate M'Pherson. But the latter was intrenched on favorable ground. He was supported also

from the main army, part of which moved through the pass. M'Pherson and Hooker fought for three days, withstanding repeated onslaughts and repelling them with great loss. Johnston retreated to Marietta, or rather to two bold mountains west of it, and completely covering it. Sherman now drew in his left from Dallas, united his army between Marietta and Ackworth, and halted while he brought down his defensive system in his rear to Allatoona Gap, where he established an intermediate base. He had now been not quite a month in the field, and he had driven his enemy to Marietta, within thirty miles of Atlanta.

Here he was destined to be held at bay for a month. Johnston had established himself on two lofty hills, well covered with timber, much broken about the base, and difficult of access. In an unknown country Sherman was compelled to learn its geography by experience. He tried the Confederate right and found the route dangerous and impracticable, as it would have laid open his line of supply. Then he worked at the left. Johnston stood fast and defended his stronghold with tenacity. But here, again, he was gradually deprived of his outposts. Bloody actions were fought with varying success until Johnston was driven wholly on to Kenesaw Mountain. Somewhat elated by his success, and hoping to crush his antagonist, Sherman attacked in force on the 27th of June, and failed with great loss. Then he had recourse to his old tactics. Leaving part of his army intrenched on the railroad, he pushed the rest in succession past the western slopes of Kenesaw, the cavalry in advance towards the Chattahoochee. The movement was decisive. Johnston, threatened in a vital part, quitted the mountain on the 2d of July and retreated to the Chattahoochee. The Federal turning columns continued their march, and those left on the railway occupied the mountain. Then the whole were once more united, and Johnston who had halted on the right bank filed over the river, and went into position behind a strong line of intrenchments on the left bank. Two months had now slipped by, and Sherman stood on the banks of the river ten miles from the goal of his exertions. But he did not halt longer than was necessary to reconnoitre the front and secure the rear. He brought down his admirable system of defence along the railway to Marietta, and then crossing the river above the Confederate lines, he rendered them useless for defence. He crossed on the 11th of July, and Johnston at once filed into the lines of Atlanta. The remainder of the campaign is better known to our readers. Johnston was superseded by Hood, a soldier who deserves the highest praise for true courage

and absolute devotion to the cause for which he fights. But Hood could not restore the balance. Sherman's operations, as we have said, are pretty well known. Pouncing upon Decatur he destroyed the line leading to Richmond as far as Covington, but extending his left towards the Macon line, he was caught on the march by Hood and severely punished in two battles. Then recognizing facts, he saw he must give up that line and transfer his army to the west side of Atlanta. This he did with his customary decision. He had lost M'Pherson, his brightest lieutenant; Hooker had gone, too, dissatisfied at the promotion of Logan. His means were diminished by battle and disease just as a host of Georgia militia poured into Atlanta. Nevertheless, Sherman worked along toward East Point, where, if he arrived, he would command the roads to Macon and Montgomery. His cavalry with varying fortune had cut in upon the railways, but had suffered considerable loss. Finding that he could not hope to storm the Confederate lines, Sherman, as our readers know, took the bulk of his force, and sweeping round upon the Macon road, shattered Hood's weak efforts to obstruct him and sat down on the line. Then Hood, his army being broken and severed, and his militia of small account, blew up his magazines and retreated by country roads towards Macon. Thus in four months, in spite of a most energetic resistance, Sherman bored and fought and manoeuvred his way into the heart of a hostile State, and on the 3d of September stood master of Atlanta, with his army well in hand and his long communications unimpaired. To the competent eye this offensive campaign will bear comparison with some of the most striking achievements in the annals of war.

Now Sherman has been successful, the Confederate partisans on this side admit and extol his ability; but to their discredit they cannot do so without depreciating Grant and instituting comparisons which have little foundation in fact, and only serve to show the ignorance or the malice of the critics.

From The Saturday Review.
MISTAKES IN LIFE.

THERE is something wonderfully pathetic in the idea of mistakes in life, even before we have any distinct impression with whom the mistake lies. The very term is a tender reproach upon Fate, as though that power set men to choose blindfold in matters importing their lasting interests, and punished them for choosing wrong. Regrets and re-

pinings upon what might have been if things had not happened just as they did happen—if we had not done just what we did do—are a very familiar resource of melancholy or ill-humor. And a very natural one; for who can tell the weighty consequences of even a trivial action,—all that is bound up in the decisions we are every day called upon to make upon what appear insufficient grounds for a right judgment? Most people, looking back on their career, must be tempted to think their life would have been more successful and complete but for certain blunders which were slipped into most unconsciously, and without any view to their bearing. They imagine that differences then seemingly unimportant would have altered their whole course, and altered it, as they are disposed to think, materially for the better.

The subject is a very wide and vague one. If we choose, we may call history a series of mistakes; but dispassionately to note the mistakes of others, either in a past age or in our own, is merely one form of observation, and as such does not affect the mind as a personal question, or influence the character in a selfish direction. There are people who are always dwelling on their own mistakes, and the mistakes of others towards them; and as this form of regret commonly takes the line of having cheated ourselves, or having been cheated, out of some of the good things of this world,—place and name, more money and more friends, everything involved in success in life,—it is a question whether the theme is ever a very profitable one, even where a man rigidly confines himself to his own share of the blunder. But, in fact, no one can indulge in this turn of thought long without implicating friends, connections, and allies in the disgrace. It is disagreeable to dwell for long exclusively on our own follies. The mind irresistibly seeks for partners in a scrape, and men are so bound up in one another that it can always find them. It is certain that people apt with the phrases, "It was a great mistake," "I made a great mistake," cannot carry on the strain beyond the first confession without falling foul of their friends' dealing with them. To start with, they are perhaps conscious of failing in certain preliminary elements of success; yet it is but a sour sort of humility to point out defects in their education, though there may be truth in it. The human race is a race of

mistake-makers. Education has never been free from mistakes, and probably very grave ones. If a man has been brought up with scrupulous care, he is the victim of theory. If he has had the chances of other boys, study of individual character has been wanting. In some degree or other his spirit has either been cowed by severity, or spoiled by over-indulgence. If left to himself, he acquires desultory habits. If held to hard mental labor, imagination is sacrificed. If parents have a large promiscuous acquaintance, they entail on their son the task of exclusion. If they belong to a party, he starts one of a clique. If they avoid society for his sake, he enters life solitary, unsupported, and without the power to make friends. If they interfered in his choice of a calling, his inclination might not be sufficiently consulted. If they left him to choose, he was thrown prematurely upon a judgment unfit for the responsibility. No circumstances have ever been perfectly happy, no management has ever been entirely judicious, no man's friends have in all respects acted wisely by him; and in every training a hundred things have been ill-done or fraught with danger. It is the facility of shifting off some of the burden and the blame of our worst mistakes that makes this habit the most spurious of all forms of repentance, and often a mere ungrateful sham of contrition. To see a man, poker in hand, on a wet day, dashing at the coals, and moodily counting up the world's mistakes against him, is neither a dignified nor an engaging spectacle; and our sympathy flags, with the growing conviction that no man is an utter victim to the mistakes of others who has not an ineradicable propensity to make mistakes himself, and that people are constantly apt to attribute a state of things to one particular condition or mischance which, sooner or later, must have happened from some inherent weakness and openness to attack. There is, besides, the experience, which must in its degree be universal, that wishes and expectations by no means necessarily suggest the means to their attainment, and that in youth especially we have often very earnestly wanted a thing, and yet taken no steps, or just the wrong ones, to get it, vaguely expecting our desires to accomplish themselves, though our outer life and actions may even wilfully run counter to them.

That subtle discrepancy between thought and action which is to be observed in speculative, self-conscious characters, brings about some of the more recondite mistakes of life. They are caused by refusing to believe in the natural consequences of actions,—by not counting the cost. Thus an act of large and exceptional liberality often looks like a mistake,—not at the time when we are dazzled by the air of self-sacrifice, but when we compare it with the rest of a man's course, and note its effect upon his character, which is the only test of the consistency of the motive originally at work. Something on the same principle, Machiavel called a single unsupported act of generosity in an unscrupulous scheme of policy a mere blunder,—noting the great mistake it is to “mingle isolated acts of mercy with extreme measures.” It sounds horribly cold-blooded, and sinks him lower than ever in the disesteem of modern readers; but he may have taken a juster measure than we do at this distance of the motive which prompted the discordant generosity. However, we must not dwell on this part of our subject, though a writer of the *Spectator* did propose it “as no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the town to inquire into the hidden features of the blunders and mistakes of wise men.”

Of course, all people reviewing their own lives must see in them great mistakes,—wonderful mistakes,—perhaps a mere series of mistakes as compared to that ideal of life with which they started, and in contrast with which the reality is a thing of shreds and patches, beginnings without endings, ceaseless fluctuations of design, so that we have something to do to trace the one mind at work through the successions of change. Yet we may be sure that this is just what others can see in us. It may be noted that where men themselves attribute ill-success or mischance to separate distinct mistakes,—as, for instance, to the choice of such an adviser, the engaging in such a speculation,—those who have to observe them trace all to character. They see that, if failure had not come at such a juncture, it must at some other, from certain flaws in a man's nature which he must heal and repair before he can go straight,—that mistakes simply mark occasions when he was tested. We see in a career a hundred chances thrown away and wasted, not at all from accident; though the

actor, looking back, does not know why he chose the wrong, and is still only aware of having vacillated between two courses in a certain toss-up state of mind, in which, as far as he sees, he might just as well have chosen right,—he being the last to remember that a crisis is the occasion for hidden faults and predominating influences to declare themselves; so that his mistakes were, in a manner, inevitable. For example, one man rushes headlong into an uncongenial, imprudent marriage, which may be considered *the* mistake, *par excellence*, of life. Can there be properly anything merely accidental in such a step? Does it not belong to a certain course of action,—to a vein of folly or conceit of which something of the sort is a natural sequence, which he only escapes by a happy accident or want of opportunity? Another man is intending to marry all his life, and dies a peevish old bachelor, owning his mistake; but others can trace a whole course of weak compliance, or selfish, ungenerous caution, as the cause of his present isolation.

It may be that the errors of a consistent, deliberate course of action only go by another name; but certainly the habit, in all its flagrance, not only of making mistakes, but of mooning over them, belongs to those who act on impulse, and disdain a producible reason for their actions. This might seem self-evident; but not only are the people prone to impulse incorrigibly proud of it as being akin in their mind to genius, which can afford to despise the slower processes of reason, but the world does much to foster the idea, by attaching high-sounding adjectives to the word,—so that good impulses, noble impulses, generous impulses, run off our tongue of themselves. Yet, in fact, the majority of impulses are not good or noble, and experience shows us that impulse is amongst the most inconvenient and questionable guides in human affairs. A good impulse either means an inspiration, or it is a good habit of mind, showing itself on some sudden call with a readiness of response which is mistaken for spontaneous resolve. But the impulse we see most of is the reverse of this, and proceeds from some looseness of mind which defies and forbids the formation of habits,—which forms nothing, but drifts along, when it acts on ordinary principles of conduct, without acquiring any lasting impressions from custom, or any adhesiveness; so that,

when a new or bizarre suggestion presents itself, it comes with the force of a command. Why not? why shouldn't they?—and there is no counteracting stay of habit to provide an answer, or stand against the delirious joy of novelty,—the gambler's excitement of putting the happiness of his future on a chance for the mere thrill of seeing it imperilled.

After all, we shall not often get the actor and the looker-on to be of the same mind as to what are mistakes. As the epicure lays the account of his indigestion to the few drops of cream in his after-dinner cup of tea, so the repiner over his own destiny sets his misfortunes down to trifling indiscretions, or even to what others might consider exceptional exhibitions of good sense; while the decisive failures, the incontrovertible mistakes, are defended to the death. Some of this school have only one mistake to reproach themselves with, but this recurring, as we are given to understand, at various turning-points of life,—that of not having taken their own way, but having allowed themselves, at some critical juncture, to follow the advice, the example, the opinion of others.

Persons of a speculative cast can scarcely escape this habit of mind. Their own experience is much like Mr. Clough's:—

"How often sat I poring o'er
My strange, distorted youth,
Seeking in vain in all my store
One feeling based on truth ;"

for a certain intellectual activity prompts to a perpetual review and suspicion of the past. Authors, the picked men of this class, who are driven by their calling to utilize the actions and proceedings generally of so much of mankind as come in their way, may be said to constitute themselves the authority on all questions of cause and effect, and to pronounce *ex cathedra* on what are the mistakes of others; though their attitude of critics of the human race diverts them from personal vigilance, and makes them crying examples of mistakes in their own persons. Thus we may see them very much alive to the world's mistakes toward them, and very blind to the real cause, often to the real facts, of their own. It is next to impossible but that writers, as a class, should be discontented men; for human nature craves for action, and, in the long run, the observer, whatever his success in his own field, will feel it a mistake that he has not been an active worker instead of a chronicler and speculator on others'

work. They are almost as certain, too, to overvalue their own judgment, and thus to lay the cause of their mischances at the wrong door. Thus the autobiographies and personal revelations of literary men represent them all as victims of mistakes.

But all people who are not men of action are not therefore men of thought. Mistakes are a very prolific subject with all who judge of things, as so many do, solely by the event. There are persons who live in the belief that they are wise till something happens wholly irrespective of their own conduct or motives, when they spring as suddenly to the conclusion that they have been fools. It is wonderful what steps will be regretted—what natural, proper, nay, inevitable steps—where the event does not vindicate a course of action. It is imperative on many tempers to blame somebody—anybody—when things do not go as they would have them. Thus a man meeting with a railway accident is bent on proving it a great mistake that he went by that train at all. The irrevocable, with all unreasoning natures, is forever prompting this illusory, deceitful form of self-blame, which issues in nothing; for it has not taught them any new principle of conduct.

Many people attribute to themselves a series of mistakes from a mere over-estimate of their powers. It is their only method of accounting to themselves why they were not where their deserts should place them. It is soothing to their vanity to lay their failure to the charge of some defect in policy or judgment. They are at the foot of the ladder instead of the top, and find a feeble, vapid consolation in counting up a series of isolated blunders. It all comes from not embracing that opening, from stopping short on the way to success a day too soon, from an ill choice of advisers at some important crisis, and so on. But the truth is, everybody is making such mistakes always. No man can get on without the power, not of avoiding mistakes, but of nullifying and mastering them when made. Yes! no doubt every life is full of mistakes, and it is a further argument against morbid dwelling upon them that we can rarely find in our own case which of them has told lastingly against us. Going by analogy, —observing what sort of mistakes press and gnaw on the minds of others,—our own sensitiveness is far from being an infallible judge. We may then be attaching mighty consequences to some indiscretion which has really served us well, while the mistake which has damaged us may lurk altogether out of our cognizance. Especially we may take for granted, of every man who sits and murmurs over the mistakes of others towards him, that, in fact, he is suffering infinitely more from the consequences of his own. . .

THE SATURDAY REVIEW UPON O'CONNELL.

There is no good reason why the Irish people should be enthusiastic about O'Connell. If Erin refuses to weep at the Liberator's urn, it only shows that Erin has a very sound judgment and is not half so green as the world supposes. The deceased agitator cannot be pronounced either an estimable character or a distinguished public benefactor; and it is satisfactory to believe that good tears are not wasted on a decidedly spurious patriot. Such displays of posthumous party rancor as that which took place at Belfast on the same day with the Dublin demonstration are both foolish and indecent; but the mere reproach of ingratitude to the immortal Liberator is one which Ireland can well afford to bear. The name of O'Connell is prominently associated with one undoubted service to the cause of civil and religious liberty; but, with the solitary exception of his share in obtaining Catholic Emancipation, his career must be considered both discreditable and mischievous. With the abolition of the unjust disabilities which affected more especially the class to which he himself belonged, all that was useful and honorable in his public life began and ended. We do not recollect a single other instance in which he devoted his confessedly great powers, whether successfully or otherwise, to any object calculated to benefit his country, materially or morally. He left Ireland as miserable as he found it, and no one of the measures which of late years have contributed to ameliorate the condition of the finest but most wretched peasantry on the face of the earth can be traced even remotely to his influence. After the passing of the Emancipation Act, he took to sedition as a trade; and his talents were thenceforth almost exclusively employed in stirring up the passions of the ignorant masses for an object which no man knew better than himself to be a sheer impossibility. No public man of our time has been more shamelessly insensible to the responsibilities which accompany popular influence and oratorical power. He debauched and demoralized the minds of his countrymen with stupid and mendacious adulation. Lazy and improvident peasants, with a turn for murdering their landlords, were accredited with all the virtues under heaven, and credulous mobs were taught to believe that the British Army and the British Empire existed only by their permission. He was habitually and ostentatiously insincere, and never hesitated to repeat, year after year, with undiminished effrontery, the same impudent hoax which experience had periodically detected. Mr. Seward has for some time left off predicting the "suppression of the rebellion" within ninety days at furthest; but we do not recollect that the Irish agitator ever dropped the stereotyped fiction which amused and gratified a succession of monster meetings. To say that he was recklessly abusive is to mention one of his most venial failings. He was not only coarse, but malignant. "Law" and "order" were eternally on his lips; but the spirit and essence of his teaching was the perpetuation of political feuds and class hatreds. If his incendiary nonsense about Celt and Saxon had produced

its intended effect, it is difficult to see how the two races could have continued to live together in the same island. Altogether, it is no exaggeration to say that the last fifteen years of O'Connell's life were an almost unmixed evil to the country which blindly trusted and idolized him; and it is incomprehensible how any Irishman who respects himself can take pleasure in reviving a name which only awakens painful and humiliating memories.

THE Book of the week is the collected edition of the Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Praed, christened Winthrop after his mother's family, and Mackworth after that of his father, which had changed its name some generations earlier, was born in 1802, and died in 1839. His father was sergeant-at-law, and for many years Chairman of the Audit Board. At Eton young Praed was the leading spirit of "The Etonian," and the founder of the "Boys' Library." At Cambridge he won medals for Greek, Latin, and English verse, and was a chief in the Union Debating Society, excelled only in reputation by Macaulay and Charles Austin, and at this time he became a foremost writer in Mr. Charles Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. In 1825 Praed was at Eton again as private tutor for two years to Lord Ernest Bruce, and it was then that he began writing for the magazines and annuals. In May, 1829, he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple. In November, 1830, he came into parliament as member for St. Germain's, and was returned again in 1831. The Reform Bill deprived St. Germain's of its franchise: Praed stood for St. Ives in 1832, and was rejected, but in 1834 was returned with Mr. T. Baring, for Yarmouth, after a contest by which he was believed to have laid the foundation of his fatal disease. He obtained the friendship of the Duke of Wellington, and held under Sir Robert Peel's government, in 1834-5, the office of Secretary to the Board of Control. In 1837 he left Yarmouth for Aylesbury, for which borough he was member when he died. His mother had died in his childhood. He lost his father, and he married, in the year 1835, and when he died, in 1839, he left his widow with two infant daughters. It was the intention of his widow to publish her husband's poems, with an introductory memoir by his friend the Reverend Derwent Coleridge. But the widow also is now dead, and for the complete fulfilment of her wish the public is indebted to the poet's daughters. How much the public gains by its fulfilment we hope partly to show when we discuss the poems. Winthrop Praed was a true individual poet, the best writer of *vers de société* in all our literature, and something more than that. — *Examiner*.

THE LIVING AGE.

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RED RIDING-HOOD.

WE know the simple story
About Red Riding-Hood,—
How all alone to grandma's
She journeyed through the wood,
And the little basket carried,
All in the morning bright,
With the golden balls of butter
Beneath the napkin white.

She must have thought of grandma
While walking in the shade ;
How lovingly and gladly
She'd greet her little maid ;
When she her basket opened,
How pleased the dame would be
To see the little present,
Put up so carefully !

And then the sad deceiver,
The wolf, with cruel eyes !
The simple child, confiding,
More innocent than wise,
Nought knowing of the danger,
Nor fearing in the way,
The little story tells us,
Falls to his wiles a prey.

It is a mournful story,
But, like Red Riding-Hood,
All we poor little children
Are walking in the wood.
Our path is very pleasant,
But set with many a snare ;
The wolf is watching for us !
Oh, little ones, beware !

—*Tract Journal.*

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sung the Psalm of David,—
He a negro and enslaved,—
Sung of Israel's victory,
Sung of Zion bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sung he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,—

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast,
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

The voice of his devotion
Filled my heart with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly glad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sung of Christ, the Lord arisen ;
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel
Brings the slave the glad evangel ?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Brake his dungeon gates at night ?
LONGFELLOW.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

STRONG in faith for the future,
Drawing our hope from the past,
Manfully standing to battle,
However may blow the blast :
Onward still pressing undaunted,
Let the foe be strong as he may,
Though the sky be dark as midnight,
Remembering the dawn of day.

Strong in the cause of freedom,
Bold for the sake of right,
Watchful and ready always,
Alert by day and night ;
With a sword for the foe of freedom,
From whatever side he come,
The same for the open foeman
And the traitorous friend at home.

Strong with the arm uplifted,
And nerved with God's own might,
In an age of glory living
In a holy cause to fight ;
And whilom catching music
Of the future's minstrelsy,
As those who strike for freedom
Blows that can never die.

Strong, though the world may threaten,
Though thrones may totter down,
And in many an Old World palace,
Uneasy sits the crown :
Not for the present only
Is the war we wage to-day,
But the sound shall echo ever
When we shall have passed away.

Strong,—'tis an age of glory,
And worth a thousand years
Of petty, weak disputings,
Of ambitious hopes and fears :
And we, if we learn the lesson
All-glorious and sublime,
Shall go down to future ages
As heroes for all time.

Strong,—not in human boasting,
But with high and holy will,
The means of a mighty Worker
His purpose to fulfil :
Oh, patient warriors, watchers,—
A thousand-fold your power,
If ye read with prayerful purpose
The Lesson of the Hour.

—*Continental Monthly.*

From The Westminster Review.
MOUNTAINEERING.

The Alpine Guide. By John Ball. 2 Vols. Part I.—Western Alps, 1863. Part II.—Central Alps, 1864. London. Longman and Co.

THERE are few people nowadays who have ever left England at all that have not seen something of the Alps, and still fewer of these who have not felt something of the mountain fever in their veins. As a natural result, we have been bored to death with every form of Alpine narrative,—serious, comic, scientific, poetical, semi-pseudo-scientific-poetico-personal. Men (to say nothing of women) have come back from the mountains as gushing over with their adventures as children from a fair, and have prosed about their hair-breadth escapes or the contents of their carpet-bags with odious earnestness. All this is very silly; but a far sillier affectation is that of the very refined people who have come to the conclusion that the Alps—the pathless, infinite Alps—are as good as *hackneyed*. No doubt the frisky impertinences of a few braggart scramblers are hard to bear; and the boisterous glee with which they recount their deeds of daring recalls the dreary fun of the prize-ring. But all this is no excuse for the rank profanity of those who make light of the noble art of mountaineering in itself. We believe that so far from too much having been said about it, its real title to honor has never been recognized,—*caret quia vate sacro*. The Alps will be worn out only when the ocean and the firmament are stale, flat, and unprofitable; and Alpine climbing may be reckoned the folly of boys only when the sap is withering up in men, and the fibres of their natures are growing coarse. It is rather our belief that of all the modes in which men may refresh themselves from work, this is the worthiest, most reasonable, most adapted to our times. Love for the mountains is yet but in its egg; and mountain walking has yet to take rank as the noblest, the happiest, and the most popular of all our national pursuits.

Let us be just. There are many things good, even though but one thing is best. Dull of spirit, but weak of stomach, is he who does not know the thrill which stirs all English blood upon the sea,—who does not love it in its every mood, its gayest and its wildest,—who is blind to the curves of

prow and sail,—who is deaf to the thundering charge of waters, or the ripple round the trenchant keel,—who does not rejoice in all sea sights and sounds, the answered cheer, the quaint, quiet speech of the old salt,—who has not glowed with the true fellowship of the deep. All manners and ways in which men move upon the waters are good and not to be despised; the very thud of the drenched fisherman's bow,—the fierce pulsation of contending oars,—the plunge into the still pool,—the wreathed circles of the skate,—all are good to fill the mind and nerve again the heart.

Yet though he were a very degenerate Briton who could gainsay the glories of the ocean, in the Alps men may find these and more. In them earth, air, and water all join to give fresh mystery and beauty. The Alpine solitudes are more lonely and terrible even than those of the sea, the shapes and forms of all things stupendous beyond all comparison, the loveliness more bewitching and multiform, the awfulness even yet more deep. Billows of ice yet wilder than those of any tempest-driven sea dash themselves to fragments on Alpine peaks loftier tenfold than those of any coast; and from an Alpine summit may be watched skies yet more golden, vaulting a far more various horizon.

May it also be long before the pride of our horse-taming race is forgotten, and Englishmen cease to love every pace of the noble brute,—the throb of the gallop, the bounding leap, the stately tread, and all the proud, delicate ways, the fire, the grace, the trust and patience of the first of the animals. Nay, but all rational delight in the horse, that comes of honorable using of his gifts, is a right and gallant thing, very cheering to the healthy spirits, and very bracing to the well-grained muscle. *Sunt quos curriculo*,—and he must be a pedant that grudged men their delight in the horse and in every sort of skill which he can call out. Be it, however, remembered that the practice of climbing mountains breeds a still keener use of hand and eye,—pursuit still fiercer, resolves yet readier, and the higher concert of man with man. Can any man seriously compare the chase of a poor vermin-fox with the zest of the attack on some untrodden pass, or the rapture of the race with that of conquering a new mountain-top? No gallop warms the blood like the whirl down a slope of snow;

and no turf gives out a ring so merrily as the crunching of crisp glacier ice. But, were all these things equal, in all the higher elements, in all the moral features of a pastime, Alpine climbing as far surpasses horsemanship in all its forms as the mystery of the Alpine solitudes does our English downs, as much as trust in a tried comrade is better than our finest sympathy with the brute.

There comes, then, many an old English sport not to be despised by any one who values a light heart and a sound body; but no serious man could place these mere exercises of muscle beside the mounting into the supermundane world of ice, the inexhaustible visions and meditations amidst those unearthly solitudes.

We speak lastly of the most ancient and, in the vulgar sense, the most honorable of our national games,—the slaughter of wild (or tame) animals. This pursuit, though followed doubtless by the herd chiefly out of fashion, prejudice, or pride,—the half-savage heirloom of our Norman conquerors,—has yet been found with many to supply a very health-giving occupation, and to minister some not unuseful relaxation to the mind. Nay, men not otherwise irrational have been known to take a keen relish in the mere snaring of the lithe salmon, in the bagging of the toothsome grouse, in the stalking of the wary buck; nay, even in the very worrying of an otter or a hare. Such is the force of habit and inveterate sanction of opinion! Far be it from any man—be he Rufus or Jaques—to gainsay the fragrant glow of life which the heather sheds, or the zest of a sportsman's hard day, or the charm of the angler's haunt. Yet it seems to us all these were better if unpolluted with the torture of poor brutes; if blood and quivering plumes did not stain the purple moor; and if eyes which delight in glen and moor did not kindle yet more brightly over the dying shudder of the deer; if the spell of some haunted pool were not snapped by the writhing of the torn trout. A true lover of Nature, methinks, might seek her better than through the agonies of the beautiful creatures which she nurtures. Let him who loves these things take his fill of them to his heart's lust,—but let him not dare to compare his joys with the unbloody raptures of the Alpine climber, whose only quarry is the visible glory of this earth, whose ardor

needs not to be whetted by the scream of any tortured thing, whose love of nature is not debased by the animal instincts of destruction.

Indeed, if wounding and killing be the height of manliness, let us not forget some time-honored pastimes, relies mostly of the same hunters' or fighters' instinct,—where, at any rate, the sportsman or player hazards as much as he aims for, and hits at least a game that can hit him,—fencing, sword-play, cudgel-playing, tilting or wrestling, and why not boxing and fisticuffs?—nay, if the worrying brutes to death be so fascinating an amusement, let us say at once dog-fighting, rat-hunting, cock-fighting, badger-drawing, and the other accomplishments of your lordly blackguard,—indeed, a whole crowd of the lower field or turf sports, innocent or vicious, simply mirthful or simply cruel, but all not by the rational man to be spoken of in the same breath with the finer exercises of sense, the truly intellectual joys of the flesh.

That some such sport, pastime, or relief is very necessary in our present civilization—some such unloosing of the brain-fibre and tension of the muscle-fibre—is plain to any man yet possessing muscle or brain to be acted on. Our mode of life is all too feverish and unwholesome to be sustained without due intervals for the oxygenation of the blood and the phosphorization of the brain. We must rise now and then, like the whales, to a purer medium. After the ignoble modern fashion, we have got to look on mere bodily training as a luxury or a vanity, and the old religious culture of the manly powers by the Greeks is turned into a jest or a by-word. Half the poetic value of life is lost amidst this sordid unrest of the mind. In those ages when education meant something wider than the mastication of tough grammars and the “damnable iteration” of figures, the cultivation of the bodily capacities was brought into unison with the lessons of all civic virtues and manly duty. This welding of courage, strength, and thought was held to be the training most worthy of the free-man and the citizen; and through such exercises men grew up to no small force and worth of character, and to a fine balance of the whole vital powers. The time is yet far distant when to keep the due force and equilibrium of the body will be held as one of the religious duties; but even we,—we in our

hectic state of mental restlessness,—even we need some pauses from intellectual agitation, some brief bursts of physical exertion.

But as if, after all, any of the higher forms of bodily exercise were simply so much mere gratification of the senses or simple animal impulses! As if there were such things in this sense as mere physical enjoyments! Why, they spring equally from some of the finest and purest parts of our nature. They kindle in us some of the healthiest yearnings of the heart, and the subtlest of our intellectual musings. Nay, a mere autumn walk along a wooded hillside nourishes brain, spirit, and body at once, and opens to us from all sources together new well-springs of life. Half the best thoughts of our modern poets, of our artists, our musicians, our teachers, have been lit up by this,—the simplest, truest source of inspiration.

Not, of course, that mere tension of muscle or sudorification of the skin has in it such virtue. Mere exercise at crank-work would hardly avail. The mind must be unbent whilst the sinews are being tightened. A new sphere must be sought, a new atmosphere must be breathed. And of all these grounds the Alps offer us the most new and strange, the most exhilarating, the most instructive, the most ennobling. It is not bodily rest alone which is needed by the jaded son of letters, law, or science. He requires most his spirit to be refreshed,—bathed in new life,—not simply relaxed. He needs to lay aside memory, forethought, contrivance, and method,—to shake his shoulders free from the yoke of habit,—to step down from the treadmill of convention on to the fresh sod of his mother earth. The dull mechanic round of life grates so hardly on the free spirit that to live it must escape sometimes from its cage, and soar up exulting to the gates of heaven. We live for the most part in a very iron mask of forms. Our daily ways are at bottom so joyless, so trite, so compulsory, that we must be free and simple sometimes, or we break. Our present world is a world of remarkable civilization, and of very superior virtue; but it is not very natural and not very happy. We need yet some snatches of the life of youth,—to be for a season only simply happy and simply healthy. We need to draw sometimes great drafts of simplicity and beauty. We need sometimes that poetry should be, not droned into our ears, but flashed into our

senses. And man, with all his knowledge and his pride, needs sometimes to know nothing and to feel nothing but that he is a marvellous atom in a marvellous world.

But there are yet various reasons which make keen physical exertions not merely necessary for our muscular and animal system, but essential also to our moral nature. Our high material civilization is always tending towards the point where it might annihilate those mundane conditions which make the human powers what they are. Our intellects—nay, our very virtues—would very soon rot or run to seed, were the necessity for effort,—and all effort is ultimately concentrated in muscular effort,—were all effort banished from the world. The human race will be drawing towards a bad end when no one ever runs any risks or fatigues, no one ever feels too hot or too weary, and never sees a fellow-being in want of a strong arm and resolute self-sacrifice. Nothing can be more false than the silly old quibble that an increase of cultivation takes the manhood and heart out of the advancing generations. But there would soon be truth in this venerable lie, if it were to turn out that increased cultivation made the sterner qualities of manhood superfluous and obsolete. So long as this planet remains what it is, there will always come times in a man's life when he needs for himself and for others that reasonable disregard of pain and of life, that insensibility to physical privation, that lightning readiness of hand and eye, that dogged temper of endurance which men have called manliness ever since the days of the Trojan war. Now these things cannot be learned without some practice, and cannot always be practised at a given moment or place. They need much habitual use, at times the most unexpected, and in ways the most perplexing. To seek after these occasions, to hazard something for them within the judgment of a considerate mind, is a very desirable and indeed essential purpose in these times, and very worthy of the rational man. Hence it is that our time-honored field-sports and manly games, even if risking something occasionally to life and limb (within the limits of cool sense), are not excusable only, but actively meritorious,—not pleasant merely, but positively virtuous; for by them the sap of man is kept up fresh and pure, and the fibre of our nerves as tough as ever was that of our forefathers.

But, in truth, to deery Alpine climbing as foolhardiness is both very ignorant and very perverse. Its supposed dangers are mere visions of the benighted lowlander. Its real risks are indeed small to the skilful and prudent man. The foolhardy blunderer will find dangers in a street-crossing. The accidents in the Alps are nothing to those of the hunting-field, and even of the moor. Far more men die of gunshot wounds in a month than fall into crevasses in a season. No doubt the Alpine accidents, when they do happen, are of a very frightful kind. But a man may as well be killed beneath a precipice one thousand feet high as at the bottom of a fenced ditch. Of course, if careless or unpractised persons attempt what skilful climbers can do with ease, they will probably come to a bad end. On this point only serious warning is needed. Once let it be universally understood that to climb glaciers requires special habit, like fencing or skating, and accidents will scarcely be heard of. No one but a fool sets up to ride a steeple-chase if he has never taken a gate, or goes out to a battue if he has never handled a gun; but many a man who has never seen ice, except on a pond, jauntily thinks that what A, B, and C can do he can do much better; and goes like a fool to risk his own and his companion's neck on a difficult *arrêpe*. Such men must be told that ice-climbing requires some special training of hand, foot, eye, and nerve. With these, and reasonable forethought, a healthy man may go anywhere and do anything. Without them, all the courage and strength in the world are of no use, and may only bring a man to a painful and unhonored end. But the man who, diligently training himself for what he has to do, takes all the measures which a man of sense would, may fairly give full rein to his energies and his fancies in the Alps, and know that he is following some of the best emotions of our nature, and testing some of the most useful qualities we have, without committing any folly of which a wise man need be ashamed, or incurring any risk but that inseparable from every keen exercise, whether of nerve or limb.

Less dangerous than many, more exhilarating than most, and nobler than any other form of physical training, Alpine climbing may surely be *proved to demonstration* to be the best of the modes by which we may refresh, as we must, our jaded animal and sen-

suons systems. Fighting with mankind in all its modes, real or mimic, has long been set down as a brutalizing outlet for our animal energies. The destruction of animals, or all forms of the chase, will soon, we believe, be discredited on somewhat similar grounds. There remains the better fight, the true scope for our combative capacities, the battle with the earth, the old struggle with the elements and the seasons. To know this, strange and beautiful earth as it is, to bask from time to time in its loveliness, to feel the mere free play of life and happiness in the great world of sense, to wrestle with it from time to time in its might, is not the most ignoble occupation of its rational denizens.

Doubtless this opens a wide field, and includes the exercise of nearly every human faculty. The knights-errant and Crusaders of our day—men how far superior to the ancient!—are the voyagers, the discoverers, the pioneers; some deathless Cook or Kane, or Livingstone or Brooke, who, daring and enduring to the utmost force of human nature, girdles the yet untamed earth, and brings man face to face with his unknown brother. Between such men and one who traverses only some neighboring moor, if he so much as knows and loves its native flowers and animals, there is a regular link. And of the more ready modes in which a busy man can feed this passion for earth, the best is Alpine climbing,—the best, not only for the special beauty and variety of scene, but as being that form of nature which fills the spirit most deeply with emotion, and awes it into simplicity and seriousness. Oh, unforgotten hours, for how many causes is your memory dear! What can a man say who struggles to recall you?—how tell, how remember with method or completeness the full measure of exhilaration,—

“*Trasumaner significar per verba non si poria.*”
PARADISO,—

the tramp in silence under the morning stars; the hush which precedes the dawn, and the glowing circles of sunlight round the distant peaks; the ring of the crisp ice in the early morn; the study of the path, and the halt merry with shouts and jests; the snatched meal, preposterous but delicious; the grappling with some mad ice-torrent, and the cunning path wound upwards through a chaos of *séracs*; the wild and fairy loveliness of cavern and chasm; then the upward strain

across some blinding wall of snow; the crash of the ice-axe and the whirr of the riven blocks; the clutch at the hewn step; the balanced tread along the jagged ridge; the spring at the last crag, and then the keen cheer from the summit? And what a summit! and what a reward for work!—the world, as it were, and all that it holds, the plains and hills, the lakes, rivers, towns, villages, meadows, and vineyards, myriads of peaks snow-tinted, and valleys infinite, opening before the amazed eyesight in circle beyond circle, and all around and beneath broad wastes of snow and unimaginable gulfs. And then comes home to the dullest a sense of awe at standing thus looking out over the earth amidst force so portentous and expanse so vast,—a creature one's self how slight, how ignorant, and yet how strong and sovereign! Then, filled through and through with awe and joy, the last look taken, one turns again to work, to the mad whirl of the glissade, the still more treacherous descent, the dripping glacier-bridge at noon, the effaced foot-prints, the cheery tramp through slush and snow, happy and bespattered, stumbling and laughing, drenched and merry,—the tread at last on the springing turf as on that of a long unseen home; the first mosses, the highest pines, and the first huts, one after another; the first few and ever-increasing signs of man and cultivated earth and civilized existence, the blessed signs of human life and social aid, the nestling village huts and barns, the long files of gentle herds, the half-golden patch of corn, the quaintly poised bridge, the lowly roof and flashing cross of the village church, the kindly "good-night" of the peasant, the simple welcome and the homely glow of the hospitable hearth.

In speaking of the peculiar merits of mountaineering, a man knows hardly where to begin, much less where to stop. To take the human fellowship it gives one by itself, there is surely no form of exercise or sport which brings a man so closely into contact with so high a class of companions. In the hard work of life men are never thrown into society with their laboring fellow-men except under the rigid circumstances of our artificial life, which make a true sense of brotherhood, much more mutual friendship, practically impossible. Men of education and of wealth meet their toiling brothers only as employers,

as rulers, as teachers,—never, by the nature of things, as friends.

Here and there a nature peculiarly tender or peculiarly genial can take and press the rough hand with genuine sympathy. But for the most part the routine of social life is too strong for us, and we get all drilled into a stolid notion that we form but the grades of an army, not a family of brothers. The essential manhood is lost to us under the distinctions of uniform. It becomes something frightful, demoralizing, and cruel, that in no moment of our lives do we stand beside our poor and ignorant neighbors, and feel that each rests solely on the native qualities of man. There can be no better thing for a man than now and then to have the great facts thrust upon him, to be able even for an instant to come down to the subsoil of simple manhood, to feel a genuine friendship for men utterly unlike him, and in every point of cultivation utterly inferior.

Nowhere does one do this so fully as when thrown with the higher class of Alpine guides. No doubt it is the pride and charm of all forms of seafaring, that it breeds a very real communion between all who share the ship's work. Sportsmen, especially in the Highlands, speak with enthusiasm of their huntsmen, gillies, and keepers. No doubt our brutalizing field-sports have this gentler side. But none of these men can for one moment compare in qualities and character with the best sort of Alpine guide, and no intercourse can compare with that of the mountaineer and his attendants.

It is very easy to laugh at the many vagabonds Switzerland, like any other tourist-swarmed country, must breed. But the men who head glacier parties are, almost without exception, men of character, intelligence, and ambition. They are, in fact, the choicest flower of the mountain peasantry. No man gets high rank amongst them except he possesses a combination of sterling qualities. He must be full of patience, ingenuity, observation, nerve, and zeal. All who know these men well can say what sterling cultivation of mind, what consummate fortitude and perfect self-control they have attained, and, above all, what tenderness and often poetry of nature they unconsciously put forth. Many of them, with all their faults, have a fine simplicity of spirit, and in one

or two there is the truly heroic mould. Let it be said again here that one is speaking only now of the first-rank men, such as mountaineers alone meet. There are few who have ever spent a fortnight with one of these men but have felt themselves warmed by the contact with a temper of true worth, and no occupation ever promotes intercourse so frank and complete as that of Alpine climbing. In the long and important expeditions one is often for a week, ten days, or even a month, almost alone with one's guides upon the mountains. Day and night they march, rest, eat, and sleep side by side, share one flask and one rug, and drag each other alternately across a crevasse; for, be it remembered, the trust and help is continuous and mutual. Men tied together by a rope on the side of an ice precipice soon come to understand each other's natural tempers and gifts, and care singularly little for the artificial accidents. Conventional reserve, however thickly coated, shrivels off from men who owe each other their lives several times a day. And it is strange how naturally it comes to shake the horniest and the grimest of hands which are strong enough to drag one out of a nasty crevasse. A week or two spent with men like these, listening to their songs, tales, and jokes, seeing their habits of observation, interested in their skill, giving full rein to the sense of trust, sympathy, and fellow-feeling, is to go down to the root of the matter in human nature. Day by day one wonders afresh at their doglike instinct of place, their more than doglike faithfulness, their readiness in contrivance and fertility of resource, their quickness and zeal in meeting the wants of the moment, and one lives over again some of the earliest of our fancies, and remembers the stories of poetry and fiction, the old trapper of Cooper, the old Highlanders of Scott, the old voyagers and discoverers, and the inimitable Crusoe of our childhood.

The great feature of the higher Alpine levels is that they are utterly unlike everything to which we are accustomed elsewhere. Those who make the ordinary tours in Switzerland survey panoramas of mountain-tops from the Faalhorn, Pilatus, or Aegischorn. They get their ideas of glaciers from a visit to the Jardin or a stroll over the Aletsch, and come home without the dimmest conception of the sensation of passing two or three

days successively in the higher altitudes of the Alps. It is a world in which all the conditions of life are changed, and which has a peculiar character almost impossible to realize. It is not, of course, a question of comparative beauty. The entire Alpine range from the crests of Mont Blanc or Orteler Spitz down to the most distant spur which bathes in the waves of Geneva or Como is exquisitely beautiful, and he is no true lover of mountain scenery who is not alternately delighted by its ever-varying forms, and who is blind to the sacred calm of the lowland plains or the legendary watch-towers of Freiburg or Lucerne. Perhaps as a simple question of perfection of landscape, no Swiss view really equals those of the middle elevation above the Lake of Lucerne. There are scenes which affect us by their beauty, and which delight every sense at once. But in the upper snow-world (if not as truly beautiful) there is a mystery and force which has an overpowering effect upon human nature. It does what Aristotle tells us is the function of tragedy to do; to purify the soul by sympathy and terror. The strangeness and vastness of everything strike on one like a natural portent, as a whirlwind or an earthquake might rouse us and shake off from us everything but the first simple facts of human life. The absolute stillness and absence of all life, animal or vegetable, the sense of solitude lasting all day and day after day, the sense of the infinite, which trampling on continual snow produces, the dazzling effect of perpetual snowfields, the need of constant effort to keep up animal life, the weird extravagance and the vast scale of the ice-shapes, the unnatural freshness of the air, and, above all, the sense of being out of and above the earth, and of looking down over many kingdoms and tracts that make segments in the map of Europe,—these things completely lift a man out of ordinary life, and affect him as solitude in an eastern desert, or in the midst of the Atlantic, on the prairie, or Arctic region, does. We have all often heard and often tried to realize the effect on the imagination and the heart which these scenes are said by all great travellers to produce; how, with a force beyond words, the majesty and mystery of earth then strikes into the beholder; how, with a force beyond words, he feels the native and kingly energy of human nature. This and all that belongs to it,—a sensation as

fresh as Adam's when he woke and for the first time looked out upon the world and asked himself what it was and what he was,—such a sensation comes to us in its full force in the upper Alps, and may be felt by one who but a few hours before was in Paris or London. No one, perhaps, can say how completely this shock can be felt until one has enjoyed a very common incident in mountaineering,—the bivouac at some of the greater heights. It falls to ordinary men rarely to taste the marvellous on this earth so deeply as when camped at night in the midst of one of the loftier snow-fields far above the region of life or vegetation. As one watches the colors of the sunset fade, and peak after peak grow cold and bare, but for some weird lights over the distant ridges, the full mystery of the solitude is borne in upon the mind, and the stillness grows almost intolerable. The total absence of sound, motion, change, or life of any kind, the gradual stiffening of the glacier and the freezing of its streams, the hushing even of the avalanches or the tumbling rock, the bare expanse unstreaked by a cloud, the strange lustre of the stars, the immensity around one staring mutely and unchangeably, and which cannot be shut out, seem quite to possess one with the sense of having ventured into some region of nature which is held spellbound in an unbroken night.

A few weeks of life such as this, thrown into the midst of a laborious or anxious employment, is certainly the most powerful stimulant and reviving influence which it is possible to apply. There is, perhaps, no single mode of making holiday in which a busy man can enjoy it in anything like the perfection, with anything like the readiness, one can when in the Alps. Quite apart from the effect of air, exercise, and enjoyment, physical and mental, this powerful renovation of the natural forces is, perhaps, the most valuable thing to a hard-worked man. Men whose whole lives are passed in brain-work for a short season find themselves realizing the condition of the millions who labor for their daily bread, and whose lives depend on their manual activity. Men whose existence is so utterly artificial that social forms acquire to them the force of laws of nature are suddenly placed in positions where these social forms are as preposterous as they would be in a battle or a shipwreck.

Of the vast number of tourists who visit Switzerland every year, there are few who do not go up to or even upon some of the more famous glaciers; and it is, indeed, strange, that of all these scarcely one in a thousand brings away the slightest notion of what the glaciers of the higher level are like. The true *néve*, such as that which forms the basin of the Aletch or the Findalen or the Lysjoch, is as much superior in strangeness and vastness to the ordinary ice-falls as the billows of the Atlantic surpass the chopping seas of the Channel. It is only in the grander forms of the *neve* that the glory of the snow-world is revealed. There, indeed, in some huge amphitheatre of mountain ranges not less than twenty or thirty miles in circuit, buttressed by peaks each rising to thirteen or fourteen thousand feet, the sweeps of the ice-sea roll on unbroken, yawning in places into chasms that stretch for miles, each broad and deep enough to engulf a navy. There only the dazzling purity of the true snow-region can be felt, freed from the *débris*, the moraines, the incrustations of the lower glaciers; it is absolutely spotless, and, as far as the eye can reach, without a vestige of any coarser substance than the driven snow. Fanciful as are the contortions of the lower ice-falls, they can give scarcely an idea of the marvels of the true regions of the *neve*. There the whole body of the glacier for miles appears as if, by the craft of some superhuman race, it had been moulded and reared into stupendous castles, palaces, cathedrals, and cities of pure ice,—half ruined, half unfinished,—gorgeous Palmyras, as it were, or Colosseums of crystal; with column piled on column, and arch above arch; buttressed towers, pinnacles, and minarets, porches, corridors, cloisters, and halls, in vista beyond vista lengthening out; transparent lakes of clear water deeply imprisoned amidst towering icebergs; all, from base to crest, blazing with frosted filagree and fretwork; dropping down with frozen festoons, tracery, and shafted stalactites of ice. It is a region in which, by some magic, all that is beautiful and impressive in form seems piled with profuse abundance, and transfigured into every hue of azure and every tone of living light. Not to be looked upon, but to be felt, are these gigantic and dazzling masses as one is engulfed in them, or threads the snow-bridge delicately poised over a chasm, or follows the

unerring instinct of the guide through endless labyrinths and icy ruins.

There is, perhaps, no ground on which the wonderful instinct which long physical training produces can be so perfectly watched—not even in the Deal pilot steering his boat through a gale—as in the superior Alpine guide winding his course across an ice-torrent, following with unerring sagacity the only possible line of track, foreseeing everything, watchful of everything, and fertile in everything. His boldness can be matched only by his patience, and his unwearied providence only by his lightning quickness of eye and hand. There is about the climbing of the higher glaciers such inexhaustible variety of incident and condition. There is a charm in each; but the greatest charm is in their continually changing combinations. Eye, ear, and brain are constantly called into play. There is the perpetual demand for new plans and expedients; ever fresh surprises in the path, the atmosphere, and the scene; successions of strange sights and sounds; the roar of the subglacial river, the ripple of the surface rills, and the plunge of the glacier wells, the boom of the avalanches, and the peal of the glacier rents all day long; the whistling of the hewn fragments down an ice incline; the snow whirlwinds eddying round a windy crest; the white, treacherous storm-cloud, whisked up suddenly from the valley, and again as suddenly torn open, and revealing the whole gleaming panorama as if the curtain of heaven's gate were being drawn back; the cry occasionally of an eagle, or the distant glimmer of a chamois, and every sight and sound, from the most majestic to the most familiar, from the tempest reverberating round the chain of peaks down to the weird blaze of azure light which shoots up from beneath each print of the foot or of the axe.

So great an abundance of material for study and thought is there in the Alps, in the geological, vegetable, and animal worlds, that it would well occupy a life of observation and reading. On the glaciers alone a whole literature, a whole branch of science has been bestowed. As ever-moving and changing agents of vast geological movements, they possess an interest which perhaps no other natural force but volcanoes affords. And whereas volcanoes are singularly capricious and bear hardly any personal ex-

amination, glaciers are, of all the mundane forces, among the most constant and the most accessible. There is something about the ambiguous character of the glaciers—half solid, half fluid—that is very fascinating. There is something so difficult to grasp in the scan of huge tracts of earth, as broad and lofty, perhaps, as one of our English mountain ranges, yet heaving and working with all the ceaseless life of an ocean. To the experienced observer the glacier seems to have its waves, its tides, and its currents, like a sea, both on its surface and down to its basin. In no other mode can be watched the heaving of the earth's crest visibly, and the machinery of geologic change in actual operation. And it is this union of vast extent with movement—of force and vitality—which makes the study of the glacier so ever fresh and so impressive to the merest scrambler as to the man of science.

Glaciers, as is well known, form but one branch of the Alpine studies. The animal branch is naturally the least abundant in material, but in that it possesses the mark of speciality as retaining yet in the midst of Europe some traces of long bygone animal eras. But the vegetation at once affords the matter for first-rate investigation. If other spots in the world offer more extraordinary types, there are, perhaps, no regions in Europe where in so small an area such a varying series of climates and consequently of plants can be seen. But quite apart from the richness or beauty of its flora or its fauna, an Alp offers a peculiar character to all observation. The conditions under which both exist are for the most part so special that both fill the least observant with new interest and the student with new suggestions. There is a poetry and a pathos in an Alpine rose or gentian, as we see it the sole organic thing amidst vast inorganic masses, the sole link of life between us and the most gigantic forms of matter. At home, the brightest of birds or insects scarcely awakens a thought in a summer's walk, but a stout man's heart and even eye may be softened by the sight but of a poor stranded bee, blown forth and shipwrecked amidst those pitiless solitudes.

In all the aerostatic phenomena, the Alps, as is well known, take the first rank as the observatories of science. It is as difficult for the student to fail of new ideas in their midst as for the most heedless tourist to fail to learn

something. The great physical forces form there the very conditions of existence. The veriest scrambler gets to record something of atmospheric facts and changes. And here it is but fair to say that Alpine climbers in general, and the Alpine Club in particular, have given a very useful impulse to popular science, and even in some cases to science proper. It is simply ridiculous to suggest that most of them climb with any scientific purpose, any more than men hunt to improve the breed of horses. But it is the special value of Alpine climbing that it combines a great variety of objects. And whereas some men pursue it for health, for exercise, for mere adventure or enjoyment, for the wonderful exhilaration it affords, for the poetry, for the solemnity and the purity of the emotions it awakens, some find there the richest field for their serious labors, and nearly all find much that gives matter for profitable thought. Indeed, a ground which, if to many it is but one of recreation and rest, has been the scene of the studies of the Saussures the Agassizs, the Beaumonts, the Forbeses, the Tyndals, the Huxleys, the Tschudis, the Studers, the Berlepschs, must be one which has equal promise for every mind and every character.

But it is not, after all, as being rich in science, nor simply as being lovely in scenery, that the Alps are chiefly marked. It is more

that they form, as it were, an epitome of earth, and place before us in the range of a summer day's walk every form of natural object and production in the most striking and immediate contrast. Within a few hours after leaving the most terrible forms of ruin, desolation, and solitude, where no life is found and man can remain but for a few hours, the traveller is in the midst of all the luxuriant loveliness of Italian valleys and lakes, basking in an almost tropical heat, surrounded by the most delicate flowers, ferns, and shrubs, and charmed into mere rest by ever-varied landscapes, softer and more fairy-like than Turner ever drew. Indeed, after some weeks of rough work amidst the glaciers, it is impossible to resist the emotion of grateful delight with which one recognizes the overflowing richness of this earth amidst the sights, the sounds, the perfumes, and the myriad sensations of pleasure with which life on the Italian lakes is full. No one can taste these wholly who has not borne the heat and burden of the day, the toil and cold of the Alpine regions. Then only is one able to see the glory and profusion of Nature as a whole, and to conceive in one act of thought, and feel but as one manifold sensation, all that she has most strange and most beautiful, from the Arctic zone to the tropics.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN has accepted the nomination of the Chicago Convention, but in terms which pledge him as irrevocably as Mr. Lincoln to the preservation of the Union at all hazards. "The existence of more than one government," he says, "over the region which once owned our flag, is incompatible with the peace, the power, and the happiness of the people." He adds,—very significantly to those who have studied the history of those Northern statesmen who have been the tools of the South, "The Union was originally formed for the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people." In other words, General M'Clellan is as much of a Unionist at all hazards as Mr. Lincoln; but his method for securing Union is the old one,—prostration before the South. The Baltimore platform pledges Mr. Lincoln to do all in his power to uproot forever the cause of war,—slavery; General M'Clellan is self-pledged to offer any sop to the South it will accept. And it does not strike us as creditable even to the *understanding* of the North, that in such circumstances the Democratic party should have a chance of victory.—*Spectator*, 24 Sept.

Sermons for the People.—By F. D. Huntington, D. D., Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in the College and Preacher to the University at Cambridge, U. S. Arthur Miall.

THESE are in every respect excellent sermons. The style is clear, forcible, and polished, always intelligible at the first glance, putting everything so as to compel attention, and free from false ornament. If it wants those higher beauties which are the fruit of genius, it is only the better sample of university culture; for universities cannot give genius, but can make the most of good sense. Mr. Huntington is also happy in his application of the Gospel to the every-day life of his hearers—to questions peculiarly fitted for pulpit treatment, and yet carefully avoided by most clergymen. Good instances of this are the sermons entitled "Woman's Position," "The Law of the House," "Children,—How to be Received." We must also mention the sermon on the "Divinity of Christ," in which this vital doctrine is admirably put to a Trinitarian congregation; namely, so as to exhibit the proofs of the doctrine without an affectation of argument, which is absurd where there are none to impugn it.—*Spectator*.

HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

ON THE 46TH PSALM.

(COMPOSED A. D. 1530.)

God is the city of our strength !
 Our hearts exulting, cry ;
 He is our bulwark and defence,—
 Our arms for victory ;
 He helps our souls through each distress
 That meets us in the wilderness.

Satan, the old malignant foe,
 Now works, with purposed mind, our woe ;
 Perfidious cunning, fiendish might,
 He bears as weapons for the fight ;
 Whilst equal, none on earth has he,
 To struggle for the mastery.

By human strength and human skill
 No worthy wreaths are won ;
 Abandoned to ourselves, we sink
 In wretchedness undone.
 Yet in our cause a Champion stands,
 A Champion true is he,
 Whom God hath chosen for the fight,
 Our Lord and Chief to be.
 Say, dost thou ask his peerless name ?
 Jesus our conquering King we claim ;
 Lord of Sabaoth !—God alone,
 And he must hold the field his arm hath won.

What though the hosts of Satan stand
 In gathering legions through the land,
 Prepared to raise the victor's cry,
 And overwhelm our souls in misery ;
 Yet fear we not the vaunting foe,
 Our conquering band shall forward go.

Prince of this world ! thy hellish rage
 Shall ne'er our steadfast zeal assuage ;
 Thy power is fixed by Heaven's decree.
 And here its ragings cease to be.
 Thy boast is vain ; a breath—a word
 Subdues thee,—'tis the Spirit's sword.

The word of truth unhurt shall stand,
 In spite of every foe ;
 The Lord himself is on our side,
 And he will help bestow.
 His spirit's might, his gifts of grace,
 Are with us at the needful place.

What though they take our lives away,
 Our lives we offer for a prey ;
 Though wealth and weal and fortune go,
 And wife and friends depart,—
 With all the tenderest ties that throw
 Their magic round the heart ;
 And though the spoilers haste away,
 And bear our treasures hence,
 Since man is but a child of clay,
 And heir of impotence,—
 It boots them not, their boast is vain,
 Their promised trophies fall ;
 Whilst, to the Christian, loss is gain,
 And heaven outvalues all.

A glorious kingdom yet shall be
 His heritage of bliss, to all eternity.

Honor and praise to God most high,
 The author of all grace,
 Whose love has sent us from the sky
 His Son—to save our race.
 And to the Comforter of men,
 Let songs of praise be given ;
 He draws us from the ways of sin,
 And calls us home to heaven.
 Full well he knows that upward road,
 And joyfully he guides our pilgrim feet to God.
 Amen. LUTHER.

TRUTH'S CONFLICT.

THE bravest of the brave is he
 Who battles for beleaguered Truth,
 And springs to set the captive free,
 Though falling, he find little ruth ;
 And when the bolts of wrong are hurled,
 Defends the right and dares the world.

No faltering hand or recreant heart,
 That halts to parley with the foe,
 And plays the poltroon's dastard part,
 Will Error's legions overthrow ;
 Here conquest crowns none but the brave,
 Who fights to free, and falls to save.

Yet courage here brings no reward,
 Here wounds no clasps of honor win ;
 More often does the world's regard
 Hail with acclaim successful Sin,
 And slights with scornful flaunt the man
 Who in Truth's battle leads the van.

A silent, friendless conflict this,
 Ungreeted by a single cheer,
 Though oft it stirs the coward hiss,
 That heralds Folly's rising fear,
 And tells the coming conquest nigh,
 When Truth shall live and Falsehood die.

No pomp or circumstance of war,
 No bugle's blast or rattling drum,
 Sound its loud tocsin near or far,
 To bid Truth's glittering squadrons come,
 To close in the unhonored fight
 That drives back Error into night.

Who conquers here must stand alone,
 A Prince among the sons of men,
 Content to win a future throne,
 If he would reign in triumph then,
 And face, unmoved, the fiery strife,
 In which Death grasps the Crown of Life.

Soldier of Truth ! thy spirit nerve,
 Nor, though the timid good forsake,
 Do thou from thy high purpose swerve,
 For Error 'tis dies at the stake,
 And where the martyr's ashes lie,
 Truth lifts the shout of victory.

STEPHEN JENNER.

—Fraser's Magazine.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HERO.

"And which is Lucy's? Can it be
That puny fop, armed *cap-a-pie*,
Who loves in the saloon to show
The arms that never knew a foe?"—SCOTT.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, and she would be much obliged if you would remain till she comes home," was Coombe's reception of Alison. "She is gone to Avonchester with Master Temple and Master Francis."

"Gone to Avonchester!" exclaimed Rachel, who had walked from church to Myrtlewood with Alison.

"Mamma is gone to meet the major!" cried three of the lesser boys, rushing upon them in full cry; then Leoline, facing round, "Not the major, he is lieutenant-colonel now, —Colonel Keith, hurrah!"

"What—what do you mean? Speak rationally, Leoline, if you can."

"My lady sent a note to the Homestead this morning," exclaimed Coombe. "She heard this morning that Colonel Keith intended to arrive to-day, and took the young gentlemen with her to meet him."

Rachel could hardly refrain from manifesting her displeasure, and bluntly asked what Alison Lady Temple was likely to be at home.

"It depended," Coombe said, "upon the train; it was not certain whether Colonel Keith would come by the twelve or the two o'clock train."

And Rachel was going to turn sharply round, and dash home with the tidings, when Alison arrested her with the question,—

"And who is Colonel Keith?"

Rachel was too much wrapped up in her own view to hear the trembling of the voice, and answered, "Colonel Keith! why, the major! You have not been here so long without hearing of the major?"

"Yes; but I did not know. Who is he?" And a more observant person would have seen the governess's gasping effort to veil her eagerness under her wonted self-control.

"Don't you know who the major is?" shouted Leoline. "He is our military secretary."

"That's the sum-total of my knowledge," said Rachel. "I don't understand his influence, nor know where he was picked up."

"Nor his regiment?"

"He is not a regimental officer, he is on our staff," said Leoline, whose imagination

could not attain to an earlier condition than "on our staff."

"I shall go home then," said Rachel, "and see if there is any explanation there."

"I shall ask the major not to let Aunt Rachel come here," observed Hubert as she departed; it was well it was not before.

"Leoline," anxiously asked Alison, "can you tell me the major's name?"

"Colonel Keith, —Lieutenant Colonel Keith," was all the answer.

"I meant his Christian name, my dear."

"Only little boys have Christian names!" they returned, and Alison was forced to do her best to tame herself and them to the duties of the long day of anticipation so joyous on their part, so full of confusion and bewildered anxiety on her own. It was fear that predominated with her; there were many moments when she would have given worlds to be secure that the new-comer was not the man she thought of, who, whether constant or inconstant, could bring nothing but pain and disturbance to the calm tenor of her sister's life. Everything was an oppression to her; the children, in their wild, joyous spirits and gladsome inattention, tried her patience almost beyond her powers; the charge of the younger ones in their mother's absence was burdensome, and the delay in returning to her sister became well-nigh intolerable, when she figured to herself Rachel Curtis going down to Ermine with the tidings of Colonel Keith's arrival, and her own discontent at his influence with her cousin. Would that she had spoken a word of warning! yet that might have been merely mischievous, for the subject was surely too delicate for Rachel to broach with so recent a friend. But Rachel had bad taste for anything! That the little boys did not find Miss Williams very cross that day was an effect of the long habit of self-control, and she could hardly sit still under the additional fret, when just as tea was spread for the schoolroom party, in walked Miss Rachel, and sat herself down, in spite of Hubert, who made up a most coaxing, entreating face as he said, "Please, Aunt Rachel, doesn't Aunt Grace want you very much?"

"Not at all. Why, Hubert?"

"Oh, if you would only go away, and not spoil our fun when the major comes!"

For once Rachel did laugh; but she did not take the hint, and Alison obtained only

the satisfaction of hearing that she had at least not been in Mackarel Lane. The wheels sounded on the gravel; out rushed the boys; Alison and Rachel sat in strange, absolute silence, each forgetful of the other, neither guarding her own looks, nor remarking her companion's. Alison's lips were parted by intent listening; Rachel's teeth were set to receive her enemy. There was a chorus of voices in the hall, and something about tea and coming in warned both to gather up their looks before Lady Temple had opened the door, and brought in upon them not one foe, but two! Was Rachel seeing double? Hardly that, for one was tall, bald, and bearded, not dangerously young, but on that very account the more dangerously good looking; and the other was almost a boy, slim and light, just of the empty young officer type. Here, too, was Fanny, flushed, excited, prettier and brighter than Rachel had seen her at all, waving an introduction with head and hand; and the boys hanging round the major with deafening exclamations of welcome, in which they were speedily joined by the nursery detachment. Those greetings, those observations on growth and looks, those glad, eager questions and answers, were like the welcome of an integral part of the family; it was far more intimate and familiar than had been possible with the Curtises after the long separation, and it was enough to have made the two spectators feel out of place, if such a sensation had been within Rachel's capacity, or if Alison had not been engaged with the tea. Lady Temple made a few explanations, *sotto voce*, to Alison, whom she always treated as though in dread of not being sufficiently considerate. "I do hope the children have been good; I knew you would not mind; I could not wait to see you, or I should have been too late to meet the train, and then he would have come by the coach; and it is such a raw east wind. He must be careful in this climate."

"How warm and sunshiny it has been all day!" said Rachel, by way of opposition to some distant echo of this whisper.

"Sunshiny, but treacherous," answered Colonel Keith; "there are cold gusts round corners. This must be a very sheltered nook of the coast."

"Quite a different zone from Avonchester," said the youth.

"Yes, delightful. I told you it was just what would suit you," added Fanny to the colonel.

"Some winds are very cold here," interposed Rachel. "I always pity people who are imposed upon to think it a Mentone near home. They are choking our churchyard."

"Very inconsiderate of them," muttered the young man.

"But what made you come home so late, Fanny?" said Rachel.

Alison suspected a slight look of wonder on the part of both the officers at hearing their general's wife thus called to account; but Fanny, taking it as a matter of course, answered, "We found that the —th was at Avonchester. I had no idea of it, and they did not know I was here; so I went to call on Mrs. Hammond, and Colonel Keith went to look for Alick, and we have brought him home to dine."

Fanny took it for granted that Rachel must know who Alick was; but she was far from doing so, though she remembered that the —th had been her uncle's regiment, and had been under Sir Stephen Temple's command in India at the time of the mutiny. The thought of Fanny's lapsing into military society was shocking to her. The boys were vociferating about boats, ponies, and all that had been deferred till the major's arrival, and he was answering them kindly, but hushing the extra outcry less by word than sign; and his own lowered voice and polished manner,—a manner that excessively chafed her as a sort of insult to the blunt, rapid ways that she considered as sincere and unaffected, a silkiness that no doubt had worked on the honest, simple general, as it was now working on the weak young widow. Anything was better than leaving her to such influence, and in pursuance of the intention that Rachel had already announced at home, she invited herself to stay to dinner; and Fanny eagerly thanked her, for making it a little less dull for Colonel Keith and Alick. It was so good to come down and help. Certainly Fanny was an innocent creature, provided she was not spoiled, and it was a duty to guard her innocence.

Alison Williams escaped to her home, sure of nothing but that her sister must not be allowed to share her uncertainties; and Lady Temple and her guests sat down to dinner. Rachel meant to have sat at the

bottom and carved, as belonging to the house ; but Fanny motioned the colonel to the place, observing, "It is so natural to see you there! One only wants poor Captain Dent at the other end. Do you know whether he has his leave?"

Wherewith commenced a discussion of military friends,—who had been heard of from Australia, who had been met in England, who was promoted, who married, who retired, etc., and all the quarters of the —th since its return from India two years ago, Fanny eagerly asking questions and making remarks, quite at home and all animation, absolutely a different being from the subdued, meek little creature that Rachel had hitherto seen. Attempts were made to include Miss Curtis in the conversation by addressing anecdotes to her, and asking if she knew the places named ; but she had been to none, and the three old friends quickly fell into the swing of talk about what interested them. Once, however, she came down on them with, "What conclusion have you formed upon female emigration?"

"His sister she went beyond the seas,
And died an old maid among black savages."

That's the most remarkable instance of female emigration on record ; isn't it?" observed Alick.

"What,—her dying an old maid?" said Colonel Keith. "I am not sure. Wholesale exportations of wives are spoiling the market."

"I did not mean marriage," said Rachel, stoutly. "I am particularly anxious to know whether there is a field open to independent female labor."

"All the superior young women seemed to turn nursery-maids," said the colonel.

"Oh," interposed Fanny, "do you remember that nice girl of ours who would marry that Orderly-Sergeant O'Donoghoe? I have had a letter from her in such distress."

"Of course, the natural termination," said Alick, in his lazy voice.

"And I thought you would tell me how to manage sending her some help," proceeded Fanny.

"I could have helped you, Fanny. Wont an order do it?"

"Not quite," said Fanny, a shade of a smile playing on her lip. "It is whether to send it through one of the officers or not.

If Captain Lee is with the regiment, I know he would take care of it for her."

So they plunged into another regiment, and Rachel decided that nothing was so wearisome as to hear triflers talk shop.

There was no opportunity of calling Fanny to order after dinner ; for she went off on her progress to all the seven cribs, and was only just returning from them when the gentlemen came in, and then she made room for the younger beside her on the sofa, saying, "Now, Alick, I do so want to hear about poor, dear little Bessie;" and they began so low and confidentially that Rachel wondered if her alarms were to be transferred from the bearded colonel to the dapper boy, or if, in very truth, she must deem poor Fanny a general coquette. Besides, a man must be contemptible who wore gloves at so small a party, when she did not.

She had been whiling away the time of Fanny's absence by looking over the books on the table, and she did not regard the present company sufficiently to desist on their account. Colonel Keith began to turn over some numbers of the *Traveller* that lay near him, and presently looked up, and said, "Do you know who is the writer of this?"

"What is it? Ah! one of the Invalid's essays. They strike every one ; but I fancy the authorship is a great secret."

"You do not know it?"

"No ; I wish I did. Which of them are you reading? 'Country Walks.' That is not one that I care about ; it is a mere hash of old recollections ; but there are some very sensible and superior ones, so that I have heard it sometimes doubted whether they are man's or woman's writing. For my part, I think them too earnest to be a man's ; men always play with their subject."

"Oh, yes," said Fanny, "I am sure only a lady could have written anything so sweet as that about flowers in a sick-room ; it so put me in mind of the lovely flowers you used to bring me one at a time, when I was ill at Cape Town."

There was no more sense to be had after those three once fell upon their reminiscences.

That night, after having betrayed her wakefulness by a movement in her bed, Alison Williams heard her sister's voice, low and steady, saying, "Ailie, dear, be it what it may, guessing is worse than certainty."

"Oh, Ermine, I hoped—I know nothing—I have nothing to tell."

"You dread something," said Ermine; "you have been striving for unconcern all the evening, my poor dear; but surely you know, Ailie, that nothing is so bad while we share it."

"And I have frightened you about nothing."

"Nothing! nothing about Edward?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"And no one has made you uncomfortable?"

"No."

"Then there is only one thing that it can be, Ailie, and you need not fear to tell me that. I always knew that if he lived I must be prepared for it, and you would not have hesitated to tell me of his death."

"It is not that, indeed, it is not, Ermine! It is only this,—that I found to-day that Lady Temple's major has the same name."

"But you said she was come home. You must have seen him."

"Yes, but I should not know him. I had only seen him once, remember, twelve years ago, and when I durst not look at him."

"At least," said Ermine, quickly, "you can tell me what you saw to-day."

"A Scotch face, bald head, dark beard, grizzled hair."

"Yes, I am gray, and he was five years older; but he used not to have a Scotch face. Can you tell me about his eyes?"

"Dark, I think."

"They were very dark blue, almost black. Time and climate must have left them alone. You may know him by those eyes, Ailie. And you could not make out anything about him?"

"No, not even his Christian name nor his regiment. I had only the little ones and Miss Rachel to ask, and they knew nothing. I wanted to keep this from you till I was sure; but you always find me out."

"Do you think I couldn't see the misery you were in all the evening, poor child? But now you have had it out, sleep, and don't be distressed."

"But, Ermine, if you"—

"My dear, I am thankful that nothing is amiss with you or Edward. For the rest, there is nothing but patience. Now, not another word; you must not lose your sleep, nor take away my chance."

How much the sisters slept they did not

confide to one another; but when they rose, Alison shook her head at her sister's heavy eyelids, and Ermine retorted with a reproachful smile at certain dark tokens of sleeplessness under Alison's eyes.

"No, not the flowered flimsiness, please," she said, in the course of her toilet, "let me have the respectable gray silk." And next she asked for a drawer, whence she chose a little Nuremberg horn brooch for her neck. "I know it is very silly," she said, "but I can't quite help it. Only one question, Ailie, that I thought of too late. Did he hear your name?"

"I think not, Lady Temple named nobody. But why did you not ask me last night?"

"I thought beginning to talk again would destroy your chance of sleep, and we had resolved to stop."

"And, Ermine, if it be, what shall I do?"

"Do as you feel right at the moment," said Ermine, after a moment's pause. "I cannot tell how it may be. I have been thinking over what you told me about 'the major' and Lady Temple."

"Oh, Ermine, what a reproof this is for that bit of gossip!"

"Not at all, my dear, the warning may be all the better for me," said Ermine, with voice far less steady than her words. "It is not what, under the circumstances, I could think likely in the Colin whom I knew; but were it indeed so, then, Ailie, you had better say nothing about me unless he found you out. We would get employment elsewhere."

"And I must leave you to the suspense all day."

"Much better so. The worst thing we could do would be to go on talking about it. It is far better for me to be left with my dear little unconscious companion."

Alison tried to comfort herself with this belief through the long hours of the morning, during which she only heard that mamma and Colonel Keith were gone to the Homestead, and she saw no one till she came forth with her troop to the midday meal.

And there at sight of Lady Temple's content and calm, satisfied look, as though she were once more in an accustomed atmosphere, and felt herself and the boys protected, and of the colonel's courteous attention to her and affectionate authority towards her sons, it was an absolute pang to recognize the hue of eye described by Ermine; but still Alison tried to think them generic Keith eyes, till

at length, amid the merry chatter of her pupils, came an appeal to "Miss Williams," and then came a look that thrilled through her, the same glance that she had met for one terrible moment twelve years before, and renewing the same longing to shrink from all sight or sound. How she kept her seat and continued to attend to the children she never knew, but the voices sounded like a distant Babel; and she did not know whether she were most relieved, disappointed, or indignant when she left the dining-room to take the boys for their walk. Oh that Ermine could be hid from all knowledge of what would be so much harder to bear than the death in which she had long believed.

Harder to bear! Yes, Ermine had already been passing through a heart-sickness that made the morning like an age. Her resolute will had struggled hard for composure, cheerfulness, and occupation; but the little watchful niece had seen through the endeavor, and had made her own to the sleepless night and the headache. The usual remedy was a drive in a wheeled chair, and Rose was so urgent to be allowed to go and order one, that Ermine at last yielded, partly because she had hardly energy enough to turn her refusal graciously, partly because she would not feel herself staying at home for the vague hope; and when the child was out of sight, she had the comfort of clasping her hands, and ceasing to restrain her countenance, while she murmured, "Oh, Colin, Colin, are you what you were twelve years back? Is this all dream, all delusion, and waste of feeling, while you are lying in your Indian grave, more mine than you can ever be living! Be it as it may,—

"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast:
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest."

CHAPTER V.

MILITARY SOCIETY.

"My trust
Like a good parent did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit."
TEMPEST.

ROSE found the wheeled chair to which her aunt gave the preference was engaged,
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and shaking her little discreet head at "the shaky chair" and "the stuffy chair," she turned pensively homeward, and was speeding down Mackarel Lane, when she was stayed by the words, "My little girl!" and the grandest and most bearded gentleman she had ever seen demanded, "Can you tell me if Miss Williams lives here?"

"My aunt?" exclaimed Rose, gazing up with her pretty, frightened fawn look.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, looking eagerly at her, "then you are the child of a very old friend of mine! Did you never hear him speak of his old schoolfellow, Colin Keith?"

"Papa is away," said Rose, turning back her neck to get a full view of his face from under the brim of her hat.

"Will you run on and ask your aunt if she would like to see me?" he added.

Thus it was that Ermine heard the quick patter of the child's steps, followed by the manly tread, and the words sounded in her ears, "Aunt Ermine, there's a gentleman, and he has a great beard, and he says he is papa's old friend! And here he is."

Ermine's beaming eyes as absolutely met the new-comer as though she had sprung forward. "I thought you would come!" she said, in a voice serene with exceeding bliss.

"I have found you at last!" as their hands clasped; and they gazed into each other's faces in the untroubled repose of the meeting, exclusive of all else.

Ermine was the first to break the silence.

"Oh, Colin, you look worn and altered!"

"You don't; you have kept your sunbeam face for me with the dear brown glow I never thought to have seen again. Why did they tell me you were an invalid, Ermine?"

"Have you not seen Alison?" she asked, supposing he would have known all.

"I saw her, but did not hear her name till just now at luncheon, when our looks met, and I saw it was not another disappointment."

"And she knows you are come to me?"

"It was not in me to speak to her till I had recovered you! One can forgive, but not forget."

"You will do more when you know her, and how she has only lived and worked for me, dear Ailie, and suffered far more than I"—

"While I was suffering from being unable to do anything but live for you," he repeated,

taking up her words; "but that is ended now—" and as she made a negative motion of her head, "have you not trusted to me?"

"I have thought you not living," she said; "the last I know was your letter to dear Lady Alison, written from the hospital at Cape Town, after your wound. She was ill even when it came, and she could only give it to Ailie for me!"

"Dear good aunt, she got into trouble with all the family for our sake; and when she was gone no one *would* give me any tidings of you."

"It was her last disappointment that you were not sent home on sick leave. Did you get well too fast?"

"Not exactly; but my father, or rather, I believe, my brother, intimated that I should be welcome only if I had laid aside a certain foolish fancy, and as lying on my back had not conduced to that end, I could only say I would stay where I was."

"And was it worse for you? I am sure, in spite of all that tanned skin, that your health has suffered. Ought you to have come home?"

"No, I do not know that London surgeons could have got at the ball," he said, putting his hand on his chest, "and it gives me no trouble in general. I was such a spectacle when I returned to duty that good old Sir Stephen Temple, always a proverb for making his staff a refuge for the infirm, made me his aide-de-camp, and was like a father to me."

"Now I see why I never could find your name in any list of the officers in the moves of the regiment! I gave you quite up when I saw no Keith among those that came home from India. I did believe then that you were the Colonel Alexander Keith whose death I had seen mentioned, though I had long trusted to his not being honorable, nor having your first name."

"Ah! he succeeded to the command after Lady Temple's father. A kind friend to me he was, and he left me in charge of his son and daughter. A very good and gallant fellow is that young Alick. I must bring him to see you some day"—

"Oh! I saw his name; I remember! I gloried in the doings of a Keith; but I was afraid he had died, as there was no such name with the regiment when it came home."

"No, he was almost shattered to pieces; but Sir Stephen sent him up the hills to be

nursed by Lady Temple and her mother, and he was sent home as soon as he could be moved. I was astonished to see how entirely he had recovered."

"Then you went through all that Indian war?"

"Yes, with Sir Stephen."

"You must show me all your medals! How much you have to tell me! And then"—

"Just when the regiment was coming home, my dear old chief was appointed to the command in Australia, and insisted on my coming with him as military secretary. He had come to depend on me so much that I could not well leave him; and five years there was the way to promotion and to claiming you at once. We were just settled there, when what I heard made me long to have decided otherwise; but I could not break with him then. I wrote to Edward, but had my letter returned to me."

"No wonder; Edward was abroad, all connection broken."

"I wrote to Beauchamp, and he knew nothing, and I could only wait till my chief's time should be up. You know how it was cut short, and how the care of the poor little widow detained me till she was fit for the voyage. I came and sought you in vain in town. I went home, and found my brother lonely and dispirited. He has lost his son, his daughters are married, and he and I are all the brothers left out of the six! He was urgent that I should come and live with him and marry, I told him I would, with all my heart, when I had found you, and he saw I was too much in earnest to be opposed. Then I went to Beauchamp; but Harry knew nothing about any one. I tried to find out your sister and Dr. Long, but heard they were gone to Belfast."

"Yes, they lost a good-deal in the crash, and did not like retrenching among their neighbors: so they went to Ireland, and there they have a flourishing practice."

"I thought myself on my way there," he said smiling; "only I had first to settle Lady Temple, little guessing who was her treasure of a governess! Last night I had nearly opened on another false scent; I fell in with a description that I could have sworn was yours, of the heather behind the parsonage. I made a note of the publisher in case all else had failed."

"I'm glad you knew the scent of the thyme!"

"Then it was no false scent?"

"One must live, and I was thankful to do anything to lighten Ailie's burden. I wrote down that description that I might live in the place in fancy; and one day, when the contribution was wanted and I was hard up for ideas, I sent it, though I was loath to lay open that bit of home and heart."

"Well it might give me the sense of meeting you! And, in other papers of the series I traced your old self more ripened."

"The editor was a friend of Edward's, and in our London days he asked me to write letters on things in general, and when I said I saw the world through a key-hole, he answered that a circumscribed view gained in distinctness. Most kind and helpful he has been, and what began between sport and need to say out one's mind has come to be a resource for which we are very thankful. He sends us books for reviewal, and that is pleasant and improving, not to say profitable."

"Little did I think you were in such straits!" he said, stroking the child's head, and waiting as though her presence were a restraint on inquiries; but she eagerly availed herself of the pause. "Aunt Ermine, please what shall I say about the chairs? Will you have the nice one and Billy when they come home? I was to take the answer, only you did talk so that I could not ask!"

"Thank you, my dear; I don't want chairs nor anything else while I can talk so," she answered, smiling. "You had better take a run in the garden when you come back;" and Rose replied with a nod of assent that made the colonel smile and say, "Good-by, then, my sweet Lady Discretion, some day we will be better acquainted."

"Dear child," said Ermine, "she is our great blessing, and some day I trust will be the same to her dear father. Oh, Colin! it is too much to hope that you have not believed what you must have heard! And yet you wrote to him."

"Nay, I could not but feel great distrust of what I heard, since I was always told that his sisters were unconvinced; and besides, I had continually seen him at school the victim of other people's faults."

"This is best of all," exclaimed Ermine, with glistening eyes, and hand laid upon his; "it is the most comfortable word I have

heard since it happened. Yes, indeed, many a time before I saw you, had I heard of 'Keith' as the friend who saw him righted. Oh, Colin! thanks, thanks for believing in him more than for all!"

"Not believing, but knowing," he answered,—“knowing both you and Edward. Besides, is it not almost invariable that the inventor is ruined by his invention,—a Prospero by nature?"

"It was not the invention," she answered; "that throve as long as my father lived."

"Yes, he was an excellent man of business."

"And he thought the concern so secure that there was no danger in embarking all the available capital of the family in it; and it did bring us in a very good income."

"I remember that it struck me that the people at home would find that they had made a mistake after all, and missed a fortune for me! It was an invention for diminishing the fragility of glass under heat; was it not?"

"Yes, and the manufacturer was very prosperous, so that my father was quite at ease about us. After his death we made a home for Edward in London, and looked after him when he used to be smitten with some new idea and forgot all sublunary matters. When he married, we went to live at Richmond, and had his dear little wife very much with us; for she was a delicate, tender creature, half killed by London. In process of time he fell in with a man named Maddox, plausible and clever, who became a sort of manager, especially while Edward was in his trances of invention; and at all times knew more about his accounts than he did himself. Nothing but my father's authority had ever made him really look into them, and this man took them all off his hands. There was a matter about the glass that Edward was bent on ascertaining, and he went to study the manufacture in Bohemia, taking his wife with him, and leaving Rose with us. Shortly after, Dr. Long and Harry Beauchamp received letters asking for a considerable advance, to be laid out on the materials that this improvement would require. Immediately afterwards came the crash."

"Exactly what I heard. Of course the letters were written in ignorance of what was impending."

"Colin, they were never written at all by Edward! He denied all knowledge of them. Alison saw Dr. Long's, most ingeniously

managed,—foreign paper and all,—but she could swear to the forgery” —

“You suspect this Maddox?”

“Most strongly! He knew the state of the business: Edward did not. And he had a correspondence that would have enabled so ingenious a person easily to imitate Edward’s letters. I do not wonder at their having been taken in; but how Julia,—how Harry Beauchamp could believe—what they do believe! Oh, Colin! it will not do to think about it!”

“Oh that I had been at home! Were no measures taken?”

“Alas, alas! we urged Edward to come home and clear himself; but that poor little wife of his was terrified beyond measure, imagined prisons and trials. She was unable to move, and he could not leave her; she took from him an unhappy promise not to put himself in what she fancied danger from the law, and then died, leaving him a baby that did not live a day. He was too broken-hearted to care for vindicating himself, and no one—no one would do it for him!”

Colonel Keith frowned and clinched the hand that lay in his grasp till it was absolute pain, but pain that was a relief to feel. “Madness, madness!” he said. “Miserable! But how was it at home? Did this Maddox stand his ground?”

“Yes; if he had fled, all would have been clear, but he doctored the accounts his own way, and quite satisfied Dr. Long and Harry. He showed Edward’s receipt for the £600 that had been advanced, and besides, there was a large sum not accounted for, which was of course supposed to have been invested abroad by Edward,—some said gambled away,—as if he had not had a regular hatred of all sorts of games.”

“Edward with his head in the clouds! One notion is as likely as the other. Then absolutely nothing was done!”

“Nothing! The bankruptcy was declared, the whole affair broken up; and certainly if every one had not known Edward to be the most heedless of men, the confusion would have justified them in thinking him a dishonest one. Things had been done in his name by Maddox that might have made a stranger think him guilty of the rest; but to those who had ever known his abstraction, and far more his real honor and uprightness, nothing could have been plainer.”

“It all turned upon his absence.”

“Yes, he must have borne the brunt of what had been done in his name, I know; that would have been bad enough; but in a court of justice, his whole character would have been shown, and besides a prosecution for forgery of his receipt would have shown what Maddox was, sufficiently to exculpate him.”

“And you say the losers by the deception would not believe in it?”

“No, they only shook their heads at our weak sisterly affection.”

“I wish I could see one of those letters! Where is Maddox now?”

“I cannot tell. He certainly did not go away immediately after the settlement of accounts, but it has not been possible to us to keep up a knowledge of his movements, or something might have turned up to justify Edward. Oh, what it is to be helpless women! You are the very first person, Colin, who has not looked at me pityingly, like a creature to be forborne with in an undeniable delusion!”

“They must be very insolent people, then, to look at that brow and eyes, and think even sisterly love could blind them,” he said. “Yes, Ermine, I was certain that unless Edward were more changed than I could believe, there must be some such explanation. You have never seen him since.”

“No; he was too utterly broken by the loss of his wife to feel anything else. For a long time we heard nothing, and that was the most dreadful time of all! Then he wrote from a little German town, where he was getting his bread as a photographer’s assistant. And since that he has cast about the world, till just now he has some rather interesting employment at the mines in the Oural Mountains, the first thing he has really seemed to like or care for.”

“The Oural Mountains! that is out of reach! I wish I could see him. One might find some means of clearing him. What directed your suspicion to Maddox?”

“Chiefly that the letters professed to have been sent in a parcel to him to be posted from the office. If it had been so, Edward and Lucy would certainly have written to us at the same time. I could have shown, too, that Maddox had written to me the day before to ascertain where Edward was, so as to be sure of the date. It was a little country village, and I made a blunder in copying the

spelling from Lucy's writing. Ailie found that very blunder repeated in Dr. Long's letter, and we showed him that Edward did not write it so. Besides, before going abroad, Edward had lost the seal-ring with his crest, which you gave him. You remember the Saxon's head?"

"I remember! You all took it much to heart that the engraver had made it a Saracen's head, and not a long-haired Saxon."

"Well, Edward had renewed the ring, and taken care to make it a Saxon. Now Ailie could get no one to believe her, but she is certain that the letter was sealed with the old Saracen, not the new Saxon. But—but—if you had but been there?"

"Tell me you wished for me, Ermine."

"I durst not wish anything about you," she said, looking up through a mist of tears.

"And you, what fixed you here?"

"An old servant of ours had married and settled here, and had written to us of her satisfaction in finding that the clergyman was from Hereford. We thought he would recommend Ailie as daily governess to visitors, and that Sarah would be a comfortable landlady. It has answered very well; Rose deserves her name far more than when we brought her here, and it is wonderful how much better I have been since doctors have become a mere luxury!"

"Do you, can you really mean that you are supporting yourselves?"

"All but twenty-five pounds a year, from a legacy to us, that Mr. Beauchamp would not let them touch. But it has been most remarkable, Colin," she said, with the dew in her eyes, "how we have never wanted our daily bread, and how happy we have been! If it had not been for Edward, this would in many ways have been our happiest time. Since the old days the little frets have told less, and Ailie has been infinitely happier and brighter since she has had to work instead of only to watch me. Ah, Colin! must I not own to having been happy? Indeed, it was very much because peace had come when the suspense had sunk into belief that I might think of you as——, where you would not be grieved by the sight of what I am now."

As she spoke, a knock, not at the house, but at the room-door, made them both start, and impel their chairs to a more ordinary distance, just as Rachel Curtis made her en-

trance, extremely amazed to find, not Mr. Touchett, but a much greater foe and rival in that unexpected quarter. Ermine, the least disconcerted, was the first to speak. "You are surprised to find a visitor here," she said, "and indeed only now did we find out that 'our military secretary,' as your little cousins say, was our dear old squire's nephew."

There was a ring of gladness in the usually patient voice that struck even Rachel, though she was usually too eager to be observant; but she was still unready with talk for the occasion, and Ermine continued, "We had heard so much of the major beforehand that we had a sort of Jupiter-like expectation of the coming man. I am not sure that I shall not go on expecting a mythic major!"

Rachel, never understanding playfulness, thought this both audacious and unnecessary, and if it had come from any one else, would have administered a snub; but she felt the invalid sacred from her weapons.

"Have you ever seen the boys?" asked Colonel Keith. "I am rather proud of Conrade, my pupil; he is so chivalrous towards his mother."

"Alison has brought down a division or two to show me. How much alike they are!"

"Exactly alike, and excessively unruly and unmanageable," said Rachel. "I pity your sister."

"More unmanageable in appearance than in reality," said the colonel; "there's always a little trial of strength against the hand over them, and they yield when they find it is really a hand. They were wonderfully good and considerate when it was an object to keep the house quiet."

Rachel would not encourage him to talk of Lady Temple, so she turned to Ermine on the business that had brought her, a collecting and adapting of old clothes for emigrants. It was not exactly gentlemen's pastime, and Ermine tried to put it aside and converse; but Rachel never permitted any petty consideration to interfere with a useful design, and as there was a press of time for the things, she felt herself justified in driving the intruder off the field and outstaying him. She succeeded; he recollected the desire of the boys that he should take them to inspect the pony at the "Jolly Mariner," and took leave with—"I shall see you to-morrow."

"You knew him all the time!" exclaimed Rachel, pausing in her unfolding of the Master Temples' ship wardrobe. "Why did you not say so?"

"We did not hear his name. He was always the 'major.'"

"Who, and what is he?" demanded Rachel, as she knelt before her victim, fixing those great prominent eyes, so like those of Red Riding Hood's grandmother, that Ermine involuntarily gave a backward impulse to her wheeled chair, as she answered the readiest thing that occurred to her—

"He is youngest brother to Lord Keith of Gowanbrae."

"Oh," said Rachel, kneeling on meditatively, "that accounts for it. So much the worse. The staff is made up of idle honorables."

"Quoth the *Times*!" replied Ermine; "but his appointment began on account of a wound, and went on because of his usefulness"—

"Wounded! I don't like wounded heroes," said Rachel; "people make such a fuss with them that they always get spoiled."

"This was nine years ago, so you may forget it if you like," said Ermine, diversion suppressing displeasure.

"And what is your opinion of him?" said Rachel, edging forward on her knees, so as to bring her inquisitorial eyes to bear more fully.

"I had not seen him for twelve years," said Ermine, rather faintly.

"He must have had a formed character when you saw him last. The twelve years before five-and-forty don't alter the nature."

"Five-and-forty! Illness and climate have told; but I did not think it was so much. He is only thirty-six"—

"That is not what I care about," said Rachel; "you are both of you so cautious that you tell me what amounts to nothing! You should consider how important it is to me to know something about the person in whose power my cousin's affairs are left."

"Have you not sufficient guarantee in the very fact of her husband's confidence?"

"I don't know. A simple-hearted old soldier always means a very foolish old man."

"Witness the Newcomes," said Ermine, who, besides her usual amusement in tracing Rachel's dicta to their source, could only keep in her indignation by laughing.

"General observation," said Rachel, not to be turned from her purpose. "I am not foolishly suspicious, but it is not pleasant to see great influence and intimacy without some knowledge of the person exercising it."

"I think," said Ermine, bringing herself with difficulty to answer quietly, "that you can hardly understand the terms they are on without having seen how much a staff officer becomes one of the family."

"I suppose much must be allowed for the frivolity and narrowness of a military set in a colony. Imagine my one attempt at rational conversation last night. Asking his views on female emigration, absolutely he had none at all; he and Fanny only went off upon a nursemaid married to a sergeant!"

"Perhaps the bearings of the question would hardly suit mixed company."

"To be sure there was a concealed young officer there; for as ill luck will have it, my uncle's old regiment is quartered at Avonchester, and I suppose they will all be coming after Fanny. It is well they are no nearer, and as this colonel says he is going to Belfast in a day or two, there will not be much provocation to them to come here. Now this great event of the major's coming is over, we will try to put Fanny upon some definite system, and I look to you and your sister as a great assistance to me, in counteracting the follies and nonsenses that her situation naturally exposes her to. I have been writing a little sketch of the dangers of indecision that I thought of sending to the *Traveller*. It would strike Fanny to see there what I so often tell her; but I can't get an answer about my paper on 'Curatocult,' as you made me call it."

"Did I?"

"You said the other word was of two languages. I can't think why they don't insert it; but in the mean time I will bring down my 'Human Reeds,' and show them to you. I have only an hour's work on them; so I'll come to-morrow afternoon."

"I think Colonel Keith talked of calling again—thank you," suggested Ermine in despair.

"Ah, yes, one does not want to be liable to interruptions in the most interesting part. When he is gone to Belfast"—

"Yes, when he is gone to Belfast!" repeated Ermine, with an irresistible gleam of mirth about her lips and eyes, and at that

moment Alison made her appearance. The looks of the sisters met, and read one another so far as to know that the meeting was over, and for the rest they endured, while Rachel remained, little imagining the trial her presence had been to Alison's burning heart-sick anxiety and doubt. How could it be well? Let him be lovable, let him be constant, that only rendered Ermine's condition the more pitiable; and the shining glance of her eyes was almost more than Alison could bear. So happy as the sisters had been together, so absolutely united, it did seem hard to disturb that calm life with hopes and agitations that must needs be futile; and Alison whose whole life and soul were in her sister, could not without a pang see that sister's heart belonging to another, and not for hopeful joy, but pain and grief. The yearning of jealousy was sternly repressed and forced down, and told that Ermine had long been Colin Keith's; that the perpetrator of the evil had the least right of any one to murmur that her own monopoly of her sister was interfered with; that she was selfish, unkind, envious; that she had only to hate herself and pray for strength to bear the punishment, without alloying Ermine's gladness while it lasted. How it could be so bright Alison knew not, but so it was she recognized by every tone of the voice, by every smile on the lip, by even the upright vigor with which Ermine sat in her chair and undertook Rachel's tasks of needlework.

And yet, when the visitor rose at last to go, Alison was almost unwilling to be alone with her sister, and have that power of sympathy put to the test by those clear eyes that were wont to see her through and through. She went with Rachel to the door, and stood taking a last instruction, hearing it not at all, but answering and relieved by the delay, hardly knowing whether to be glad or not that when she returned Rose was leaning on the arm of her aunt's chair with her most eager face. But Rose was to be no protection; for what was passing between her and her aunt?

"Oh, auntie, I am so glad he is coming back! He is just like the picture you drew of Robert Bruce for me. And he is so kind! I never saw any gentleman speak to you in such a nice soft voice."

Alison had no difficulty in smiling as Ermine stroked the child's hair, kissed her, and looked up with an arch, blushing, glittering

face that could not have been brighter those long twelve years ago.

And then Rose turned round, impatient to tell her other aunt her story. "Oh, Aunt Ailie, we have had such a gentleman here, with a great brown beard like a picture. And he is papa's old friend, and kissed me because I am papa's little girl, and I do like him so very much. I went where I could look at him in the garden, when you sent me out, Aunt Ermine."

"You did, you monkey," said Ermine, laughing, and blushing again. "What will you do if I send you out next time? No, I won't then, my dear, for *all* the time; I should like you to see him and know him."

"Only, if you want to talk of anything very particular," observed Rose.

"I don't think I need ask many questions," said Alison, smiling being happily made very easy to her. "Dear Ermine, I see that you are perfectly satisfied"—

"Oh, Ailie, that is no word for it! Not only himself, but to find him loving Rose for her father's sake, undoubting of him through all. Ailie, the thankfulness of it is more than one can bear."

"And he is the same!" said Alison.

"The same—no, not the same. It is more, better, or I am able to feel it more. It was just like the morrow of the day he walked down the lane with me and gathered honeysuckles, only the night between has been a very, very strange time."

"I hope the interruption did not come very soon."

"I thought it was directly; but it could not have been since you are come home. We had just had time to tell what we most wanted to know, and I know a little more of what he is. I feel as if it were not only Colin again but ten times Colin. Oh, Ailie, it must be a little bit like the meetings in heaven!"

"I believe it is so with you," said Alison, scarcely able to keep the tears from her eyes.

"After sometimes not daring to dwell on him, and then only venturing because I thought he must be dead, to have him back again with the same looks, only deeper, to find that he clung to those weeks so long ago, and, above all, that there was not one cloud, one doubt about the troubles. Oh, it's too, too much!"

Ermine leaned back with clasped hands.

She was like one weary with happiness, and fain to rest in the sense of newly-won peace. She said little more that evening, and if spoken to, seemed like one wakened out of a dream, so that more than once she laughed at herself, begged her sister's pardon, and said that it seemed to her that she could not hear anything for the one glad voice that rang in her ear, "Colin is come home." That was sufficient for her; no need for any other sympathy, felt Alison, with another of those pangs crushed down. Then wonder came—whether Ermine could really contemplate the future, or if it were absolutely lost in the present?

Colonel Keith went back to be seized by Conrade and Francis, and walked off to the pony inspection, the two boys on either side of him communicating to him the great grievance of living in a poky place like this, where nobody had ever been in the army, nor had a bit of sense, and Aunt Rachel was always bothering, and trying to make mamma think that Con told stories.

"I don't mind that," said Conrade, stoutly; "let her try!"

"Oh, but she wanted mamma to shut you up," added Francis.

"Well, and mamma knows better," said Conrade, "and it made her leave off teaching me; so it was lucky. But I don't mind that; only don't you see, colonel, they don't know how to treat mamma! They go and bully her, and treat her like—like a subaltern, till I hate the very sight of it."

"My boy," said the colonel, who had been giving only half attention; "you must make up your mind to your mother not being at the head of everything, as she used to be in your father's time. She will always be respected, but you must look to yourself as you grow up to make a position for her!"

"I wish I was grown up!" sighed Conrade; "how I would give it to Aunt Rachel! But why must we live here to have her plaguing us?"

Questions that the colonel was glad to turn aside by means of the ponies, and by a suggestion that, if a very quiet one were found, and if Conrade would be very careful, mamma might, perhaps, go out riding with them. The notion was so transcendent that, no sooner had the ponies been seen than the boys raced home, and had communicated it at the top of their voices to mamma long before

their friend made his appearance. Lady Temple was quite startled at the idea. "Dear papa," as she always called her husband, "had wished her to ride; but she had seldom done so, and now"—The tears came into her eyes.

"I think you might," said the colonel, gently; "I could find you a quiet animal, and to have you with Conrade would be such a protection to him," he added, as the boys had rushed out of the room.

"Yes; perhaps, dear boy. But I could not begin alone; it is so long since I rode. Perhaps when you come back from Ireland."

"I am not going to Ireland."

"I thought you said"—said Fanny, looking up surprised; "I am very glad! But if you wished to go, pray don't think about us! I shall learn to manage in time, and I cannot bear to detain you."

"You do not detain me," he said, sitting down by her; "I have found what I was going in search of, and through your means."

"What—what do you mean? You were going to see Miss Williams this afternoon, I thought!"

"Yes, and it was she whom I was seeking." He paused, and added slowly, as if merely to dwell on the words, "I have found her!"

"Miss Williams!" said Fanny, with perplexed looks.

"Miss Williams!—my Ermine whom I had not seen since the day after her accident, when we parted as on her death-bed!"

"That sister! Oh, poor thing, I am so glad! But I am sorry!" cried the much confused Fanny, in a breath. "Were not you very much shocked?"

"I had never hoped to see her face in all its brightness again," he said. "Twelve years! It is twelve years that she has suffered, and been brought to this grievous state of poverty, and yet the spirit is as brave and cheerful as ever! It looks out of the beautiful eyes,—more beautiful than when I first saw them,—I could see and think of nothing else!"

"Twelve years!" repeated Fanny; "is it so long since you saw her?"

"Almost since I heard of her! She was like a daughter to my aunt at Beauchamp, and her brother was my schoolfellow. For one summer, when I was quartered at Hereford, I was with her constantly; but my fam-

ily would not even here of the indefinite engagement that was all we could have looked to, and made me exchange into the —th."

"Ah! that was the way we came to have you! I must tell you, dear Sir Stephen always guessed. Once when he had quite vexed poor mamma by preventing her from joking you in her way about young ladies, he told me that once, when he was young, he had liked some one who died or was married, I don't quite know which, and he thought it was the same with you, from something that happened when you withdrew your application for leave after your wound."

"Yes; it was a letter from home, implying that my return would be accepted as a sign that I gave her up. So that was an additional instance of the exceeding kindness that I always received."

And there was a pause, both much affected by the thought of the good old man's ever ready consideration. At last Fanny said, "I am sure it was well for us! What would *he* have done without you?—and," she added, "do you really mean that you never heard of her all these years?"

"Never after my aunt's death, except just after we went to Melbourne, when I heard in general terms of the ruin of the family and the false imputation on their brother."

"Ah! I remember then you did say something about going home, and Sir Stephen was distressed, and mamma and I persuaded you because we saw he would have missed you so much, and mamma was quite hurt at your thinking of going. But if you had only told him your reason, he would never have thought of standing in your way."

"I know he would not; but I saw he could hardly find any one else just then who knew his ways so well. Besides, there was little use in going home till I had my promotion, and could offer her a home; and I had no notion how utter the ruin was, or that she had lost so much. So little did I imagine their straits that, but for Alison's look, I should hardly have inquired even on hearing her name."

"How very curious,—how strangely things come round!" said Fanny; then with a start of dismay, "But what shall I do? Pray, tell me what you would like. If I might only keep her a little while till I can find some one else, though no one will ever be so

nice; but indeed I would not for a moment, if you had rather not."

"Why so? Alison is very happy with you, and there can be no reason against her going on."

"Oh!" cried Lady Temple, with an odd sound of satisfaction, doubt, and surprise; "but I thought you would not like it."

"I should like, of course, to set them all at ease; but, as I can do no more than make a home for Ermine and her niece, I can only rejoice that Alison is with you."

"But your brother!"

"If he does not like it, he must take the consequence of the utter separation he made my father insist on," said the colonel, sternly. "For my own part, I only esteem both sisters the more, if that were possible, for what they have done for themselves."

"Oh! that is what Rachel would like! She is so fond of the sick—I mean of your—Miss Williams. I suppose I may not tell her yet."

"Not yet, if you please. I have scarcely had time as yet to know what Ermine wishes; but I could not help telling you."

"Thank you,—I am so glad," she said, with a sweet earnestness, holding out her hand in congratulation. "When may I go to her? I should like for her to come and stay here. Do you think she would?"

"Thank you, I will see. I know how kind you would be,—indeed, have already been to her."

"And I am so thankful that I may keep Miss Williams! The dear boys never were so good. And perhaps she may stay till baby is grown up. Oh, how long it will be first!"

"She could not have a kinder friend," said the colonel, smiling, and looking at his watch.

"Oh, is it time to dress? It is very kind of my dear aunt; but I do wish we could have staid at home to-night. It is so dull for the boys when I dine out, and I had so much to ask you. One thing was about that poor little Bessie Keith. Don't you think I might ask her down here, to be near her brother?"

"It would be a very kind thing in you, and very good for her; but you must be prepared for rather a gay young lady."

"Oh, but she would not mind my not go-

ing out. She would have Alick, you know, and all the boys to amuse her; but, if you think it would be tiresome for her, and that she would not be happy, I should be very sorry to have her, poor child."

"I was not afraid for her," said Colonel Keith, smiling, "but of her being rather too much for you."

"Rachel is not too much for me," said Fanny, "and she and Grace will entertain Bessie, and take her out. But I will talk to Alick. He spoke of coming to-morrow. And don't you think I might ask Colonel and Mrs. Hammond to spend a day? They would so like the sea for the children."

"Certainly."

"Then perhaps you would write,—oh, I forgot," coloring up,—“I never can forget

the old days; it seems as if you were on the staff still."

"I always am on yours, and always hope to be," he said, smiling, "though I am afraid I can't write your note to the Hammonds for you."

"But you won't go away," she said. "I know your time will be taken up, and you must not let me or the boys be troublesome; but to have you here makes me so much less lost and lonely. And I shall have such a friend in your Erminia. Is that her name?"

"Ermine, an old Welsh name, the softest I ever heard. Indeed it is dressing-time," added Colonel Keith, and both moved away with the startling precision of members of a punctual military household, still feeling themselves accountable to somebody.

A VERY remarkable conversation between Mr. Lincoln and Judge Mills of Wisconsin shows how lucidly, as well as honestly, Mr. Lincoln recognizes the true issue between himself and the Democrats. "There is no programme," he said, "offered by any wing of the Democratic party, but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union." "There are now in the service of the United States near 200,000 able-bodied colored men, most of them under arms, defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist our prisoners to escape are to be converted into our enemies in the vain hope of conciliating their masters. *We shall have to fight two nations instead of one.*" That is only lucid Union policy, but Mr. Lincoln shows real feeling for the cause of the slaves behind it: "There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. *Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity.* Come what will I will keep my faith with friend and foe." Mr. Lincoln's subordinates have too often been untrue to his anti-slavery policy, but the worst enemies of that policy could not do better than adopt the line of some of the violent abolitionists,—not, we rejoice to say, the great abolitionist of all, Garrison,—in dividing the party now, when the only chance is a unanimous effort for the best President the North has had since the presidency of Adams.—*Spectator*, 24 Sept.

THE *Times* of this day week gives a curious piece of information, "which comes to us," it says "in a very authentic shape," concerning the Russian plan of war, had France and England declared war on the Polish question, as Russia, it is said, expected. Taking a lesson from the *Alabama*, the Russian admirals on the Californian and American coasts had been ordered to leave their stations and rendezvous in mid-ocean at a place only defined by latitude and longitude, and then hold themselves in readiness to bear down in case of war, first on Melbourne, then Hobart Town, then Adelaide, then Sydney, and then New Zealand. The ships, it is added, that were to be detached from the New York station would have numbered one hundred and fifty-six guns, and those from Japan and California forty-three, and the naval force was 2,971 seamen and one hundred and twenty-seven officers. The vessels were armed with sixty-eight-pounders; but those on the New York station were to buy whatever rifled guns they might want. The plan was not a bad one for crippling our great Australian commerce, and we cannot think with the *Times* that it supplies no argument, of the selfish kind, to the separationists in Australia. It is true that a very weak State must expect to be a prey to any plundering neighbor; but common plunderers are not common among civilized States, and the weaker the State the less is the chance of a quarrel. If union with a great empire is no advantage in itself, it certainly is the reverse of an insurance against attack.—*Spectator*, 24 Sept.

From The Reader.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Of the hundreds of thousands who read, in the daily papers of Monday last, the announcement of Landor's death, we wonder how many there were who did not exactly remember who Landor was, and how many even of those who did remember felt surprised to learn that he had not been dead long ago. If ever a man outlived, not so much himself as his time, it was the author whose death we have to record. If you cannot be the rose, it is something, doubtless, to grow near the rose; but, when the flower is faded and the leaves are scattered, and the very scent has floated away into the air, the fact that once your lot placed you in proximity to the rose is of no great advantage. And, in the literary point of view, it was Landor's fate to have been the parasite plant of flowers faded and forgotten. A sort of intellectual Æneas, he might have pointed to the great acts in the world of letters of a bygone generation and said with truth, "Quorum pars magna fui;" but then his Æneid itself was out of date, and the Didos who once had listened enraptured to it were themselves dead memories years and years before the son of Anchises was gathered to his rest. Out of the little Florentine circle in which his declining years were spent, Landor had long ceased to be a living presence in the world. Every now and then, in the pages of the *Examiner*,—itself a fossil representative of a prediluvian age of literature,—there appeared some quaint, vigorous stanza from the pen of the aged exile, full of classical allusions, breathing the spirit of an era not in harmony with our own, and reminding its readers strangely of the tune of some forgotten air whose words they sought hopelessly to recall. But, otherwise, he had become as unreal to us as one of the characters in his "Imaginary Conversations." Yet, with all this, his death is a marked incident in the annals of literature. Even a man of far less individual note would have been worthy of record from the circumstances of his life. He had lived through and been a sharer in we know not how many generations of poets and authors. Gray died but four years before his birth; and his last friend was Robert Browning. What an interval great in time, greater still in intellectual change, is contained within these two waymarks! If we look to English poets

only, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Moore, Rogers, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Tennyson, Keble, the Brownings, and a score of others of lesser fame, all made their mark upon the world during the period of Landor's pilgrimage upon the earth. He had seen the rise, decline, and fall of a score of poetic schools. Of the men whom we have mentioned, there is scarcely one who, at some time or other, must not have felt that ambition to be known to Landor which all young squires in the field of letters feel towards the knights who have won their spurs and made known their prowess. How many of them have experienced first the strange attraction, and then gradually the strange repulsion, which Landor exercised on all who came within the circle of his influence. If the theory be true, that every scene which man has looked upon still exists pictured somewhere upon his mental retina, there must have been within Landor's brain a perfect picture-gallery of all the men who have risen into literary fame since the days of the great Revolution. If he had left behind him memoranda of his recollections, and if, which we doubt still more, his morbid self-consciousness had allowed him to appreciate the true nature of the men who came across his path in life, he might have given a contribution to the intellectual history of the last three-quarters of a century such as no other man could ever have approached to. If only, instead of writing the imaginary conversations of people he had never seen, he had written the real conversations of people he had known, his fame would have been a far more enduring one.

Any estimate of his literary merits must necessarily be an unfair one if formed by a writer of the present generation. Even the warmest of his few surviving admirers would hardly assert that Landor's writings will ever rank amongst English classics. It is seldom, except in libraries compiled a quarter of a century ago, that even the "Imaginary Conversations" will be found. And, as to Gebir and Count Julian, we confess that we should hardly know where to look for them at all. The student who takes down the two heavy, dust-covered octavo volumes in which the fictitious sayings of Landor's personages are recorded will, we think, soon lay them aside, not with weariness, but with something of bewilderment. He knows that they were

accounted works of talent by a generation who had no lack of high models and great exemplars in literature; he feels that the pure ore must lie hid within their cellars; but he has lost the "Open, Sesame." The very dedication carries him back to an epoch he cannot understand. That a certain General Stopford should be landed to the skies in sonorous phrases for having aided the patriot Bolivar to establish the independence of Columbia,—an independence, if we recall the phrase rightly, "destined to be as durable as it is brilliant,"—strikes us with a sense of astonishment. That there was a time when people talked of Bolivar as we do of Garibaldi, and regarded the war of South American independence much as we look on the invasion of Sicily, is a fact that we acknowledge without comprehending. And so, as he reads on, our student will never lose the sense of unreality which startles him at the threshold. These conversations between Demosthenes and Eubulus, between Queen Elizabeth and Cecil, between James I. and Casaubon, may be—nay, doubtless are—clever exertions; but how people could ever have regarded them as lifelike, is a puzzle to which we have lost the clew. Casaubon and Eubulus are both alike; and both are still more like Landor. In fact, we have Landor talking to us through a series of disguises. We do not say for one moment that the dialogues are not clever; all we profess is an inability to appreciate their cleverness. We know that the Greek tragedians spoke through masks, and that the actors of the great days of the legitimate drama appeared in court-dresses; and we know, also, as a matter of fact, that they worked most powerfully upon the passions of their hearers. We do not question the fact of their success; we only assert that the mode by which they achieved it is to us inexplicable. Thus, in much the same manner, the whole pseudo-classic class of literature to which the "Imaginary Conversations" belongs is a sealed book for the present generation, reared and bred in another school. We have our own shams and impostures doubtless; but we have done away with the sham of dressing up modern figures in Roman togas and Greek tunics. We admit fully the force and elegance of Landor's style. Whatever other sins he was guilty of, he was free from that of contorting and confusing the noblest lan-

guage which it was ever given man to write in. But mere lucidity and eloquence of style, great as their charm is, do not supply the place of thought; and the thought which the readers of Landor's day found in his compositions is hidden from us. During his later years, when he attacked a lady in couplets imitated faithfully from the fifth book of the Horatian odes,—when, even later, he offered to head a subscription for a man he regarded as a regicide, worthy of the honors of Harmodius and Aristogeiton,—the public feeling of disgust at witnessing the fearful eccentricities of a man of genius was not so strong as the strange sense of the anachronism exhibited by such proceedings in these present years of grace.

Of Landor's private character this is not the place to write. His was one of those exceptional natures which can only be fairly judged by very few persons, and those persons are certain not to speak out their true opinions. Good-natured, but heedless of other people's feelings, and furious at any opposition, he made many enemies, and wore out the patience of many friends. A man of letters, who knew him well in days long gone by, has written of him thus to the author of these lines:—

"Landor you must have known,—a slender, worn-out, loose-clothed man. He was, when I first knew him, a sturdy fellow of rather middle-classish figure, well grown, but not quite square enough in shoulders, and somewhat too thick in throat and middle region for symmetry. He had a habit, when talking, of standing bolt upright, with his arms close and rather stiffly pendent to his sides, with a stick, or ruler, or some such sceptre of authority in his right hand, with which he smartly beat the air in emphasis to his copious, hurried, peremptory utterances, as if drilling his listener to ready and cheerful acquiescence in whatever he was enumerating.

"I remember a picture he had by some first-rate master,—probably I thought a copy,—of which he was most proud. Was it the head of John the Baptist? I forget totally the subject, but a chief figure was a woman of goodly plumpness,—seen a little behind the profile,—with outline of shoulder and bosom bare. That luxuriant outline was the point on which Landor dwelled in vaunting the picture. It was beauty of the luxuriant order; but the figure was not ideal nor graceful, nor the picture very much of anything.

Is not his peculiar genius accounted for by

this common materialistic sense, combined with that extraordinary gift of tongues which helped to make him master of the library? He realized the use of the library with vividness, keen feeling, and much truth; with a grace, a beauty of sentiment, a livingness in old familiar ideas; but all with a minimum of genuine simplicity. He fetched out other men's creations by the force of a sort of literary spiritualism and made them talk "*some more*," but all exactly a reproduction of phrase and general sentiment without any addition, and without the smack and fervor of the original; just as the spirits that talk the table-rap language babble what the medium supposes them likely to say. . . . Landon's Latin was extraordinary for its grace and Latinity, but still—speaking through the mist of years—I never could see in it what I was not then familiar with in the standard books. His power of characterizing the library, his vast familiar acquaintance with the classic and Italic portion of it, his ability to revive the ancient and mediæval personages, coupled with his unquestioned tenderness and grace, made him the delight of *littérateurs* and the amateurs of literature. His tenderness was quite consistent with his domestic ferocity; it was a sort of Epicurean self-indulgence."

This estimate is, we believe, a fair one enough. Even now there may be men living who wince beneath the recollection of Landon's tongue, which spared neither friend nor foe. Let us quote, in conclusion, one anecdote of his bitter power of invective with which Florence rung some five or six years ago. Lord Normanby and the poet, men having many tastes in common, had been friends. After the wont of Landon's friendships, intimacy was succeeded by a quarrel. Stung by some grievance, supposed or real, Landon published a letter inveighing against the ex-minister, and, knowing that his peculiar foible was the desire to appear young, aimed his barb accordingly. He concluded a letter of extreme force and vigor in these words: "If we were not both, my lord, two miserable old dotards trembling on the brink of the grave, this letter would be more pointed than it is." His bark, we have no doubt was worse than his bite; but his bark was cruelly savage.

From The Examiner.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A FORTNIGHT ago, at the age of fourscore and ten, Walter Savage Landor died at his

home in Italy. With the free soul and fine culture of a noble Greek when Greece was at her noblest, with a depth of true scholarship that made the speech of the great republicans of old a living voice to him, and sympathy that gave the rarest charm of truth to the wit and poetry of his "*Imaginary Conversations of the Greeks and Romans*," the poet who has gone to his grave so ripe of years was an Englishman to his heart's core. Never was Greek one man for ninety years; but Landon never changed. His English steadfastness ran through his politics, his poetry, his friendships. For seventy years he has been known as a poet, his first verses having been published in 1795, and one of Southey's earliest enthusiasms was for Landon's "*Gebir*." In all that time there has been no tyranny against which his brave spirit did not utter an indignant protest. In early manhood, after he had dealt with his patrimony in heroic vein, he led a troop to join the Spanish patriots who rose against Napoleon. In later life, old readers of ours know how many a time through this journal he has launched in pregnant verse his scorn against usurpers of the rights of men, and hymned for the soldiers of liberty their lasting praise. Free of heart, free of speech, though pure of soul, and defiant of conventional reserves when he believed them insincere, in his old age the sturdy poet, whom few equalled in genuine refinement, brought by his own act the whole avalanche of the Respectabilities upon his head. All that he had been, all that he was, scandal forgot, and that only was talked of which, alone in all the public acts and words of his long life, our after-comers will be ready to forget.

From The Saturday Review.

SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET.

MR. THACKERAY invented a theory which so much pleased his fancy that he recurred to it on every possible occasion. He imagined that every house has a special dark closet in it, and that in this closet is a skeleton. This allegory was meant to signify that every family has some great secret in it, or some painful memory, or some standing grief, which mars its inward peace, and renders the fair front it may present to the world in some measure delusive. Here is Smith, he would point out, with his lovely wife and smiling family, his comfortable home, and his balance at his

banker's; but, in the lonely hours of the night, Smith is brought face to face with his concealed skeleton, and is obliged to own to himself that life is altogether vanity. Here, again, is Jones, with his intellectual and social successes,—Jones who is the idol of his club, and the darling of the drawing-rooms he favors; but, in the dark recesses of his heart, Jones is weighted with the burden of a frightful mystery, which at times floats to the surface of his recollection, and bids him know what a poor shallow scoundrel he is. Whether Mr. Thackeray really thought his theory true, no one can tell; but at any rate, it harmonized very well with the general view of men and things adopted by a humorist who delighted in exploring the emptiness and weaknesses and short-comings of the society he observed, and who could see little else of good where he might rest the soles of his weary feet except the mild goodness of the weaker kind of woman. That all men are snobs, and that all snobs are secretly unhappy, was the supreme result of his laborious meditations. His theory has been adopted as an axiom by minor novelists, and it is now laid down, in the romances of the day, as a sort of law of nature, that there is a skeleton in the closet of every family. Mrs. Wood, for example, does not so much enforce as assume this great truth in the last novel she has published. She introduces the family of a poor navy captain. There are three lovely daughters, and the captain is a proud, noble-looking, gouty gentleman, and the place they live in is in beautiful order. But they have their skeleton. The captain cannot pay his way. He is deeply in debt, and has no means of meeting the claims of the butchers and bakers who, on the strength of the appearances he keeps up, are good enough to supply his household with the mutton and bread it requires. The eldest daughter, who is the financier of the family, leads in consequence a life of the most desperate anxiety. She is always making up her books and casting up her accounts, and finding that bills, however carefully added up, cannot be paid without coin. The second daughter is so scared and excited by the sad prospect before her that she fastens herself with resolution and alacrity on the local surgeon, who admires her lovely eyes. This is their skeleton, and a terrific skeleton it is. In Mr. Thackeray's novels, the sorrows are more of-

ten those of the heart, and the sufferers find their skeleton in some of those miseries which plague a married couple. It is not, therefore, quite uninteresting to ask whether the novelists are right. Is there a skeleton in every household? Of course, something different is meant from the old truth that man is born to sorrow, and that few families can remain long without some grief to bear. An open and ordinary calamity is not a skeleton. If parents lose a favorite child, or a man in affluence is suddenly reduced to poverty, or the head of the household is stricken down with a lingering illness, these are very great griefs, but there is nothing secret or mysterious about them. The proposition of the novelist is that prosperous people, happy people, contented people, as they seem to their neighbors, have some secret grief which they conceal, and which corrodes the bliss they seem to be enjoying; and what we want to know is whether the facts of life give this theory any kind of support.

As love and money appear to be considered the chief causes of this secret misery, we may, in the first instance, confine our inquiry to the griefs they are likely to cause. Mrs. Wood selects money as the origin of her class of skeletons, and so we will begin with her. Is it the case that a large proportion of those persons who appear to be comfortably off are secretly overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties? It would be very unfair to push the theory too far, and to suppose that Mrs. Wood or any other novelist means to deny that there are very many well-to-do people in England. But she seems to assert that difficulties about money are continually pressing on a very large number of families that appear to be in easy circumstances. It is not obvious how any one is to prove whether this is so or not; for, if the skeletons are kept in the closet, the outside world cannot tell whether they are there. But we can use some indirect methods of arriving at an opinion. On the one hand, there is much to make us think that Mrs. Wood is right. Where does all the money come from that we see spent around us? It is not that there is much grandeur in England. No one can be surprised at that; for England is known to be very rich. But it certainly is astonishing that so many people who are not known to be very rich can afford to live so exactly as if they were very rich. There is

something mysterious in the daily expenditure of innumerable families. The boys, as they grow up, go as a matter of course to public schools; the girls have the best of masters and silk dresses and plenty of jewelry. If the family gives a dinner, it gives it in style,—abundance of various sorts of bad wine, splendid plated candlesticks, the regulation cutlets, ferns and ice-puddings, saddle of mutton, chickens and tongue, lots of busy black-coated waiters, and all that makes up the ideal of a real, handsome, comfortable entertainment in middle-class English society. Then, again, every family can afford to go every year to the sea-side or on the Continent. No one ever suffers it to be supposed for a moment that they are kept at home during the summer by want of money: The curious inquirer may well ask where it all comes from. How does it happen that a barrister who has just secured a fair sessions business, and is beginning to get the thinnest of wedges into the rich block of London business, can afford to live like a banker or a brewer? Mrs. Wood, we presume, would reply that it is all hollow; that people live beyond their means; that, though they seem well off, they are really very poor, and that they have the dreadful skeleton of secret impecuniosity concealed in their domestic cupboards. This is a theory, but is it a fact? If it were a fact, we should expect to see our neighbors continually breaking down. The skeleton could not be kept in the cupboard forever. The day of a great smash would arrive, and this mockery of wealth would fade away like a dream. But nothing of the sort happens. We find our friends and acquaintances doing this year what they did last, and proposing to do next year what they have done this year. They give every sign of being sure of their ground. They always produce so much money as at least saves appearances. If they are ever driven to economize, they are seldom forced to take any more serious step than that of docking their subscriptions to charities. They have always credit if they have not money, and seem to get everything they want without trouble. Therefore the natural conclusion is that the surprising wealth of English middle-class society is in the main substantial, and that anxiety about money does not contribute very largely to stock with skeletons the

cupboards of these who seem in easy or comfortable circumstances.

Mr. Thackeray was fond enough of exposing the hollowness of half-rich snobs, and of dwelling on the miseries which their vanity drives them to endure; but, in talking of skeletons, he talked more especially of those which love, or the disappointments of love, may be supposed to produce. The two chief skeletons are that a married person may have liked some one else better than the person he or she actually did marry, and that married persons on a nearer acquaintance find out their mistake. That there are instances to be found where these skeletons exist, no one can deny; but what reason have we to suppose that such instances are numerous? Nothing pleased Mr. Thackeray more than to point out how often a husband has a lock of hair treasured up that his wife never sees, or a wife has a flower in her drawer which she once thought a flower from paradise. But Mr. Thackeray also loves equally to point out how very slight a place these remembrances and keepsakes really occupy in the minds of men and women after a few years are gone by. A man who is moderately happy—who has his business, his garden, his stables, his guests, and his children to think of, and who spends many minutes out of the twenty-four hours of which a conjugal day consists in consulting with his wife about their common interests—may perhaps once in four or five years open an old packet of letters, look them languidly over, and say with sincerity and sensibility, if he finds one from an old love, that she was a sweet, dear creature in the old days. If he is a man of deep feeling and susceptible heart, his pang of baffled affection may possibly last five minutes, and then he puts the letters by, and has all his usual serenity restored to him. Does this deserve to be called a skeleton,—a secret sorrow which renders his outward happiness a delusion? There are, again, many persons who say that married life is generally unhappy, and that lovers soon find out the grossness of their delusion. It might even be argued that it is very natural this should be so. Lovers meet, are inspired, are devoted, are married. Why should this hasty and random choice be supposed to lead to happiness? We do not know why, but we cannot help looking to facts. If we survey

the circle of our friends, we shall find very few who have not married happily, and who do not seem very tolerably suitable to each other. The wives seem very happy when the husbands come home; the husbands appear very glad to get home. There are, of course, exceptions; but then they are generally noticeable exceptions. They occur to us immediately as instances of unhappy marriages. But if we take instance after instance from among friends whose names do not at once occur to us as having anything unusual in their married life, we are obliged to pronounce that, so far as we can tell, the husbands and wives seem to be very tolerably happy. They may have a little to bear, or a little to regret, but nothing in the least like a cause for a secret, overpowering grief. We are, therefore, obliged to conclude that skeletons do not seem to exist in anything like the closets of every family, and that the great mass of persons whom we know appear to be free from them. If the novelists said that there is a skeleton in some closets, they would be on sure ground; but this is a very tame and ineffective thing to say; and so they awaken our curiosity and awe by asserting that there is a skeleton in the closet of every family. We may be thankful if, in point of fact, this is wholly untrue, and if Providence, which assigns men so many outward calamities, has not, as a rule, seen fit to oppress them with the burden of a mysterious and secret grief.

From The Reader.

JOMINI'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Life of Napoleon. By Baron Jomini, General-in-Chief and Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor of Russia. Translated from the French. With Notes by H. W. Halleck, LL. D., Major-General. United States Army. In Four Volumes. With an Atlas. New York: Van Nostrand; London: Trübner.

It is only recently that the study of military literature and the art of war has become general in England,—still more recently has it engaged the attention of our American cousins. “*L'art d'égorger son prochain*,” as it is termed by Voltaire, has now become with the Americans a passion only less absorbing than that of multiplying the almighty dollar. The present struggle, if it has produced few good generals, has, at all events,

given birth to a host of books on military subjects. The preponderance of the former is with the South, that of the latter with the North, for the simple reason, that the outnumbered Southerners are too much in earnest in fighting to be able to spare time for writing or declaiming about it. If, however, the Northerners do not profit much from their parlor-reading, unaccompanied as it is by professional training and practical experience, others may make a better use of the maxims and treatises which they seem so fond of publishing. Among those to whom we must confess ourselves the most indebted is Major-General Halleck, who, amidst the peaceful toils of his office, has found leisure to translate and to publish Jomini's celebrated *Life of Napoleon*. By this labor General Halleck has conferred a great benefit on the military world of England and America. Himself a soldier who has studied the art of war on a hundred battle-fields, Baron Jomini is recognized as the greatest military critic of this, perhaps of any, age. For a long time chief of the staff to Marshal Ney, he could with truth say of Napoleon's campaigns, “*Quorum pars magna fui*.” In addition to this eminent qualification for the office of historiographer of the greatest of French generals, he possessed the immense advantage of having been, from the summer of 1813 until the end of the war, attached to the person of the Emperor Alexander. He was thus, from his actual share in the operations of each army, as well as from his intimate connections with the principal officers on both sides, enabled to obtain the very best and most authentic materials for his work.

Though we are not here reviewing a life of Baron Jomini, yet, as General Halleck has attached to his translation a brief sketch of the author's career, we yield to the temptation of alluding to the circumstances under which he left the French army. A Swiss by birth, he was educated at the Prince of Württemberg's Military School. He did not, however, at once enter the army, but passed two years in a bank at Paris. At the end of that time he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Keller, but does not appear to have seen any active service until, in 1805, Ney placed him on his staff. In 1809, however, a quarrel took place between them, and Jomini was sent back to the general staff, presided over by Berthier, who, for some unknown reason,

was always hostile to him. In consequence of this hostility, he tendered his resignation, which was refused. On the eve of the Russian campaign, sooner than serve against Alexander, who had previously offered him a commission in his army, Jomini solicited the governorship of a province. He was appointed to that of Wilna, from which place he was afterwards transferred to Smolensko. During the retreat, and especially at the passage of the Beresina, Jomini rendered important services, and at the close of the campaign, was summoned to Paris to assist the emperor in the reorganization of the army. Ill-health prevented him from taking part in the opening of the following campaign. He, however, rejoined Ney as chief of the staff on the 4th May, 1813, and distinguished himself so much at Bautzen that the marshal recommended him for promotion. Berthier again manifested his hostility; and instead of receiving promotion, Jomini was placed under arrest for alleged incapacity. This was too much for him to bear; and, quitting the army, he presented himself at the Russian head-quarters, where he obtained a kind welcome and a commission. He has been violently assailed for this step; but Napoleon himself, in the memoirs dictated at St. Helena, acquitted him of blame, in these words: "He did not desert his flag like some others. He had great injustice to complain of, and was blinded by an honorable sentiment. He was not a Frenchman, and there was no love of country to retain him." Our readers may be interested in learning that General Jomini is still alive, and, at the age of eighty-five, continues to enjoy all his faculties.

To return from this long digression to the book which is the subject of this review. Jomini has adopted the literary artifice of putting his own words into the mouth of Napoleon, whose spirit is supposed to be satisfying, in the Elysian Fields, the curiosity of Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick, and other dead heroes. The result is an impartial yet spirited narrative, confined, however, almost exclusively to diplomatic and military topics, and scarcely touching on the internal government of France. In the limited space of a short article it is impossible to make one-tenth of the extracts we could wish; we are, therefore, compelled to confine ourselves to transcribing one or two of the most striking passages, and to alluding to some of the most

important opinions contained in the work before us.

It has, by numerous detractors, been supposed that Napoleon owed much of his miraculous success to an unexampled galaxy of skilful lieutenants. Jomini shows that such was not the case; that, almost always victorious where he himself commanded, Napoleon, if he profited much by the gallantry of generals fighting under his immediate superintendence, with a few exceptions suffered almost equally from the unfitness of these same officers for independent command. Jomini, speaking by the mouth of Napoleon, thus sums up his opinion of some of the principal French commanders: "With the exception of Massena, Soult, and perhaps Davoust, there were none to whom I could intrust the command of a separate army. (The Viceroy, St. Cyr, Suchet, and Oudinot were promoted only at a later period.)"

Though Ney had at one time behaved ill to Jomini, yet that marshal's subsequent kindness quite erased the memory of his past conduct. After the second capitulation of Paris, Jomini opposed Ney's execution so strongly that he incurred the risk of having his name erased from the list of Russian generals. Nor did his generosity towards an old commander rest here. In the pages before us may be seen the best defence of the conduct of "the bravest of the brave" during the hundred days. Napoleon is made to speak as follows:—

"This marshal was no statesman, and all his political religion consisted in avoiding civil war created for private interests. This was his motive at Fontainebleau, when he contributed to provoke my first abdication. '*Tout pour France; rien pour un homme,*' was his motto,—a dogma very respectable in appearance, but which, when carried too far, may cause great faults, and induce one to forget the most sacred duties. At the first news of my return Ney thought only of the scenes at Fontainebleau and the dangers of civil war; he therefore accepted in good faith the appointment to repel me by force of arms, and so far forgot himself as to utter imprudent and unsuitable menaces against his ancient chief. But he was soon convinced, by his journey in Burgundy and in Franche-Comté, of the unanimity of popular sentiment in my favor; his own soldiers unfurled the national colors in his presence; two officers sent secretly to him assured him of my wish to forget the past. Placed in the same

alternative as Marlborough between James II. and William, he did not hesitate to throw himself into the ranks rendered illustrious by his many brilliant feats of arms. Yielding to a single dominant idea, he acted with impetuous haste, without reflecting that he might thereby violate other sacred duties, from which he might so easily have relieved himself by retiring to Besançon; till after my entrance into the capital. The striking contrast between his proclamation at Sous-le-Saulnier and his promises to Louis XVIII. will remain as an unfortunate blot in the history of his glorious career, because it gives a false idea of his character by having all the appearance of premeditated treason,—a crime of which he was utterly incapable.”

It is curious to find, in a letter from Napoleon to the pope inviting him to the coronation, the signs that the imperial style was with difficulty assumed by the successful general. The first and third person appear to be indifferently employed; and, in the space of a few lines, we find Napoleon assuring the pope that the latter's presence “will bring down upon yourself and *our* people the blessings of God;” and “your Holiness is aware of the affectionate sentiments *I* have long borne towards you.”

The following passage concerning Napoleon's religious policy is very remarkable:—

“I felt, when too late, that I had committed an error in not putting a difference of religion between my dynasty and that of the Bourbons. It was not the mediocrity of talent, nor the political faults of James and of Charles II. which a second time hurled the race of the Stuarts from the throne of England, but the opposition of religious opinion. If, at the epoch of the concordat, I had embraced the reformed religion with all the men attached to the public administration, all France would have imitated my example and my son would probably have succeeded me on the throne.”

Jomini's opinion with regard to the necessity of fortifying capitals is worthy of attention, and will doubtless prove interesting to all those engaged in the volunteer movement.

“The capital of a country contains the *élite* of the nation; it is the centre of public opinion, and the depot of all its wealth and strength; to leave such an important point without defences is national folly. In times of national misfortunes and great national calamities, States have often been in want of armies, but never of men capable of defending their walls. Fifty thousand National Guards, with two or three thousand can-

noneers, might defend a fortified capital against an army of two hundred thousand men. But these same fifty thousand undisciplined men, commanded by inexperienced officers, would, in the open field, be put to rout by a mere handful of regular cavalry.”

Among the various causes which tended to overthrow the colossal edifice which Napoleon had erected at the cost of so much blood, the expedition to Moscow has generally been considered the principal. The case is here argued with much ability and impartiality. Jomini asserts that the emperor had long considered a decisive struggle with Russia inevitable. To preserve the stability of the empire, “it was necessary to place Russia in such a position that she could not destroy the unity of my system, and to give new political boundaries to my frontiers sufficiently strong to resist the weight of the entire power of the czars. . . . To render this plan successful, it was necessary to reconstruct Poland. . . . This would be my last war, and decide the political fate of Europe. Some have attributed to me the project of marching into India through Persia. I do not deny having thought of the possibility of sending an expedition there; but it would have been subordinate to such arrangements as we might make with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. I had no idea of going there in person. No great force was required to destroy the monstrous edifice of the English Company; twenty thousand good soldiers, a large number of officers, a little money, and a good understanding with the Mahratta chiefs would have been sufficient to accomplish this object.”

General Halleck cannot be complimented on the style of his translation. He may have succeeded in giving the sense of Jomini's pages, but he has done so in a slovenly manner. Not only are there several errors, which may be set down as typographical, and a few phrases more French than English in their idiom, but the spelling is detestable, according to our own notions of the English language. Perhaps, however, General Halleck, like the American who said his host in this country spoke his native tongue with a strong English accent, is of opinion that our orthography is sadly provincial. In the course of this book we continually find such words as “defense,” “marvelous,” “skillfully,” “neighbors,” etc., for “defence,” “marvel-

lous," "skilfully," "neighbours." General Halleck has also assumed a prerogative which may be ceded to a Shakspeare, a Milton, or an Addison, but excites our disgust when usurped by an unknown transatlantic writer. We allude to the use of such words as "compromit," "retrocession," "scission," etc., and the writing "reinforce," and "re-establish" "reënforce" and "reëstablish." This may be President's American; it certainly is not Queen's English. W. W. K.

From The Saturday Review.
HUSBANDS.

THE view which a wife takes of the character of her husband is, for obvious reasons, not always identical with that taken by the outside world. We all know cases of women finding every possible excellence in men whom everybody else agrees in pronouncing very silly and very selfish; and on the other hand, men who commonly pass for everything that is generous and high-souled are often known at home to be full of petty egotisms and unlovable weaknesses. It is a little more curious that in the latter case women, as a rule, do not even wish other people to agree with them. They pour out their complaints into the ears of patient friends; but no sooner does the friend appear to share their convictions about the husband's short-comings than, as Nancy Lammeter said, "they turn round and praise him as if they wanted to sell him." They do not so much want sympathy as an opportunity of relieving their feelings, and nobody can become the confidant of a large circle of aggrieved married women who does not thoroughly understand this. Having married with impracticable views, or else with no views at all, about the life which they are entering, they subside, if of a weak temperament, into discontent and uneasiness; or, if possessed of irrepressible natural activity, they find a sufficient outlet for their dissatisfaction in the nursery, or at Dorcas meetings, or in bullying Tractarian or Rationalist curates. The fact that they refuse to allow anybody but themselves to abuse the husband for ceasing to be a lover says much for the general sense of what is due to conjugal honor. And this, after all, is often the sum of a woman's grievances. It would be folly to deny that, even among more refined people than navvies and tramps, there are men who

treat their wives with downright cruelty and heartlessness; but if this were other than distinctly exceptional, it would be quite impossible, even with the safety-valve of a Divorce Court, for society to hold together. Less bitter than this, but still intolerable enough, is a husband of an imperious and arrogant temper, who constantly offends his wife and everybody else by insolence and dogmatism. But by far the larger number of Englishmen are neither cruel nor overbearing. They are, as a rule, properly fond of their wives, and like them to be as happy and comfortable as possible; and the failure in this respect, where there is failure, is principally due to the nonsensical theories which young ladies too often entertain about married life, —theories, however, for which they ought not to incur the entire blame. So long as they receive the peculiarly whimsical education which is at present thought good enough for all practical purposes, and are confined—unless they can write novels, or feel a call to practise physic—to the weakest kinds of make-believe activity, we cannot expect them to hold very sound notions about the whole duty of wives. Some philosopher has said that a man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage. The revolution wrought in the mind of a woman must be still more remarkable. Marriage being the only goal which, in the vast majority of cases, she has ever been taught to look forward to or aim after, whatever discoveries she may make on arriving there produce a proportionately deeper impression upon her than upon the man, as she has fewer other interests. If the anticipated bliss of this state is unfulfilled, then life is vanity indeed. Some women seem to be left stunned and helpless on finding that married life is not a sort of lasting picnic, and pass the remnant of their days in impotent whining. With others, luckily, the instinct of self-preservation and self-respect is too strong for this, and after a short stage of mental blankness they soon grasp the truth,—that what they had mistaken for the goal is only the starting-point of a journey that will demand a good many virtues of which hitherto they have only read in Sunday books. We are not saying that all wives are disappointed in their husbands, and must necessarily fall into one or other of these two classes. Many of them want so exceedingly little in return for their

heart and hand that disappointment is almost out of the question. Some, again, are by nature of an affectionate and reverential temper which refuses to see the flaws in anybody to whom they have once fairly attached themselves, and husbands frequently fancy that this is what they have a right to expect. Apart from the question whether they are often likely to get it, it is worth considering how far such mental prostration is profitable either to the idol or the votary. But although everybody may know abundant instances of wives who are profoundly contented with their husbands, we suspect the number of those who find their lords precisely what, before marriage, they supposed them to be, is exceedingly small. It would be a piece of absurd and cynical affectation to say that the happiness of married life is only a decorous fancy; yet we are tolerably confident that the verdict of almost any twelve candid matrons who could be impanelled would be to the effect that this happiness is of a very different kind from that which they had anticipated, and that the husband is an incredibly different manner of man from the suitor. It would, indeed, be very strange if it were otherwise. When he is in love, a man may think as a child and speak as a child; but if he is to go on growing, he must put away childish things. In fact, most women would soon begin to complain of, a husband who continued to feed them on the barley-sugar which, in its place, had been so exquisitely palatable. Still, the change from barley-sugar to beef and mutton not unfrequently occasions a decided shock to the moral system. A poet or a novelist of the analytic school would find an admirable subject in the working of this change upon a mind fortunately of rare and exceptional sensitiveness, such as one occasionally encounters in real life. The sorrows of men who have been jilted are now a worn-out theme; but the tragedy of a clever and high-minded woman who awakes to find herself mated with a pragmatist or downright villain has yet, in spite of "*Romola*" to be effectively treated, her powers growing in strength, while his only grow in loudness or wickedness. Imagine the position of such a woman living with a bad but conceited poet, or with a man who was at war with his kind on the subject of perpetual motion or the quadrature of the circle. Of course she does not tell everybody her wretched secret, and perhaps is herself

only alive to it in a half-conscious way. But the marriage is a mistake for all that.

The most common source of unsuitable matches is plainly the sheer thoughtlessness with which many women marry. The process resembles nothing so much as raffling. Virtually, the whole thing is an affair of accident and chance, and the maiden who "was married one morning as she went into the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit" has too many imitators of her rashness. There are a great many nice questions with reference to the exact duty of parents in preventing matrimonial mistakes on the part of their daughters. Of course, if a girl has set her heart on a groom, or on somebody whom they know to be an unprincipled scamp, her father and mother would be gravely to blame if they did not promptly take every possible step to prevent the marriage. But suppose the favored suitor is what they call "a very deserving young man," but needy; are they to prohibit the match in the face of the daughter's vehement inclination? Or a case may arise in which they know nothing against the character or the position of the suitor, but entertain a vague misgiving, an indistinct prejudice, against him. May this be justly allowed to counterbalance the daughter's deliberate preference? There are a hundred shades of feeling between cordial approbation of a man for a son-in-law and a repugnance which nothing can overcome; and it is impossible to draw the line at any one point and say, Here the father is justified in withholding his consent. In every case, very much must depend upon the character of the daughter herself. If she is naturally weak and wrong-headed, the exercise of parental authority can hardly be carried too far in order to protect her. But if she has habitually displayed a sound judgment and a solid temper, the question how far a father will be wise in imposing his veto is one which there must be a good deal of practical difficulty in deciding. Something like the following language has been used on the subject of marriage settlements: "It is evidently very inconsistent for you to have such confidence in a man as to give him your daughter, and yet to impose restrictions on her property which imply that you think it quite possible that he may turn out a very objectionable person after all. You say the settlement is a precaution. But, as a precaution, it is absurdly incomplete. The

only complete precaution is the prohibition of the marriage." But surely, this is a very off-hand way of meeting the difficulty. It entirely assumes a position which to us appears wholly untenable; namely, that a father can always with wisdom and justice resort to the extreme exercise of his authority. There are, as we have said, broadly marked cases where he would be bound to exert this authority with the utmost pre-emptoriness. But we submit that, as a rule, the objection on which the prohibition is founded should be substantial and distinct. The argument to which we refer supposes that a man has only to say, You shall not marry Mr. So-and-so, and then he may immediately subside into a complacent and unquestioning conviction that he has done his whole duty as a British father. Among Orientals and barbarians this is, no doubt, an extremely satisfactory state of things, but in a country where women do not wrap up their faces, and may not, in case of refractoriness, legally be tied up in sacks and thrown into the Thames, this power of despotic prohibition is a matter involving a good deal of responsibility. There may be any number of complex considerations, and, after he has duly weighed them all, the father may still be very gravely puzzled what course to take. We do not suppose that many young women die annually of broken hearts; but it appears not unlikely that as many happy marriages are prevented by the reckless exercise of the right of prohibition as unhappy ones are produced by reckless consent. The unhappiness of a matron is greatly to be deplored; still the woes of a frustrated spinster ought to count for something. Yet because a father does not think so ill of a man as to run the risk of making his daughter seriously unhappy by thwarting her reasonable inclination, nor so well of his prudence, sagacity, and incorruptible thriftiness as to hand him over ten or twenty thousand pounds without keeping any sort of control over it, he is accused of holding a theory that sons-in-law are in the nature of burglars. Well, but, it is said, the cause of this cumbrous arrangement of trustees and parchment and heavy bills and so on is to be found in the common-law principle that a husband becomes absolutely entitled to his wife's personal property and to the profits of her real property during her life, or, under certain circumstances, for his

own life. This may be a very mischievous principle, and we are no champions of the common-law doctrines about *femes covertes*. But is it at all probable, if the whole common law were swept away, and every married woman became entitled, as against her husband, to the absolute ownership of all her property, that a father would cease to tie up his daughter's fortune? Would he be one whit more ready to intrust property, which, after all, is his own,—for this is the case on which we are arguing,—to a man who, in spite of all foresight, might be tempted into bad speculations or improvident living? For, though legally it might be made the woman's own property, it is not very difficult to see how it would come, as a matter of fact, to be within the control of the son-in-law. We are not saying that the common-law doctrine is not very insulting to women, and sometimes exceedingly prejudicial to their interests. This is not the question. The father wishes to secure to his daughter and her children certain property, which, be it remembered, is his own, and not theirs. He chooses that she shall have no power to frustrate this intention by diverting his gift to a person whom he may possibly like very much or possibly be quite indifferent to, and he has recourse to the only means by which he can be quite sure that his property will go where he desires that it should go. What has the common-law principle to do with this? He wishes it to go to his daughter, not to his son-in-law; and he knows enough of human nature to be sure that, if left in her power, the husband would be able either to coax or bully her into surrendering it, or to make her life a burden to her for refusing.

We consider the anti-settlement view sentimental, not because its upholders assail the doctrine of the common law, but because, in the substitutes which they propose, they shut their eyes to the actual experience of mankind, and neglect the notorious conditions of married life. We maintain the question at issue to be, not whether married women should own their property, but whether a father ought so far to adopt his daughter's enthusiastic estimate of her lover as to banish every thought that he ever can become other than immaculate, and to neglect reasonable precautions accordingly. He has seen other marriages which looked just as

"auspicious" end in misery and ruin. Of course he believes that this will be otherwise, but still there is the chance: and though he cannot protect his daughter from every possibility of being made miserable, he does the best he can. It has been said that marriage-settlements are useful only where the marriage itself was a mistake. It might be replied that they are often the very means of preventing marriages from proving mistakes, because they prevent that estrangement and alienation which could scarcely fail to attend any expression of determination on the wife's part to keep to herself the property which the reformed common-law had conferred upon her. The French system is, no doubt, worthy of investigation, and the machinery of English settlements may be unnecessarily cumbersome and expensive; but we should look suspiciously on any improvements springing from the cool theory that a husband is treated like a burglar because he is not allowed to have undisputed control over his father-in-law's money.

From The Examiner.

THE SUPPOSED HOARDING OF THE PRECIOUS METALS IN INDIA.

WE are thoroughly satisfied that the imagined hoarding, burying, and waste in trinkets, of the people of India, although a theory as old as the Romans, is no better than an hereditary figment. India is not a sink of the precious metals any more than it is a sink of copper, tin, or zinc. It produces itself neither gold nor silver any more than it does these vulgar metals. As their presence is indispensable, India must have them, and it gets them from the quarter that can supply them at the cheapest price. This, for the present, happens to be England, although other European nations, and even now and then the Chinese, contribute a minor share. Indeed India, in regard to the precious metals, is very much in the condition of England herself, for we have no gold of our own production, and very little silver. We import nearly all that we use, and yet we are not a sink of the precious metals, although we venture to assert that the waste of them with us is proportionally far greater than in India.

The Hindus are eminently a frugal, even a parsimonious people, and none know better than they the two sides of a coin. This characteristic of the race extends even to the

humblest orders. The value of money among them is high; they have bankers and money-changers in every village, and they count by scores in towns and cities; bills of exchange, also, are of immemorial use among them. In such a state of society there is no temptation to hoarding, and we are quite satisfied that very little exists. The only kind of hoarding of the precious metals that we can call to mind is that which has been occasionally practised by some frugal native princes. The king of Oude, for example, had once a hoard of some millions, and the notorious Kirwi booty, said to amount to £700,000, was once the hoard of a Mahratta prince. But such hoardings were but partial exceptions. Still less temptation must there be to bury treasure, an expedient, indeed, never had recourse to by any people except during foreign invasions and long civil wars, and from both the larger part of India has been free for from one-half to a whole century.

Much has been made, and in our opinion very erroneously made of Hindu ornaments and trinkets, to account for the imagined disappearance of the millions of the precious metals yearly brought to India. This refers chiefly to silver, for in such articles gold is but rarely employed even by the few very wealthy. The trinkets consist of bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and ear-rings, and with few exceptions, their use is confined to women and children. The Hindus use neither silver forks nor silver spoons and they waste no silver in plating, for the art is unknown to them. A man or woman of means may sometimes have a silver betel or tobacco box, and the woman now and then a silver skewer for her hair, but that is all. The Hindus wear no watches, unlike the Chinese, who do wear them, and always two at a time. A well-to-do English farmer or prosperous artisan will be possessed of more articles of luxury in gold and silver than a whole Hindu village of a thousand inhabitants, but we do not on that account charge him with wasting the precious metals and diverting them from their more important office. Neither ought we to charge the Hindu peasant with wasting them because he decorates his wife and children with armlets, bracelets, and anklets.

The chief use to which the precious metals, but more especially silver, are put in India is as money, as indeed, it is in every civilized country. India from its importation has to

supply, not only itself, but also the countries in its immediate neighborhood; for these have no other channel by which they can receive them, and like it, they produce none themselves. Probably not less than two hundred and fifty millions of people, or one-fifth of the computed population of the globe, has thus to be supplied. From the very nature of things, this population must always be supplied with foreign gold and silver. Of late years, but especially since the discovery of the gold of California and Australia, the importation of the precious metals has greatly increased, arising wholly from the increased prosperity of India. The reader may judge of this increase by the value of our own imports from that country at two not very remote periods. In 1854 the value of our imports was but £13,000,000, and in 1862 they had risen to £39,000,000, or in eight short years had been multiplied threefold. In the last-named year the value of our exports to India was but £17,000,000, and even adding fifty per cent. to this sum, so as to approximate it to the Indian value, the whole will only amount to £25,500,000, making a difference in the value of the imports and exports of £13,500,000, to be balanced by a payment in specie which accounts for the millions exported yearly to India. There the money is not hoarded or buried or expended in trinkets; but, with trifling exceptions, it finds employment in new branches of industry or the extension of old ones.

From The Reader.

AMERICAN ESTHETICS.

The Art-Idea: Part Second of Confessions of an Inquirer. By James Jackson Jarves New York: Hurd & Houghton.

It seems strange to receive from America a book which treats questions of fine art with the same sort of enthusiasm, seriousness, and impulse which Ruskin used to do—we wish we could say, still does. We are not accustomed to suppose that Yankees concern themselves much with the plastic ideal, save in the direction of breaking off the nose of the Apollo Belvedere, to prove that it is "chalk, I reckon;" still less are we expectant of art-pæans from the mighty people which has now for four years been engaged in as bloody, obstinate, momentous, and enormous a war as any recorded in history, and that within their own proper confines. But so it is. In that

stage of the anti-disruption and anti-slavery war when the announcement "Grant lost 3,000 men on Saturday" seems hardly to count for a faint ripple on the Dead Sea of blood, we are solicited by a little book by a Boston man writing in Boston, who discourses of Greek grace and Gothic invention with as much self-absorption as if no Fort Sumter and no Fort Pillow had existed. Honest Abe, secession, thousand-fold slaughter, repulse, reconquest, the iron resolves of one vast nation divided into two internecine camps,—these find and leave our Boston man stonily calm or impenetrably silent; but questions of form, color, proportion, the culture which flows from the practice and the study of fine art, not only interest—they excite him. He "gets into a state" when Phidias, Michael Angelo, Blake, Delacroix, and the rest of them, come in his way to be written about. This is as it should be. Because emancipation is righteous and present war tremendous, fine art is not therefore insignificant. Let Lincoln and Davis, Grant and Lee, pound away at the war and the emancipation. We will wish success to one brace of them, and failure to the other brace; and not the less willingly will we catch the half-drowned voice of a Jarves piercing the tumult, and declaring that fine art is not a temporary interest of an idle mankind, but a permanent interest of a busy one.

Though we have mentioned the name of Mr. Ruskin in connection with that of Mr. Jarves, we do not mean to imply that the two writers stand on the same level. Yet it would be true to say that Mr. Jarves comes nearer to the English author than any of the latter's own compatriots, in point of the fervent gravity with which he treats the subject as a whole,—the deep importance which he attaches to fine art as one manifestation of the human soul, and one great influence upon it,—the missionary energy (if we may use such a term) wherewith he preaches his creed. This attitude of mind generates some of the weaker as well as of the stronger points in Mr. Jarves's book. We are far from suspecting him of insincerity; but there is a certain tone of inflation, of rhetorical effort and amplification, which we should be glad to see retrenched, for the benefit of the work and its readers. Like many other Americans, Mr. Jarves is sometimes unwilling to say a simple thing simply, but deals in great principles,

spiritual powers, and general "nephelegatism." The mere headings of his papers are a small but a potent index to this turn of mind and speech. At the top of one page we find "Me;" of another, "The Office of Will," and then *passim* "How Mind is inspired," "Give! give!" "Art a Revelation of Spirit," "Beauty the Inspirer," and all the rest of it. Some of these phrases may be and are perfectly justifiable; but they produce a disadvantageous impression on the mind of "the English reader;" and, in this respect, that national personage is, what he is not in all respects, a representative of the higher class of opinion. Another American tendency, as worthy of restriction as "tall talk," is that of cutting jokes. We have known several Americans, of various grades of talent and personal calibre up to a very high one, but not one among them who was not sure to egg in a joke or a pun when we did not quite want it. President Lincoln is only a good type of his countrymen in this respect. Thus, along with the somewhat flourishing inscriptions which we have been citing from Mr. Jarves, we find that the heading of his introduction is pitched in the following jocular key:—"Some preliminary talk with the reader, of the nature of a personal confession, which if he disapprove, being forewarned, he will skip of course." We did not skip it, and we found an ample sufficiency of good sense and rational expression in it; but why treat us to the goggle and the haw-haw preliminary when the performance does not consist of scenes in the circus, but of the measured utterances of the lecture-hall?

As the title indicates, this volume is the second part of a work which its author has christened "Confessions of an Inquirer," the first part of which, published in 1857, "referred to the education of the heart, and was to have been followed by two others, one relating to æsthetic culture, and the other to the religious idea." The general aim of the present instalment of the work is expressed as that of "showing the connection between the art idea and divine truth in the great design of civilizing and making glad the earth." Of art abstractly considered, this happy definition is supplied at starting: "Without undertaking here to define art precisely, we may generalize it as the love of the soul, in the sense that science can be considered its law;" and, further on:—

"Poetry, music, and the drama, as well as painting and sculpture, must be included in the generic term Art, because in each, truths of beauty and harmony of form, color, sound, action, or thought, are sought to be expressed under combinations the most pleasing and incentive alike to our sensuous, emotional, and mental faculties; and we are in consequence more or less let out of ourselves into general nature or particular humanity, or made to penetrate deeper into the mysteries of our own being, rather through the force of sympathetic feeling than of logical analysis. Therefore whatever has the power to thus affect men, and is neither directly derived from innate or pure reason and science, nor is the manifest language of nature itself, but suggests the spirit, power, or presence, alike of the seen and unseen, and yet is only their artificial expression,—that is ART."

With his comprehensive and theoretic view of the subject, and his habit of high-strung and sometimes ornate writing, Mr. Jarves had a considerable task before him, and may be considered to have rather reined himself in than otherwise in not exceeding some 350 modest-sized pages of print. After the more general opening considerations, he proceeds to discuss the primary relation of art to religion; its manifestations in Egypt, India, and China, and at last Greece, with the consequent freedom attained by the artist. Then the fall of the Grecian religion and art together; the rise of Christianity and Christian art, with its anti-æsthetic conception of body as obstructive to spirit, and the noble expressional uses to which it succeeded in turning such a conception. "The generous culture of the Greek produced more pleasing effects, because his scope was normal humanity and his aim natural beauty. The Christian attempted a more difficult task, and with a loftier purpose; he sought to portray the triumphs of the spirit over the body. . . . He destroyed the harmony which should exist between holy feeling and beautiful form." The uncompleted career of the Christian art and artist is well pointed out as follows:—

"Unfortunately, before he had perfected his style, he was seduced from his purer motive into a love of the external, and learned to prefer workmanship or mere scientific skill and force to idea; so that, without surpassing, according to the inspiration of his faith, the best works of the plastic art of Greece as inspired by its religion, he has simply hinted the superior excellence of his motive. The

Greek perfected his work, and rested awhile upon the high standard he had created. His Christian brother, on the contrary, has never fully reached his aim. Within one generation,—that of Raphael,—he passed rapidly from those art-motives which, if conscientiously persevered in, by the aid of science, might have long ago carried Christian art to a corresponding degree of perfection with the Grecian, into a stage that marked the decline, rather than the advance, of his new-found teacher. Mankind was not yet ripe for the perfect development of art. It preferred for a while longer dead bones to new soul-forms. It is evident to every student of human progress that Christian art, thus far, has been but a series of attempts as fluctuating and as disappointing as the expression of Christianity itself."

These considerations are recurred to and enlarged at the close of the volume, "where the three great phases under which the author contemplates the art of past and present, and its general needs, are thus characterized:—

"The expression of thought as art has taken we find, three strongly pronounced and clearly defined aspects. First, the classical pagan, or sensuous-mythological. Second, the Roman Catholic, or ascetic-theological, with its reactionary offshoot of Renaissance, or the sensual-worldly, based on aristocratic culture, and the interests and tastes of lords temporal as opposed to lords ecclesiastical. Third, the Protestant, or democratic-progressive, founded upon the elevation of the people into a power of state. Art now loses in intensity of sacred symbolism and princely grandeur, but becomes more largely human in motive and humane in character. Escaping alike from priestcraft and statecraft, its growing tendency is to express the religion of humanity,—praise to God alone and goodwill to all men, as distinguished from the two previous phases of misguided religious thought and misinterpreted Christianity. . . .

"The need of art is mental equipoise and more patient and combined investigation. Its inherent weaknesses are one-sidedness, extravagance, suspicion, intolerance, haste, jealousy, want of completeness intellectually, and of harmony morally. To counteract the excessive impulses of feeling, and the tendency of artistic thought to narrowness of intellectual vision and an exuberance of individualism, it requires a greater cultivation of the scientific and reflective faculties."

Architecture is spoken of as "the culmination of art,—to man, what God is to nature;" and this subject, along with Protes-

tantism in art, forms the main topic of three chapters towards the middle of the book, succeeded by seven in which the condition of America in relation to art, and the American schools of painting, sculpture, and architecture, are discussed in considerable detail, and with much candid and outspoken criticism of individuals dead and living. This section of the book is, no doubt, somewhat out of proportion to the rest, so far as the general interests of art are concerned; but the disproportion is right and fitting in a book written by an American, chiefly for American readers,—the more so as his estimate of the national art is by no means extravagant. The scale may be called out of proportion; the pitch is not so. The more especially American chapters are followed by one of general speculation and review, from which some of our quotations have been taken; and with this our author concludes.

The book is, in the main, a theoretic one, expository and hortatory; and our extracts have presented it in that aspect. It must not be supposed, however, that, even irrespectively of the American section, Mr. Jarves never comes to close quarters with schools, artists, and works of art. A good deal of such individual criticism varies his pages and enlivens them. To say that this American author is quite up to the general European level of cultivated opinion on such topics would be too little: whether in Europe or in America, he would belong to the select few who have spent a deal of time and of thought upon the subject, and whose opinion may mostly be accepted, and, when not accepted, still acknowledged as qualified. Such of our readers as know Mr. Jarves's previous books, especially "Art-Studies" and "Art-Hints," will not need to be informed of this. The only extract we can afford from the more directly critical portion of Mr. Jarves's labors, and that of a more general character than many other passages which might have been selected, is the following, on the influence of contemporary French upon American art:—

"It is the French school that mainly determines the character of our growing art. In some respects New York is only an outgrowth of Paris. Every year witnesses a marked increase of the influence of the metropolis of France, in matters of art, taste, and fashion, on the metropolitan city of America. So powerful, indeed, is its in-

fluence in Europe, that the hope of the English school now lies in the example and teaching of its rival. Exhibitions and sales of fine specimens of the French school have already vastly benefited us. Owing to the concentration of our most promising artists at New York, it has grown to be the representative city of America in art, and indeed for the present so overshadows all others that we should be justified in speaking of American painting, in its present stage, as the New York school, in the same light that the school of Paris represents the art of France. This predominance is more likely to increase than decrease, owing to growing professional faculties and the encouragement derived from a lavish patronage. It is particularly fortunate for the American school that it must compete at its own door with the French. The qualities of French art are those most needed here, in a technical point of view, while its motives and character generally are congenial to our tastes and ideas. The Düsseldorf was an accidental importation. That of Paris is drawn naturally to us by the growth of our own. Were the French school what it was under the Bourbons, or the empire even, conventional, pseudo-classical, sensual, and sentimental, deeply impregnated with the vices of a debauched aristocracy and revolutionary fanaticism, we should have been less inclined towards it than to any other. But it crosses the Atlantic, refined, regenerated, and expanded by the force of modern democratic and social ideas. The art of France is no longer one of the church or aristocracy. It is fast rooting itself in the hearts and the heads of the people, with nature as its teacher."

We cannot dwell at any length upon general or particular differences of opinion of our own as against Mr. Jarves. We will only indicate two. His statement that, in certain phases of archaic Christian art, Jesus "was *designedly* represented as ignoble and vulgar" appears to us to be erroneous. The error, however, if really such, is shared by other writers. That no single probable instance could be cited in proof we will not venture to propound; but we are convinced that any such instance would be merely exceptional. There are, indeed, many dreadful looking figures of the Saviour,—so dreadful that the artist has his own want of feeling or of skill to blame if the spectator comes to the conclusion expressed by Mr. Jarves; but we are not any the more inclined to admit that conclusion. We believe the simple and much more readily presumable fact to be that, in

the phases of art referred to, Christ is *designedly* represented so that his sufferings and humiliation may be chiefly impressed upon the spectator, and that, owing, as above suggested, to want of feeling or of skill in the artist, he is thus *undesignedly* brought to look "ignoble and vulgar." The artist intended the piteous; he realized only the pitiful. Our second bone to pick with Mr. Jarves is *à propos* of that great artistic nation, the Japanese. We do not remember that this nation is even so much as mentioned in the book; but, in the absence of distinct specification, it may fairly be understood as lumped up with the Chinese in such phrases as "presenting falsehood for truth, perpetuating error, and barring progress;" "a false and immovable art;" "grotesque, mystical, and unnatural shapes, and barbarous displays of color." Now anybody who knows what the Japanese (not to speak of the Chinese) really have done in the way of art, and to this day continue doing, knows that such phrases are so inadequate an expression of truth as to be a positive and perverse fallacy. To take a single instance: the truly great Japanese artist, Oxi, who worked some half-century ago, might challenge all Europe since the time of Albert Durer to produce woodcut designs in landscape, animal-subjects, and figure sketches, so perfect as are his own in many of the highest qualities, or so supremely admirable as a complete artistic result according to the intended standard. As for variety and multiplicity of action, composition, grouping, movement, accessory, and so on, there are many Japanese draughtsmen of quite heroic dimensions. A designer combining the best qualities of Menzel and of Dore would bear, to the standard of European art, something of the same relation which such Japanese designers bear to the standard of Japanese art. Of these facts Mr. Jarves may be unaware, and excusably unaware; but, then, he should not lay down the law about the fine art of the Celestial Empire and its congeners.

Some of our readers may have heard that Mr. Jarves formed in Europe a collection of paintings by the old masters, which he carried with him to America. His "Preliminary Talk" gives many interesting details about this collection, whose value is attested on high authority, and about the carping and unhandsome imputations cast upon the

author for having shown himself to be a man of taste in the selection of the works, and a man of public spirit in the offers which he made for disposing of them to his countrymen. We cannot speak of the gallery from personal knowledge; but there are good vouchers for its genuineness; and surely the most sensitive public might say, "No, thank you," to an offer of "nearly one hundred and fifty old masters, the greater part of the Florentine school," without broadly hinting that the whole transaction is a "plant." However, before his present volume left the press, Mr. Jarves had reason to think it likely that the pictures would find a permanent home with the Historical Society of New York, a body which, according to the evidence contained in these pages, may well be congratulated upon its prospective acquisition.

We conclude by quoting two attestations of the calibre of Mr. Jarves's writings. When our reader knows what Mrs. Browning and Mr. Ruskin had to say on the subject, he will perhaps do without the guidance of the present reviewer. Of the "Confessions of an Inquirer" Mrs. Browning said, *inter alia*: "With some drawbacks, my sympathies have gone with you, and glowed as they went. There are some really noble and touching things, and the whole is suggestive." Of the "Art-Hints" Mr. Ruskin said, "Your book seems to me very good and useful in many ways; I think you have the true feeling for art." W. M. R.

From The Reader.

DAY-DREAMS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

THIS is a book that will provoke a good deal of adverse criticism. No one is more thoroughly aware of this than the author. It is the fate that awaits all outspoken attacks against usages which, however absurd, happen to have the recommendation of being long established. Mr. Thompson, though doubtless aware that he must ruffle the feathers of many old college friends, and perhaps the majority of the older school of teachers on both sides of the Tweed, has not been prevented from giving expression, in a manly, unshrinking way, to convictions that have been growing upon him for years. These

convictions are the fruits of experience in the mind of a man who has not been content to slide on in the traditional rut. To a long and not uniformly sweet schoolboy experience, coupled with genuine sympathy with boyish natures and an enthusiastic love of his profession, the production of the book is due. With less enthusiasm and tenderness the author would probably have consented to wield his tawse and turn the "gerundstone" in time-honored style, and would never have thought of the ameliorations suggested in his book.

We are much mistaken if the condemnation of the systems commonly in use and the general outline of that suggested by Mr. Thompson do not heartily commend themselves to all teachers who have zeal for their profession and have not become wedded to traditional humdrum.

In addition to the substantial and practical merits referred to, the book has everything to recommend it to the general reader. It consists of upwards of a score of short essays, written in a style of genial humor, sharp, but never ill-natured satire, ripe scholarship, and occasionally of unaffected pathos, which make it one of the most readable books that have fallen in our way for a long time. It is readable from the very best point of view; namely, importance of subject and ability of handling. It contains much that ought to be read by everybody, and is written in a style that everybody will read with pleasure. In spite of its humor and playfulness, it breathes such a spirit of earnest conviction and strong common-sense that we feel as if we were taking exercise bracing and vigorous, but withal exceedingly pleasant, or discussing a thoroughly substantial dish so deliciously cooked that we are tempted every now and then, not indeed to forget the goodness of the meat, but to remark the superadded excellence of the cookery.

The first three or four essays are occupied with St. Edward's grammar-school,—for which we may, without much danger of misrepresentation, write Christ's Hospital, London,—in which we have a light but graphic sketch of that institution and its "elementary intelligibility."

"It was all unintelligible,—all obscure; but some spots were wrapt up in more than ordinary gloom. Our chronic bewilderment was varied from time to time by shooting

pains, brought on by some passage or expression unusually indigestible. We read of creatures, happily few in number, that went about in the *Epicæne Gender*. Were they fish, flesh, or fowl? Would the breed be ever extinct? Under certain desperate circumstances, a participle and a noun together were bound hand and foot and put into the *Ablative Absolute*. What had they done, to be treated in a manner thus peremptory, unreasonable, crotchety? Did they ever get out after being put in?"

After discussing, what must surely have occurred to most teachers, the absurdity of teaching one language through the medium of a grammar written in another, both being equally unknown, on the principle that the greater the difficulty the stronger is the retention, he pushes the theory to its logical issues, and, on the ground that morality is higher than grammar, asks in half-serious banter,—

"Why not communicate the Ten Commandments through the medium of Chinese? Or, if that method be found insufficiently irksome and tedious, why not improve upon the method by rendering it physically painful? Might we not inculcate each portion of the Decalogue with the aid of a pin, and imprint it on the memory of childhood by associating it with pricks upon some sensitive portion of the frame? In this simple manner we might literally fasten a whole system of ethics and grammar upon the bodies as well as the brains of our 'little ones.'"

The worse than uselessness of making every boy go through the same dead grind of Latin and Greek versification is becoming every year more generally admitted. Mr. Thompson is fortunately one of those who can afford to speak strongly on this point without the slightest danger of having "sour grapes" thrown at him. No man knows more thoroughly than he the nicety of taste and appreciation which grows out of the imitation of the best Latin and Greek models, and few men in Britain are more accomplished masters of the art. Of this his University career and the "*Prolusiones Homerice*" in the present volume are ample evidence. This, however, does not prevent him from having observed, both as a schoolboy and a schoolmaster, the useless and worse,—the deadening effect of insisting on drawing water from a dry place. He has seen much valuable time wasted, much mental growth dwarfed, and many a promising plant made barren by being trans-

planted into an ungenial soil and kept there after it was found unsuitable.

"He may achieve certain results, I acknowledge. A pupil, after years of profitless toil, may acquire the mechanical power of wedging together geometric blocks of deal into the form of a hexameter. But the time and trouble wasted on the acquisition of this mechanical dexterity might have carried him over a broad field of reading in the classics or a wide range of scientific study, or through the leading authors of some modern literature. Alas! my English brethren of the scholastic cloth, how long shall we turn rapidly our gerundstones in the vain endeavor to grind sawdust into flour?"

Mr. Thompson means these remarks to apply only to those who are naturally prosaic. We all know that there are such to be found. In Christ's Hospital a choice was given between Latin and English verse. He gives us a few ludicrous examples, and adds,—

"Caw, caw, was all these honest rooks could say; and you might have whistled till you were black in the face before you would have removed the black out of their rook faces or the caw out of their husky throats. In the Hellenic class we advanced to ambitious efforts, epic and lyrical. We all sung; some bass, some tenor, some heaven only knows how. One or two of us were very prolific. I plead guilty to having been the juvenile parent of some two thousand Hexameters and of innumerable Alcaics. I shall plead extenuating circumstances when I am brought before Rhadamanthus. Many of my brother Hellenists have nothing to fear from that stern judge. They suffered enough for their mis-doings in the actual doing. They were delivered of their poetry with throes that cannot be uttered.

It may be urged that Mr. Thompson's own ripe scholarship is due to the turning of the immemorial and despised gerundstone, and that therefore he should have treated it more respectfully. He, however, anticipates such criticism by admitting that some of the crew of Ulysses reached Ithaca. "But where are their old comrades? Poor fellows! they are all drowned. They are lying at the bottom of that Ægean which in life was the scene of all their suffering and the reservoir of all their geography."

With the majority of the class "there had been no lack of sowing, but there had been no reaping, no gathering into barns; although, Heaven knows! the ground had been well harrowed and the seed had been watered plentifully, and with tears."

Mr. Thompson contends for the teaching of English, Latin, Greek, French, and German on a broad catholic system on the apparently unassailable ground that "a good scholar in Latin and Greek will be a good scholar in French and German *if he choose*." It is undeniable that there is much more affinity between modern and what are called the dead languages, than between the latter and some of the branches,—such as modern history,—with which, in many good schools, they are associated. The affinity will be greater if we think with our author, as many do, that Latin and Greek still live in Italy and Greece. Whether this be admitted or no, it will not be denied that, viewed even as dead, with their grammar and syntax immutably stereotyped, there are in them and the better known modern tongues, so many parallel lines of general grammar that it is matter for wonder that the Catholic system here suggested has not been generally adopted long ere now. Such a system would consign to an unpitied grave all the tedious, over-burdened grammars of which all schoolboys have such a genuine horror, with their arbitrary and apparently unmeaning rules, their endless strings of exceptions, "not one exceptionable word having escaped the diabolic ken of the compiler,"—grammars that have stifled ten intellectual efforts for one they have encouraged. By the association of the ancient with modern languages as cognate studies, the pupil would begin to regard the former as *forms of speech*, instead of "perhaps entertaining a "hazy idea that Latin was employed by a Roman tradesman for composing an Elegiac valentine or an advertisement in *Alcaics*."

The burden of the book, however, is not simply destructive or vaguely suggestive. In the course of four essays the author explains, as fully as can be done on paper, the method he pursues in his own class. Our space forbids us to enter fully into this. We may say, however, that the thread which runs through the whole is *interest and common-sense*,—that it is an attempt to climb Ben Lomond by a gentle ascent, with occasional rests to view the surrounding landscape, instead of breasting it by a precipitous route, which only the strong can successfully attempt, and from which the weak get nothing but enervating and unrequited toil. It must not be supposed that Mr. Thompson fancies

he has discovered a royal road to learning, and that high scholarship is attainable without great labor. He knows there must be toil; but he believes, and we agree with him, that an intelligent interest can, from the first, be created which will lighten the toil, and, though it should not make the learner unconscious of exertion, will not leave him benumbed and dispirited. Many a child would have found Latin easy and interesting, "had we not been at such pains to make it difficult and dull. A boy will perspire as freely in playing cricket or football as in turning a crank or a treadmill, and with far better results physically and mentally. Such, generally, is his theory of classical teaching. To those who wish to see how naturally and feasibly he carries it out in practice we recommend a perusal of his book or a visit to his class, or both.

While, however, we have no doubt about the superiority of the method, so long as it is in his own hands or in those of teachers of similar ability and enthusiasm, and though we are convinced that even a partial adoption of it—many teachers could not accomplish more—would be an immense improvement, we are not sure that, if adopted entirely, it would be uniformly successful. There are many teachers to whose capacity, or rather want of capacity, the traditional method, mechanical and wooden though it be, is better suited. The teaching profession, like fifty others, is taken up by many simply as a livelihood, and without a particle of the *con amore* which alone can insure full success. For all such it may reasonably be doubted whether a more mechanical and technical method can be altogether dispensed with. We have no doubt that many who turn the gerundstone with tolerable success would, from want of tact and love of the work, fail sadly in carrying out Mr. Thompson's views, admirable as they are in theory and in his own practice. In short, with some men, teaching, to be done at all, must be in great part mechanical. It is a pity, but it is nevertheless a fact. Many of the suggestions, however, can easily be reduced to method, and adopted by the most mechanical of teachers. The sooner this is done the better. The time is coming, though it is yet perhaps somewhat distant, when it will be universal. That some change is required is evident from the following extract:—

"Reader, you have, I will suppose, a son, who has been acquiring an English accent, and a partial control over the Elegiac metre in some public school, say for the last six years. When he next dines at home, take him unawares at depart-time, and offer him a guinea if he can express the following sentence in correct Latin: 'I have been learning Latin for six years; and, upon my word, I don't think I could, in that language, say *Bo* to a goose.' Your guinea will be quite safe. But, if your little daughter has had a French governess for six months, a similar experiment in French would be attended with some risk."

The fairness of the test must be admitted, and the fact implied will be questioned only by those who have some loose guineas to throw away. One essay is devoted to female boarding-schools; and he runs a tilt against the gimcrackery and pretentiousness which prevail in many of them. The same strong grip of common sense, pleasant satire, and lightness without flippancy characterize this essay. It gives what will be recognized as a correct estimate of the female intellect and the training suited for it, and it ends with a tribute to a departed one, the pathos of which comes direct from the heart, and which, for simple unaffected tenderness, is not surpassed by anything we remember having read.

"And once upon a time, reader,—a long, long while ago,—I knew a schoolmaster; and that schoolmaster had a wife. And she was young and fair and learned; like that princess-pupil of old Ascham, fair and learned as Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother. And her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, reader; an excellent thing in woman. And her fingers were quick at needlework, and nimble in all a housewife's cunning. And she could draw sweet music from the ivory board; and sweeter, stranger music from the chill life of her schoolmaster-husband. And she was slow of heart to understand mischief; but her feet ran swift to do good. And she was simple with the simplicity of girlhood, and wise with the wisdom that cometh only of the Lord,—cometh only to the children of the Kingdom. And her sweet young life was as a morning hymn, sung by child-voice to rich organ-music. Time shall throw his dart at Death ere Death has slain such another. For she died, reader, a long, long while ago. And I stood once by her grave,—her green grave,—not far from dear Dunedin. Died, reader, for all she was so fair and young and learned and simple and good. And, I am told, it made a great difference to that schoolmaster."

The next five essays are of a more technical character; but their technicality is frequently relieved by great originality of thought and an undercurrent of rich humor. In the two "Back to Babel" and "Dissolving Views" much scholarlike ingenuity is shown in support of a proposal for the remodelling of classical grammars. Perhaps, in a book on the whole aiming at, and certain to obtain, popularity, these essays had been better omitted. To the comparative philologist the suggestions thrown out need, perhaps, no further development than has been given them; but to others our author will seem to have asserted rather than proved,—to have produced ingenious speculations rather than matured theories. Mr. Thompson, perhaps, means us to infer this from his saying, "Am I in earnest, reader, or simply hawing? Have I made some curious discoveries? or, what is more probable, some curious blunders? Have I sprung a mine of philology or sprung a leak?"

The gem of the book is, to our thinking, "Nursery Reform." In it, more than in any other of the essays, we have the excellences that characterize the book generally. We could wish it were ten times as long as it is; but it would be unreasonable to expect so rich a vein to run so far. Whether in the Elia-like style in which he apostrophizes dogs and cats, chimney-sweepkins and canary-children; the rollicking, baby-like abandonment with which, after being naughty, "We will promise to be good; we will throw tiny arms half-round papa's neck; will kiss him half-way through his yellow beard; we'll be happy forever and ever and ever, and live on toffee and almond-rock. Oh, the bliss of making up! The rain after drought! The sunshine after rain! Yea,—'tis a sweet thing and a pleasant to have been a little naughty;" the exquisite tenderness which cruelty to children always excites in him; the pleasant satire, flavored by a keen sense of the ludicrous, with which he describes his *Circêteum*, or Normal Institution for the Training of Nursery Maidens,—a description which reminds us at one time of the famous Chaldee MS. in *Blackwood* and at another of the "Vision of Mirza," with a strong current of breaking fun running through it; the description of the model nursery, which, we venture to say, no one with any pretension to a sense of humor can read without a hearty guffaw,—

indeed, from whatever point we view it, Mr. Thompson has here outstripped himself. We must not injure the essay by quotation.

We have left ourselves little space for the remaining essays, which are devoted to two kindred topics; namely, the social position of the schoolmaster and the pressure of gentleness as contrasted with harshness and the tawse, or birch. He has too high an idea of the importance of his office to be ashamed of it, in spite of its occupying a position inferior to that of a medical man of small practice or a briefless advocate. Can any one deny that it is inconsistent—nay, that it is anything less than a shame—that such should be the case in a country which, if it plumes itself on anything, does so justly on its education? Is it less than a shame that the profession which supplies the country with material for its noblest boast should occupy, in the professional list, an unquestionably subordinate position,—and this, too, though its members be as well-born, well-mannered, and in many cases much better educated than the classes who take precedence of it? Driven into a corner, we are compelled to admit that there is great force in the explanation suggested by Mr. Thompson; namely, that it is the schoolmaster's power and practice of corporal punishment that tend to drag him down. We are not prepared to go with him the length of recommending the disuse of corporal punishment altogether; but we think it should be administered by some other than the man whom, next to parents, boys ought to respect. When a felon is hanged, the judge who sentences him is not loathed. Calcraft is.

The essays on the "Social Position of

Schoolmasters" and on the "Pressure of Gentleness" are contributions to literature for which all schoolmasters, all schoolboys, and all parents who may have the good luck to read them ought to be more grateful than for anything of a similar kind that has yet appeared. Our author's ideal of a perfect school is given in "Schola in Nubibus." Some may think it far from perfect. We can only say that, though we know many, we know none anything like so good, adding at the same time that it is not Utopian, but the utterance of a clear-headed, large-hearted, practical man. It is a fancy picture in the future. The principal of the school is introduced giving a parting advice to a number of pupils who are leaving school for college. The advice is so full of good sense, good feeling, knowledge of character and of the world, and of gentlemanly instinct, that we are sorry we cannot quote it at length. Indeed, our difficulty throughout has been to resist the temptation to quote. There are few pages that do not contain something which, either for its terseness, its humor, its pathos, or its value as original and logical thought, is worthy of being reproduced.

We have read the book with the greatest satisfaction, and hope it is only the precursor of another such. It is rare, indeed, to meet with an author who so happily combines the elements of laughter and tears; so full of scholarship without an atom of its pedantry; so genial, yet with so keen an eye for humbug and sham; so full of the manliness we admire in a man, and the tenderness we love in a woman.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Times* gives an account of a wonderful engineering feat in Brazil. The railway from the port of Santos to San Paulo has to cross, eight miles from the former place, the mountain range of Sierra do Mar, and to accomplish this an ascent of 2,600 feet has to be made in the course of five miles. To effect this Mr. Brunless, the engineer, has devised a scheme by which the ascent is made in four divisions of a mile and a quarter each, with stationary engines at their summits, the gradient throughout being one in ten. The first division

is already in operation, and rapid progress is being made with the third, the most arduous of all. The line has there to cross a gloomy ravine nine hundred feet in breadth, known as the "Bocca do Inferno," and rests on iron columns bedded on stone piers two hundred feet below. The steel wire rope used for drawing up the trains is one and one-eighth inches diameter. All this engineering skill has not been exhibited to no purpose, as the line will open up a most important coffee district at present almost inaccessible.—*Spectator*.

SIR CHARLES LYELL's address to the British Association was less discursive and more strictly scientific than usual, but by no means too technical for general apprehension. It was, perhaps, the best the association has ever heard. Its most interesting portion was a discussion of the great effect produced on the temperature of different parts of the earth's surface by depressions or elevations of other parts. He told the association of the manifold proofs that the greater part of the African Sahara has at no very distinct geological period been beneath the ocean, and the high coast of Barbary so insulated from the body of the continent, and probably in unbroken connection with Spain, Sicily, and South Italy; and he illustrated his theory by explaining the probable effect on the climate of Europe of the elevation of this vast, sandy plain. The hot sirocco, he said, which when it blows now melts so rapidly the snows on the Apennines and Alps as to cause the most dangerous floods, and to exhibit a visible rise in the snow-line even in Switzerland from day to day, attains this great heat from the burning tropical sand of the Sahara over which it passes. At the time when this Sahara was still beneath the sea, this wind would have been charged with the ocean's moisture instead of with dry heat, and on striking the Alps would have been driven up by its comparative warmth and lightness to the higher regions of the atmosphere, where it would have deposited its moisture in the form of snow, and instead of melting the glaciers have greatly increased them. This alone Sir C. Lyell thought might have been sufficient to account for the Alps having been in the glacial period as much as two thousand or three thousand feet, according to Charpentier, higher than they are now. Sir C. Lyell concluded his lecture with a very striking commentary on the growing *imperfection* of our theories of the past ages of geology, every addition to our knowledge only serving to show that "it has never been a part of the plan of nature to leave a complete record of all her works and operations" for the enlightenment of after-ages.—*Spectator*, 17 Sept.

Essays on Social Subjects. From the *Saturday Review*. Blackwood & Sons.

If the peculiarity of these latter days, or at least of their literature, is, as is often asserted, its excessive subjectivity, then this volume is their outcome, their sample production. No man ever traced the working of the less predominant tendencies of our common human nature with so subtle a discrimination and so searching a detective power except by a habit of self-introspection. Carried to so remarkable an extent as in this very clever volume, it makes one really uncomfortable out of pure sympathy for the writer; for whatever that habit may do for a man's intellect or ultimately for the public, it commonly does very little for his happiness. What a life a man must lead who wrote these essays on "Foolish Things" and "False Shame." Fancies of this kind are, however, often erroneous, and we willingly hope

that the author is endowed with a less disagreeable sensitiveness than we imagine; for at all events, his book will give great pleasure to students of character,—a class to whom the *Saturday* reviewer devotes a whole article. The peculiarity of these essays is, we think, to be found in the skill with which secondary tendencies are followed and their results exposed. When he gets upon the qualities of our nature which are universal, he is apt to shirk the main question, and deal rather with the disguises under which the quality sometimes conceals itself than with its essential characteristics,—not so much to tell us what it is as to show us the obscure holes of the mind in which it sometimes lurks. This may be intentional, and doubtless if a man is determined to be original, he must treat well-worn subjects after this fashion. But we like the *Saturday* reviewer best on the smallest subjects.—*Spectator*.

A WORD WITH SPAIN.

SPAIN is waking up in earnest. Hear the last news:—

"It is proposed to construct on Spanish soil a maritime canal, to supersede the Straits of Gibraltar."

We call this mean. After the trouble we took to get (no, not much to get, but) to keep Gibraltar, we really consider the proposed trick unworthy of a chivalrous nation. However, the world is becoming very vulgar and mercantile, and it is of no use complaining. One would like to know the particulars, and how our flank is to be turned. Perhaps the new canal is to begin at the mouth of the Giddle-kee-veer (written Guadalquivir, and rhymed to gentle river in young ladies' songs) and come out at Malaga, a very good hundred miles of cutting as the crow cuts, with some nice tunnelling in the way. The Spaniards, of course, can't do it; and if it is to be done, the decent thing would be to offer the job to an English company, whom *Mr. Punch* will back to be through before Lesseps has done Suez. But why not be economical, gentlemen Spaniards,—why not buy Gibraltar of us? We'll sell it very cheap. Spain to turn Protestant, and England to have all the port for twenty years; or we'll say the port and never mind the Protestantism. Come, that will be cheaper than the canal. You had better make a bargain, or we may happen to sell the place at Tangier, and bring the Moors back into Europe. Remember, England is a Mahometan power, and with a little reinforcement from India, could easily restore the crescent in Spain. We don't wish to put on the screw, but this Gibraltar notion is so very mean that we are obliged to speak out. But the Spaniards are mean. Didn't their great poet, Quintana, write a great poem on the battle of Trafalgar, and omit all mention of the French? He did.—*Punch*.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1066.—5 November, 1864.

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IN THE GARDEN.

SUMMER is dying, slowly dying ;
 She fades with every passing day ;
 In the garden-alleys she wanders, sighing,
 And pauses to grieve at the sad decay.

The flowers that came with the spring's first
 swallow,

When March crept timidly over the hill,
 And slept at noon in the sunny hollow,—
 The snowdrop, the crocus, the daffodil,

The lily white for an angel to carry,
 The violet faint with its spirit-breath,
 The passion-flower, and the fleeting, airy
 Anemone,—all have been struck by death.

Autumn the leaves is staining and strewing,
 And spreading a veil o'er the landscape rare ;
 The glory and gladness of summer are going,
 And a feeling of sadness is in the air.

The purple hibiscus is shrivelled and withered,
 And languid lolls its furry tongue ;
 The burning pomegranates are ripe to be gathered ;
 The grills their last farewell have sung ;

The fading oleander is showing
 Its last rose-clusters over the wall,
 And the tubes of the trumpet-flower are strewing
 The gravel-walks as they loosen and fall ;

The crocketed spire of the hollyhock towers
 For the sighing breeze to rock and swing ;
 On its top is the last of its bell-like flowers,
 For the wandering bee its knell to ring.

In their earthen vases the lemons yellow,
 The sun-drunk grapes grow lucent and thin,
 The pears on the sunny espalier mellow,
 And the fat figs swell in their purple skin ;

The petals have dropped from the spicy carnation ;
 But the heartless dahlia, formal and proud,
 Like a worldly lady of lofty station,
 Loveless stares at the humble crowd.

And the sun-flower, too, looks boldly around her ;
 While the bella-donna, so wickedly fair,
 Shorn of the purple flowers that crowned her,
 Is telling her Borgian beads in despair.

See ! by the fountain that softly bubbles,
 Spilling its rain in the lichened vase,
 Summer pauses !—her tender troubles
 Shadowing over her pensive face.

The lizard stops on its brim to listen,
 The butterfly wavers dreamily near,
 And the dragon-flies in their green mail glisten,
 And watch her, as pausing she drops a tear,—

Not as she stood in her August perfection !
 Not as she looked in the freshness of June !
 But gazing around with a tender dejection,
 And a weary face like the morning moon.

The breeze through the leafy garden quivers,
 Dying away with a sigh and a moan :
 A shade o'er the darkening fountain shivers,
 And summer, ghostlike, hath vanished and
 gone.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

W. W. S.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

THICK green leaves from the soft brown earth,
 Happy spring-time hath called them forth ;
 First faint promise of summer bloom
 Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
 Under the leaves.

Lift them ! what marvellous beauty lies
 Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes !
 May flowers, rosy or purest white,
 Lift their cups to the sudden light,
 Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
 Seen by no eye save His who reads
 Motive and action—in silence grow
 Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
 Under the leaves ?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
 Springing from spirits bruised and crushed ;
 Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
 Touched and painted with heaven's own light,
 Under the leaves—

Full fresh clusters of duty borne,
 Fairest of all in that shadow grown ;
 Wondrous the fragrance that sweet and rare
 Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
 Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
 Bud and blossom are known to Him ;
 Wait we content for His heavenly ray,—
 Wait till our Master himself one day
 Lifteth the leaves.

M. E. W.

—*Church Monthly.*

FORM AND SUBSTANCE.

(*A Poem by a Particle.*)

I'm an ultimate atom of matter,
 And revolve in a varying round
 Of relations, from former to latter,
 And back, in and out of the ground.

Through the river I went to the acre,
 From the city returning in wheat,
 Here I am again, sent, by the baker,
 In the loaf that you're going to eat.

All existence is but circulation,
 Up and down, down and up, as before,
 This is that, in mere recombination
 We ourselves are ourselves evermore.

—*Punch.*

From The British Quarterly Review.

The History of Normandy and of England.

By Sir Francis Palgrave, K. B., (late)
Deputy Keeper of Her Majesty's Public
Records. Vols. III. and IV. Macmillan
& Co.

THE name of Sir Francis Palgrave deservedly holds high place among our writers of English history. In his own especial department,—inquiry into the rise and progress of our legal and political institutions during the earlier portion of the Middle Ages,—there are few, indeed, who could be compared with him, either for wide range of historical knowledge, or for careful discrimination in selecting his authorities and deducing his views. Like all independent writers, he occasionally indulges in paradox, and his narrative—mostly so lucid and pictorial—sometimes becomes perplexing by its discursiveness; but with these slight drawbacks, his works are a most valuable addition to the library of English history.

The very pleasant little volume of Anglo-Saxon history, published in 1830, first introduced Sir Francis Palgrave as an historical writer, while his subsequent admirable work, “The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth during the Anglo-Saxon Period,” placed him at once in the foremost rank. It is to this that we owe his largest and most important work, unfortunately left unfinished by his death, “The History of Normandy and of England;” for, as he remarks in his preface to the first volume, “English history is the joint graft of Anglo-Saxon and Norman history,” and therefore it is necessary to trace the annals of Normandy from the beginning, in order to understand more clearly the relative position of the two peoples. The first volume, published in 1851, comprises a history of the Carlovingian dynasty from the death of Charlemagne to the reign of Charles le Simple, together with the incursions of the Northmen and the settlement of Rollo in Neustria. The second volume, published in 1857, carries on the history of the three first dukes of Normandy, while the third volume, now before us, relates the history of the three last dukes, and, more at length, of the greatest of them all, William the Conqueror. As he occupies the larger portion of the third volume, and the beginning of the fourth, while the remainder of that is devoted to the reign of the Red King,

and a very long dissertation on the First Crusade, we shall confine our review to the more important subject,—the life of William, first slightly glancing at the previous history of Normandy.

Glorious and prosperous as was the reign of Charlemagne, yet “thick and lowering were the tempests gathering on the horizon, while the sun shone bright and cheerful on the vaulted roofs of Aix-la-Chapelle.” Not only were the Slavonian tribes pressing onward, and the Saracen power slowly and steadily advancing, but the dark sails of the Northmen already loomed on the Belgic coasts, and already had these fierce pirates sought a landing on the fertile plains of France. This sad beginning of future woe to his race was, however, spared to the great ruler of the tenth century; and, weighed down as were his last days with family troubles, Charlemagne never witnessed their actual invasion. He died “right royally,” surrounded by all his great officers of state; and then, clad in imperial robes, with jewelled diadem on his brow, his ivory horn slung in his baldric, his good sword Joyeuse by his side, he was borne to his chair of state in the vault beneath his throne in the Basilica of Aix, and there, with Gospel book open on his knees, his golden shield and sceptre pendent before him, sat in ghastly state,—emperor even in the grave; while Louis le Debonnaire succeeded to an inheritance of sorrow. Charlemagne breathed his last beneath the gilded roof of the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle; Louis, heart-broken, in a leafy hut close beside the Rhine, soothed by the pleasant ripple of its cooling streams, leaving to Charles le Chauve an empire more weakened and a future still darker; for the Northmen, already victorious along the eastern coast of England, now hovered on the shores of Neustria; and ere long, invited by the withdrawal of the Frankish squadron, entered the mouth of the Seine, rowed up the tempting river, and plundered and burned “Gallo-Roman Rothomagus.”

It was not often that pirates obtained spoil so abundant and so precious. They hurried back to summon their brethren, and stout Regner Lodbrok, with his hundred and twenty “dragons of the sea,” ploughed cheerily through the crashing ice, on the following bleak Eastertide, right onward to Paris. The inhabitants fled in dismay, having buried

their treasures; but to the Northmen, the huge beams of the church roofs and the iron-work of the gates were tempting spoils, and with these they loaded their barks. Seven thousand pounds of silver were offered by Charles as a subsidy, and the Northmen sailed back well satisfied. Arrived in Denmark, Regner repaired to Eric the Red, and related his good fortune; the king refused to believe him. Again Regner sought the presence of his sovereign, not with the silver, but followed by gangs of his crew, some carrying the long beams pulled from the church roofs, and others laden with the huge iron bar of the Paris gate. These trophies were irresistible; Eric the Red headed the next expedition, and invasion followed invasion, until the fairest provinces were subjected to their sway.

Of Rollo, the founder of the dukedom of Normandy, little can be known. He seems to have been a warlike youth, compelled by a quarrel with their "over king," to flee away with his brother to England. Here he became a viking chief, and after many successful voyages, he sailed up the Seine to Jumièges. The inhabitants, worn out with incessant attacks, now sought to capitulate, and invited Rollo "to a peaceful occupation of Rouen, *terra firma* and islands." To this he consented, and a danegeld of five thousand pounds having ratified the contract, the bold viking and his hardy followers took possession of their lands. But ere long Rollo enlarged his boundaries. The empire under Charles le Chauve's successors was too feeble to offer resistance, and, at length, not Rouen and its appendages alone, but "Haute Normandie," became the fief of the Danish rover. A noble barbarian does Rollo seem to have been. Although a pirate from his youth, he had the wisdom to recognize the benefits of civilization, and in his new territory he encouraged both arts and learning. He became a Christian, too, in his grim old age, and holy church rejoiced when he wrapped the white chrismal vestment around him, for right royal were the gifts he bestowed on her ministers, the unlettered warrior doubtless looking up with wondering admiration to the book-learned priests, to whom he committed the education of his only son, Guillaume Longue-épée. Singular was it, too, "that the reputation of Rollo the legislator vied with the reputation of Rollo the conqueror."

More than fourscore years of active life were allotted to this illustrious viking, and when infirmity at length warned him to retire from the world, his chieftains took the oath of fealty to his son, and soon after the great founder of the duchy of Normandy was laid "in the Metropolitan Basilica of Notre Dame of Rouen."

Guillaume Longue-épée fell a victim to foul assassination ere his middle age, and Richard Sans-peur, the bright-eyed golden-haired boy,—so lovingly celebrated both by chronicler and *trouvère*,—succeeded to an inheritance of strife and bloodshed. Many were the perils of his minority; but he surmounted them all, and from the day he re-entered Rouen, after his proud triumph over Louis d'Outremer, to when—a full half-century later—he was placed in the stone chest in the pathway expressly hollowed out for him, Richard Sans-peur was a name of fear to his enemies, of fond remembrance to his subjects,—emphatically the ruler "by whose deeds and doings the duchy was fashioned and framed." Richard Sans-peur was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard, on whom was bestowed the title of "Le Bon," apparently not so unsuitable a title as those usually bestowed upon rulers. In his reign the first relations of England with Normandy were formed; for his sister Emma was married to Ethelred, and her subsequent return with her two sons, Edward and Alfred, and their education in Normandy, were important links in the chain of events which led to the conquest.

Ethelred subsequently followed Emma to Normandy. He seems to have been kindly received; and from thence he returned to England, where, shortly after, he died, and was succeeded by Edmund Ironside. During this time, Emma appears to have continued in Normandy, and here her children were educated, "their hearts thoroughly alienated from England, and the Normans and Normandy became as their kindred and their home."

Duke Richard le Bon died in middle age, leaving two sons, Richard, to whom he bequeathed the duchy, and Robert, to whom he left the county of Hiesmes. But Robert felt himself aggrieved that Falaise, which had formed a portion of that county, was withheld. He went to war with his brother soon after his father's death, and seized and

held Falaise. The brothers were now at deadly strife, when friends interposed, and effected a reconciliation. Merrily they returned to Rouen; a splendid banquet was prepared; but "the young and flourishing Richard was suddenly stricken, and he passed from the hall to his death-bed." Many of the party shared the same fate, and no one doubted that poison had done its work. "Never was Robert exonerated from the imputation of fratricide; never was the dark stain effaced; never was the obscure suspicion dispelled." Robert succeeded to the duchy, of course; there was no claimant to contest his right, and whatever might be the general opinion, he soon won golden opinions from his subjects by his extravagant munificence. This well supplies the reason for his more favorable title, Robert le Magnifique:—for that less complimentary one, by which he is more generally known, Robert le Diable, it is more difficult to ascertain its origin, since, "whatever may have been his secret crimes, he never manifested any open tendency to outrage or cruelty." A wild, rollicking life did Robert lead at Falaise, his favorite residence; and here he met Arletta, and here was born his only son,—the dreaded William the Conqueror. But Robert, although pleasure-loving to the utmost excess, had talents for government, and he interfered successfully in the affairs of Flanders, and, on King Robert's decease, in those of France. During this time, the English Athelings, Edward and Alfred, had remained at their cousin's court,—their mother, Emma, now wearing, a second time, the crown of England as the wife of Canute. Robert was their sole protector, and, with chivalrous feeling, he availed himself of a short interval of tranquillity to open negotiations with Canute for "an equitable division between the representatives of the two dynasties;" and a precedent was already familiar in the case of the partition between Canute and Ironside. But Canute's reply was a defiance, "Let them hold what they can win." Robert generously accepted the challenge. He fitted out a noble fleet for the conquest of England, even while that son was in his cradle who was so direfully to achieve it. But the time was not yet. Although the cloudless sky and the prospering gale greeted the departing armament, the storm soon arose, the north wind blew fur-

iously, the fleet was dispersed, and long afterwards were the decaying hulks to be seen rotting at Rouen. But the main portion escaped, and the Athelings continued on board, lingering for the opportunity of presenting themselves; but no opening ensued. The scheme became abortive, and the conquest of England was postponed. This incident is important; for it shows the strong interest Robert felt in his cousins, and how naturally Edward, after he had become by right of succession king of England, would still look to Normandy rather than elsewhere for council and aid.

But Robert, although wealthy and prosperous, and holding a station of higher political importance than any preceding duke, was ill at ease. He had one child on whom he seems to have doated with a more than mother's fondness, and whom, notwithstanding the illegitimacy of his birth, he determined to make his heir. Of little consequence was mere illegitimacy. Some of the dukes had not been clear of that stain; nor, although Arletta's general character was disreputable, was that insuperable. But of all the working classes, the skimmers were viewed—both by the French and Germans—as the most degraded of men, and her father was one. "Those who pursued the useful, albeit disgusting, trade of skinning beasts were stigmatized as a distinct and depraved caste,—ranked among the *raças maudites* of France, holding a place somewhat between a *mesel* and a gypsy, cohabiting or marrying only among themselves;" and, here, the sole offspring of Robert the Magnificent was grandchild to old Hulbert the tanner, whom the meanest burgher of Rouen would cross the way to avoid! No wonder that the very thought of a child of such base parentage inheriting the proud duchy of Rollo was gall and wormwood to the nobles; no wonder that the lowest of the people heaped epithets of obloquy on the boy until "William the Conqueror could never rid himself of the contumelious appellation, which bore indelible record of his father's sin." Keenly did Robert feel this hostility towards his darling child,—an hostility which, naturally enough, increased when the old tanner was elevated to the incongruous office of court chamberlain, and his daughter flaunted in almost royal state as the duke's publicly recognized mistress. "The boy,

William, was the object of universal contempt ; no wonder that the magnificent Robert was sad at heart."

Suddenly Robert convened his prelates and nobles, and then made the startling announcement of his determination to set forth as a pilgrim to the Holy Land. It was not as yet the era of the Crusades ; no military leader, no monarch or ruler, had come forth with well-appointed followers "to avenge the wrongs of our Lord in his own land." Was Robert le Magnifique, then, to go forth with scrip and pilgrim-staff, a toiling wayfarer, on the long and perilous journey, undertaken by few save obscure men ? Direful was the consternation when the duke communicated this project to his lieges. Not only the strangeness of the plan, but the consequences. Should Robert die away from home, who would succeed him ? While he was absent, who would administer the affairs of the duchy ? It was then that Robert brought forward his boy, now almost seven years old.

"Pitiful was Robert's earnestness when extolling the child's promising disposition, so fitting to render him a competent sovereign. All the virtues which the courtiers' glozing flattery attributes to an heir-apparent were truths in the conception of the uneasy adulterer, wrestling against the consequences of his vice. All the remorse, all the prickings of conscience, all the stings of worldly shame spread over the life of a putative father, were concentrated in that miserable hour. Earnestly did prelates and barons repeat their remonstrances, expatiating upon the impending dangers. Robert, on his part, persevered obstinately, vehemently, until the assembly, yielding to his urgency, and moved by his misery, assented to the demand. If legal forms possess any stringency, no act of State could be more binding than the confirmation which the child's title now received. In the first place, the proud and vexed baronage performed homage and fealty. Whatever duties or services a vassal owes his suzerain, would the lieges render to the heir, rising seven years of age. This very important engagement imparted to William a valid and constitutional title, as between him and his vassal. But the duke himself would grow up a vassal, and the assent of his superior was needed. Robert therefore brought the child, his child of dishonor, before King Henry of France, surrendering the duchy in the boy's favor, and the lad, duly performing homage, became the liegeman of the monarch."

That the King of France so willingly ac-

cepted Robert's transference of his allegiance, may be readily accounted for by duplicity ; but that his haughty barons should have been moved either by his prayers or tears, seems strange. Might it not be that the sanctity which invested pilgrimage produced a commanding effect on rude but devout minds ? and the supplication which might have been refused to the duke, in merely departing on an errand of warfare or pleasure, was felt to be irresistible when urged by the pilgrim, who had stripped himself of every possession, that he might go a penitent to the Holy Land ?

In the appointment of guardians of the young duke, Robert exercised a sound judgment. The worthless mother was wholly excluded ; and Alain, Duke of Brittany, the boy's cousin, became regent, and the Archbishop of Rouen was associated with him. And now Robert set forth on his pilgrimage, but more in the array of Robert le Magnifique than the humble palmer. Harbingers went forward to prepare the lodgings ; and palfreys and war-steeds and sumpter mules, laden with luxuries, and long trains of attendants followed in his train, while, to beguile the way with pleasant companionship, Drogo, Count of the Vexin, and Toustain le Blanc took their journey with him. A pleasant portion of Maistre Wace's "*Roman du Rou*" is that which narrates this royal pilgrimage and its various incidents,—how Robert surmounted the Alps, and visited Rome and Constantinople, and how abundant was his largesse to the poor pilgrims at Jerusalem. But home he was fated never to return. After long sickness, he and Count Drogo died at Nice, from the effects of poison, it was said ; they were interred in the cathedral, and Toustain le Blanc returned to Normandy with the news, and with the relics which Robert had carefully collected.

Robert's pilgrimage had occupied between two and three years, and thus, ere he had completed his tenth year, William's reign commenced. During this time, tranquillity had been preserved in the duchy, but with the rumors of the father's failing health that reached Europe, disturbances began. William was now placed under the tutelage of Gilbert Crespon, Count of Brienne and Thor-ketil, and he was conveyed for safety to the strong castle of Vaudrevil. But ere long this stronghold was assailed by William de

Montgomery; the cousin who slept with the young duke was killed by his side; Thor-ketil, his guardian, and apparently his preceptor, was butchered; and, rescued by his uncle on the mother's side, he found refuge in a peasant's cottage. A period of fierce confusion followed, during which we have few notices of the young duke: but nearly six years of warfare among the nobles was at length, in 1042, terminated by the Council of Caen proclaiming the "Truce of God,"—that benevolent provision, which not only secured the peace of all men during the three great church festivals, but prohibited sword to be unsheathed, or battle-axe wielded, from the sunset of each Thursday evening to Monday's dawn. A long interval of quiet followed, and William grew up to stern and vigorous manhood.

"As for William, his character received full development at an early age. He conducted himself wisely and discreetly, and the sagacity distinguishing the man had previously been conspicuous in the boy. To varied talents of a high order, William conjoined athletic vigor and a noble form. It was talked of as a truth, or accepted as a truth, that none but Duke William could bend Duke William's bow. His natural gifts, whether bodily or mental, marked him for a conqueror; and the hard discipline he sustained in his youth trained him to become a chastiser of nations, a minister of punishment and of vengeance. But his greatest victory was over his own natural passions: in an age of gross and unbridled licentiousness, the conqueror of Carthage was not more distinguished for continence and chastity than William. He soon acquired importance beyond his years. A powerful and brilliant court assembled around him. So splendid, so influential was the youth, as to excite King Henry's jealousy; and the monarch, secretly alarmed at his vassal's rising reputation, was obliged, even then, to treat him with a degree of deference beyond what his years could claim."

But the king was resolved to "bide his time," although that time was long. At length, and while the young duke was enjoying those forest sports, which from his earliest days to his latest he followed with such keen enjoyment, Henry suddenly, ere hostile message was delivered, or gauntlet flung down, poured his forces into the Evreçin, demanding the instant demolition of the castle of Tilliers. William, alive to the danger of provoking his suzerain, gave up the strong-

hold; but probably encouraged by hopes of aid from the French king, his barons now formed a confederacy against him, and bound themselves by a great oath to work his destruction. Unconscious of danger, William was sojourning meanwhile,—

"At pleasant Valognes, where temple and hypocaust, theatre and amphitheatre, testified how, in the luxurious Roman days, the locality had been prized. There William established himself, holding his court. Among his guests none more important than Galet the fool. Half demented, though acute withal, this merryman becomes conspicuous in the history of court jesters; for he had gained cognizance of the conspiracy. In the midst of the night he presented himself at William's door, in full official costume, his bauble slung round his neck; and knocking violently, he shrieked out, 'Up, up, my lord duke! open, open! flee, flee! Delay is death; all are armed, all marshalled; and if they capture thee, never wilt thou again see the light of day!' William obeyed the warning without even a thought of hesitation. No questions asked. No companions to support him. No groom aiding. Half-clad, starting from his couch he rushed into the stable, saddled his horse, and made for the ford of Vire. Hard by the river's mouth stood, and still stands, the church of St. Clement, close upon Isigny. There he tarried; maybe prayed. Bayeux he dared not enter; therefore, he edged his track between the Saxon city and the sea, skirting a neighborhood whose name is echoed on our shore of the channel,—the bourgade of 'Rye.' Doubting the loyalty of the inhabitants, he sought for the 'Manoir,' the dwelling-place *par excellence*. Day was dawning; but ere the sun had cleared the horizon, William had arrived at Hubert's door. His horse, white with foam, bespoke the urgency of the danger which had driven his rider thither. The road through which William escaped still retains the name of *la voie du Duc*. The local traditions and the *trouvere's* lay agree with singular accuracy; and the whole of this narrative abounds with particulars so minutely descriptive, that none but the illustrious fugitive could have told the tale."

Hubert's sons conducted the duke to Falaise; but his flight was the signal for the barons seizing the government; and then William, with an astuteness scarcely to be expected in a fierce, impetuous young ruler, not long past his twentieth year, determined—and it was a hard trial, as Sir Francis Palgrave truly remarks—to supplicate the aid of his liege lord, that lord who had already

so unjustly wrested Tilliers from him. He repaired to Poissi, and, "in the character of a vassal, the future conqueror craved his lord's aid." This was gladly given, and William, willing enough to fight under the banner of the French king, so that his vengeance might be sated, told over the chief rebels man by man. The combined forces assembled on the Val des Dunes. The fight was fierce and long, until the rebels fled in confusion, and the foaming mill-race of Bourbillon was choked with the dead. The defeat was total; and the insurgents sought mercy. "William was prudently gracious," and complete success crowned his first battle.

But William, by whom war seems to have been viewed—like his cherished sports, hawking and hunting—as a mere pastime, now turned his arms against Geoffry Martel, Count of Anjou, who had obtained possession of Alençon, and continually harassed the Norman border. He therefore besieged Alençon, "prosecuting the campaign with insulting unconcern, savoring of affectation, hawk on fist, or following the hounds, as though the country did not remain to be acquired, but was already gained." This disgusted even his own followers, many of whom still "grudge the raising of their caps to the tanner's grandson;" while the inhabitants of Alençon spread outside the walls "filthy, gore-besmeared skins, and as he drew nigh they whacked them, with, 'Plenty of work for the tanner; plenty of work for the tanner!'" William swore his great oath that dearly should they pay for this chafing insult. He stormed the outwork; he wreaked on the prisoners who fell into his hands the most atrocious tortures, and the terrified townsmen were at length compelled to capitulate.

Again there was war, and it was now between the King of France and his vassal. Many of the Norman barons had found refuge at the French court, and, instigated by them, Henry determined to expel the "pirates" from the soil of France. But William acted with his wonted caution. Although the hostile troops poured in on every side, he stood strictly on his defence. True to feudal principle, he avoided dealing the first blow; for if his liege lord struck first, then his fealty would be at an end. Still the French troops poured in, and they occupied the bourgade of Mortemer as head-quarters; and here, ere they had awakened from the drunken riot in

which they had passed the night, the Normans fired the town, and gave chase to the terrified fugitives, gaining a complete victory, which was grimly announced to the French king, then at some distance, by Roger de Toeny, who, ere dawn, climbing a tree, bade him, in rude verse, rise up from his slumber, and bury his friends, who lay dead at Mortemer. King Henry now concluded a discreditable peace with William, who returned, well pleased at the result of his second victory,—all unconscious as yet of that third and far greater victory, Hastings.

While William had thus grown up amid strife and bloodshed, his second cousin, Edward, who had sojourned in Normandy until 1040, when he was invited to England by his half-brother Hardicanute, had become ruler of that kingdom. Although in training for a saint, the feeble Confessor never seems to have been a favorite with the nation, and on the death of Hardicanute he appears to have owed his elevation to the crown chiefly to the exertions of the Earl of Wessex, Godwin, but partly also to the clearly-expressed notice from the Norman court, that if the English refused to recognize the son of Emma, they should feel the pressure of Norman power. Thus, nearly a generation before the battle of Hastings was fought, Norman influence had its weight in English politics.

The son of a Norman mother, educated in Normandy, and a dweller there throughout his early manhood, it is not surprising that Edward should have become far more Norman than English in habits and feeling, and that on his accession to the throne he should have invited over many of those who had been friends during his exile. With his Norman favorites came Norman customs. The use of their language, of their handwriting, and, what seems to have given yet more offence, Edward's adoption of "the great seal," which, after the usage of continental sovereigns, he appended to the parchments in addition to the old-accustomed Anglo-Saxon sign of the cross. This last innovation might be considered of slight moment; but Sir Francis Palgrave points out very forcibly the actual grievances which resulted from its use, inasmuch as

"The adoption of these forms gave the king an additional reason for retaining about his person the 'clerks' whom he had brought from France, and by whom all his writing

business was performed. They were his domestic chaplains and the keepers of his conscience, and, in addition to these influential functions, they were his law advisers, and also his Secretaries of State, and through them it was the custom to prefer all petitions and requests to the king. One suitor was desirous of obtaining a grant of land; another, mayhap, required a 'writ' to enable him to receive amends for an injury; a third wished to ask for leave to quarter himself and his hounds and his horses on one of the king's manors—and in such cases we cannot doubt but that Robert the Norman monk of Jumieges, or Giso the Fleming, or Ernaldus the Frenchman, would have many means of serving their own party and disappointing their adversaries; and many an honest Englishman was turned away with a hard word and a heavy heart by these Norman courtiers."

These clerks, too, were, of course, in orders, and thus they stood ready to receive the best church preferment the king could give; and thus Norman prelates filled English sees years before Hastings and the conquest. Sir Francis Palgrave, although far from unfavorable to the Normans, referring to the numbers who came over and settled in England during the Confessor's reign, remarks, "It is certain that the Norman party began to conduct themselves in such a manner as to occasion much disgust among the nation at large;" and when we find that of the few castles that then existed, some of the most important, those towards the Welsh marches, were garrisoned by French and Norman soldiers, under the command of leaders of their own nation, and that in the great towns and cities many Normans were already to be found, invited thither doubtless by the lavish encouragement proffered them by the feeble king, we shall not be surprised at the general discontent.

Probably it was the part Earl Godwin and his sons took in expressing this general feeling which led to their expulsion in 1050-1, for we find that in the latter year William, now the unchallenged and powerful Duke of Normandy, came over with a splendid following on a visit to his good cousin Edward. "Prosperity acts like a telescope, and often enables folks to bring distant relations much nearer," shrewdly remarks our author; so we shall not be guilty of any great breach of charity if we suppose that William, young, ambitious, and enterprising, did not undertake this journey purely out of natural

love and "affection toward his old aunt and kinsman. Did he begin to form any plans for the invasion of England?" Very probably he did; for while the wealth of the land invited spoilers, William could at a glance see that its strangely unprotected state, "the great towns, with few exceptions, either quite open, or fortified only by stockades or banks, or perhaps by a ruinous Roman wall," would render it an easy prey to the strong hand. How long William's visit lasted we know not. That he was most honorably received we need scarcely be told; for the court was already filled with his countrymen, and Earl Godwin and his sons were still in exile.

With the departure of William, public feeling, it would seem, expressed itself strongly; for Godwin and his sons soon afterward returned, and their case being laid before the Witenagemot, the decision was not only that they were innocent, but that they had been unjustly deprived of their earldoms. So complete indeed was the triumph of the Godwins that "all the French were declared outlaws, because it was said that they had given bad advice to the king and brought unrighteous judgments into the land." Robert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ulf, Bishop of Dorchester, fled for their lives, and only a few Normans, too obscure to awaken suspicion, were allowed to remain. It was not long after this—probably incited to it by this strong reaction of Saxon feeling—that Edward summoned "Edward the Outlaw," sole surviving son of Edmund Ironside, from Hungary, with the intention of proclaiming him heir to the crown. Hither "the Atheling," with his wife and three young children, came; but the people's gladness was speedily turned to sorrow; for ere two years passed away, he sickened and died. "Did the Atheling die a natural death?" asks Sir Francis Palgrave, hinting that "Harold gained much by this event." We think there can be little doubt that the Atheling did not; but surely, suspicion would point to William rather than to Harold. More than once before William was believed to have sent an unwelcome competitor out of the way by poison, while against Harold no such charge was ever made. Fierce and unscrupulous as were Earl Godwin and his sons, theirs was always open violence, not the stealthy administration of what has been shrewdly called "the powder of succession." What seems to us to throw

strong suspicion on William is, that if Harold gained aught by the death of the Atheling, William certainly gained more; for the Norman historians declare that immediately on his death, Edward nominated the Duke of Normandy as his heir. That the king did so we see no reason for denying, although that he sent Harold over with the welcome message, and that Harold did homage to his future sovereign, may, we think, be classed among those convenient fictions which writers of "court history" always have at their command. Suspicion, indeed, is cast on the assertion, as the author of "Revolutions in English History" truly says, by the circumstance that "the three earls named by William as having been present when the King of England made this promise were all persons who were no longer living;" while the reference to the Bayeux tapestry—that most valuable record, not of history, but of life and manners—is certainly worthless. The whole series is a pictorial narrative of the conquest of England from the Norman stand-point. "It may be," as the same author remarks, "an authority about the armor or the "costume of those times—it is no authority in relation to history."*

Edward survived five or six years. We have little information respecting these years; but the Godwin family still held almost supreme power, and the feeble king seems to have wholly employed his last days in expediting the completion of Westminster Abbey. These were not "go ahead" times, but still the reader may be surprised to learn that nearly twenty years were employed on it. The work was meditated by Edward almost from the time of his accession to the throne, in lieu of a pilgrimage which he had vowed to make to the tomb of St. Peter, at Rome; it was finished at the close of 1065, and the last Christmas festival that the Confessor celebrated was marked by the consecration of St. Peter's Minster. Built by Norman architects at immense expense, "framed," as Malmesbury records, "with courses of stone, so correctly laid that the joint deceives the eye, and leads it to imagine it is all one

* Sir Francis Palgrave remarks that the incidents of Harold's being tempest-tossed on Ponthieu, seized by Count Guido, and liberated from him at William's order, are very apocryphal: while the dramatic circumstances of Harold's "oath on concealed relics are totally unknown to the earlier and only trustworthy annalists."

block," the king, doubtless, looked around with pride on his votive abbey that Holy Innocents' day when the chant was first raised within its walls. But he was removed from thence to his bed, and within ten days was laid to rest there, bequeathing that fatal legacy to the land,—a disputed succession.

"Upon the death of Edward there were three claimants to the crown,—his good cousin William of Normandy, his good brother-in-law Harold, each of whom founded their pretensions upon the real or supposed device of the late king, and Edgar Atheling, the son of Edward the Outlaw, who ought to have stood on firmer ground; for if kindred had any weight, he was the real heir, the lineal descendant of Ironside, and the only male now left of the house of Cerdic."

The tender age of Edgar seems, however, from the first to have rendered his pretensions very subordinate, and the conflict was between William and Harold. It certainly appears that Edward had aroused the hopes of both these competitors, and although it may be difficult to reconcile the different statements, yet, "taken altogether," Sir Francis Palgrave truly remarks, "the circumstances are exactly such as we meet with in private life."

"The childless owner of a large estate, at first leaves his property to his cousin on the mother's side, from whose connections he has received much kindness. He advances in age, and alters his intentions in favor of a nephew on the father's side,—an amiable young man living abroad. The young heir comes, is received with great affection, and is suddenly cut off by illness. The testator then returns to his will in favor of his cousin who resides abroad. His acute and active brother-in-law has taken the management of his affairs, is well informed of this will, and when the testator is on his death-bed, he contrives to tease and persuade the dying man to alter the will again in his favor. There can be no difficulty in admitting that the conflicting pretensions of William and Harold were grounded on the acts emanating from a wandering and feeble mind. If such disputes take place between private individuals, they are decided by a court of justice; but if they concern a kingdom, they can only be settled by the sword."

And swiftly was the appeal to the sword resorted to. Harold had the advantage of being on the spot; and "on the very day that Edward was laid in his grave, he prevailed upon, or compelled, the prelates and

nobles assembled at Westminster, to accept him as king." "A man of mature age, in full vigor of body and mind, possessing great influence and great wealth," it is not surprising that with many he should be popular; but by many he was not recognized as king, while from the slowness of communication between different parts of the country, the more remote districts could scarcely have been made acquainted with the death of the late king, certainly not with the succession of the new. Harold, however, forthwith began to exercise the functions of government, and he is stated to have shown prudence and courage, together with a strict regard to the due administration of justice.

Swiftly flew the news to his rival. William was hunting with a noble train in the park of Rouen, when a "sergeant," from England, hastened into his presence with the startling news. The bow dropped from William's hand; he hastily returned home; and Wace naively and most minutely tells us how nervously he

"Oft his mantle tied, and then
Untied, then tied it swift again;
Nor would he speak to any one—
To speak or question *him* dared none;
Then in a boat the Seine he passed,
And to his castle hurried fast;
And down on the first bench sat he,
From time to time right hastily,
Turning quick round; then o'er his face
His mantle cast, then changed his place,
And on a ledge his head he laid,
While all around him stood afraid,
And marvelled what this might be."

"Sirs," said the seneschal, "ye will soon know the cause of this." William now aroused himself, and he agreed with Osbern the Bold that the first step would be to require Harold to surrender the inheritance, and perform the duty he owed to him as his sovereign. To this message Harold returned a haughty reply, and each prepared for battle.

Unfortunately for Harold, while Duke William was intimately acquainted with the strength and the weakness of England, he scarcely knew the resources of his adversary. Normandy had now for some years past been rapidly rising in power and influence. William's marriage with Matilda, the daughter of Baudouin de Lisle, the Count of Flanders, a few years before, had greatly added to his *prestige*; while the firm but wise rule which he maintained had drawn around him a loyal and active nobility, firm in allegiance

to him, and at the same time, true to their hereditary tendencies, ready to avail themselves of any opportunity for aggrandizement which circumstances might offer. Thus, from the very period of Harold's defiance, William stood on vantage ground. Whatever the number of men he could bring into the field, they were all one in mind,—one alike in allegiance to their ruler, and one in hopes of reward; while Harold could only depend on a portion of his subjects, and could hold out no promise of advantage, more than would result from success in a strictly defensive warfare. It is probable that this portion of the third volume would have been largely amplified, had the author's life been longer spared; otherwise it is difficult to account for the affairs of England during the eventful summer of 1066 being so completely passed over, and merely two or three lines of reference devoted to the important battle of Stamford Bridge. Now the case was, that, during the summer, Harold mustered his forces, and took his station at the Isle of Wight; but his troops became weary of the long waiting; provisions were with difficulty obtained, and Harold, probably believing the invasion would be postponed to the next spring, actually disbanded his army and returned to London. It was then he received intelligence that his brother Tostig together with Harold Hardrada, had landed in the north, prepared to contest the kingdom; and again had Harold, even as yet scarcely settled as king, to raise forces to repel this new and unlooked-for invasion.

Meanwhile, William by lavish promises had assembled all his nobility, and had also invited adventurers from Brittany and Poitou, and Maine and Flanders, to join his standard; nor, although holding ecclesiastical power in little respect, did he neglect to supplicate the sanction of the pope, who transmitted to him the gonfanon of St. Peter, and a precious ring, in which a relic of the chief of the apostles was enclosed. William's excuses for the prosecution of this war were, as Sir Francis Palgrave says, futile enough, "yet the color of right, which William endeavored to obtain, shows a degree of deference to public opinion, and that, at all events, supposing Edward's bequest might be disputed, he was justified in his attempt by good conscience and honor." The number of vessels assembled by William is uncertain. Maistre Wace

relates that he often heard his father say, they were six hundred and ninety-six, but that others calculated them at three thousand; this could only have been by including even the smallest craft. And in baleful splendour did the fatal armament set forth from the mouth of the Dive, on the eve of St. Michael. The well-appointed fleet, gay with painted sides and parti-colored sails, and William's own vessel, the gift of Matilda, "the crimson sails swelling to the wind, the gilded vanes glittering in the sun, at the head of the ship the effigy of a child, armed with a bow and arrow, ready to discharge his shaft against the hostile shore," and its saintly banner waving aloft, led the way.

"As the vessels approached, and as the masts rose higher and higher on the horizon, the peasantry who dwelt on the coast, and who had congregated on the cliffs, gazed with the utmost alarm at the hostile vessels, which, as they well knew, were drawing near for the conquest of England, portended by that fearful comet blazing in the sky. The alarm spread; and one of the few thanes who were left in the shire of the South Saxons, galloped up to a rising ground to survey. The thane saw the boats pushing through the surf, glittering with shields and spears; in others stood war-horses, neighing and pawing. Now followed the archers, closely shorn, and arrayed in light and unencumbered garb; each held his long bow strung for the fight in his hand, and by his side hung the quiver, filled with those cloth-yard shafts, which, in process of time, became the favorite and national weapon of the yeomanry of England. . . . The archers leap out of the boats, and disperse themselves on the shore. The knights are now seen carefully and heavily treading along the planks, each covered with his haubergeon of mail, his helmet laced, the shield well strengthened with radiating bars of iron, depending from his neck, his sword borne by his attendant esquire. The gleaming, steel-clad multitude cover the shingly beach in apparent disorder; but, in a few moments, each warrior is mounted on his steed. Banners, pennons, and pennoncelles are raised; the troops form into squadrons, and advance upon the land, which they already claim as their possession. Boat after boat poured out the soldiery of the various nations and races assembled under the banners of William; and lastly, came the pioneers with their sharp axes."

Such was the scene, thus graphically presented to us, which met the startled eye of

the thane that eventful evening. William chose at once his place of encampment; "before nightfall the Norman chief would be entirely secured from surprise." So the thane turned his horse's head, and riding night and day, he neither tarried nor rested until he reached the city of York, and found Harold—the victory of Stamford Bridge having been gained the day before—"banqueting in festal triumph," and Sir Francis Palgrave adds, very unjustly, we think, "with hands embued in the blood of a brother." Now, although Tostig, as well as Harold Hardrada, lost his life in this decisive battle, it must be borne in mind that he was the aggressor; that Harold proffered him Northumbria, and that only on his refusal to accept any conditions of peace, was the battle fought.

On receiving the news, Harold immediately marched southward; but it must have been with many a foreboding that he prepared for the great contest. It has been very easy for historians, both French and English, to talk about the sluggish Saxons and the warlike and gallant Normans; but the slightest glance at the situation of the respective armies will show that while everything favored the invaders, seldom, indeed, has a defending army entered the battle-field at greater disadvantage. William had a well-trained army on whom he could thoroughly rely, and who were animated by hopes of plunder; they had landed without opposition, and, moreover, had enjoyed a full fortnight's interval of rest. Harold, although at the head of many tried warriors, had also lost many in his last battle, and their place was ill-supplied by the peasantry, who might flock willingly enough to his banner, but who, armed with the rudest weapons, were no match for the well-armed invaders, while more still, the chief portion of this army was exhausted by a long and toilsome march from the confines of Yorkshire to London, and from thence, with scarcely an interval of rest, to the coast of Sussex. Even superstition did its part against them. The Norman invaders boasted the sanction of the chief ruler of Christendom, and the consecrated banner of St. Peter floated over their leader's tent. But the Saxons were condemned to fight under the papal ban, while, yet more to increase their dismay, overhead was that blazing star, sure prognostic of change of dynasty.

Still Harold bore himself bravely, nor can

we perceive aught of that "obstinate, self-willed determination, which leads the sinner on to his fate," in any of his arrangements. Ere quitting London, he paid a visit to Waltham, and offered his orisons at the altar, and the monks endeavored to cheer the hearts of his followers by the assertion that the crucifix bowed its head; but still the presentiment of evil was too strong to be overcome by that fancied portent. Sir Francis Palgrave, who relies very implicitly—too implicitly here, we think—on the Norman chronicles, relates the story of Gurth urging his brother to delay giving battle; he also refers to the negotiations said to have passed between the competitors, remarking that fear prevailed in both camps. The narrative of the different manner in which the night before the battle was passed by the respective armies, the drunken carousals of the Saxons* and the religious exercises of the Normans, is also told, but not as though they were the mere assertions of chroniclers anxious to throw discredit on the losing side, but as incontrovertible facts. It is certainly strange enough that we should never be told of William and his followers being seized with so exemplary a fit of devotion, except on the eve of the battle of Hastings.

On the 14th of October, 1066, this decisive battle was fought.† Long and fierce was the strife; from nine in the morning until sunset, Saxon stood against Norman in deadly conflict, and but for the chance shaft that gave him his death-wound, victory might have been on the side of Harold. Still his followers rallied round his standard, at the foot of which he was laid, when William dashed through, followed by a desperate band

* Maistre Wace, who gives the details of this battle at great length, also tells us that the night was spent in riot. His words are very curious. They cried "Weissel," he says,—

"E laticome e drincheheil,—
Drinc hind Ewart, e drinc com,
Drinc Elf, e drinc Thom."

This evidently is intended for the English of that day. "Let him come," spoken in defiance of William, would easily be turned into "Laticome," while the next couplet almost translates itself. He also tells us that their battle-cry was "Olicross," doubtless in honor of Harold's favorite Abbey of the Holy Cross, at Waltham. Perhaps, too, there was some recognition of the fancied miracle of the crucifix.

† We regret we cannot insert Sir Francis Palgrave's graphic account; but it is far too long. In "Revolutions in English History" an excellent narrative of this battle will also be found.

determined to win or die. "Gurth was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear; he fell by the falchion of William; the English banner was cast down, and the gonfanon planted in its place announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror." But not even then would the Saxons surrender. Still, even after nightfall, the conflict in more remote parts continued, for "wherever they could make a stand they resisted, and the Normans confess that the great preponderance of their force alone enabled them to obtain the victory." A hardly-won field was that of Hastings, honorable to Saxon prowess and to Saxon endurance, even their foemen being witnesses. Surely, we may at length cease to iterate that parrot phrase, "The disgraceful battle of Hastings." Surely, men who stood so steadfastly during that long day, never yielding, never attempting flight, but like their descendants on many a hard-fought field, like their descendants of yesterday, the devoted "six hundred," felt that their sole duty was "to do and die," should at least receive a tribute of sympathy from Englishmen.

Sanguinary as was this battle, and complete as was the victory, had Harold survived, it might have ranked but as the first of a series of conflicts between Saxon and Norman power; but with the death of the leader, all hope of rallying the remains of his army, or of supplying new forces, vanished. Still, England was not as yet at the feet of the conqueror. His victory at most only gave him supremacy in Wessex. In Mercia were the powerful brothers Edwin and Morcar, supported by a large army; and it appears—although the details are very obscure—that on their advancing to London one of them sought to obtain the throne. But Edgar the Atheling was there,—a little child, indeed, but who, as the sole descendant of the line Cerdic, had the sole *hereditary* claim to the crown, and "infant as he was, he was therefore proclaimed Basileus of England, by the authority of the rectores and potentes then in the city." Meanwhile, William proceeded against Romney, which he took; then to Dover, and from thence to Canterbury, which "gave the bad precedent of being the first community which had made a formal submission of their own free will, and unenforced by the sword." William now advanced till within a day's march of London,

and here, just below the reach of Greenhithe, the memorable meeting with the Kentish men took place. "The poetry in this tradition must not induce us to reject its substantive truth. Indeed, taking the transactions at the wood of "Swanscombe at their lowest value, they fully evidence the main fact, that the Kentish men, having awed the conqueror into an unwilling pacification, received from the beginning a greater share of indulgence." What might not have been the result had other parts of the kingdom stood out as firmly?

London was next to be reduced, and a detachment of William's army was sent to begin the siege, while he passed across the country to Winchester, which, as the city assigned in dowry to Editha, the widow of the Confessor, he treated with respect, merely requiring the citizens to render fealty. The siege of London was now commenced in good earnest. Barking on the east, and the Palace of Westminster on the west, were the two stations occupied by his troops; and "catapult and balista cast their showers upon the dwellings; and the old Roman walls, ascribed to Julius Cæsar or to Constantine, shook before the repeated blows of the battering rams." But so strong was the city that it defied the attack; while the gallant troops within—*not only the citizens, but "those men of renown, the northern thanes, the men of Anglo-Danish race—would not speak of surrender.* But William had other means at hand: he seems to have been ere long convinced that intrigue would answer better than open warfare; so he entered into negotiation with a citizen of great influence, one Ansgard, who with fair words and fairer promises, so urged upon the fathers of the city the ills that would arise from an infant ruler, and the necessity of the supreme power being in the hands of one, "wise as Solomon, bountiful as Charlemagne, ready in fight as the great Alexander," that all opposition was withdrawn. Edwin and Morcar were among the first to give in their adhesion; Aldred, Archbishop of York, and Wolfstan, Bishop of Worcester, followed; while the deputation appointed to bear their homage and the keys of the city to their Norman ruler, bore with them—*more important pledge than all beside—the little Atheling; who had been so lately recognized as their king.*

London, on the whole, did well by this

submission. William was evidently most anxious to obtain possession of the chief Mercian city; and he forthwith granted that precious charter, so short but so comprehensive,—that little slip of parchment, which, "still perfect as on the day when the pen passed upon it, can lie within the palm of your hand, but contains within its brief compass all that the citizens could or can require." How few of the inhabitants of London are aware, that "they alone, of all the burgher communities in England, nay, of all the municipalities in Christendom," have retained until the present day all the rights and all the freedom which William the Conqueror secured to them eight hundred years ago! William, indeed, on many occasions seems to have treated the Londoners with marked favor. Even when building the Tower of London, "it is remarkable that, yielding either to respect for the rights of that powerful and unruly and jealous community, or to apprehension of the indignation which he might excite by their infringement, he encroached as little as possible upon the city ground;" and thus, while on the Middlesex side the authority of the royal constable extended over all the adjoining hamlets, his jurisdiction on the city side does not extend beyond the very gates. The Castle of Falaise, where William was born, was, it appears, the model for the White Tower, the only portion of the structure which was erected in his time.

Wessex was now subdued; Mercia, in the name of her chief city, had proffered fealty; it remained now but for William to be crowned to become *de jure*, Edward the Confessor's successor. This recommendation certainly proceeded first from his Saxon subjects, and it has been questioned whether "the corruption of his gifts, or the terror excited by his power," was the motive of this apparently most unworthy and slavish request. "Yet," asks Sir Francis Palgrave, "are such representations correct? do they not rather exhibit the prepossession of the modern writer than the facts and the feelings of the eleventh century?" and he proceeds very suggestively to point out the absolute importance of the "sworn king, the anointed king, the crowned king," in those days.

"Our feeling with regard to the royal authority is very different to that which then prevailed. With us, royalty is the

realization of a theory, with the Anglo-Saxons, royalty was a necessity. Without a king, the body politic was paralyzed. . . . Rarely delegating his powers to others, no veil of etiquette, no train of attendants, no mist of forms and ceremonies concealed the sovereign from his people. His hall was open; the king presided in his own court, listened to the complaints of his people on the throne, at the gate, beneath the tree, commanded his own soldiers, pronounced sentence on the traitor, spoke out his favors, invested his prelates, opened his own purse with his own hands. All the active powers of the Commonwealth sprung from the very person of the king, as the visible centre of unity,—the centre around which every sphere revolved. . . . The closest approximation to the condition of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth wanting a king, may be attained by considering what would have been the state of England, if, upon the abdication of James, William of Orange had not proceeded to take possession of the throne; and Parliament repudiating the Stuarts, yet not daring to supply the royal authority by any power of their own, or by any fiction of law, an absolute interregnum had ensued. What, then, would have been the state of England? All the branches of public and national administration and jurisdiction would have come to an end. . . . It is well known how strongly the feeling in favor of a king prevailed in England during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and how much they contributed towards the restoration of the monarchy. Had Cromwell boldly acceded to the humble petition and advice, England would never have seen Charles Stuart on the throne. So innate and inveterate was the opinion that no republican lawyer, Daniel Axtell himself, could ever well understand how it was possible to arrest John Doe unless by the king's writ of *capias*, or to imprison the petty larcener unless the offence was duly laid in the indictment, as a breach of the king's peace and against his crown and dignity."

But more important still, the Anglo-Saxon king, like all his successors, was "a responsible functionary." No notion had our Saxon forefathers of "the right divine of kings;" and thus in calling upon William to take the crown, they actually called upon him to pledge himself that he would rule according to the established laws of the kingdom,—in effect, to exchange his position as the victor of Hastings for that of the monarch sworn on the Holy Gospels, "to hold true peace, and forbid stoutrife and injustice to all." William, it is said, hesitated; if so, it was

merely after the "*nolo episcopari*" form; for his hesitation soon gave way. His Norman barons vehemently urged him; for shrewd reasoners were they. William had promised them land and fee in England. "If he made his grants to them without any definition of his own authority, without any certain law, they would have no law to defend them. Duke William was almost a despot in Normandy; what would he be if ruling as victor in England?"

The coronation took place at Christmas, the same year, in the Abbey of Westminster. Aldred, Archbishop of York, performed the office; but when presenting William to the multitude, and asking them in their own English tongue, after the customary form, if they acknowledged him as their king, loud shouts burst forth. The Norman soldiery withoutside, ignorant of their import, or purposely misconstruing them, assumed they were the tokens of insurrection, and fired the adjoining buildings. The flames were quickly seen within the Abbey; the crowd rushed out; but still, amidst this alarm, the service proceeded. William was anointed with the holy oil; he kissed the golden cross, and laid his hand on the Gospel book,—that very book which may still be seen in the British Museum; but it was with a faltering voice he pronounced the threefold oath; for "William himself, who never before had known apprehension, now trembled with very fear; and thus was the diadem placed upon his head by Aldred. The victor of Hastings was agued with terror when receiving his prize."

We have no account of a coronation feast, for William seems to have quitted Westminster at once for Barking; and there, pursuing "the tall deer" in the wide forest of Essex, and in superintending the foundations of the Tower, he sought to forget the evil omen that had accompanied his recognition as king. But the tale spread through the length and breadth of the land, and deep were the curses breathed against Norman fraud and cruelty, and stern were the vows of revenge. The unhappy mischance was accepted as a prophecy of evil, and "it was permitted to work its accomplishment." But William had other anxieties. His rapacious followers had been promised lands or gifts; but how should he reward them all? He was not now the successful invader, able to divide the conquered land at his will, but

the king of the land, sworn to do justice, and to see justice done. And then Denmark had sent a message of defiance, bidding him do homage for his lately-gained kingdom; and well did he know that all along the eastern coast there was a Danish population ready to take part with the invaders, while even in the midland counties few of the cities had proffered even a reluctant submission. Truly William, even thus early, was doomed to pay the penalty of his ambition.

Quickly perceiving that want of energy had been the fatal error of the Anglo-Saxon kings, William determined to show his new subjects the benefits of a vigorous rule. He, therefore, in the spring, made his first progress, "extending from Oxford to the Humber, but yet including large districts which retained a species of virtual independence;" and all along his line of march his soldiery were restrained from all violence,—not even food being allowed to be taken from the householders against their will. All law-breakers were sternly dealt with, robbers especially; and according to the testimony of the Saxons themselves, the Watling Street and Ikenild Street could offer the same security as that enjoyed by the mythic Irish damsel, when, with gems "rich and rare," and a bright gold ring, she journeyed safely along. William, at the same time, began the custom of celebrating the three great church festivals in the three chief cities of his threefold kingdom, Wessex, Mercia, and Danelagh, and of then solemnly "wearing his crown." Nor was this a mere matter of state; for, according to the Anglo-Saxon constitution, all remedial jurisdiction was annexed to the person of the king. Thus the regal crown, like the ermined robe of the judge, was the visible sign that the supreme dispenser of justice and mercy was present, to hear the plaint and redress the wrong.

The undefended state of the kingdom next claimed William's attention; and under his directions strong castles were commenced in various parts. The protection of the coast, especially the south-eastern, and the necessity of providing for retreat, in case of adverse fortune, also engaged his attention; and the measures he took were singularly efficient. Sir Francis Palgrave points to Sussex, and observes, that "the territorial division there differs altogether from that which prevails elsewhere in England. Instead of the "hun-

dred" we find the "rape;" and this word refers to the custom of the Normans of dividing land, not by any natural boundaries, but by actual measurement by the rope.

"Now this is the process which William effected in Sussex: the county is divided into six districts, extending down from the northern border, each possessing a frontage towards the sea, each affording a ready communication with Normandy, and constituting, as it were, six military high-roads to William's paternal duchy. Sussex sustained this great territorial alteration alone, being dealt with, from the first moment, entirely as a conquered territory."

To satisfy the claims of some, at least, of his greedy followers, was William's next task; and for this the enormous extent of land possessed by the Godwin family offered a welcome facility. As king, he had a right to the lands of all traitors who had borne arms against him, and the estates of Harold and his brothers thus of course became available. The lands of those who fought and fell at Hastings, too, were also forfeited, and these altogether "gave him an enormous fund, so to speak, to draw upon." It is important, however, to remark, that, in becoming the possessor of English land, the Norman was compelled to hold it precisely by the accustomed English tenures. Thus, the same relief the Saxon earl had been wont to pay, was to be exacted from the Norman owner. The Danegeld was to be paid, as of old, two shillings for each hide of land; while, in case of any legal proceedings, these were to be conducted, "as the land was *tempore regis Edwardi*, nothing less and nothing more." The villein also was not permitted to be removed from his land. Thus, in his first arrangements, William was evidently anxious to preserve a *show* of justice. His last act was the foundation and endowment of Battle Abbey; and then, having appointed justiciars, he passed over to Normandy with a numerous train, among whom were the brothers Edwin and Morcar, Agelnoth "the Satrap," and Earl Waltheof, invited as honored guests, but in fact prisoners and hostages.

William's return to Normandy, and his progress through various parts, were attended with all the magnificence of a triumphal procession. Indeed, this first visit to his duchy may be viewed as the culminating point of his prosperity. "He was enjoying the first fresh pleasure of success, as yet

unalloyed by its inevitable chastening."

William kept his Paschal feast at Fécamp; and hither, summoned by lavish invitations, came a host of Bretons and Flemings, together with numerous French nobles, to gaze upon the rich spoils taken from the treasury of the English kings,—the garments of exquisite broidery, the cups, the horns, the bracelets and coronals,—all of surpassing beauty, and all the work of English hands. And well might they look wonderingly upon these; for the cup of English workmanship and the mantle embroidered by the English maiden were gifts, even at this time, for kings to offer, and for the pontiff himself to receive. The high value of the spoils, too, excited their wonder. "More wealth has the duke brought from England," said they, "than could be found in thrice the extent of Gaul." But, above all, upon the rare beauty of the Saxon youth they gazed with astonishment; the soft silken hair, the delicate features, the complexion, so exquisite in its blended red and white, awakened, as William of Poitou tells us, even more admiration than all these priceless treasures.*

William remained in Normandy nine months; he wished to bring Matilda with him, that she might be crowned queen of England; but news of the ill-conduct of his justiciars, Fitz-Osbern and Odo, reached him, and hastened his return; for he found that their outrageous tyranny and injustice had driven the people to revolt. The west of England and Kent had already thrown off the yoke, and in the north, assistance from Denmark was supplicated and promised. William proceeded into the west and subdued Exeter; and at Pentecost he caused Matilda

to be crowned with much splendor at Westminster. Ere the close of the year, Henry, his youngest son, was born,—the son who, either from his superior abilities, or from the greater care bestowed on his education, for Lanfranc was his instructor, gained the title of Beaulere. We may remark here that the stern conqueror was an excellent husband and father. From his wife he received the affection which was justly his due; but his sons, almost from their boyhood, were doomed to become the source of his keenest sorrow.

The reduction of Exeter established tranquillity in Wessex; but the north rose in open revolt, under the brothers Edwin and Morcar, who had now quitted the court, and Waltheof, that powerful earl, had joined them. William advanced against them with his accustomed success, and Edwin and Morcar yielded a compulsory submission. Onward he proceeded to Nottingham, causing there a strong castle to be built, as he had done at Warwick, and from thence to York, where an even stronger citadel arose within the city walls. These manifestations of quiet strength seem to have had their intended effect upon a people whose defences were of the simplest kind; as Sir Francis Palgrave remarks so graphically,—

"Each tall square dungeon tower, with its fresh walls, harshly and coldly glittering in the sun, standing upon the ground of the habitations which had been demolished, and the gardens and homesteads which had been wasted to give a site to the fortress in the midst of the people, bespoke the stern determination of the sovereign. They were trophies of the conquest in the strictest sense of the term; warning, threatening the native race."

* With this incontrovertible testimony of a Norman, and an eye-witness, before them, it is strange that any writers should think of claiming such vast superiority for the Norman race. The Saxons were evidently viewed by them as far superior in the arts of civilization; they seem to have been looked upon much as the Roman captives must have been by the brave but uncivilized Goths, and the spoils of England with much the same wonder as those from Rome or Byzantium. To the great beauty of the English during the whole of the Middle Ages, we have abundant testimony, both of the illuminated manuscript and the monumental effigy, beside the remarks of the *trouvères*, who repeatedly characterize them as "most fair." The graceful bearing, too, of the female figure has often struck us, in turning over Saxon manuscripts. The drawing is rude enough; the proportions often extravagant; but the *pose*, and especially the turn of the head, have a grace that is almost classical.

But though overawed, England was not at the end of three years won. It was said that a plot was laid for a general massacre of the Normans; most probably this was but a pretence to justify the severer measures which, from henceforward, William seemed determined to adopt; for doubtless the stern conqueror, whose will had always been law to his followers, must have chafed with rage to find a people, whom he likely enough considered as thoroughly subdued at Hastings, openly defying his power three years after the crown had been placed on his head as their king. Imprisonments, spoliations, executions, followed, and William again, though in the depth of

winter, set forth for the north, where the Atheling had been proclaimed king, and where a large Danish force was shortly expected to land. The contest was carried on with changeful success; but on reaching Durham the Norman army was seized with a panic, caused by the thick darkness that overspread their path, which was attributed to St. Cuthbert's anger, and William was compelled to return to Winchester. Ere long the Danes landed in Suffolk; they proceeded to York, welcomed right heartily by the whole country, and ere long, "excepting the tall dungeon-keep upon which William Mallet still unfurled the Norman banner, the whole of Northumbria was again lost to the Norman king." William delayed his measures; he was in Mercia suppressing another insurrection on the borders of the Welsh marches, but after a battle in which he defeated the insurgents, he set forth again for the north. At Pontefract he continued long; it was said the waters were out and the army could not pass over; but William was engaged in negotiations with the treacherous Danes, and ere long they departed, laden with English gold, leaving their too credulous allies to the vengeance of a conqueror who never knew pity. It was then that William, always "a stern ruler and a pitiless warrior," determined to waste the whole country between York and Durham, a course entirely unprecedented, a crime of which "the heathen themselves, Dane, or Goth, or Vandal, had never committed."

"On every side the horizon was filled with smoke and smouldering flame, the growing crops were burned upon the field, the stores in the garner, the cattle houghed and killed to feed the crow. All that had been given for the support and sustenance of life was wasted and spoiled. All the habitations were razed; all the edifices that could give shelter to the people were levelled with the ground; wandering and dispersed, the miserable inhabitants endeavored to support life even by devouring the filthy vermin and the decaying carcass. Direful pestilence of course ensued. The same devastations were extended far beyond the Humber, and during nine years subsequent, the whole tract between York and Durham continued idle and untilled."

It is not surprising that, with this authentic tale of unexampled cruelty, our forefathers should have given a ready credence to

the apocryphal story of the New Forest; but we are surprised to find Sir Francis Palgrave alluding to it as an historical fact; for not only is the tale unknown to every contemporary chronicler, but, as we lately remarked (No. LXXV.), the very character of the land proves that it never could have been cultivated. From the earliest times the barren soil was incapable of producing a single ear of corn; how, then, could flourishing villages have been there?

William kept his Christmas at York in grim and gloomy state, and he solemnly wore his crown as King of Northumbria. It was then he made donations to his followers of the greater part of Yorkshire,—mostly the possessions of Edwin and Morcar,—and then again set forth to suppress the formidable revolt in the Fens. But he was to meet with sterner opposition than he had yet encountered. Meanwhile, worn out by their toilsome marches, his foreign troops refused to proceed. By threats and promises, William, however, succeeded in persuading them, while his iron strength enabled him to set an example by being foremost to climb the rock, or to try the marsh, sometimes even walking if his horse failed. Still the Fens held out, for hither Edwin and Morcar had retreated; but the great leader of this rising was Hereward the Outlaw, nephew of the Abbot of Peterborough, that true-hearted Englishman whose name was a cherished household word in many an upland homestead until the fame of the Saxon outlaw became dim in the wider renown of the brave and gentle outlaw of merry Sherwood. A pleasant and stirring tale is that "Geste of Hereward," an almost contemporary narrative, and we have little doubt, on the whole, authentic. It is like a gleam of sunshine in the midst of darkness and tempest to turn from the chronicles so filled with the records of William's cruel tyranny to the story of the gallant bands in the Isle of Ely,—how from their marsh-girdled fastness they defied force after force arrayed against them,—how for long months they kept the fierce conqueror at bay, nor even when those hapless brothers fell—Morcar, cruelly betrayed into his victor's power, and Edwin so foully assassinated—did Hereward yield. He still flung defiance to the armed host that had lingered on the borders of those treacherous marshes, and when at length the gallant band yielded, not to supe-

rior valor, but to starvation, he alone never did homage to the conqueror.

The great Saxon nobles were now all slain or imprisoned, except Waltheof, who, having married William's niece, was restored to favor, and to his former rank as Earl of Northumbria; but although eight years had now passed since Hastings, William was still in danger of losing the kingdom he had won at such a fearful cost of bloodshed and crime. He had depopulated and wasted wide tracts of land, and now his very followers, on whom he had bestowed so much, clamored at the injustice of repaying their services with sterile fields; he had imposed heavy taxes on the land, and the Norman landholder felt this as a heavy grievance, even a wrong. So they leagued together against him, and at the bridal feast of Guader, Earl of East Anglia, met together to mature their plans. With deep cunning, hither they invited Waltheof, and hither he unwittingly came. It seems doubtful whether he took part in their counsels; but he was present when treason was planned. He, however, repented his complicity, and took counsel of Lanfranc, who urged him to seek the king. Waltheof passed over to Normandy; but William received him sternly, and proffered no forgiveness, for his perfidious wife had already accused him of active participation. Meanwhile the Norman insurgents advanced into the west, and also toward London; but such was the hatred the Saxons bore toward them, that they heartily coöperated with the king's troops. Guader the chief, completely defeated, escaped to Denmark; the others fled or were captured, and when William wore his crown at the following Christmas, it was as judge in his high court of justice pronouncing their sentences.

Savage were the punishments inflicted by the king upon the meaner criminals; but as imprisonment had been the severest doom pronounced on the leaders who had not found safety in flight, a milder sentence was anticipated for the Saxon earl, who had certainly taken no part in the actual treason. But the rapacious nobles hungered for his broad lands; perhaps they found a savage pleasure in the thought of the last of the Saxon thanes dying on a scaffold. The council, however, could not agree, and he was therefore committed a prisoner to the Castle of Winchester. But although the prison doors might

open to a Norman, against the Saxon they were closed for more than a twelvemonth, and Waltheof passed his time in devotion, not improbably expecting his fate. And then arose reports that a rescue was intended,—a convenient plea for those who for so many months had hungered for his broad lands; so,—

"Very early in the chill gray of the dawning morn, was Waltheof brought forth upon the rising ground beside Winchester, where the church of St. Giles afterward stood. He knelt before the block, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer; but before he could complete the petition '*ne nos inducas in tentationem*,' the sword of the headsman swung, and when the citizens were coming forth to their daily labors, the train of priests and headsmen returning told them the fate of the lost Saxon earl."

William, in this cruel murder of Waltheof, seems to have filled up the measure of his crimes against the Saxon race. But, crushed down as they were, he was compelled to yield to their voice, and allow the body—insultingly buried at the foot of the scaffold—to be reverently conveyed to Croyland, with procession and chant, and there placed beneath a stately tomb in the chapter-house. And thither crowds repaired, with blessings on his memory, and curses upon the ruthless king; and far and wide among the Anglo-Danish population over whom he had ruled was that rude lament sung, a fragment only of which remains to us:—

"William came o'er the sea;
A cruel man was he.
Cold heart and bloody hand
Now rule in English land.

"Earl Waltheof he slew,—
Waltheof, the bold and true.
Cold heart and bloody hand
Now rule in English land."

A strange retributive justice seemed to track the king, even from the day he decreed Earl Waltheof's death. Never again during the remainder of his reign did he enjoy peace; never did he prosper. The Danes again entered the Humber, plundered York, and sailed away with the spoil. Brittany took up arms against Normandy, and when William advanced against the duke, he was repulsed, leaving stores and treasures behind him. But worse, his eldest son, Robert, a youth already distinguished by most profligate habits, and a most unnatural hatred toward his brothers, now claimed the duchy of Nor-

mandy, and ere long sought to take up arms against his own father, aided by many of the discontented nobles. But Robert had not wealth at command to maintain his followers; so he quitted Normandy, wandering from court to court, abusing his father, and seeking to excite public opinion against him, for nearly three years, all the time depending on the surreptitious supplies his doating mother could send him. At length he received from the French king the castle of Gerberoi, and from thence he menaced Normandy. William laid siege to the castle; he actually fought in person among the besiegers, and he engaged in single conflict with a knight who wounded him. His cry of anguish stayed his foe's hand; for it was father and son engaged in deadly combat! Defeated, humbled, chafing with grief and anger, the conqueror of Hastings "retreated from the single donjon tower of Gerberoi." A reconciliation was now attempted, in which the pope took part; peace was concluded, but William was compelled again to confirm the reversion of Normandy to the son who had borne arms against him. He gave the required promise, but he sealed it with a fatal curse, "and the father's ban was fulfilled in the child's destruction."

No peace in his family, no peace in England, was there for the conqueror. Waltheof's northern possessions became a curse to whoever held them. All the territory of St. Cuthbert was in arms, and robbery and murder even of the bishop followed. The Scottish king advanced as far as the Tyne, and rich spoils rewarded his successful raid, while Denmark stood meditating a new invasion. Weighed down with sorrow, William returned to England with the only companion who really loved him, Matilda, but who was now fast sinking into the grave. Meanwhile the mysterious conduct of his half-brother, Odo,—now almost the only one remaining of his early counsellors,—awakened his anxiety. Whether Odo had ever thought of really seizing the kingdom is very uncertain, but that he contemplated attaining the papacy seems likely. Perhaps William equally feared either. He caused him to be seized when crossing over with troops to Normandy, and placed on his trial. Odo claimed the privileges of the church, but William rejected the appeal. "I judge not the bishop," said he, "but my accountant and minister."

Odo was consigned to harsh captivity in the castle of Rouen; but, released from anxiety on his account, a sorer trouble was about to befall the stern conqueror. Ere the close of the year, the only true friend, the only one whom he dared to trust, his faithful wife, Matilda, died; and as he stood by her closing tomb in the church of the Holy Trinity at Caen, he must have felt that, hated by those around him, and abhorred by the Saxon race, he was indeed alone in the world.

William survived Matilda almost four years; but these years brought no softening influences. Rebellion had been crushed in England, but it had been followed by grievous taxation. Here it had been sullenly submitted to, but in Maine it produced revolt, and again he took up arms. Four years did the pride and flower of Norman chivalry besiege the strong castle of St. Susanne, only to see their bravest killed or shamefully repulsed from its walls. "The bravery which had gained a kingdom was foiled by one dungeon tower," and William was compelled to close the warfare by restoring the chief rebel to his former station and favor. The conqueror's last sojourn in England was marked by two very important acts. The first, the compilation of Domesday-book, Sir Francis Palgrave thinks was probably undertaken at the suggestion of Lanfranc. "The caligraphy betrays an Italian hand, and we also first find in Domesday those abbreviations, afterwards so common in our legal documents, but which, in fact, are derived from the Tyronian notes of the Romans." A noble relic of an age called barbarous is this Domesday, the oldest survey of a kingdom now existing in the world. It is scarcely surprising that it was viewed with indignation; for so grievously heavy had been the taxation, that each man's name and land, noted down so formally in a book, must have seemed proof that even farther exactions were in prospect. William's last act was that of summoning all his barons, together with all the landholders, to Sarum, on Lammas Day, 1086, and there imposing "the oath of fealty upon all, without distinction of tenure,"—a most important act, since, as Hallam remarks, it "broke in upon the feudal compact in its most essential attribute, the exclusive dependence of the vassal on his lord." This was the last public appearance of the stern conqueror. Normandy now claimed his care. Robert was

in open rebellion against his father, and the Duke of Brittany was preparing to throw off his obedience to his father-in-law, and against these, the foes of his own house, he had to make war. Ruthless to the last, he inflicted a heavy impost on the land, already suffering from storms and blight and pestilence, and then crossed over to Normandy, never to return.

Still evil fortune pursued the king. He was compelled by defeat to make peace with his son-in-law, while his own son incited the turbulent burgesses of Mantes to revolt. A dispute arose, too, with the King of France, and for the last time William braced on his mail. It was glorious autumn weather, "the harvest ripening, the grape swelling, the fruit reddening, when William entered the fertile land." As he advanced, the corn was trodden down, the vineyards rooted up, and the city wantonly set on fire. William, aged and unskillfully in body, yet fierce and active in mind, rejoiced with a horrid joy amid this desolation, as he spurred his steed through the burning ruins; but the steed stumbled and fell, and his rider received his death-blow. He was taken to Rouen, and from thence, for greater quiet, to St. Gervase; but his end, attended by much suffering, drew near. It was then that the cruel conqueror deplored his birth, his whole career of crime and bloodshed. "No tongue can tell," said he, "the deeds of wickedness I have perpetrated in my weary pilgrimage of toil and care." But his two younger sons are standing beside him, not to soothe his sufferings, but anxious to know who is to be heir. "Let Robert take Normandy; for it has been assured to him; but England?"—"All the wide-wasting wretchedness produced by his ambition arose up before him, and he declared he dared not bestow the realm he had thus fearfully won." But Rufus urged his petition, until the dying man directed a writ to be addressed to Lanfranc, commanding him to place Rufus on the throne. Henry was scantily quieted with a gift of five thousand pounds of silver. So they kissed him, and hurried off. But his captives,—those kept so many years in hard durance—not without much entreaty did William, although agonized alike with pain and remorse, consent, for implacable was he to the last. At length he gave assent that all, even Odo, should be set free.

"This act of grudging, coerced, extorted forgiveness was his last. A night of somewhat diminished suffering ensued, when the troubled and expiring body takes a dull, painful, unrestful rest before its last earthly repose. But as the cheerful, life-giving rays of the rising sun were darting above the horizon, across the sad apartment, and shedding brightness on its walls, William was half awakened from his imperfect slumbers by the measured, mellow, reverberating, swelling tone of the great cathedral bell. 'It is the hour of prime,' replied the attendants in answer to his inquiry. Then were the priesthood welcoming with voices of thanksgiving the renewed gift of another day, and offering forth the choral prayer that the hours might flow on in holiness until blessed at their close. But his time of labor and struggle, of sin and repentance, was past. William lifted up his hands in prayer, and expired."

All was now confusion; the men of high degree rushing to horse to secure their possessions, those of lower degree seizing whatever could be taken; while the wretches who hung about the court stripped the body even of its last garment, and left it on the floor. At length the clergy, roused from their consternation, began to offer up the prayers of the Church, and a knight of humble fortune, one Herlouin, took charge of the neglected king's obsequies, and, as sole mourner, reverently attended the coffin to Caen. At the gates the clergy came forth; but a fire broke out, and the procession passed through streets filled with stifling smoke, and crowded with affrighted fugitives, to St. Stephen's Abbey, where the grave was dug, and the service begun; but even now the body was not to be lowered peaceably into its last resting-place. Ascelin, a poor man, stood up, denounced the injustice of the king, and demanded payment for his grave. Inquiry was made; the land it was found had been violently wrested from the rightful owner; so the price was paid, the swollen body was lowered bursting into the ground; and "thus was William the Conqueror gathered to his fathers, with loathing, disgust, and horror." How must such a tale have addressed itself to the feelings of a superstitious age? how must the Saxon peasant have dwelt with stern delight on each revolting detail as he looked upon the daisy-strewn mounds in the green churchyard where his father slept, for when had even the poorest tiller of the ground so deserted a

death-bed, or so dishonored an obsequy, as the victor of Hastings?

In what light shall we view the Conquest? It was a stern visitation, replies Sir Francis Palgrave, for "in the same manner as the sins of the European community demanded the visitation of the French Revolution, so did the English require the discipline of the Norman sword;" but while its immediate effects were disastrous, its after results, he maintains, were fraught with great and abiding benefits. The first benefit to which Sir Francis Palgrave points is one which we do not recollect seeing noticed before. This is, that by means of the conquest "England was brought into a closer connection with the general affairs of the commonwealth of Western Christendom than had ever subsisted before." Constantly harassed by fears of the Danes, and yet more by internal feuds, England, especially during the last hundred years, had been gradually more and more severed from the feelings, thoughts, and interests of Western Europe. Now this in an age when facilities for learning were few, and learned men were widely scattered, had a most injurious effect upon English literature; it had an injurious effect upon the people, too, shutting them out from many a source of interesting inquiry, from whatever had not immediate reference to their own narrow views. But from henceforward "the island and the firm land were compelled to be constantly in communication with each other, to be united by sympathies, or cognizant of each other by hostilities." May not the spirit of mercantile enterprise, which we can trace so clearly almost from the time of the Conquest, be assigned to this cause?

Sir Francis Palgrave next examines the assertion that the conquest destroyed English nationality, by changing the language, and abolishing the old constitution. In answer to the first charge he remarks, that without any national conquest, the Danish language has undergone more changes than the English. Snorro Sturleson is obsolete; and if Regner Lodbrok were to chant his death-song in the streets of Copenhagen, nay, even at Drontheim, it would be as little intelligible to his auditors as Caedmon's song, though accompanied by himself upon his harp, would be to an audience in Hanover Square. Indeed, so thoroughly is our language unchanged in its essential elements that the Lord's

Prayer translated by Pope Adrian in 1156, has only a single word that can now be considered obsolete. Those changes which the English language has undergone, he considers, may rather be attributed to the blending of the various dialects which were in use among our forefathers into one prevailing form of speech. To the charge of abolishing the ancient laws of the land, Sir Francis Palgrave replies, that much can be traced still in our political constitution, while "the whole customary tenure of land over all the length and breadth of the island was, and indeed is, purely and sincerely English."

"If any one of my readers should chance to renew his holding under the Bishop of Worcester, it will be *gebooked* to him for three lives, exactly as if good Wulstane was to receive the fine. Of aldermen it is unnecessary to speak, and throughout the whole of our municipal institutions the vitality of the old English customs and constitution is truly wonderful. Bring an ejection for lands in the parish of Clapham or Chelsea, and Judge Holt would at once have nonsuited you for not laying the venue in the Anglo-Saxon town. If the lord of the manor has to vindicate his franchise, he presses into his service, sac and soc, infangthef, and outfangthef, and whatsoever else he can find in King Ethelred's charter. And if the Hlafod who now holds the possession of the Saxon owner were to exert his rights, the inhabitants of Manchester Square would be compelled to appear at the court of the Lite as in the earliest age."

Thus, too, "the courts of the burgh, the hundred, the shire, have not changed even in name," for "whatever aspects William's policy assumed, he never departed from the principle that he had placed himself in the position of a legitimate sovereign, asserting legitimate rights. And even his great seal," by which his will and pleasure, his grace and favor, or his enmity, were announced, proved this to an age in which symbol had far more power than words.

"On the reverse, the Duke of Normandy, mounted on his war-steed, grasps the sword of Rollo, defended by shield and mail; but on the obverse, the *Rex Anglorum*, seated on the throne of justice, wears the crown of Alfred, and presents the sceptre surmounted by the peaceful dove. . . . William was cruel, prudent, cunning, entirely unscrupulous as to the means he used,—the sword, the axe, and, if universal rumor could be

trusted, the poisoned cup,—but he made no attempt to introduce a new religion, new language, new customs, new laws. He never strove to Normanize the English.”

Whence, then, the bitter memories called up in the popular mind, whenever the “Conquest” is spoken of? wherefore the implacable hatred with which even our latest chroniclers pursue the very name of the first William? One, and perhaps the chief reason, was, we think, that his first steps in England had been traced in Saxon blood. Although he came, not as the invader of a kingdom, but as the claimant of a crown bequeathed to him by his cousin, still, the remembrance of the field of Hastings rankled in the breasts of his new subjects and forbade their yielding him a willing homage. Had William from thenceforth reigned in peace, “the lake of blood” might have faded from their memories, and they might have been prepared to adopt, even if they did not welcome, his stern but most beneficial system of police. But the English were a haughty race, and they chafed against the rule of a foreigner, even as they always have done. The forefathers of those who almost drove their deliverer from his throne by their clamor against his “Dutch guards,” who so foolishly played into the hands of the Jacobites by their phrase of “the Hanover rats,” were not likely quietly to see a foreign king, far less foreign adventurers, crowding over to share in the plunder of a land which had yet to be won. William seems to have thought that wide England was rich and helpless as his stately cousin. He soon found his mistake; and then the hard, remorseless character of the pitiless conqueror was fully shown. Then followed confiscations, judicial murders, and a “razzia” along the whole north-eastern coast, such as Christendom had never before seen. Of what value was “the good peace he made, so that a man with his bosom full of gold” might pass along, when tallage after tallage was so unsparingly enforced, and a land wasted by such awful devastations? Of what avail that “no man durst slay another, though he had done ever so much evil against him,” when Edwin, Morcar, and even Waltheof were sacrificed at the mere will of the ruler, and the Saxon churl hung on the gallows-tree for infraction of the forest code?

And then, “the Saxons seem to have had a very strong aristocratical feeling;” and, therefore, nothing was more irritating to their

pride than to see “the host of adventurers, most of whom had been rude and poor and despicable in their own country,” take for their brides the fair and high-born Saxon maidens.* The Saxon, too, from his earliest settlement here, loved the untrammelled freedom of country life. It seems to have been only by very slow degrees that he became a voluntary dweller in towns. Now the Norman tendency was always strongly toward congregating the masses in burghs or cities; even their “castle life” accustomed their retainers to a control which the Saxon in his “toft,” surrounded by his fields, could never have borne; and thus arrangements, actually most beneficial to an advancing population were viewed as acts of enormous tyranny. Thus, that the hundred should be answerable for the murder, was pointed to as gross injustice; thus the compilation of “Domesday-book,” although an important boon to the smallest landholder, inasmuch as it secured to him all the rights he had hitherto enjoyed was denounced as unheard-of oppression; while the enactment respecting the curfew—although a regulation easily set at naught by the scattered upland population, but a valuable protection to the inhabitants of the walled town—has ever been viewed as the very climax of “Norman William’s,” tyranny.†

* The reader who remembers Lord Macaulay’s extravagant figure of the “white planter and the quadroon girl,” must, under the far more reliable guidance of Sir Francis Palgrave, just reverse it; for the Norman adventurer marrying the Saxon maiden, was actually the quadroon man seeking the daughter of the white planter. As the author of “Revolutions in English History” truly remarks, except in military science,—and we should be inclined to add, in architecture,—the Normans were far inferior to the Saxons. “Their valor stood them in good stead, but their learning and refinement are almost wholly of a date subsequent to their settlement in England.”

† Strange misapprehensions, even among well-informed writers, have prevailed on this subject. Forgetting the early hours of our forefathers, they have forgotten that *eight o’clock* precisely answers to *midnight* in the present day. The phrase *couvre feu*, obviously does not mean putting out the fire, but covering it up with a turf, or slow-burning coal, as is still in use in many parts of the country. That lights were prohibited after this time is a wholly unfounded assertion, and we could bring numberless proofs of this from contemporary chronicles. But the chief proof that this dreaded curfew-bell was a beneficial municipal regulation, is, that during the whole of the Middle Ages it continued to be rung in every town and city, and that even the London “prentices bold” were compelled to be “within doors by curfew-time.”

Now, after the lapse of eight hundred years, need we echo these complaints? Rather let us inquire, In what light, as a whole, shall we view this conquest of William's? Let no praise be given to him; for bitter oppression, cruel wrong, was the portion he unrelentingly imposed on our forefathers, and under his iron sway a less energetic race might have been crushed hopelessly. But the evil, great and overwhelming, was but temporary, the benefits lasting. "No permanent evil was inflicted on the great masses of society; the shattered and decayed elements of old English policy were preserved, and the means provided for reunite-

ing them in a more efficient organization." The main principles of our legal and political constitution continue, as we have seen, unchanged; while the very insults and oppressions of the Conquest aroused that spirit of steadfast, persisting resistance, which, under inflictions less galling, might have slumbered on. Once thoroughly aroused, the Saxon resumed his former energy; he once more stood prepared to defend his rights, to fling off his temporary yoke, and ere four generations had passed away, the Norman and Normandy were lost sight of in the prouder names of Englishman and England.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the men of Dundee 'twas a bailie that spoke,
"To miss seeing the prince, it were surely no
joke;

So let a' in the toon, that love boeing and me,
Come deeve him and mob him through bonnie
Dundee.

Come fill up your cup, come fou' as ye can,
Come summon the gudewives, and call up
the men;

Come block up the causey, nor let them gang
free,

Till they hae a guid surfeit o' bonnie Dun-
dee."

They're a' in the carriage, they drive to the
shore,

To reach Broughty Ferry as settled before;

But the provost, gude man, said, "We'se no let
them be,

Till they've seen a good deal o' the folk o' Dun-
dee."

Come fill up your cup, etc.

So the Camperdown spurs to the door of the
coach,

And speaks with His Highness in humble re-
proach;

"Ye're surely no gangin' awa' to the sea,
Before ye've made frin's wi' the folk o' Dun-
dee?"

Come fill up your cup, etc.

Sae the heads of the horses were turned to the
toon,

And like hawks on their quarry, the bailies came
down;

And their Highnesses never won aff to the sea,
Till wearied and deaf wi' the mob o' Dundee.

Come fill up your cup, etc.

And when, at lang last, they were safely on
board,

The bonnie young princess spoke up to her lord;
"When next ye leave England wi' baby and me,
Ye'll gang some ither gate than by bonnie Dun-
dee!"

Come fill up your cup, etc.

—*Examiner.*

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

Written on reading "*a Dedication*" in "*Enoch Ar-
den, etc.*"

"THE wise indifference of the wise"

"To" critics' "blame" — "to" critics'
"praise!"

Strange reads thy prayer unto our eyes,
O crown and wonder of our days!

Oh, what hast thou to think of such?

For such had Dante hopes and fears?

Did such afflict glad Chaucer much,

Thou, read with blessings, awe, and tears!

By such was that far darkness vexed

Who rolled in thunders Ilion's fall?

By such was sweetest will perplexed,

O thou the heir and peer of all!

As my heart read thee, what to me

Were they! what teachings did I need

To make my tears too thick to see

Thy page I hungered on to read!

Write beauty and life's sad, sweet truth

As thou writ'st here—make our eyes blind

As thou dost now—Critics! in sooth,

Let them be dumb or loud—who'll mind!

Blackheath, Aug. 24.

W. C. BENNETT.

Inserted after reading "*a Review*" of "*Enoch Ar-
den*" in the "*Athenæum*." —*ED. EX.*

CHAPTER VI.

ERMINE'S RESOLUTION.

"For as his hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year have some green ears."

H. VAUGHAN.

ALISON had not been wrong in her presentiment that the second interview would be more trying than the first. The exceeding brightness and animation of Ermine's countenance, her speaking eyes, unchanged complexion, and lively manner,—above all, the restoration of her real, substantial self,—had so sufficed and engrossed Colin Keith in the gladness of their first meeting that he had failed to comprehend her helpless state, and already knowing her to be an invalid, not entirely recovered from her accident, he was only agreeably surprised to see the beauty of face he had loved so long retaining all its vivacity of expression. And when he met Alison the next morning with a cordial brotherly greeting and inquiry for her sister, her "Very well," and "not at all the worse for the excitement," were so hearty and ready that he could not have guessed that "well" with Ermine meant something rather relative than positive. Alison brought him a playful message from her, that, since he was not going to Belfast, she should meet him with a freer conscience if he would first give her time for Rose's lessons, and, as he said, he had lived long enough with Messrs. Conrade and Co. to acknowledge the wisdom of the message. But Rose had not long been at leisure to look out for him before he made his appearance, and walking in by right, as one at home, and sitting down in his yesterday's place, took the little maiden on his knee, and began to talk to her about the lessons he had been told to wait for. What would she have done without them? He knew some people who never could leave the house quiet enough to hear one's self speak if they were deprived of lessons. Was that the way with her? Rose laughed like a creature—her aunt said—"to whom the notion of noise at play was something strange and ridiculous; necessity has reduced her to Jacqueline Pascal's system with her *pensionnaires*, who were allowed to play one by one without any noise."

"But I don't play all alone," said Rose; "I play with you, Aunt Ermine, and with Violetta."

And Violetta speedily had the honor of an introduction, very solemnly gone through, in due form; Ermine, in the languid sportiveness of enjoyment of his presence and his kindness to the child, inciting Rose to present Miss Violetta Williams to Colonel Keith, an introduction that he returned with a grand military salute, at the same time as he shook the doll's inseparable fingers. "Well, Miss Violetta and Miss Rose, when you come to live with me, I shall hope for the pleasure of teaching you to make a noise."

"What does he mean?" said Rose, turning round amazed upon her aunt.

"I am afraid he does not quite know," said Ermine, sadly.

"Nay, Ermine," said he, turning from the child, and bending over her, "you are the last who should say that. Have I not told you that there is nothing now in our way,—no one with a right to object, and means enough for all we should wish, including her? What is the matter?" he added, startled by her look.

"Ah, Colin! I thought you knew"—

"Knew what, Ermine?" with his brows drawn together.

"Knew—what I am," she said; "knew the impossibility. What, they have not told you? I thought I was the invalid, the cripple, with every one."

"I knew you had suffered cruelly; I knew you were lame," he said, breathlessly; "but—what?"

"It is more than lame," she said. "I should be better off if the fiction of the Queens of Spain were truth with me. I could not move from this chair without help. Oh, Colin! poor Colin, it was very cruel not to have prepared you for this!" she added, as he gazed at her in grief and dismay, and made a vain attempt to find the voice that would not come. "Yes, indeed, it is so," she said; "the explosion, rather than the fire, did mischief below the knee that poor nature could not repair, and I can but just stand and cannot walk at all."

"Has anything been done—advice?" he managed to utter.

"Advice upon advice, so that I felt it at last almost a compensation to be out of the way of the doctors. No, nothing more can be done; and now that one is used to it, the snail is very comfortable in its shell. But I wish you could have known it sooner!" she

added, seeing him shade his brow with his hand, overwhelmed.

"What you must have suffered!" he murmured.

"That is all over long ago; every year has left that further behind, and made me more content. Dear Colin, for me there is nothing to grieve."

He could not control himself, rose up, made a long stride, and passed through the open window into the garden.

"Oh, if I could only follow him!" gasped Ermine, joining her hands and looking up.

"Is it because you can't walk?" said Rose, somewhat frightened, and for the first time beginning to comprehend that her joyous-tempered aunt could be a subject for pity.

"Oh! this was what I feared!" sighed Ermine. "Oh, give us strength to go through with it!" Then becoming awake to the child's presence. "A little water if you please, my dear." Then, more composedly, "Don't be frightened, my Rose; you did not know it was such a shock to find me so laid by"—

"He is in the garden walking up and down," said Rose. "May I go and tell him how much merrier you always are than Aunt Ailie?"

Poor Ermine felt anything but merry just then, but she had some experience of Rose's powers of soothing, and signed assent. So in another second Colonel Keith was met in the hasty, agonized walk by which he was endeavoring to work off his agitation, and the slender child looked wistfully up at him from dark depths of half-understanding eyes: "Please, please don't be so very sorry," she said. "Aunt Ermine does not like it. She never is sorry for herself"—

"Have I shaken her,—distressed her?" he asked, anxiously.

"She doesn't like you to be sorry," said Rose, looking up. "And indeed she does not mind it; she is such a merry aunt! Please, come in again, and see how happy we always are"—

The last words were spoken so near the window that Ermine caught them, and said, "Yes, come in, Colin, and learn not to grieve for me, or you will make me repent of my selfish gladness yesterday."

"Not grieve!" he exclaimed, "when I think of the beautiful vigorous being that

used to be the life of the place"—and he would have said more but for a deprecating sign of the hand.

"Well" she said, half smiling, "it is a pity to think even of a crushed butterfly; but indeed, Colin, if you can bear to listen to me, I think I can show you that it all has been a blessing even by sight, as well as, of course, by faith. Only remember the unsatisfactoriness of our condition,—the never seeing or hearing from one another after that day when Mr. Beauchamp came down on us. Did not the accident win for us a parting that was much better to remember than that state of things? Oh! the pining, weary feel as if all the world had closed on me! I do assure you it was much worse than anything that came after the burn. Yes, if I had been well and doing like others, I know I should have fretted and wearied, pined myself ill perhaps, whereas I could always tell myself that every year of your absence might be a step toward your finding me well; and when I was forced to give up that hope for myself, why then, Colin, the never seeing your name made me think you would never be disappointed and grieved as you are now. It is very merciful the way that physical trials help one through those of the mind."

"I never knew," said the colonel; "all my aunt's latter letters spoke of your slow improvement beyond hope."

"True, in her time, the point where I stopped I had not come to. The last time I saw her I was still up-stairs; and, indeed, I did not half know what I could do till I tried."

"Yes," said he, brightened by that buoyant look so remarkable in her face; "and you will yet do more, Ermine. You have convinced me that we shall be all the happier together"—

"But that was not what I meant to convince you of"—she said, faintly.

"Not what you meant, perhaps; but what it did convince me was, that you—as you are, my Ermine—are ten thousand times more to me than even as the beautiful girl, and that there never can be a happier pair than we shall be when I am your hands and feet."

Ermine sat up, and rallied all her forces, choked back the swelling of her throat, and said, "Dear Colin, it cannot be! I trusted you were understanding that, when I told you how it was with me."

He could not speak from consternation.

"No," she said, "it would be wrong in me to think of it for an instant. That you should have done so, shows— Oh, Colin, I cannot talk of it; but it would be as ungenerous in me to consent as it is noble of you to propose it."

"It is no such thing," he answered; "it has been the one object and thought of my life, the only hope I have had all these years."

"Exactly so," she said, struggling again to speak firmly, "and that is the very thing. You kept your allegiance to the bright, tall, walking, active girl, and it would be a shame in the scorched cripple to claim it."

"Don't call yourself names. Have I not told you that you are more than the same?"

"You do not know. You are pleased because my face is not burned, nor grown much older, and because I can talk and laugh in the same voice still." (Oh, how it quivered!) "But it would be a wicked mockery in me to pretend to be the wife you want. Yes, I know you think you do, but that is just because my looks are so deceitful, and you have kept on thinking about me; but you must make a fresh beginning."

"You can tell me that!" he said, indignantly.

"Because it is not new to me," she said; "the quarter of an hour you stood by me, with that deadly calm in your white face, was the real farewell to the young hopeful dream of that bright summer. I wish it was as calm now!"

"I believed you dying then!" answered he.

"Do not make me think it would have been better for you if I had been," she said, imploringly. "It was as much the end, and I knew it from the time my recovery stopped short. I would have let you know if I could, and then you would not have been so much shocked."

"So as to cut me off from you entirely?"

"No, indeed. The thought of seeing you again was too—too overwhelming to be indulged in; knowing, as I did, that if you were the same to me, it must be at this sad cost to you;" and her eyes filled with tears.

"It is you who make it so, Ermine."

"No; it is the providence that has set me aside from the active work of life. Pray do

not go on, Colin, it is only giving us both useless pain. You do not know what it costs me to deny you, and I feel that I must. I know you are only acting on the impulse of generosity. Yes, I will say so; though you think it is to please yourself," she added, with one of those smiles that nothing could drive far from her lips, and which made it infinitely harder to acquiesce in her denial.

"I will make you think so in time," he said.

"Then I might tell you, you had no right to please yourself," she answered, still with the same air of playfulness; "you have got a brother you know—and—yes, I hear you growl; but if he is a poor old broken man out of health, it is the more reason you should not vex him, nor hamper yourself with a helpless commodity."

"You are not taking the way to make me forget what my brother has done for us!"

"How do you know that he did not save me from being a strong-minded military lady? After all, it was absurd to expect people to look favorably on our liking for one another, and you know they could not be expected to know that there was real stuff in the affair. If there had not been, we should have thought so all the same, you know, and been quite as furious!"

He could not help smiling, recollecting fury that, in the course of these twelve years, he had seen evinced under similar circumstances by persons who had consoled themselves before he had done pitying them. "Still," he said, gravely, "I think there was harshness."

"So do I, but not so much as I thought at that time, and— Oh, surely that is not Rachel Curtis! I told her I thought you would call!"

"Intolerable!" he muttered between his teeth. "Is she always coming to bore you?"

"She has been very kind, and my great enlivenment," said Ermine, "and she can't be expected to know how little we want her. Oh, there! the danger is averted. She must have asked if you were here."

"I was just thinking that she was the chief objection to Lady Temple's kind wish of having you at Myrtlewood."

"Does Lady Temple know?" asked Ermine, blushing.

"I could not keep it from one who has

been so uniformly kind to me ; but I desired her not to let it go further till I should hear your wishes."

"Yes, she has a right to know," said Ermine ; "but, please, not a word elsewhere."

"And will you not come to stay with her?"

"I? Oh, no ; I am fit for no place but this. You don't half know how bad I am. When you have seen a little more of us, you will be quite convinced."

"Well, at least, you give me leave to come here."

"Leave? When it is a greater pleasure than I ever thought to have again ; that is, while you understand that you said good-by to the Ermine of Beauchamp Parsonage twelve years ago, and that the thing here is only a ghost, most glad and grateful to be a friend,—a sister."

"So," he said, "those are to be the terms of my admission."

"The only possible ones."

"I will consider them. I have not accepted them."

"You will," she said.

But she met a smile in return, implying that there might be a will as steadfast as her own, although the question might be waived for a time.

Meantime, Rachel was as nearly hating Colonel Keith as principle would allow, with "Human Reeds," newly finished, burning in her pocket, "Military Society" fermenting in her brain, and "Curatocult" still unacknowledged. Had he not had quite time for any rational visit? Was he to devour Mackarel Lane as well as Myrtlewood? She was on her way to the latter house, meeting Grace as she went, and congratulating herself that he could not be in two places at once, whilst Grace secretly wondered how far she might venture to build on Alison Williams's half confidence, and regretted the anxiety wasted by Rachel and the mother ; though to be sure, that of Mrs. Curtis was less uncalled for than her daughter's, since it was only the fear of Fanny's not being sufficiently guarded against misconstructions.

Rachel held up her hands in despair in the hall. "Six officers' cards!" she exclaimed.

"No, only six cards;" said Grace, "there are two of each."

"That's enough," sighed Rachel ; "and look there," gazing through the garden-door.

"She is walking with the young puppy that

dined here on Thursday, and they called Alick."

"Do you remember," said Grace, "how she used to chatter about Alick, when she first came to us, at six years old? He was the child of one of the officers. Can this be the same?"

"That's one of your ideas, Grace. Look, this youth could have been hardly born when Fanny came to us! No, he is only one of the idlers that military life has accustomed her to."

Rather against Grace's feeling, Rachel drew her on, so as to come up with Lady Temple and her friend in the midst of their conversation, and they heard the last words:—

"Then you will give me dear Bessie's direction?"

"Thank you, it will be the greatest kindness"—

"Oh, Grace, Rachel, is it you?" exclaimed Fanny. "You have not met before, I think. Mr. Keith—Miss Curtis."

Very young indeed were both face and figure, fair and pale, and though there was a moustache, it was so light and silky as to be scarcely visible ; the hair too was almost flaxen, and the whole complexion had a washed-out appearance. The eyes indeed were of the same peculiar deep blue as the colonel's, but even these were little seen, under their heavy sleepy lids, and the long limbs had in every movement something of weight and slowness, the very sight of which fretted Rachel, and made her long to shake him. It appeared that he was come to spend the Sunday at Avonmouth, and Grace tried to extract the comfort for her mother that two gentlemen were better than one, and Fanny need not be on their minds for chaperonage for that day.

A party of garden-chairs on the lawn invited repose, and there the ladies seated themselves ; Fanny laying down her heavy crape bonnet, and showing her pretty little delicate face, now much fresher and more rosy than when she arrived, though her wide-spreading black draperies gave a certain dignity to her slight figure, contrasting with the summer muslins of her two cousins, as did her hot-house plant fairness with their firm, healthy glow of complexion, her tender, shrinking grace with their upright vigor. The gentleman of the party leaned back in a languid, easy posture, as though

only half awake, and the whole was so quiet that Grace, missing the usual tumult of children, asked after them.

"The boys have gone to their favorite cove, under the plantation. They have a fort there, and Hubert told me he was to be a hero, and Miss Williams a she-ro."

"I would not encourage that description of sport," said Rachel, willing to fight a battle in order to avert maternal anecdotes of boyish sayings.

"They like it so much," said Fanny, "and they learn so much, now that they act all the battles they read about."

"That is what I object to," said Rachel; "it is accustoming them to confound heroism with pugnacity."

"No, but, Rachel, dear, they do quarrel and fight among themselves much less now that this is all in play and good-humor," pleaded Fanny.

"Yes, that may be, but you are cultivating the dangerous instinct, although for a moment giving it a better direction."

"Dangerous? Oh, Alick! do you think it can be?" said Fanny, less easily borne down with a supporter beside her.

"According to the Peace Society," he answered with a quiet air of courteous deference. "Perhaps you belong to it."

"No, indeed," answered Rachel, rather indignantly. "I think war the great purifier and ennobler of nations, when it is for a good and great cause; but I think education ought to protest against confounding mere love of combat with heroism."

"Query, the true meaning of the word?" he said, leaning back.

"*Heros*, yes from the same root as the German *herr*," readily responded Rachel, "meaning no more than lord or master; but there can be no doubt that the progress of ideas has linked with it a much nobler association."

"Progress! What, since the heroes were half divine!"

"Half divine in the esteem of a people who thought brute courage godlike. To us the word maintains its semi-divinity, and it should be our effort to associate it only with that which veritably has the godlike stamp."

"And that is"—

"Doing more than one's duty," exclaimed Rachel, with a glistening eye.

"Very uncomfortable and superfluous, and

not at all easy," he said, half shutting his already heavy eyes.

"Easy, no, that's the beauty and the glory"—

"Major Sherborne and Captain Lester in the drawing-room, my lady," announced Coombe, who had looked infinitely cheered since this military influx.

"You will come with me, Grace," said Fanny, rising. "I dare say you had rather not, Rachel, and it would be a pity to disturb you, Alick."

"Thank you; it would be decidedly more than my duty."

"I am quite sorry to go, you are so amusing," said Fanny; "but I suppose you will have settled about heroism by the time we come out again, and will tell me what the boys ought to play at."

Rachel's age was quite past the need of troubling herself at being left *tête-à-tête* with a mere lad like this; and, besides, it was an opportunity not to be neglected of giving a young carpet knight a lesson in true heroism. There was a pause after the other two had moved off. Rachel reflected for a few moments, and then, precipitated by the fear of her audience falling asleep, she exclaimed,—

"No words have been more basely misused than hero and heroine. The one is the mere fighting animal whose strength or fortune has borne him through some more than ordinary danger, the other is only the subject of an adventure, perfectly irrespective of her conduct in it."

"Bathos attends all high words," he said, as she paused, chiefly to see whether he was awake, and not like her dumb playfellow of old.

"This is not their natural bathos, but their misuse. They ought to be reserved for those who in any department have passed the limits to which the necessity of their position constrained them, and done acts of self-devotion for the good of others. I will give you an instance, and from your own profession, that you may see I am not prejudiced; besides, the hero of it is past praise or blame." Encouraged by seeing a little more of his eyes she went on. "It was in the course of the siege of Delhi, a shell came into a tent where some sick and wounded were lying. There was one young officer among them who could move enough to have had a chance of escaping the explosion, but instead of that,

he took the shell up, its fuse burning as it was, and ran with it out of the tent, then hurled it to a distance. It exploded, and of course was his death, but the rest were saved; and I call that a deed of heroism far greater than mounting a breach or leading a forlorn hope."

"Killed, you say?" inquired Mr. Keith, still in the same lethargic manner,

"Oh, yes, mortally wounded: carried back to die among the men he had saved."

"Jessie Cameron singing his dirge," mumbled this provoking individual, with something about the form of his cheek that Rachel took for a derisive smile, and made her exclaim, vehemently, "You do not mean to undervalue an action like that in comparison with mere animal pugnacity in an advance!"

"More than one's duty was your test," he said.

"And was not this more than duty? Ah! I see yours is a spirit of depreciation, and I can only say I pity you."

He took the trouble to lift himself up and make a little bow of acknowledgment. Certainly he was worse than the colonel; but Rachel, while mustering her powers for annihilating him, was annoyed by all the party in the drawing-room coming forth to join them, the other officers rallying young Keith upon his luxurious station, and making it evident that he was a proverb in the regiment for taking his ease. Chairs were brought out, and afternoon tea, and the callers sat down to wait for Colonel Keith to come in, Grace feeling obliged to stay to help Fanny entertain her visitors, and Rachel to protect her from their follies. One thing Grace began to perceive, that Lady Temple had in her former world been a person of much more consideration than she was made here, and seeing the polite and deferential manner of these officers to her, could only wonder at her gentle content and submission in meeting with no particular attention from anybody, and meekly allowing herself to be browbeaten by Rachel and lectured by her aunt.

A lecture was brewing up for her indeed. Poor Mrs. Curtis was very much concerned at the necessity, and only spurred up by a strong sense of duty to give a hint,—the study of which hint cost her a whole sleepless night and a very weary Sunday morning. She decided that her best course would be to drive

to Myrtlewood rather early on her way to church, and take up Fanny, gaining a previous conference with her alone, if possible. "Yes, my dear," she said to Grace, "I must get it over before church, or it will make me so nervous all through the service."

And Grace, loving her mother best, durst not suggest what it might do to Fanny, hoping that the service might help her to digest the hint.

Mrs. Curtis's regular habits were a good deal shocked to find Fanny still at the breakfast-table. The children had indeed long finished, and were scattered about the room, one of them standing between Colonel Keith's knees, repeating a hymn; but the younger guest was still in the midst of his meal, and owned in his usual cool manner that he was to blame for the lateness, there was no resisting the charms of no morning parade.

Her aunt's appearance made Fanny imagine it much later than it really was, and she hurried off the children to be dressed, and proceeded herself to her room, Mrs. Curtis following, and by way of preliminary, asking when Colonel Keith was going to Ireland.

"Oh!" said Fanny, blushing most suspiciously under her secret, "he is not going to Ireland now."

"Indeed! I quite understood that he intended it."

"Yes," faltered Fanny, "but he found that he need not."

"Indeed!" again ejaculated poor perplexed Mrs. Curtis; "but then, at least, he is going away soon."

"He must go to Scotland by and by, but for the present he is going into lodgings. Do you know of any nice ones, dear aunt?"

"Well, I suppose you can't help that; you know, my dear, it would never do for him to stay in this house."

"I never thought of that," said Fanny, simply, the color coming in a fresh glow.

"No, my dear, but you see you are very young and inexperienced. I do not say you have done anything the least amiss, or that you ever would mean it, only you will forgive your old aunt for putting you on your guard."

Fanny kissed her, but with eyes full of tears, and cheeks burning; then her candor drew from her, "It was he that thought of getting a lodging. I am glad I did not persuade him not; but you know he always did live with us."

"With us. Yes, my poor dear, that is the difference, and you see he feels it. But, indeed, my dear child, though he is a very good man, I dare say, and quite a gentleman all but his beard, you had better not encourage— You know people are so apt to make remarks."

"I have no fear," said Fanny, turning away her head, conscious of the impossibility of showing her aunt her mistake.

"Ah! my dear, you don't guess how ready people are to talk; and you would not like—for your children's sake, for your husband's sake—that—that"—

"Pray, pray, aunt!" cried Fanny, much pained. "Indeed, you don't know. My husband had confidence in him more than in any one. He told him to take care of me, and look after the boys. I couldn't hold aloof from him without transgressing those wishes,"—and the words were lost in a sob.

"My dear, indeed, I did not mean to distress you. You know, I dare say—I mean"—hesitated poor Mrs. Curtis. "I know you must see a great deal of him. I only want you to take care,—appearances are appearances, and if it was said you had all these young officers always coming about"—

"I don't think they will come. It was only just to call, and they have known me so long. It is all out of respect to my father and Sir Stephen," said Fanny, meekly as ever. "Indeed, I would not for the world do anything you did not like, dear aunt; but there can't be any objection to my having Mrs. Hammond and the children to spend the day to-morrow."

Mrs. Curtis did not like it; she had an idea that all military ladies were dashing and vulgar, but she could not say there was any objection, so she went on to the head of poor Fanny's offending. "This young man, my dear, he seems to make himself very intimate."

"Alick Keith? Oh, aunt!" said Fanny, more surprised than by all the rest; "don't you know about him? His father and mother were our greatest friends always; I used to play with him every day till I came to you. And then just as I married, poor Mrs. Keith died and we had dear little Bessie with us till her father could send her home. And when poor Alick was so dreadfully wounded before Delhi, Sir Stephen sent him up in a litter

to the hills for mamma and me to nurse. Mamma was so fond of him, she used to call him her son."

"Yes, my dear, I dare say you have been very intimate; but you see you are very young, and his staying here"—

"I thought he would be so glad to come and be with the colonel, who was his guardian and Bessie's," said Fanny; "and I have promised to have Bessie to stay with me, she was such a dear little thing"—

"Well, my dear, it may be a good thing for you to have a young lady with you, and if he is to come over, her presence will explain it. Understand me, my dear, I am not at all afraid of your—your doing anything foolish, only to get talked of is so dreadful in your situation that you can't be too careful."

"Yes, yes, thank you, dear aunt," murmured the drooping and subdued Fanny, aware how much the remonstrance must cost her aunt, and sure that she must be in fault in some way, if she could only see how. "Please, dear aunt, help me, for indeed I don't know how to manage,—tell me how to be civil and kind to my dear husband's friends without,—without"—

Her voice broke down, though she kept from tears as an unkindness to her aunt.

In very fact, little as she knew it, she could not have defended herself better than by this humble question, throwing the whole guidance of her conduct upon her aunt. If she had been affronted, Mrs. Curtis could have been displeased; but to be thus set to prescribe the right conduct, was at once mollifying and perplexing.

"Well, well, my dear child, we all know you wish to do right; you can judge best. I would not have you ungrateful or uncivil, only you know you are living very quietly, and intimacy—Oh! my dear, I know your own feeling will direct you. Dear child, you have taken what I said so kindly! And now let me see that dear little girl."

Rachel had not anticipated that the upshot of a remonstrance, even from her mother, would be that Fanny was to be directed by her own feeling!

That same feeling took Fanny to Mackarel Lane later in the day. She had told the colonel her intention, and obtained Alison's assurance that Ermine's stay at Myrtlewood need not be impracticable, and armed with

their consent, she made her timid tap at Miss Williams's door, and showed her sweet face within it.

"May I come in? Your sister and your little niece are gone for a walk. I told them I would come! I did so want to see you!"

"Thank you," said Ermine, with a sweet smile, coloring cheek, yet grave eyes, and much taken by surprise at being seized by both hands, and kissed on each cheek.

"Yes, you must let me," said her visitor, looking up with her pretty imploring gesture; "you know I have known him so long, and he has been so good to me!"

"Indeed, it is very kind in you," said Ermine, fully feeling the force of the plea expressed in the winning young face and gentle eyes full of tears.

"Oh, no, I could not help it. I am only so sorry we kept him away from you when you wanted him so much; but we did not know, and he was Sir Stephen's right hand, and we none of us knew what to do without him; but if he had only told"—

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" said Ermine, "but indeed, it was better for *him* to be away." Even her wish to console that pleading little widow could not make her say that his coming would not have been good for her. "It has been such a pleasure to hear he had so kind and happy a home all these years."

"Oh, you cannot think how Sir Stephen loved and valued him. The one thing I always did wish was that Conrade should grow up to be as much help and comfort to his father, and now he never can! But," driving back a tear, "it was so hard that you should not have known how distinguished and useful and good he was all those years. Only now I shall have the pleasure of telling you;" and she smiled. She was quite a different being when free from the unsympathizing influence, which, without her understanding it, had kept her from dwelling on her dearest associations.

"It will be a pleasure of pleasures," said Ermine, eagerly.

"Then you will do me a favor, a very great favor," said Fanny, laying hold of her hand again, "if you and your sister and niece will come and stay with me." And as Ermine commenced her refusal, she went on in the same coaxing way, with a description of her plans for Ermine's comfort, giving

her two rooms on the ground-floor, and assuring her of the absence of steps, the immunity from all teasing by the children, of the full consent of her sister, and the wishes of the colonel; nay, when Ermine was still unpersuaded, of the exceeding kindness it would be to herself. "You see I am terribly young, *really*," she said, "though I have so many boys, and my aunt thinks it awkward for me to have so many officers calling, and I can't keep them away because they are my father's and Sir Stephen's old friends; so please do come and make it all right!"

Ermine was driven so hard, and so entirely deprived of all excuse, that she had no alternative left but to come to the real motive.

"I ought not," she said, "it is not good for him, so you must not press me, dear Lady Temple. You see it is best for him that nobody should ever know of what has been between us."

"What! don't you mean?"—exclaimed Fanny, breaking short off.

"I cannot!" said Ermine.

"But he would like it. He wishes it as much as ever."

"I know he does," said Ermine, with a troubled voice; "but you see that is because he did not know what a wretched remnant I am, and he never has had time to think about any one else."

"Oh, no, no."

"And it would be very unfair of me to take advantage of that, and give him such a thing as I am."

"Oh, dear, but that is very sad!" cried Fanny, looking much startled.

"But I am sure you must see that it is right."

"It may be right," and out burst Fanny's ready tears; "but it is very, very hard, and disagreeable, if you don't mind my saying so, when I know it is so good of you. And don't you mean to let him even see you, when he has been constant so long?"

"No, I see no reason for denying myself that; indeed, I believe it is better for him to grow used to me as I am, and be convinced of the impossibility."

"Well, then, why will you not come to me?"

"Do you not see, in all your kindness, that my coming to you would make every one know the terms between us, while no one remarks his just coming to me here as an old

friend. 'And if he were ever to turn his mind to any one else'—

"He will never do that, I am sure."

"There is no knowing. He has never been, in his own estimation, disengaged from me," said Ermine; "his brother is bent on his marrying, and he ought to be perfectly free to do so, and not under the disadvantage that any report of this affair would be to him."

"Well, I am sure he never will," said Fanny, almost petulantly; "I know I shall hate her, that's all!"

Ermine thought her own charity toward Mrs. Colin Keith much more dubious than Lady Temple's, but she continued,—

"At any rate, you will be so kind as not to let any one know of it. I am glad you do. I should not feel it right that you should not; but it is different with others."

"Thank you. And if you will not come to me, you will let me come to you; won't you? It will be so nice to come and talk him over with you. Perhaps I shall persuade you some of these days after all. Only I must go now; for I always give the children their tea on Sunday. But please let your dear little niece come up to-morrow and play with them; the little Hammonds will be there; she is just their age."

Ermine felt obliged to grant this at least, though she was as doubtful of her shy Rose's happiness as of the expedience of the intimacy; but there was no being ungracious to the gentle visitor, and no doubt Ermine felt rejoiced and elevated. She did not need fresh assurances of Colin's constancy, but the affectionate sister-like congratulations of this loving, winning creature showed how real and in earnest his intentions were. And then Lady Temple's grateful esteem for him, being, as it was, the reflection of her husband's, was no small testimony to his merits.

"Pretty creature!" said Ermine, to herself; "really, if it did come to that, I could spare him to her better than to any one else. She has some notion how to value him."

Alison and Rose had in the mean time been joined by Colonel Keith and the boys, whom Alick had early deserted in favor of a sunny, sandy nook. The colonel's purpose was hard on poor Alison: it was to obtain her opinion of her sister's decision, and the likelihood of persistence in it. It was not, perhaps, bad for either that they conversed

under difficulties, the boys continually coming back to them from excursions on the rocks, and Rose holding her aunt's hand all the time; but to be sure Rose had heard nearly all the colonel's affairs, and somehow mixed him up with Henry of Cranstoun.

Very tenderly toward Alison herself did Colin Keith speak. It was the first time they had ever been brought into close contact, and she had quite to learn to know him. She had regarded his return as probably a misfortune; but it was no longer possible to do so, when she heard his warm and considerate way of speaking of her sister, only desirous of learning what was most for her real happiness. Nay, he even made a convert of Alison herself! She did believe that, would Ermine but think it right to consent, she would be happy and safe in the care of one who knew so well how to love her. Terrible as the wrench would be to Alison herself, she thought he deserved her sister, and that she would be as happy with him as earth could make her. But she did not believe Ermine would ever accept him. She knew the strong, unvarying resolution by which her sister had always held to what she thought right, and did not conceive that it would waver. The acquiescence in his visits, and the undisguised exultant pleasure in his society, were evidences to Alison, not of wavering or relenting, but of confidence in Ermine's own sense of impossibility. She durst not give him any hope, though she owned that he merited success. "Did she think his visits bad for her sister?" he then asked in the unselfishness that pleaded so strongly for him.

"No, certainly not," she answered, eagerly, then made a little hesitation that made him ask further.

"My only fear," she said, candidly, "is, that if this is pressed much on her, and she has to struggle with you and herself, too, it may hurt her health. Trouble tells not on her cheerfulness, but on her nerves."

"Thank you," he said; "I will refrain."

Alison was much happier than she had been since the first apprehension of his return. The first pang at seeing Ermine's heart another's property had been subdued; the present state of affairs was indefinitely prolonged, and she not only felt trust in Colin Keith's consideration for her sister, but she knew that an act of oblivion was part of her perpetration of the injury. She was right. His

original pitying repugnance to a mere unknown child could not be carried on to the grave, saddened woman devoted to her sister; and in the friendly, brotherly tone of that interview each understood the other. And when Alison came home and said, "I have been walking with Colin," her look made Ermine very happy.

"And learning to know him."

"Learning to sympathize with him, Ermine," with steady eyes and voice. "You are hard on him."

"Now, Ailie," said Ermine "once for all, he is not to set you on me, as he has done with Lady Temple. The more he persuades me, the better I know that to listen would be an abuse of his constancy. It would set him wrong with his brother, and as dear Edward's affairs stand we have no right to carry the supposed disgrace into a family that would believe it, though he does not. If I were ever so well, I should not think it right to marry. I shall not shun the sight of him; it is delightful to me, and a less painful cure

to him than sending him away would be. It is in the nature of things that he should cool into a friendly, kindly feeling, and I shall try to bear it. Or if he does marry, it will be all right, I suppose"—but her voice faltered, and she gave a sort of broken laugh. "There," she said, with a recovered flash of liveliness, "there's my resolution, to do what I like more than anything in the world as long as I can! and when it is over I shall be helped to do without it!"

"I can't believe"—broke out Alison.

"Not in your heart, but in your reason," said Ermine, endeavoring to smile. "He will hover about here, and always be kind, loving, considerate; but a time will come that he will want the home-happiness I cannot give. Then he will not wear out his affection on the impossible literary cripple, but begin over again and be happy. And, Alison, if your love for me is of the sound, strong sort I know it is, you will help me through with it, and never say one word to make it less easy and obvious to him."

THE FIRST TURNPIKE IN ENGLAND.—Exactly five hundred years have elapsed since a hermit, weary of the labor of having nothing to do, and tired of sitting the dull day through by the side of the stone which supported the sun-dial in front of St. Anthony's Chapel, on Highgate Hill,—that stone which subsequently became known as Whittington's,—resolved to mend the ways between the summit of the hill and the low part of the vale ending in Islington. This hermit was a man of some means, and he devoted them to bringing gravel from the top of the hill and laying it all along the unclean tract which then, as now, bore the name of "Hollow Way." By digging out gravel, he gave a pond to the folk on the hill, where it was greatly needed; and he contributed cleanliness and security to the vale, where neither had hitherto been known. Travellers blessed the hermit who had turned constructor of highways; the pilgrims to St. Anthony's found their access to the shrine of the saint made easy and pleasant by him, and as for the beneficent hermit himself, his only regret was that, in accomplishing this meritorious act for the good of his fellow-men, he had entirely exhausted all his fortune. The king, however, came to the rescue. He set up a toll-bar, and published a decree addressed to "our well-beloved William Phelippe, the hermit," that he and the public

might know wherefore. The king declared that he highly appreciated the motive which had induced the hermit to benefit "our people passing through the highway between Heggate and Smethfield, in many places notoriously miry and deep." And in order that the new way might be maintained and kept in repair, the king licensed the hermit to take toll, and keep the road in order, and himself in comfort and dignity. This was the first road-bar erected in England, and William Phelippe, the hermit, was the father of the race of turnpike-keepers.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Two hundred and ten *savans* of England have signed a "Declaration" affirming their belief in the ultimate harmony between Science and Divine Revelation, but deprecating any presumptuous comparisons between them in the present state of our knowledge. Two have declined signing the declaration: Sir J. F. W. Herschel, on the ground that it is "an infringement of that social forbearance which guards the freedom of religious opinion in this country with especial sanctity;" and Sir John Bowring, who says "there is no presumption in giving to the world conclusions soberly, seriously, and reverently formed, be those conclusions what they may."

From Good Words.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

WHEN we reflect that London, this vast camp of three millions of men, is dependent upon the punctuality with which a few officials turn cocks for the supply of one of the first necessities of life,—water; when we call to mind that without their aid, and that of the machinery under their control, we should all of us wither up and die, as we see the green Aphis does on the leaves in a dry summer, it becomes interesting to inquire into the nature of that circulating water-system which our advancing civilization has substituted for the old natural sources of supply, before the metropolis had become a province covered with houses. Anciently, when London was a mere speck compared with its present size, the scattered houses, interspersed with meadows, depended upon its bourns, its viaducts, and its wells, to which water was supplied from the distant springs. At a very early date these sources became scant and insufficient, and the Thames itself was necessarily laid under contribution, especially by those living upon its banks. The Thames, as late as the days of Elizabeth, was a clear river, free from the greater portion of the impurities that now pollute it; and there was only lacking the science to distribute it cheaply and effectively to meet all the wants of that age. In 1580, one Peter Morris, a Dutchman, supplied the science the times demanded; with the aptitude of his nation to deal with water problems, he saw that the swift river contained within itself the power to be its own carrier, and he obtained a right from the corporation to erect machinery for that purpose. There are thousands of men now living who remember these works; it is in fact only fifty-four years ago since their representatives were yet standing at old London Bridge. Huge water-wheels, worked by the tide, beneath the side arches, were employed as a motive power to force the water through wooden tubes underground to different parts of the city. We do not exactly know whether there was a “high service” in his day, but that he could give a considerable pressure to his water we know, from the fact, that he astonished the Lord Mayor and corporation by throwing a stream over the tower of St. Magnus church, on the occasion of the opening of his works. This scheme of Peter Morris constituted the premier water-works

of London. He delivered the water into the houses; the pitcher no longer went to the fountain; and a mighty amount of gossip was abolished at a stroke.

The growing requirements of the city, however, soon brought into the field a competitor to the Dutchman's scheme. In 1607, Sir Hugh Middleton proposed to bring the New River, which had its origin in the springs of Chadwell and Amwell in Hertfordshire, directly into London, a distance of forty-two miles, taking the windings of the river into account. This was really a great undertaking for the time; and no wonder that the capitalists of the day did not feel inclined to back its bold projector in his scheme; and had it not been for James the First, who went halves with his subject in the venture, most probably we never should have seen the pleasant river that now enlivens the neighborhood of Stoke Newington. This was an invasion of Morris's territory from the north that he and his successors could have little expected; nevertheless it was carried through with great energy, and on the twenty-ninth of September, 1613, this new source of supply entered the reservoir at Clerkenwell amidst great rejoicing. A print of the time represents the gay scene of the water bursting forth into the reservoir, around which the king and all his courtiers are assembled. The New River scheme, as far as engineering works were concerned, was a much more simple undertaking than that of Peter Morris. There was no forcing of the water upwards, which constitutes the very essence of modern water-works.

Upwards of a century and a half elapsed before the means were in existence to accomplish this on a large scale. The mighty motive power, which has since revolutionized our manufactures, was still in embryo, and it was not until Watt perfected it, in 1782, that our present water supply, with its miles of water-pipes ramifying in every direction underground, was forced by the great iron heart into our topmost stories, as the blood is forced into every portion of the human frame. As in all main points the hydraulic appliances of the eight water companies which supply the metropolis are alike, we shall not weary the reader by needless repetitions of these details. It will be interesting and important, however, to point out the sources from which we are supplied, with

what, by courtesy, we must call the "pure element," and the districts which the different companies serve. The New River Company, which has absorbed the London Bridge Water Company, still maintains its pre-eminence. It serves nearly the whole of the city, and the suburban districts of Islington, Highgate, Hornsey, Stoke Newington, and Hampstead, extends from St. Katherine's Dock to Northumberland House, and distribute daily upwards of thirty million gallons of water. This water is of a rather mixed quality, drawn as it is from various sources. The Chadwell springs still contribute, as of old, to the supply; and there are several artesian wells sunk at Cheshunt, Amwell, and Hampstead Heath, which give a cool water, but one impregnated with the various earthy deposits through which it percolates. The river Lea at Hertford affords the main source of the supply, and the New River is now used as a mere reservoir of subsidence in which the water is allowed to clear itself of all alluvial deposits before being passed through the filter-beds. The river—it may be called the Old River now—is not quite so picturesque as of old, many of the windings and turnings having been replaced by short cuts, which have reduced its length from forty-two to twenty-eight miles. It yet retains its pastoral character, grassy margin, and cool weeping willows, which tempt the patient angler to its banks, its eels, its reeds, and its simple look of nature, which is however quite out of keeping with the trim artificial ponds used for the same purpose by other companies; it may, however, be none the worse for that.

The West Middlesex, the Grand Junction, and the Southwark and Vauxhall Companies, obtain their supply from the Thames at Hampton. The pipes of the three companies have made a long arm, and dip their water from the comparatively pure stream flowing through the pleasant meadows of this part of the country. They come side by side as far as Twickenham, where the mains of the Grand Junction Company branch off to its pumping station at Kew; whilst the Southwark and Vauxhall, and West Middlesex mains cross under the Thames at Richmond, and finally separate at Mortlake,—the pipes of the former bearing to the left toward the works at Battersea, and those of the latter company running toward the

bend of the river at Barnes, supplying its reservoirs of subsidence and filter-beds there: again crossing under the river to the works at Hammersmith, whence the water is pumped to its reservoirs and mains for delivery. Of old the Grand Junction Company took its waters from the canal of that name; this source they changed, but not improved, in 1822, for the river Thames, placing their "intake" or supply-pipe in close proximity to the outfall of the Great Ranelagh Sewer. They were not particular in those days. The Vauxhall Company scarcely gathered from a purer source, as they went no higher than the Red House at Battersea, a part of the river saturated with sewage. The consequence of this carelessness we shall allude to hereafter. The West Middlesex Company mainly supplies the Hammersmith, Turnham Green, and Kensington districts in the south, and Portland Town and Regent's Park in the north, throwing out branches as far as Willesden and Hendon. This company supplies about 33,500 houses with 8,250,000 gallons daily.

The water territory of the Grand Junction Company wedges in between the northern and southern portions of that of the West Middlesex, and supplies Notting Hill, Tiburnia, and that aristocratic portion of town lying to the north of Hyde Park, the Green Park, and St. James's Park, and sending a long offshoot to Brentford, Isleworth, and Twickenham. Although there are only nineteen thousand houses in its district, it consumes eight million gallons daily or only a quarter of a million less than the tenants of the West Middlesex Company, with pretty nearly double the number of houses, and we should say quadruple its number of inhabitants: so that the rich have an immense advantage over the poor in respect to the quantity of water supplied to them, when in reality they want it less.

The Southwark and Vauxhall Company supplies the district skirting the river from Putney to Vauxhall Bridge, and running as far south as Clapham; and another district far to the east, extending from London Bridge to Rotherhithe. This is a wide and poor district, covered with small houses, forty-five thousand of which it supplies with upwards of eleven thousand gallons daily. Between the east and west segments of its riverside population, the Lambeth Company intervenes; indeed, in many cases the mains

of the two companies intermingle. This company supplies one hundred and thirty-four thousand houses with seven million five hundred thousand gallons daily, drawn from the Thames at Thames Ditton. The Chelsea Company also draws its supply from the same source, the mains crossing over the Thames, at Putney, by means of an iron bridge. The pipes of this company supply Fulham and the whole of Chelsea, Pimlico, Belgravia, and extend north as far as Buckingham Palace and the Green Park.

The East London Company, one of the largest in the metropolis, draws its supplies from the river Lea above Tottenham, and serves the riverside district from St. Katherine's Dock to the shores opposite East Greenwich, including the Isle of Dogs, and running inland as far north as Stamford Hill, and serving Stratford-le-Bow, Bethnal Green, Bromley, and West Ham. This is perhaps the poorest district in the metropolis as regards its resident population. There are upwards of 80,500 houses and factories supplied from the mains of this company, and yet not more than 17,250,000 gallons are served daily to this district, of which a very large amount is consumed by the manufactories with which it abounds. We are afraid the little children in this company's territory get but short allowance. We can understand, from these shortcomings of an essential of health for young children, how it is the mortality among the poor is so great.

The Kent Water Company, which was established as long back as 1699, supplies Greenwich, Deptford, Woolwich, and Plumstead, and extends its mains inland as far as Lewisham. Until latterly it drew its supplies from the river Ravensbourne; but it now obtains them from artesian wells bored deeply into the chalk. This is a small company, working in a comparatively thinly-peopled district. Not more than thirty thousand and five hundred houses are supplied, and the quantity pumped daily is not more than six million gallons.

The old Hampstead Company, which dates from the time of Henry VIII., is now merged into the New River Company; so nothing further need be said about it.

Before the Metropolis Water Act, passed in 1852, came into operation, there used to be constant squabbling between the companies, and they invaded each other's territories

in the most reckless manner. The consequence was bad blood and a constant internecine warfare. The workmen sometimes would come across each other in the trenches they were digging to lay their mains, and fight with shovel and pick in the most desperate manner. The act of parliament, however, put a stop to this, by mapping out the district each company should work in; and now those territories are defined by certain high roads, which they never attempt to pass. Indeed, the former enmity is turned into too close a friendship; and the public, which formerly reaped the benefit of their competition, now find them a compact body, supporting each other and forming a power against which they find it futile to contend.

Having mapped out the whole of the metropolis into the eight districts which the different companies supply, we will refer to the manner in which the water is collected, purified, and distributed to the houses. It must be remembered, that, by the Metropolis Water Act, the whole water trade of the capital was revolutionized. London had grown mightily; it had thrown its arms out in every direction; crept up the valley of the Thames, and crowned the surrounding hills; but yet the water companies did not move further afield. The consequence was that the Thames and the other rivers that supplied the different companies had become polluted with sewage. Not only was a disinclination shown to move to purer sources of supply, but it was contended by their spokesman, Sir William Clay, in a vehement pamphlet, that better water could not be given than they were then serving. Whilst interested capitalists were thus attempting to demonstrate the thing that was not, and whilst the old sources of supply were still in full action, an experiment was being carried out during the cholera epidemic of 1853-4, which showed in the most conclusive manner, that the source from which some of the drinking water was obtained affected the death-rate in a most alarming degree. The South London area, which suffered so severely in this epidemic, was served by two water companies,—those of Lambeth, and Southwark and Vauxhall; the former company pumping from the Thames at the comparatively pure source, Thames Ditton, the latter from the foul source, the river opposite the Red House, Battersea. Twenty-five thousand houses were

supplied by the Lambeth Company, and forty thousand houses by the Vauxhall Company. Both were of a perfectly similar character; indeed in many cases the mains of one company ran along one side of the street, and the mains of the other on the opposite side. Here, then, was a means of judging of the action of two water services, differing considerably in purity, and supplied to no inconsiderable neighborhood, but to a fifth portion of the whole metropolis, under the peculiar circumstances of a severe epidemic, in which water was held by all medical authorities to play a very important part. The result, as worked out by a careful house-to-house inspection, under the eye of the Board of Health, was most decisive. The cholera deaths in the 24,854 houses containing a population of 166,906 persons in the district supplied by the Lambeth Company, supplying from a comparatively pure source, were 611: being at the rate of 37 to every 10,000 living; whilst in the 40,726 houses supplied by the Vauxhall Company, containing a population of 268,171 persons, there occurred 3476 deaths, being at the rate of 130 to every 10,000 living; or, in the words of the officer of health's (Mr. Simon's) report, "The population drinking dirty water accordingly appears to have suffered three-and-a-half times as much mortality as the population drinking the other water." This crucial test silenced the advocates of the old sources of supply as all-sufficient, and it also showed the necessity of a strict supervision over companies which held in their hands the keys of life and death, and were inclined to use the latter in order to save their pockets.

The Act of 1852 did two things for the public: it sent all the water companies drawing from the Thames above Teddington Lock, and other companies, using other rivers, higher up to purer sources of supply; and it forced all of them to filter their water. Before this act was passed, not half of the drinking water of the metropolis was filtered. Five out of the eight companies, including the two largest, never thought it necessary to clear the water they served of more than the heavy particles it held in suspension. Parliament, however, saw the necessity for something more than this; and now all the water used for household purposes is filtered. The process of purification and filtration used by all the companies is pretty similar. The

water runs directly into the reservoirs of subsidence, where it is allowed to remain a longer or shorter time, according to its condition of turbidity when gathered. When all the alluvial or heavy particles in suspension are thrown down, it is pumped into the filter-beds. These beds are made of layers of sand, ranging from three to five feet in thickness. Thames and Harwick sand, with fine and coarse gravel, are generally employed. The value of filtering is easily estimated, by comparing a glass of water drawn from the reservoir of subsidence with one drawn from the filter-bed. The filter-beds not only act mechanically by straining the water of all matters held in suspension, but also chemically, by oxygenating, and therefore burning up, all matters the oxygen can act upon. It also aerates to a certain extent, the amount of oxygen that adheres to particles of sand and gravel being very great.

In the years 1851-56 a series of chemical experiments of the water supplied by the different companies during the two periods was made by the Board of Health, and the result of the changes of source and of the use of the beds was, that in the latter year one half of the organic matter it had previously contained had disappeared: a very admirable example of abolishing adulterations by act of parliament, and it would be well for us if we could control our solids as effectually by a similar enactment. When the water is purified, it has to be pumped to the reservoirs of supply, and to the mains direct. Any one conversant with the suburbs of London must have observed that the reservoirs of subsidence and filtration are mostly situated at the old pumping stations of the different companies, some miles nearer town than the sources from which they obtain their present supply; thus their works are situated midway between the consumers and the intake. The traveller by suburban railways must have observed those reservoirs, some of them covering many acres; and all of them put together would form a lake of two hundred acres in extent.

The filtered water has now again to be pumped to the reservoirs, from which it has to be distributed by gravitation or otherwise. The different companies have seized upon all the high ground about the metropolis for the purpose of these reservoirs. Whenever, good reader, you see a high hill, be sure there you

will find one of those deep cups, from which the metropolis daily drinks. If we stroll over Campden Hill, Kensington, for example, at its highest point, we find the ground occupied by the water farms of the West Middlesex and Grand Junction Companies. These reservoirs being within five miles of St. Paul's, according to the act of parliament, are covered in to preserve them from the smoke and foul drippings of the London air. The arched brick coverings are hollow, so as to allow a free current of air to pass through them; the Grand Junction reservoir is sown with grass, and, being in gentle ridges, at this time of the year has all the appearance of a stubble field. Covering in the reservoirs not only keeps out dirt, but it prevents vegetable growths from fouling the water. Not many years ago there used to be an open supply reservoir at the corner of the Green Park, near Piccadilly, and another round one in Hyde Park, since turned into a garden; these were generally covered with scum and filth. The fastidious ladies in the neighborhood, possibly, would not have touched water, had they known they were drawing it from such a puddle.

To return, however, to these Campden Hill reservoirs. The customers of the West Middlesex Company in its immediate neighborhood are supplied by the reservoir by simple gravitation; all higher points—and they supply even the tall residential tower on the crest of the hill—are supplied by the direct force of the mains pumped from Hammersmith, as they have no engines at work here. It is different with the adjacent works of the Grand Junction Company. They also supply as much of their high service as their reservoir will reach, but the high ground on Notting Hill is met by their pumping engine. The tall tower, which commands the whole landscape around, contains what are termed "stand-pipes,"—huge pipes, in the form of long-legged tuning-forks placed on end. Up these pipes the water is forced by the powerful steam-engine on the premises. There are two of these stand-pipes: one 90 feet high, the other 150 feet. The lower one supplies the medium high service, and the higher one forces water 250 feet above Trinity high-water mark. The still higher district of the West Middlesex Company above Primrose Hill is supplied by pumping engines, forcing from the reservoir at Barrow-

hill, as far as Hendon. All the companies supply their high service after the manner of these two, either by directly forcing the water from the low level through the mains to the high reservoirs, or by forcing it to a high level through stand-pipes. We never go through the narrow passage on Campden Hill, dividing these two great reservoirs, and listen to the measured beat of the great steam-engine, which goes night and day without ceasing—like the human heart,—without thinking of the labor it is saving the thousands of domestic of the neighborhood in conveying the daily water supply to the topmost stories of the houses. The New River Company forces its water at Hampstead as high as the cross of St. Paul's:

There are many other of the high service stand-pipes hidden, like those at Campden Hill, by architectural structures of striking appearance, such, for instance, as that in the Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, belonging to the New River Company, which takes the form of a feudal Scotch castle of grand proportions, and grimly frowns over the landscape around like a veritable stronghold, instead of being a case for hiding steam-engines and ugly iron pipes. On the other hand, the stand-pipe of the Lambeth Company stands out in all its nakedness, like a Brobdignagian wind-instrument placed mouth downwards to drain.

Of the heart and arteries and small capillary vessels,—the pumping engines, the great iron mains, and the house-service pipes of lead and iron,—which constitute the distributing machinery of the different companies, we have now to speak. Cut across any thoroughfare you like, and you are sure to lay bare one or more of those great vessels which circulate the living waters to every household, and in many cases to every floor in London. As in the human body, so in the fabric of underground London, we find great ducts which supply and nourish the population.

We have said that three of the great water companies extend their suction-pipes of supply—their chyle ducts, to follow out our anatomical similitude—as far as Hampton. Miles and miles into the country we may see the great mains, a yard in diameter, dipping under the Thames, crossing deep ditches, and passing along the fields and furzy commons, at certain points intercommunicating with

each other, in case either may require temporary help. The far-off source is little dreamed of by the thirsty soul, who quaffs from the drinking-fountain in the crowded street. He little fancies that, like the lounging he watches at Verey's, sucking his sherry-cobbler along a straw, that he, too, is sucking at the stream through ten miles of iron pipe, the end of which dips into the Thames close to Wolsey's pleasant palace. The great mains of all the companies are thirty-six inches in diameter, and it must be remembered they are free and fully charged at all times, so that, in case of fire, the fireman has only to turn the plug to get any quantity of water he requires. In some cases,—such as at the great fire in Tooley Street,—thousands of tons of water are thus abstracted gratuitously without interfering with the supply to the houses. At the beginning of the present century, the mains, indeed all the pipes, were wooden,—the trunks of trees bored out,—and in no case of more than one foot in diameter. How the metropolitan giant must have grown, the size of his present iron arteries is a proof. The mains of the eight water companies not only supply London proper, but push out far into the country, invading even the agricultural districts, and supplying its farms. They distribute in the aggregate upwards of one hundred millions of gallons daily, through three thousand and odd miles of mains, and supply three hundred and seventy-five thousand houses and factories, through capillary pipes upwards of seven thousand miles in length. If all the water daily used in this great city were collected in one great reservoir, it would cover seventy acres in extent, and six feet in depth. As the spectator watched this great expanse of water, he would see it hour by hour drained to the bottom by the collective millions in the metropolis as calmly and noiselessly as a cup is drained by a dusty roadside traveller.

The collective iron heart—the steam-engines which propel this flood—possesses a force of not less than nine thousand horses. The pressure through the mains is so great that at times they are ruptured, and the escaping water tears up the roadway with the force of a mine exploding, and mounting at least sixty feet in the air. From the mains, smaller pipes are given off, which communicate with the leaden pipes which come into the houses. At a certain hour these capillaries

discharge themselves into the high-service cisterns with a rush which testifies to the force with which the water is pumped by the engines; at another hour the lower cisterns are supplied. A long battle has been fought, respecting this intermitting supply, between the companies and the Board of Health. The latter are anxious that a constant supply should be introduced; in other words, that every household should be able to draw off water direct from the main when required. Indeed, provisions under certain regulations were made for the introduction of the constant service in the act of 1852; but they have never been put in force. The companies object that the waste of water would be so tremendous, in consequence of imperfect taps in the poorer houses, that it is impossible to give a constant supply. The intermitting supply, on the other hand, is a source of great expense in the mere matter of supply cisterns, and, moreover, it gives rise to the chance of lead poisoning,—a disease which often prostrates a family, especially its younger members, without any discernible cause, until the wrists become paralyzed, and the doctor suspects the leaden cisterns. In many cases an iron nail driven into its leaden lining, or inferior solder in contact with it, will set up galvanic action, which slowly dissolves the metal. This danger is avoided by the use of slate or galvanized iron cisterns; but all the plumbers are in league against their introduction.

There is one very legitimate complaint against all the water companies, and that is the very limited time they allow the water to be turned on. This time varies from a quarter of an hour to an hour. The latter is by far too short a period to fill the water-butts generally in use, in the habitations of the poor; and where cisterns are in use, they are placed in such confined rooms or passages as to render the water totally unfit for drinking purposes. Water, it must be remembered, has a great capacity for absorbing deleterious gases: one hundred pints of water will absorb twelve and a half pints of carburetted hydrogen or common coal gas, and, what is worse still, its own bulk of sulphuretted hydrogen or drain gas! Those who know the vitiated condition of the ventilation; and of the sewers in small houses, will see the vast importance of this fact as regards the health of the poor. Their water supply, on the

present intermittent system, stored, as it generally is, in close passages, and even in the living rooms, must be more or less poisoned. It is nothing less than a drain-gas trap set up on the most cunning principles possible to catch the poisonous air. This is one of the greatest objections to the intermittent water supply we know of; but there is still another scarcely less important: we allude to the omission of all water supply on the Sunday. The companies excuse themselves for the omission by pleading the necessity of giving their servants rest on the Sabbath. This is all very proper; but surely the water might be turned on late on Saturday night. If "cleanliness is next to godliness," surely the companies are doing a very wrong thing in denying to the poor man the use of water on the only day he has time thoroughly to wash himself.

The development of the various water companies must lead, from time to time, to great changes in their machinery and arrangements. In the six years from 1850 to 1856, when the new sources of supply came into operation, the water supply of the metropolis nearly doubled,—the gross daily quantity used in the former year having been 44,383,332 gallons, and in the latter year upwards of 81,000,000 gallons. The eight years that have since elapsed have shown no such enormous augmentation, but at the present moment upwards of 95,000,000 gallons are daily supplied; and year by year those companies whose territories have a free, expanding margin toward the country are darting out their mains in all directions.

In looking at the Metropolitan Water Companies' Map, it is curious to note how its circulating system is stealing along the great highways traversed by their mains. It would seem as though these great arteries, when they shoot out into the open country toward their sources of supply, immediately have the effect of gathering a population on either side of them, organizing a system of houses, and extending the town-life,—just as when an artery is seen in embryotic life to organize the hitherto inanimate mass in its neighborhood.

As the heart of the metropolis becomes deserted as a place of residence, and the tide of life is pulsated by rail and steamboat and omnibus nocturnally to its outskirts, the invasion of the country by the water compa-

nies will go on increasing; and with increased trade we may hope for increased purity and cheapness of the water supply. At the present moment the water supplied is adulterated with a considerable quantity of carbonate of lime, which gives it much hardness,—a quality undesirable for manufacturing purposes, and also for domestic use. It has been asserted by an able writer in the *Quarterly Review* that if we possessed such pure water as that supplied to Glasgow from the Highland lakes, London would save annually not less than £250,000, in the items of soda and soap now needlessly wasted in consequence of the hardness of our water. As drinking-water, moreover, it may be materially improved. Greater purity has indeed been enforced by the Legislature, but more still can be done. The notorious fact that the public prefer the water from the few famous pumps yet remaining to the town, should be a warning to the companies that they have a higher standard of excellence to attain to than they have yet reached. The famous Aldgate Pump was known to derive its cool, sparkling water from the admixture of the nitrates drained from the decaying humanity in the adjacent churchyard. Yet its water was much prized. The Piccadilly Pump and the Burlington Gardens Pump are looked upon as precious by the neighboring inhabitants. A draught from the next drinking-fountain supplied by the companies' water, and a draught from either of the pumps we have mentioned, at once shows the superiority of the latter as a drinking-water. And what is the reason? Not that the pump-water is more pure,—the contrary is the fact,—but that it possesses coolness and aeration, qualities in which the water companies' water is lamentably deficient. We do not despair of seeing the day when the companies will be forced to aerate their water, as they are now forced to filter it, and to cool it also, by storing it in deep underground receptacles instead of in reservoirs exposed to the full heat of the sun, from which it is protected by brick arches only. Water at sixty degrees in the summer is certainly not delectable, and as long as it reaches this temperature, well-water with all its impurities will be preferred.

We by no means wish to prolong the existence of the public pumps that have been declared to be impregnated with fecal matter

which has filtered through the surrounding soil; indeed, the testimony of the city officer of health, that, of the thirty-six pumps in the city, hardly one supplies a drinkable water, is conclusive on that point. But we must remind our reader that the use of the word "drinkable" is here meant for healthful,—that many, even of the city pumps, supply water that is very palatable, although impure, is notorious, and it is all the more dangerous on that account. When some few years since all the city, and indeed most of the metropolitan, pumps were denounced by the health officers, and in many cases were closed, the poor wayfarer was much in the position of the ancient mariner, who might have exclaimed as he read on the walls the locality of the fire-plugs, and saw the great pipes ramifying beneath his feet wherever the ground was opened,—

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

Here was a measure which operated directly against the temperance movement. If a man was thirsty, he was forced to go into the next public-house; for the public pump was denounced as poisonous. This anomalous condition of things, however, soon wrought its own cure. The drinking fountain movement, initiated by a few benevolent individuals, furnished many of our great thoroughfares with elegant drinking fountains. Some of these—for want of care and attention—have fallen into decay; and that most painful of all material sights—a fountain dry—now and then meets the public gaze. This fact, and also the more important one, that the water supply for the passenger traffic of a vast city could not be sufficiently met by the desultory efforts of individuals, led to the organization of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountains Association, which has taken upon itself the task of furnishing London with a sufficient number of these life-giving streams; and they now propose to take into their care those that have fallen into neglect.

The company has already erected upwards of eighty drinking fountains, all more or less artistic in character, in the principal thoroughfares. That the public appreciate them may be gathered from the fact that a quarter of a million of people daily drink from them in the summer, and no less than eight thousand persons were counted drinking at one particular fountain in a single day. Many of these

wayside fountains, placed to welcome and restore the exhausted traveller, are engraved with some well-chosen sacred words of comfort and hope; where the wayworn man may perchance drink in, also, of the living waters of life,—“a word spoken in due season how good is it.”

And these fountains are not appropriated to man alone: in most there is a dog-trough, and in some a separate arrangement for supplying horses and cattle. There is a universal humanity in this arrangement, which must address itself to the best feelings of our nature.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
Both man, and beast, and bird."

And be sure the great Giver will not forget those who offer a draught of water even to the meanest beast of the field.

Whilst the legislature has forced all the water companies supplying themselves from the Thames higher up the stream, it has not anticipated an evil which is slowly assuming very large proportions. The towns on the banks of the Thames, far above the highest sources from which any of the companies now obtain their supplies, have obtained acts of parliament to drain directly into the river. Bramah, when he invented the water-closet, little thought that he was transferring the sewage, by means of the new vehicle, from one household to that of another's water-tank lower down the stream. But this really is the case; and as the towns increase along the banks of the Thames, we shall find that instead of going up stream to get nearer the pure element, we are only meeting town refuse half way.

Unless the legislature interferes to prevent these towns, fast increasing in size and population, from pouring their refuse sewage poison into our drinking water, by forcing them to utilize it on the land where Nature intended it should go, the public will be obliged to demand that our sources of supply be changed absolutely to the pure gathering ground which the Board of Health has so long suggested. Next to the granite rock reservoir of Loch Katrine, which supplies, perhaps, the purest water in the world to Glasgow, the water from the gathering grounds supplying the town of Farnham in Surrey is the most free from any kind of adulteration. These gathering grounds, which lie on the hill side near the town, are composed of layers of siliceous sand covered with heath.

These receive the rainfall, and form, in fact, gigantic filter-beds, which free the comparatively pure rain-water from any little impurity it may have contracted. The water is gathered in ordinary drain-pipes, a few feet below the soil, and from these pipes it flows into deep storage tanks which provide against a season of drought. These drainage pipes spread out in every direction like the roots of a tree, and collect from every particle of the large area of heath; these ramifying gathering ducts form the scientific parallel and corollary of the ducts of delivery which spread the water at present into every house in the metropolis. These gathering grounds are no mere matter of theory, as many towns in the North, besides Farnham, have depended upon the supply they afford. If it is asked where are such gathering grounds to be found near London, any traveller by the South-Western Railway will answer, The long tract of moorland which stretches north and south from Bagshot to Haslemere, and east and west from Farnham to Woking,—a tract covering an area of at present nearly valueless heath, of not less than one hundred square miles,—a gathering ground sufficient, with proper storage reservoirs, to supply the metropolis to the end of time with a water not less pure than that of the celebrated Bala Lake in North Wales. It is well to know that if chartered water companies fail, there is abundance of water, of a far purer quality than it is possible for them to supply, which only awaits the hand of the hydraulic engineer to issue forth into our houses from the apparently dry and thirsty desert at our doors.

ANDREW WYNTER.

From The Saturday Review.

FRENCHWOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

It would be hard to find a better subject for an entertaining and useful book than an account of the women who made themselves conspicuous in French society from the beginning to the end of the eighteenth century. These famous women are interesting historically, as having been closely connected with men and with events that have paved the way for some of the most important ideas and some of the most remarkable achievements.

* "Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century. By Julia Kavanagh. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

ments of our own times. They are interesting philosophically, as furnishing ample and curious illustrations of that Condition-of-Women question which is daily attracting more and more attention both among mere sentimentalists and genuine thinkers. And to people who are equally indifferent to the historical relation between the characteristics of various periods and to all discussions upon the organization and arrangements of society, they are interesting, because their lives make up an unparalleled chronicle of wit, audacity, piquant scandals, and romance. The materials are as abundant as the subject is attractive; for the memoirs of the eighteenth century are all but inexhaustible. Noblemen of the court, philosophers, footmen, profligate *vauriens*, actresses, *femmes-de-chambre* have all vied with one another in the copiousness of their details, and the reckless candor of their disclosures. We look in vain elsewhere for so marvellous a development of the autobiographic spirit, whether it take the form of letters, journals, confessions, or professed history. Even John Foster, who wished "there were some public special mark and brand of emphatic reprobation for these exhibitors of their own disgrace," admits that "great service may be rendered by the publication of private memoirs written by persons connected or acquainted with those of the highest order;" and, as it happens, all the most valuable French memoirs are of this kind. But the historian goes a step further than the evangelical moralist, and recognizes the service which may be rendered in a greater or less degree by anybody who has kept a tolerably faithful chronicle of a life actively passed in the midst of society. Miss Kavanagh deserves some credit for hitting upon the subject, and she has unquestionably compiled her book with a highly respectable amount of industry. No name of any note has been omitted, and most of the good authorities appear to have been consulted. But the writer makes a fatal mistake in fancying that it is enough merely to print the names of her authorities in alphabetical order along with the table of contents, without appending a single reference to them in the text. It is all very well to say she has consulted about eighty or ninety authors; but we should like to see, by chapter and verse, that she has derived definite information from them; and we should like to know, moreover, how far

her estimate of their comparative worth coincides with our own. It is absurd, too, to place in one list, as if they were all the same, Rousseau and Grimm and Saint-Simon and Marmontel, together with Lord Brougham and Professor Smythe and Mr. Smith, author of "Mirabeau, a Life History." How can Saint-Simon and Mr. Smith be styled authorities in the same sense of the word? Second-rate writers are getting into a habit of parading a long list of "authors consulted," in the hope, we suppose, of acquiring the highest reputation for learning at the lowest possible cost. Why, a dozen references are worth a dozen pages of such lists. And a graver mistake than omitting to refer to authorities is omitting to digest them. We are anxious to give Miss Kavanagh full credit for diligence, and we may admit that the state of France in the eighteenth century was not so simple or so fixed as to be either readily grasped in a single conception or easily reproduced in a single volume. But here we have scarcely any attempt to bring out one feature or one personage of the time in more striking colors than another. Women of very secondary importance occupy as much space, and are talked about just in the same way, as those of the most remarkable preëminence. Surely, it would have been better to select some half-dozen of the greatest among them, and then to group the lesser lights around them. At all events, the method of taking every name in order, and treating the person to whom it belonged as much by herself as possible, is about the worst that could have been adopted. This artificial isolation did not exist in life, and in a book it inevitably tends to destroy anything like a general view. If Miss Kavanagh had taken as much pains to digest her design as she has done to gain the materials for carrying it out, the reader would have escaped a great deal of vexatious iteration, and would have acquired a much more substantial notion of what Frenchwomen in the eighteenth century were like. As it is, most readers who were not familiar with the subject before will leave off with a confused lot of names in their minds, and the vaguest possible idea in what respects women in France a hundred years ago resembled or differed from their great-grandchildren, or from Englishwomen of the same time. The authoress does not seem to have met with one book upon her subject

which might have suggested all this to her, although, as it was reprinted some eighteen years ago, it is now accessible enough; we mean Miss Berry's "Comparative View of Social Life in England and France." Miss Berry—who also edited the letters of Horace Walpole, and wrote a life of Madame du Deffand,—had a wide acquaintance with French society, history, and literature, and her book, while full of pleasant gossip, is marked by a power of ingenious generalization in which Miss Kavanagh is fatally wanting. Miss Kavanagh writes about the eighteenth century as a thoroughly respectable English lady who had passed all her days in a country town might be expected to write. She talks of Madame du Chatelet and Pompadour and Mailly as if they were dreadfully shocking women only to be spoken of in an undertone, and regards most of her other heroines from the same domestic point of view. This spirit is very nice over tea and bread and butter, but ought to be replaced by a wider and more practical view of life when people write books on wide subjects. Miss Berry was a jovial old pagan, and even got so far away from British traditions as to avow her opinion that the freedom of life and conversation conceded to women by the organization of the *salon* was far preferable to English restraint and prudery. The Frenchwoman, she maintained, listens to the talk of men of wit, learning, and genius; no social trammels prevent her from talking with them if she has anything worth saying, and the knowledge of this incites her to fit herself for such companionship by study and reflection. Frenchwomen thus learn to take an enlightened interest in every topic which interests men, and the result is, that they become "intelligent social beings." Englishwomen, on the other hand, in spite of their greater freedom of choice in marriage, and the various other advantages which they possess to start with, degenerate into mere "gossiping housewives." As a matter of fact, this is rather too widely stated. Even in the most brilliant period of French society, we suspect that the number of women who were capable of taking part in discussions where wit and learning were called for was very small, and that their position was markedly exceptional. Out of Paris, and out of a comparatively narrow circle even there, women led as humdrum lives, and were as far removed from intelligent social beings as

the gossiping housewives of England. It is as unreasonable to imagine that all Frenchwomen talked and read like Madam de Tencin or Madam du Chatelet, as it would be to suppose that men in England in the eighteenth century all talked like Dr. Johnson.

But it must be granted that women have never openly occupied a position of such substantial influence and power in England as was held by perhaps half a dozen of the heroines of Miss Kavanagh's book. Madam Pompadour, Madam Roland, Madam de Staël, though at different times and by different means, all exercised this power in the widest and most direct way. The rest acted upon the world infinitely less extensively, and always indirectly, but in a fashion utterly foreign to the usage of English society. Madam de Staël noticed that in England it is not until the ladies have withdrawn that conversation becomes animated, and that the mistress of the house seems to have no proper notions about her duty of leading the conversation. Women like Madam du Deffand or Madam Geoffrin were a kind of power in the eighteenth century, because they were thoroughly unlike Englishwomen in this respect. D'Holbach was called the *maître d'hotel* of philosophy, because he gave capital suppers, of which the philosophers were very happy to partake; and much in the same way, the ladies who presided over the most famous *salons* influenced thought by providing pleasant dinners for the thinkers. They had, however, not merely to supply food for thought in this solid sense, but to season it with the peculiar wit and intellectual sparkle in which a Frenchwoman seldom fails, and only exceptional Englishwomen succeed. The vulgar conception of a *salon* is, we believe, that it resembled a London rout, or perhaps a *conversazione* at South Kensington. Even Miss Kavanagh, who does not fall into this error, does something to strengthen it by frequently using *saloon* as a translation of *salon*. "Parlor" would be nearer the mark. In fact, the perfection of social intercourse, which is no more found in a rout than it is in a gallery of a theatre or among the crowd at a prize-fight, seems to have been secured by the *salons*. The party was small, and carefully chosen; nobody was oppressively superior to everybody else; and the conversation was guided and moderated by a woman of tact and cultivation. Marmontel, whose memoirs are as

natural and as entertaining as De Foe, suggests that societies of this sort are not without their less agreeable aspects. In a passage which Miss Kavanagh has quoted (she would have done well to use Marmontel still more freely) he gives a very lively description of a party at Madam de Tencin's. He complains that every guest came there ready to act his part, and that the anxiety for display prevented the conversation from following an easy course. This is probably an inseparable feature of every society made up of clever men, and it would be aggravated by the presence of women whose admiration was only to be won by shining in conversation, and by whom the tenderest rewards were habitually bestowed as a token of their admiration. The real secret of the success of the *salons* seems to be that they were the only places in which wits and philosophers could meet regularly without provoking the interference of the Government. A club was founded in 1724 for the purpose of discussing literary and social topics, and, from holding its meetings in the *entresol* of Hénault's house, was known as the Club de l'Entresol. But Fleury eventually suppressed it, and no attempt was ever again made to form a similar union before the Revolution. The houses of women who were hospitable, who liked the society of wits and philosophers, and did not object to a certain freedom of conversation, were found to be safe and agreeable centres for writers and thinkers, whose ideas gradually spread from these select coteries into the streets and the abodes of the multitude. Women took an equal part in the conversation because they had equal political rights with men,—that is to say, neither of them had any political rights at all. Where men enjoy political privileges which women do not, the latter will naturally have less interest and less weight in the discussion both of political matters and of every other serious subject; and it is worth noticing that the only period when men and women met to any considerable extent on the same intellectual level was a time when the former stood on no political vantage ground. Mr. Mill will find in this an argument for that enfranchisement of women which he considers as so urgently demanded alike by justice and policy. It is fair to add, however, that this was a time also when what constitutes the English notion of domestic morality was most systematically

outraged. After the Revolution, and when men had secured a certain measure of freedom, women recovered their virtue and lost their influence. Olympe de Gouges—whom, by the way, Miss Kavanagh dismisses too summarily—said very pithily, in one of her tremendous declamations about the rights of her sex, “*Le Gouvernement Français a dépendu pendant des siècles de l’administration nocturne des femmes; le cabinet n’avait point de secret pour leur indiscretion; ambassade, commandement, ministère, présidence, pontificat, cardinalat, enfin tout ce qui caractérise la sottise des hommes, profane et sacré, tout a été soumis à la cupidité et à l’ambition de ce sexe autrefois méprisable et respecté, et depuis la révolution respectable et méprise.*” There is this, however, to be said for the profligacy of women in the Parisian society of a part of the eighteenth century,—first, that they never talked about it; and, secondly, that though unfaithful to their husbands, they were generally very constant to their lovers. Rousseau’s passion for the Countess d’Houdetot—the only woman he ever loved, according to his own account—furnishes an instance of their irregular fidelity. The “*parfaite Julie*” was quite indifferent to M. d’Houdetot, but was so ardently attached to Saint-Lambert that all Rousseau’s eloquent and impassioned assaults upon what was left of her conjugal virtue were in vain. Everybody knows the lines in *Childe Harold* “about—

“The memorable kiss

Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet.”

Madam d’Houdetot was marked with the small-pox and squinted; and Miss Berry, who saw her when very old, says she was “the plainest old woman imaginable,” and that she left the party very early in order to attend Saint-Lambert, then on his death-bed. Saint-Lambert inspired an attachment in another still more famous woman; but Madam du Chatelet is a less favorable example of constancy than Rousseau’s idol. The frankness with which she explained to Voltaire why she required another lover is one of the funniest things in the chronicles of philosophic amours. Her requirements, unfortunately, cost her very dear; and Voltaire’s angry remonstrance, on her death, at the shameful indiscretion of his rival is well known. More ludicrous than the scene be-

tween Voltaire and Saint-Lambert is the notion of Saint-Lambert and M. d’Houdetot becoming horribly jealous of one another in their old age, and making Madam d’Houdetot extremely uncomfortable about it. Saint-Lambert ought to have acquired fame by supplanting one of the two great philosophers of the century, and anticipating the other, in the hearts of their mistresses. In connection with Madam du Chatelet, Miss Kavanagh ought to have made some use of Longchamps’s “*Memoirs of Voltaire.*” Longchamps was Madam du Chatelet’s footman, and some of his facts are exceedingly curious and instructive. According to him, her indelicacy—and it was probably not more gross than that of other ladies of rank—was so stupendous as to appear to us almost incredible. It was an ordinary thing for her men-servants to attend upon her in the bath, and in fact, says the philosophic valet, she looked upon us as belonging to a different species altogether.

The death of Louis XV. and accession of Marie Antoinette wrought a great change in the habits of French society, and both the indelicacy and the open profligacy disappeared, or were decently veiled, under the scarcely less offensive *sensiblerie*. This hypocritical profession of enthusiasm for nature and simplicity and pastoral virtues, resulted in all sorts of nauseous follies. Prizes were given to exemplary virgins, good boys and girls, good mothers. There was the *Fête des Bonnes Gens* and the *Fête des Bonnes Mœurs*. Louis and Marie Antoinette lounged about Trianon in straw hats, and ate their food in the open air, and tried to fancy themselves Arcadian peasants. Authors filled their pages with windy apostrophes to Goodness and Virtue and Humanity. But all this could do nothing to repair the broken finances, or relieve the public burdens, or make the masses of the people content with the monstrous inequality of their lot; and *sensiblerie* was followed by an ever-memorable reign of dissimulation and weakness and violence and universal madness. The story of the Revolution is, perhaps, the best part of Miss Kavanagh’s book. Charlotte Corday and Madam Roland and Madam de Staël are more congenial themes than Du Barry and Pompadour, and the writer has taken the trouble to acquire some of the newest views about the principal characters of the epoch. She does not, for ex-

ample, content herself with the ordinary notion about Robespierre, but has honestly tried to understand the better side of his character, though we confess the attempts to vindicate his name from all the atrocities with which it is popularly associated always reminds us of De Quincey's ingenious "rehabilitation" of Judas Iscariot. Miss Kavanagh adopts the common sentimental view of the queen; that is, she thinks her worst fault was imprudence, and that the anguish of her last days ought to make us forget the follies of her prosperity. This is exactly what people used to say about Charles I. until Macaulay and Mr. Carlisle established a sounder doctrine. Charles I. and Marie Antoinette had many traits in common, and amongst them were profound dissimulation and impotent vindictiveness. Mirabeau, after his remarkable interview with her, exclaimed, "She is the only man of the family," and it is to her that history will attribute the perverse and ruinous policy of which her husband was nominally the author. Still, dignity of conduct under the most agonizing circumstances, a gracious and queenly presence, power of uttering melodramatic speeches, and a terrible death, are claims to respect and admiration which it must always be very difficult for female writers to refuse.

Miss Kavanagh dismisses the men of the century somewhat curtly. Jean Baptiste Rousseau is darkly alluded to as "the guilty but unhappy poet," while Condorcet is coolly dispatched as the husband of Madam Condorcet, and "a person of some scientific eminence." We had scarcely a right to expect, from the title of the book, any profound account of the progress of thought in France in the eighteenth century; but it would have been easy for the writer to get a general acquaintance with the nature of the remarkable lines of intellectual movement which began with Voltaire and ended with the Napoleonic despotism. It is time that the old notion about the French Revolution being the consequence of the materialist books of Helvetius, D'Holbach, and La Mettrie should cease to be held by anybody professing to write on

France in the eighteenth century. What a misconception is involved in the common phrase, "the French eighteenth-century philosophy,"—as if it were some compact and uniform system of thought, based on the same conceptions, and tending to the same development! Miss Kavanagh is evidently aware that she knows nothing of the differences between the schools of Voltaire, who was a destructive deist, and Diderot, who was a destructive atheist, and Jean Jacques, who was both deist and constructive; and she would probably admit that she has derived all her ideas on the subject from a sort of literary hearsay. This being the case, nothing can be more mischievous to the interests of truth and right knowledge than her virtuous vituperation of the formidable array of intellectual "license," and "the blight which had fallen on the human mind, and which will make the eighteenth century appear forever as a wide and fearful gulf between the present and the future of France." The charge of intellectual license here means no more than that some of the writers referred to inquired freely and unrestrainedly into subjects which Miss Kavanagh thinks people have no business to inquire into. It is really an abuse of the power of print to go on repeating old cries without independent inquiry into their justice. Burke very unworthily fancied he was adducing an argument which went to the root of the matter when he asked about the philosophic party, "It is not composed of those men with you, is it, whom the vulgar, in their blunt, homely style, commonly call atheists and infidels?" As for that the vulgar have a blunt, homely habit of calling most people who are not quite persuaded of every jot and tittle of what they themselves believe, both atheists and deists. It is the business of those who, like Miss Kavanagh, have culture enough to write a respectable book, to teach them better intellectual habits, and to enforce a sounder view than is implied in bewailing inquiries into the origin of received truths as deplorable examples of intellectual license.

A PRUSSIAN artillery officer in the service of the United States, Captain Dilger,—familiarily called "Leatherbreeches," from the material of which his trousers are composed,—and who has recently been fighting under General Sherman in the Georgia campaign, has attained so great

a notoriety for taking his guns close up to the lines of the enemy, that the humorous Yankees recently presented him with a set of bayonets for his cannon,—a delicate compliment under cover of a good joke.

THE DAILY AND PERIODICAL PRESS OF ENGLAND.—Many of our readers will be much surprised by the following statistics of the intellectual activity of the English people:—

The edition of the London journals amounts to 248,000 copies daily. The total sale of copies of weekly journals amounts to 2,263,200, of which number 1,149,000 copies are issued by newspapers partly political, partly literary. 510,400 copies thereof are purely political; 252,500 are issued as sporting sheets; 47,000 copies are devoted to agriculture; 44,050 copies are devoted to architectural and polytechnic arts; 40,750 copies are issued by periodicals devoted to general literature; 15,300 copies are issued by periodicals exclusively devoted to medicine, chemistry, pharmacy, etc; 12,000 copies devoted to law; 8,500 to music; and 183,700 to theology.

The statistics of magazine literature, inclusive of "Reviews," weekly, monthly, and quarterly, show still more astounding results, they having been quadrupled within five years.

LORD BROUGHAM is not a common man. Owing to universal belief in his death by accident some thirty years ago he was permitted the singular privilege, seldom conceded to mortal men, of reading the opinions of his contemporaries regarding himself, written with all the impartiality of review arising from the supposition of his decease. Having seen himself thus reflected in the verdict of popular and national opinion, he must have learned from this dissection of his political and professional life many lessons of wisdom and instruction, and must have seen what it behooved him as a wise man either to correct or strengthen in his conduct and character. A generation has passed away since this curious and unexampled coincidence occurred, and, from whatever cause, the Lord Brougham of the present day is a very different man from the Lord Chancellor Brougham of the Administration of Earl Grey.

"Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis,
Vel Danaum Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes!"

It may be that the times have changed; that political parties are more reconciled; that the fervor of manhood has lessened with the snows of age. Whatever the cause, the fact remains. Few would recognize in the calm temperate President of the Social Science Congress the fiery energy of Henry Brougham, the impetuous reformer, the scourge of the aristocracy, the *déte noir* of the rich prebendaries of Durham, the denouncer of the slave-trade, the bold impugner of established authority and of ancient institutions. Yet the ultimate verdict of an approving posterity will take more account of these later labors of practical usefulness than of triumphs gained in political conflicts, or in the successful issue of ministerial complications. Lord Brougham will be best remembered as a social reformer. For the fifth year in succession he occupies the presidential chair of an association for internal domicili-

ary reform, owing its origin and establishment to himself. Though he has passed the rubicon of threescore years and ten, yet is his mental activity in no way diminished or abated. His inaugural address surveyed the whole circle of arts, sciences, education, politics, and jurisprudence. Nothing was too insignificant to escape his notice. He gave a *resume* of the existing state of the progress of law reform, of criminal statistics, of educational theories, of social wants and improvements, of physical discoveries, and included within the limits of his remarks a caution against the sceptical delusions of the day, and an animadversion on the aggressions of foreign nations and the necessary action of peace-loving constitutional governments. The whole spirit of the address was truly conservative. It at once advocated social progress and deprecated a haste for change. It may be adduced as another proof of the soundness of those principles which we have always upheld, and which recommend themselves in his later years to the ripened experience of Lord Brougham.—*Press*, 1 Oct.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—Mr. Alfred Haviland, of Bridgewater, lately brought before the members of the Bath and Bristol Branch of the British Medical Association the subject of the "Hour at which Death takes place in Chronic and Acute Diseases." From various sources he had collected between five and six thousand cases of death, with the hour and other circumstances recorded. The result of his investigation he illustrated by a large diagram, which demonstrated the remarkable facts that he brought before the society. The practical tendency of the paper was to show that, at the time when the greatest mortality takes place, our patients, as a rule, are neither *nursed* nor *fed*. Mr. Haviland lays stress on the indiscriminate use of stimulants and nutriments: stimulants being often given when vitality is at its highest, and least requires them; and nutriments administered when the vitality is too low to digest. (The horary vitality should be studied.) He says that they are given without reason in the majority of cases, simply from routinism. He thinks, by a careful study of cases in all their cyclical changes, patients might be tided over a fatal hour, or at least spared a few hours to their friends to perform what is too often neglected until too late. He showed that the greatest amount of mortality took place in the periods between one and eight A. M.; and that subsequently the mortality fell to its minimum from one to twelve at midnight, with certain fluctuations. Mr. Haviland believes that the cyclical changes should be more studied, and their relation to the *postremum tempus* well analyzed. Much practical benefit may accrue from the study of this subject; and we understand that a short paper will be read by him at the British Association meeting at Bath, for the purpose of bringing his views before the society, and of endeavoring to obtain the coöperation of the associates of his investigation by supplying him with well-authenticated facts on all points relating to the subject.—*Lancet*.

NARRATIVE

OF

PRIVATIONS AND SUFFERINGS

OF

UNITED STATES OFFICERS & SOLDIERS

WHILE

PRISONERS OF WAR

IN THE HANDS OF

THE REBEL AUTHORITIES.

BEING

THE REPORT OF A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY, APPOINTED BY THE UNITED STATES
SANITARY COMMISSION.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING THE TESTIMONY.

[For this Appendix, of 126 pages of sworn evidence, we have not room. It fully proves the Report.]

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

"Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?"

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION.

VALENTINE MOTT, M.D., LL.D.,

Ex-President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and Emeritus Professor of Surgery; Fellow of King and Queen's College of Physicians of Ireland; Honorary Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, etc., etc.

Chairman of the Commission.

EDWARD DELAFIELD, M.D.,

President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, and Emeritus Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children; President of the National Ophthalmological Society, etc., etc.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS WILKINS, Esq.

ELLERSLIE WALLACE, M.D.,

Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, etc.

HON. J. I. CLARK HARE,

Judge of the District Court of the City and County of Philadelphia.

REV. TREADWELL WALDEN,

Rector of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

MINUTES OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

823 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, May 19, 1864.

Resolved, That Dr. ELLERSLIE WALLACE, Hon. J. I. CLARK HARE, and the Rev. TREADWELL WALDEN, of Philadelphia, and Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Dr. EDWARD DELAFIELD, and GOUVERNEUR M. WILKINS, Esq., of New York, be respectfully requested to act as a Commission for ascertaining, by inquiry and investigation, the true physical condition of prisoners, recently discharged by exchange, from confinement at Richmond and elsewhere, within the rebel lines; whether they did, in fact, during such confinement, suffer materially for want of food, or from its defective quality, or from other privations or sources of disease; and whether their privations and sufferings were designedly inflicted on them by military or other authority of the Rebel Government, or were due to causes which such authorities could not control. And that the gentlemen above named be requested to visit such camps of paroled or discharged prisoners as may be accessible to them, and to take, in writing, the depositions of so many of such prisoners as may enable them to arrive at accurate results; and to adopt such other means of investigation as they may think proper.

823 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, May 31, 1864.

Voted, to request of the Committee of Investigation on the condition of exchanged Union prisoners, the examination not only of Union prisoners, but also of some of the Rebel prisoners recently captured, with reference to the question whether they have, while in the Confederate service, suffered like privations to those experienced by the Federal captives.

The above is a correct copy from the Minutes.

J. FOSTER JENKINS,

General Secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission.

September, 1864.

The Commissioners appointed in the foregoing resolution, by the Standing Committee of the United States Sanitary Commission, respectfully submit the following Narrative and Report—drawn from the mass of evidence collected by them, and printed in the Appendix—as the result of their inquiry and investigation.

V. MOTT,
EDWD. DELAFIELD,
GOUV. MOR. WILKINS,
ELLERSLIE WALLACE,
J. I. CLARK HARE,
TREADWELL WALDEN.

THE NARRATIVE AND REPORT OF THE COMMISSION.

I.

Reports of Cruelties in the Beginning of the War — Mutual Recrimination of North and South — Latter and more Authentic Reports — Heart-rending Condition of Returned Prisoners — The Congressional Inquiry — The Sanitary Commission Appoints a Commission of Inquiry — Range of the Investigation — Visit of the Commissioners to Annapolis and Baltimore — Appearance of the Returned Prisoners — Living Skeletons — Testimony Taken — The Claim of the Rebel Government and People — The Humane Principles of Modern Warfare.

EVER since the outbreak of the war, the country has been full of painful rumors concerning the treatment of prisoners of war by the rebel authorities. Every returned prisoner has brought his tale of suffering, astonishing his neighborhood with an account of cruelty and barbarity on the part of the enemy. Innumerable narratives have also been published and widely circulated.

The public have been made very uneasy by these reports. One class have accepted them as true; another have felt them to be exaggerated; still another have pronounced them wholly false,—fictions purposely made and scattered abroad to inflame the people against their enemies, and doing great injustice to the South.

On the other hand, rumors have crossed the border, of an outraged public sentiment in the South, precisely on the same account: reports abounding there of cruelty and barbarity to the rebel soldiers in our hands. It has been repeatedly announced that whatever restrictions or privations have been suffered by Northern men in Southern prisons, were in retaliation for these.

In the beginning of such a prodigious contest, as this has proved to be, breaking out in the midst of a people unaccustomed to war, and quite removed from extensive military traditions and examples, it was natural that many irregularities should have occurred, and many usages of warfare been disregarded on both sides; and that in the matter of prisoners especially, where either region was suddenly inundated by many thousands, great abuses should have taken place, until accommodations could be provided, and arrangements perfected.

But these early days of ill-preparation have

long passed away. The war has lasted more than three years. Both sections have become accustomed to it, and are familiarized with the ideas, habits, and laws of military life. The passionate fury of one side and the patriotic indignation of the other, have had time to settle down, at least so far as to accept this condition, and make every civilized provision known in modern warfare, for the mitigation of its horrors and inhumanity.

And yet the painful rumors, so rife at the outbreak of the war, instead of subsiding with its early tumult, have lately increased to an extent which has seriously alarmed and aroused the public. The tales of cruelty and suffering have become even more heart-rending. Months ago we heard reports that our men were starving and freezing in the Southern prisons. In the late temporary resumption of the cartel, boat-loads of half-naked living skeletons, foul with filth, and covered with vermin, were said to have been landed at Annapolis and Baltimore. Men, diseased and dying, or physically ruined for life, unfit for further military service, had been received in the stead of soldiers of the enemy returned in good condition, and who had been well fed, well clothed, and well sheltered by our Government during their captivity.

But many reasons were circulated to account for such a difference. It was alleged that these emaciated men were the victims of camp dysentery, or similar distempers, and of food, which, however good in quality, and sufficient in quantity, was averse to the Northern constitution. Again it was alleged that the rebel army was, itself, suffering for want of food and clothing, and that the very guards to these prisoners had fared no better.

There were many among us who were willing to credit any statement which would mitigate or excuse the infamy of permitting such a condition of things. For the sake of humanity and the American name, they hoped that the worst could not be proved.

But there were others to whom the proof was sufficient, and who were convinced that the whole was a horrible and pre-determined scheme, contrived for the purpose of depleting our armies, and discouraging our soldiers.

The attention of Congress was roused, and a committee was appointed to investigate this and other alleged barbarities. Their report has just been published.

Before, however, the result of their inquiries was known, the United States Sanitary Commission, as the organ of popular humanity and philanthropy, determined to make an independent investigation; and such a one as would, if possible, put the question at rest on all points upon which the public mind was divided or unsettled; and furnish information so full, and so direct from original sources, that every one could arrive at a just conclusion.

They accordingly appointed the undersigned as a Commission of Inquiry, partly because they were known to be removed from any political affiliations and prejudices, and partly because three of their number were supposed to be professionally competent to read the unerring testimony of nature in the physical condition of the men.

Two distinct departments of evidence were thus opened.

In entering upon their duties the Commissioners had no other wish than to ascertain the truth, and to report the facts as they were. For this they endeavored to collect all the evidence within their reach, and to hear and record all that could be said on every side of the subject. They were accompanied by a United States Commissioner, and in every case the testimony was taken on oath or affirmation before him, or in his absence, before other officers equally empowered.

The mass of evidence, printed as an Appendix, was collected during a period of several months, and is now arranged and classified to facilitate the reader's reference. If it had been printed in the order in which it was taken, it would have been too irregular and apparently heterogeneous to have exhibited the total result of the investigation. But, as it now stands, it will be found united and homogeneous enough in the tragical story which it tells, without variation or self-contradiction, to the country and to the world.

Much of the evidence, however, is made up of bare abstracts of the free and full conversations that were held with persons examined, and although all the essential facts are preserved, yet many graphic and pathetic minor details are omitted which escaped, or could not enter, the formal record, but sometimes were noted down by those who were present. Besides this, the Commissioners were witnesses themselves, and saw and heard enough to overwhelm them with astonishment, and remove the last doubt from their minds.

For this reason, and that the reader may

share with them, so far as can be, the almost dramatic development of the inquiry, they send out these pages, not in the form of a brief documentary report, simply referring to the testimony, but as a descriptive narrative, in which all the salient points of the evidence, and the results of their own observation, are incorporated together. Such a narrative need be only an intelligible grouping of material—its facts will speak best for themselves.

The Commissioners, at the very outset, were brought face to face with the returned captives.

They first visited the two extensive hospitals in Annapolis, occupying the spacious buildings and grounds of the Naval Academy and St. John's College, where over three thousand of them had been brought in every conceivable form of suffering, direct from the Libby Prison, Belle Isle, and two or three other Southern military stations.*

They also visited the West's Buildings Hospital and the Jarvis General Hospital in Baltimore, where several hundreds had been brought, in an equally dreadful condition.

The photographs of these diseased and emaciated men, since so widely circulated, painful as they are, do not, in many respects, adequately represent the sufferers as they then appeared.

The best picture cannot convey the reality, nor create that startling and sickening sensation which is felt at the sight of a human skeleton, with the skin drawn tightly over its skull, and ribs, and limbs, weakly turning and moving itself, as if still a living man!

And this was the reality.

The same spectacle was often repeated as the visitors went from bed to bed, from ward to ward, and from tent to tent. The bony faces stared out above the counterpanes, watching the passer-by dreamily and indifferently. Here and there lay one, half over upon his face, with his bed clothing only partially dragged over him, deep in sleep or stupor. It was strange to find a Hercules in bones; to see the immense hands and feet of a young giant pendent from limbs thinner than a child's, and that could be spanned with the thumb and finger! Equally strange and horrible was it to come upon a man, in one part shrivelled to nothing but skin and bone, and in another swollen and misshapen with dropsy or scurvy; or further on, when the

* The Commissioners would acknowledge the courtesy and hospitality of the accomplished and efficient Surgeon in charge of the Hospital at the Naval Academy, Dr. VanderKieft, by whom every facility for conducting the inquiry was heartily given.

surgeon lifted the covering from a poor half-unconscious creature, to see the stomach fallen in, deep as a basin, and the bone protruding through a blood-red hole on the hip.

Of course these were the worst cases among those that still survived. Hundreds like them, and worse even than they, had been already laid in their graves.

The remainder were in every gradation of physical condition. Some were able to sit up, and to move feebly around their bed; others were well enough to be out of doors; many were met walking about the beautiful grounds of the Naval Academy—by a curious and probably accidental compensation, on the part of the Government, swung to this Paradise on the Severn from the sandy little island in James river and its bleak and bitter winds.

But however unlike and various the cases were, there was one singular element shared by all, and which seemed to refer them to one thing as the common cause and origin of their suffering. It was the peculiar look in every face. The man in Baltimore looked like the man just left in Annapolis. Perhaps it was partly the shaven head, the sunken eyes, the drawn mouth, the pinched and pallid features—partly, doubtless, the grayish, blighted skin, rough to the touch as the skin of a shark. But there was something else: an expression in the eyes and countenance of desolateness, a look of settled melancholy, as if they had passed through a period of physical and mental agony which had driven the smile from their faces forever. All had it: the man that was met on the grounds, and the man that could not yet raise his head from the pillow.

It was this which arrested the attention of some of the party quite as much as the remarkable phenomenon of so many emaciated and singularly diseased men being gathered together, all, with few exceptions, having been brought from the same prisons in the South.

Every one who was questioned contributed his part to swell the following account of privation, exposure and suffering.

The veil is now to be lifted from two of the nearest and most noted Southern stations for prisoners. There appear, indeed, occasional glimpses of places of captivity in Danville, Virginia, and Andersonville, Georgia, but the chief interest centres upon Libby Prison and Belle Isle, at Richmond.

Before, however, the narrative proceeds, two things must be borne in mind:

First, that we are now penetrating into the arrangements of a people who claim, and

have so far maintained, their entire independence of the United States Government; who have organized a government of their own; who have also organized immense and powerful armies; who had, in the beginning, so far prepared themselves, and, during the last three years, have so far completed their preparations, as to be able to match, and all but overpower one of the strongest military establishments ever known.

Let them, for the moment, be taken for what they claim to be: "The Confederate States of America," a mighty government, and a "superior race," first in civilization, in culture, and in courage, distinguished for all that is magnanimous, chivalric, humane, hospitable, and noble, for all the graces and refinements, and highest developments of individual and social life.

Furthermore, another thing must be borne in mind: that, in these days of civilized warfare, the cowardly and barbarous usage no longer prevails of maltreating prisoners of war, but the moment a conflict is over, every sentiment of Christianity and humanity rises to mitigate the bloody horrors of the field. The distinction of friend and enemy is no longer known.

The surgeon, with the high sense of professional duty in which he has been educated, goes equally to all. The prisoners taken are not thrown into dungeons, nor shut up in jails, but put into barracks. They are made as comfortable as the arrangements necessary for their safe keeping will permit. They are sheltered, warmed, fed and clothed, in all necessary respects as well as the soldiers that vanquished and captured them. They become, for the time being, part of the military family of their enemy, and are made subject to the same sanitary and other regulations.

Their barracks are never overcrowded; sufficient area is allowed for exercise and fresh air; so much bathing is permitted, and even insisted upon, for the sake of cleanliness; their food is in every respect the same as that consumed by the army within whose lines they are; their clothing is all that they need. Such a thing as robbery of their private property is unknown, or never tolerated if known.

When sickness overtakes the prisoner he is removed to the hospital: taken from his bunk and placed upon a bed, and then, whatever distinction existed before vanishes entirely: every kindness and attention, every remedy and delicacy that a sufferer needs, is freely and generously given.

Such is the high principle, and noble usage, which prevails in modern warfare. The perfection of its arrangements is a matter of pride and honor among soldiers, and

the proper boast of every Christian government.

We now turn to the people and government at present waging war with our Government, and who, through a dead-lock in the cartel, hold tens of thousands of United States soldiers as prisoners of war.

II.

Almost invariable Robbery of Prisoners—Description of Libby Prison—Overcrowded Rooms—Barely room to lie down—Ragged and verminous Blankets—Shooting at prisoners without warning—Instances of Shooting in Libby—Same in Danville and Atlanta—Insufficient and disgusting Rations—Slow Starvation—Withholding and thieving of Boxes sent from the North—Sufferings of the Officers—The Cells—Inhumanity to the Dead—The Mining of Libby.

THE first fact developed by the testimony of both officers and privates, is that prisoners were almost invariably robbed of everything valuable in their possession, sometimes on the field, at the instant of capture, sometimes by the prison authorities in a "quasi official way," with the promise of return when exchanged or paroled: but which promise was never fulfilled.* This robbery amounted often to a stripping of the person of even necessary clothing. Blankets and overcoats were almost always taken, and sometimes other articles; in which case damaged or ragged ones were returned in their stead.

This preliminary over, the captives were taken to prison.

The Libby, which is best known, though also used as a place of confinement for private soldiers, is generally understood to be the officers' prison.

It is a row of brick buildings, three stories high, situated on the canal, and overlooking the James river, and was formerly a tobacco warehouse. The partitions between the buildings have been pierced with doorways on each story.

The rooms are one hundred feet long by forty feet broad. In six of these rooms, twelve hundred United States officers, of all grades, from the Brigadier-General to the Second-Lieutenant, were confined for many months; and this was all the space that was allowed them in which to cook, eat, wash, sleep, and take exercise! It seems incredible. Ten feet by two were all that could be claimed by each man—hardly enough to measure his length upon; and even this was further abridged by the room necessarily taken for cooking, washing and clothes-drying.

* No instance of the promise being kept appears in the evidence, but there have been occasions reported, though very rare, where money was returned, but even then in depreciated Confederate currency.

At one time they were not allowed the use of benches, chairs or stools, nor even to fold their blanket and sit upon them, but those who would rest were obliged to huddle on their haunches, as one of them expresses it, "like so many slaves on the middle passage." After awhile this severe restriction was removed, and they were allowed to make chairs and stools for themselves, out of the barrels and boxes which they had received from the North.

They were overrun with vermin in spite of every precaution and constant ablutions. Their blankets, which averaged one to a man, and sometimes less, had not been issued by the rebels, but had been procured in different ways; sometimes by purchase, sometimes through the Sanitary Commission. The prisoners had to help themselves from the refuse accumulation of these articles, which, having seen similar service before, were often ragged and full of vermin.

In these they wrapped themselves at night, and lay down on the hard plank floor in close and stifling contact, "wormed and dovetailed together," as one of them testifies, "like fish in a basket." The floors were recklessly washed late in the afternoon, and were therefore damp and dangerous to sleep upon. Almost every one had a cough in consequence.

There were seventy-five windows in these rooms, all more or less broken, and in winter the cold was intense. Two stoves in a room, with two or three armfuls of wood to each, did not prove sufficient, under this exposure, to keep them warm.

The regulations varied at different periods in stringency and severity, and it is difficult to describe the precise condition of things at any one time, but the above comes from two officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Farnsworth and Captain Calhoun. As it happens, they are representatives of the two opposite classes of officers confined in the Libby. The former coming from Connecticut, and influentially connected at the North, was one of a mess to which a great profusion of supplies, and even luxuries, were sent. The latter coming from Kentucky, and being differently situated, was entirely dependent upon the prison fare.

These officers were there during the same season, but never became acquainted. The accounts of each, which will be found in the evidence side by side, are here combined and run together.

From their statements it appears that the hideous discomfort was never lessened by any variation in the rules, but often increased. The prison did not seem to be under any general and uniform army regulations, but the captives were subject to the caprices of

Major Turner, the officer in charge, and Richard Turner, inspector of the prison.

It was among the rules that no one should go within three feet of the windows, a rule which seems to be general in all Southern prisons of this character and which their frequently crowded state rendered peculiarly severe and difficult to observe. The manner in which the regulation was enforced was unjustifiably and wantonly cruel. Often by accident, or unconsciously, an officer would go near a window, and be instantly shot at without warning. The reports of the sentry's musket were heard almost every day, and frequently a prisoner fell either killed or wounded.

It was even worse with a large prison near by, called the Pemberton Buildings, which was crowded with enlisted men. The firing into its windows was a still more common occurrence. The officers had heard as many as fourteen shots fired on a single day. They could see the guards watching for an opportunity to fire, and often, after one of them had discharged his musket, the sergeant of the guard would appear at the door, bringing out a dead or wounded soldier.

So careless as this were the authorities as to the effect of placing their prisoners in the power of the rude and brutal soldiery on guard. It became a matter of sport among the latter "to shoot a Yankee." They were seen in attitudes of expectation, with guns cocked, watching the windows for a shot. But sometimes they did not even wait for an infraction of the rule. Lieutenant Hammond was shot at while in a small boarded enclosure, where there was no window, only an aperture between the boards. The guard caught sight of his hat through this opening, and aiming lower, so as to reach his heart, fired. A nail turned the bullet upward, and it passed through his ear and hat-brim. The officers reported the outrage to Major Turner, who merely replied, "The boys are in want of practice." The sentry said, "He had made a bet that he would kill a damned Yankee before he came off guard." No notice was taken of the occurrence by the authorities.

The brutal fellow, encouraged by this impunity, tried to murder another officer in the same way. Lieutenant Huggins was standing eight feet from the window, in the second story. The top of his hat was visible to the guard, who left his beat, went out into the street, took deliberate aim, and fired. Providentially he was seen, a warning cry was uttered, Huggins stooped, and the bullet buried itself in the beams above.

Very much the same thing is mentioned as happening in the prison buildings at Dan-

ville. A man was standing by the window conversing with private Wilcox. At his feet was the place where he slept at night, close under the window, and where his blanket lay rolled up. He had his hands on the casement. The guard must have seen his shadow, for he was invisible from the regular beat, and went out twenty feet to get a shot at him. Before the poor fellow could be warned, the bullet entered his forehead, and he fell dead at the feet of his companion.

Almost every prisoner had such an incident to tell. Some had been shot at themselves a number of times, and had seen others repeatedly fired upon. One testifies that he had seen five hundred men shot at.

The same brutal style of "sporting" while on guard, seems to have prevailed wherever the license was given by this cruel and unnecessary rule. Captain Calhoun, mentions that while he and his companions were on their way to Richmond from North-eastern Georgia, where they were captured, they stopped at Atlanta, and just before they started, a sick soldier who was near the line, beyond which the prisoners were not allowed to go, put his hand over to pluck a bunch of leaves that were not a foot from the boundary. The instant he did so, the guard caught sight of him, fired, and killed him.

Another instance of equal skill in "shooting on the wing," will be noticed in the case of the soldier who only exposed his arm an instant in throwing out some water, and was wounded, fortunately not killed, by the rebel bullet. Something of the same kind was related in the course of conversation, but is not in the evidence, as happening at the Libby, when an officer was shot while waving his hand in farewell to a departing comrade.

But there were cruelties worse than these, because less the result of impulse and recklessness, and because deliberately done. There opens now a part of the narrative which is as amazing as it is unaccountable.

The reader will turn to the heart-rending scenes of famine which the testimony before the Commission has exposed.

The daily ration in the officers' quarter, of Libby prison, was a small loaf of bread about the size of a man's fist, made of Indian meal. Sometimes it was made from wheat flour, but of variable quality. It weighed a little over half a pound. With it was given a piece of beef weighing two ounces.

But it is not easy to describe this ration, it was so irregular in kind, quality and amount. Its general character is vividly indicated by a remark made in conversation, by one of the officers: "I would gladly," said he, with emphatic sincerity, "*gladly* have preferred the horse-feed in my father's stable."

During the summer and the early part of the fall, the ration seems to have been less insufficient, and less repulsive than it afterwards became. At no period was it enough to support life, at least in health, for a length of time, but however inadequate, it was not so to such a remarkable degree as to produce the evils which afterward ensued.

It was about the middle of last autumn that this process of slow starvation became intolerable, injurious, and cruel to the extent referred to. The corn bread began to be of the roughest and coarsest description. Portions of the cob and husk were often found ground in with the meal. The crust was so thick and hard that the prisoners called it iron-clad. To render the bread eatable, they grated it, and made mush of it, but the crust they could not grate.

Now and then, after long intervals, often of many weeks, a little meat was given them, perhaps two or three mouthfuls. At a later period, they received a pint of black peas, with some vinegar, every week. The peas were often full of worms, or maggots in a chrysalis state, which, when they made soup, floated on the surface.

Those who were entirely dependent on the prison fare, and who had no friends at the North to send them boxes of food, began to suffer the horrible agony of craving food, and feeling themselves day by day losing strength. Dreams and delusions began to distract their minds.*

Although many were relieved through the

* The very same phenomenon occurred during the celebrated Darien Exploring Expedition, under Lieutenant Strain, some years ago. The whole party suffered starvation; a number of them died, and the remainder were rescued when they had become emaciated and debilitated nearly to the point of death.

"From the time that food became scarce to the close, and just in proportion as famine increased, they revelled in gorgeous dinners. Truxton and Mauray would pass hours in spreading tables loaded with every luxury. Over this imaginary feast they would gloat with the pleasure of a gourmand." — *Darien Explor. Exped., Harpers' Monthly*, vol. x., p. 613.

The party separated, Strain and Avery being the least exhausted and going on before the others to obtain succor if possible.

"At length starvation produced the same singular effect on them that it did on Truxton and Mauray, and they would spend hours in describing all the good dinners they had ever eaten. For the last two or three days, when most reduced, Strain said that he occupied almost the whole time in arranging a magnificent dinner. Every luxury or curious dish that he had ever seen or heard of composed it, and he wore away the hours in going round his imaginary table, arranging and changing the several dishes. He could not force his mind from the contemplation of this, so wholly had one idea — food — taken possession of it." — *Darien Explor. Exped., Harp. Monthly*, vol. x., p. 750.

generosity of their more favored fellow prisoners, yet the supply from this source was, of course, inadequate. Captain Calhoun speaks of suffering "a burning sensation on the inside, with a general failing in strength." "I grew so foolish in my mind that I used to blame myself for not eating more when at home." "The subject of food engrossed my entire thoughts." "Captain Stevens having received a box from home, sat down and ate to excess, and died a few hours afterwards." "A man had a piece of ham which I looked at for hours, and would have stolen if I had had a chance."

One day, by pulling up a plank in the floor, they gained access to the cellar, and found there an abundance of provisions: barrels of the finest wheat flour, potatoes and turnips. Of these they ate ravenously until the theft was discovered.

But the most unaccountable and shameful act of all was yet to come. Shortly after this general diminution of rations, in the month of January last, the boxes, which before had been regularly delivered, and in good order, were withheld. No reason was given. Three hundred arrived every week, and were received by Colonel Ould, Commissioner of Exchange, but instead of being distributed, were retained, and piled up in warehouses near by, and in full sight of the tantalized and hungry captives. Three thousand were there when Lieutenant-Colonel Farnsworth came away.

There was some show of delivery, however, but in a manner especially heartless. Five or six of the boxes were given during the week. The eager prisoner, expectant perhaps of a wife's or mother's thoughtful provision for him, was called to the door and ordered to spread his blanket, when the open cans, whether containing preserved fruits, condensed milk, tobacco, vegetables, or meats, were thrown promiscuously together, and often ruined by the mingling.

These boxes sometimes contained clothing, as well as food, and their contents were frequently appropriated by the prison officials. Lieutenant McGinnis recognized his own home-suit of citizen's clothes on one of them, pointing out his name on the watch-pocket.

The officers were permitted to send out and buy articles at extravagant prices, and would find the clothes, stationery, hams and butter which they had purchased bearing the marks of the Sanitary Commission.

In one instance this constant thievery became an unexpected advantage to the inmates. After the famous "tunnelling out," by which so many effected their escape, the guards confessed that they had seen the fugitives, but supposed that they

were their own men stealing the boxes! The tunnel, after running under the street, had its outlet near where the boxes were piled up.

All through the winter and late into the spring was this suffering, chiefly from hunger, prolonged. There is evidence of its continuation even so late as the month of May last.

Surgeon Ferguson, who was confined there at that time, gives a most painful picture of what he saw.

"No one can appreciate, without experience, the condition of the officers in the prison during the twelve days of my stay; their faces were pinched with hunger. I have seen an officer standing by the window, gnawing a bone like a dog. I asked him, 'What do you do it for?' His reply was, 'It will help fill up.'

"They were constantly complaining of hunger; there was a sad, and insatiable expression of face impossible to describe."

There is no suffering that can be mentioned greater than that of the slow and lingering pains of famine, except it be perhaps the agonies of absolute death from hunger—but of this no Libby evidence was collected. The description of Libby life might therefore end at this point so far as having reached the climax of all possible misery on the one hand, and of all possible barbarity on the other. But the testimony develops still other instances of cruelty, which may as well be introduced here, in order to show the animus of the Confederate authorities.

It is stated that for offences, whether trivial or serious, the prisoners were consigned to cells, beneath the prison, the walls of which were damp, green, and slimy. These apartments were never warmed, and often so crowded that some were obliged to stand up all night. It was in these dungeons that the hostages were placed.

But the inhumanity was not confined to the living. It extended even to the disposal of the dead. The bodies were placed in the cellar, to which the animals of the street had access, and very often were partly devoured by hogs, dogs, and rats. The officers had the curiosity to mark the coffins in which they were carried off, to find out whether they were buried in them. But they proved to be only vehicles for bearing them away, returning a score of times for others.

This must have been the case with privates only, who occupied part of the prison, as it is mentioned that the officers generally secured by contributions, made up among themselves, metallic coffins and a decent, temporary deposit in a vault for those of their number who died, until they could be removed to the North.

One other incident may be noticed which is quite in keeping with all the rest, but without the foregoing catalogue of outrages to humanity, would appear too shocking to be credible.

At the time Kilpatrick made his nearly successful raid on Richmond, the city was thrown into a panic by his approach, and the prison officials deliberately prepared—so the story runs—a more expeditious way of closing the career of their prisoners. It was somewhat more merciful than starvation, because it substituted instantaneous death for an endless agony of dying. The negroes gave the first intimation to the captives of what was going on.* Richard Turner took care to dash the hopes of his captives, as well as add to their anxiety by informing them that "Should Kilpatrick succeed in entering Richmond, it would not help them, as the prison authorities would blow up the prison, and all its inmates." Lieutenant Latouche was overheard observing to a rebel officer with whom he had entered the cellar, where the two hundred pounds of powder were said to be placed, "There is enough there to send every damned Yankee to Hell." Turner himself said, in the presence of Colonel Farnsworth, in answer to the question "Was the prison mined?" "Yes, and I would have blown you all to Hades before I would have suffered you to be rescued." The remark of Bishop Johns is corroborative as well as curious, in reply to the question, "Whether it was a Christian mode of warfare to blow up defenceless prisoners?" "I suppose the authorities are satisfied on that point, though I do not mean to justify it."

The idea is so monstrously shocking that the mind hesitates to grasp it, or believe it. Many will try to see in it only a menace to deter any further attempt to take Richmond by a raid. And yet the evidence, even if it does come by rebel admissions, has an air of diabolical sincerity. A remark of Turner's justifying the act, which was mentioned to one of the commissioners, but accidentally omitted in the formal testimony, gives quite a decided turn to the very natural probability that the fiendish plan was resolved upon: "Suppose Kilpatrick should have got in here, what would my life have been worth after you all got loose. Yes, I would have blown you all to Hades before I would have suffered you to be rescued." This was his argument and self-justification in brief, though somewhat more at length at the time.

The act was altogether consistent with the characters of the three men who had author-

* "Dug big hole down dar, massa. Torpedo in dar, sure!"

ity over the prison:—General Winder, the Commander of the Department, Major Turner, Commander of the Prison, whose brutality is fully illustrated by his management of it, and Richard Turner, Inspector of the Prison, by occupation a negro-whipper, (see the testimony of Colonel Farnsworth,) and whose savage nature vented itself in frequent acts of personal insult and physical violence toward the prisoners.

Be the story true or false, it is, at any rate, consummately befitting and consistent, inasmuch as the strongest reasons for its probability may be derived from the other facts that have now been narrated. If true, it is strongly corroborative of the vindictive purpose which animates the Confederate authorities. History may yet write it so, and therefore the Commissioners do not pass it over in silence because of any doubt that may cling to it.

Let the spectacle, that, probably, came so near taking place, be, at least, the appropriate crown and close of this portion of the narrative; the Union raiders, bounding over the fortifications of Richmond, intent upon rescuing their companions from a captivity worse than death,—and the three great brick buildings lifted bodily into the air, and let down in one stupendous crush and ruin upon the living forms of twelve hundred helpless men!

III.

Description of Belle Isle—No shelter provided from the heat in Summer, or from the cold in Winter—Sufferings during the late severe winter—Expedients to avoid Freezing to Death—Men Frozen to Death—The loathsome and inadequate Food—Men perishing from Hunger—Unavoidable Filth of the Camp and of the Men on account of the Rules—Neglect of the Sick—Cruelty to the Sick—Incidents of cruelty in Hospitals.

BUT there is a still lower depth of suffering to be exposed. The rank of the officers, however disregarded in most respects, induced some consideration, but for the private soldiers there seemed to be no regard whatever, and no sentiment which could restrain.

It is to this most melancholy part of their task that the Commissioners now proceed.

Belle Isle is a small island in the James river, opposite the Tredegar Iron-works, and in full sight from the Libby windows. It has pretensions enough to beauty at a distant view to justify its name, as part of it is a bluff covered with trees. But the portion on which the prisoners are confined, is low, sandy, and barren, without a tree to cast a shadow, and poured upon by the burning rays of a Southern sun.

Here is an enclosure, variously estimated

to be from three to six acres in extent, surrounded by an earthwork about three feet high, with a ditch on either side. On the edge of the outer ditch, all round the enclosure, guards are stationed about forty feet apart, and keep watch there day and night. The interior has something of the look of an encampment, a number of Sibley tents being set in rows, with "streets" between. These tents, rotten, torn, full of holes,—poor shelter at any rate,—accommodated only a small proportion of the number who were confined within these low earth walls.

The number varied at different periods, but from ten to twelve thousand men have been imprisoned in this small space at one time, turned into the enclosure like so many cattle, to find what resting place they could. So crowded were they, that at the least, according to the estimated area given them, there could not have been but a space two feet by seven, and, at the most, three feet by nine, per man—hardly a generous allotment even for a "hospitable grave."

Some were so fortunate as to find shelter in the tents, but even they were often wet with the rain, and almost frozen when the winter set in. Every day some places were made vacant by disease or by death, as some were taken to the hospital, and some to burial.

But thousands had no tents, and no shelter of any kind. Nothing was provided for their accommodation. Lumber was plenty in a country of forests, but not a cabin or shed was built, although the commonest material would have been a grateful boon to the captives, and would have been quickly and ingeniously employed by them.

This is an established station for prisoners of war, and yet not a movement has been made, from its beginning to this moment, to erect barracks, or make any suitable and humane provisions for the comfort of those confined there. It remains to this day an open encampment, close under the walls of Richmond, and well known to the Confederate authorities, with nothing but the heavens for its canopy.

Here then these thousands lay all last summer, fall, and winter, with nought but the sand for their bed, and the sky for their covering. What did they do in the summer and early autumn, with the sickening heat of a torrid sun pouring upon their unprotected heads? What did they do when the rain descended and the floods came? What did they suffer when the malarious fog enveloped them, or when the sharp winds swept up the river, and pierced their almost naked and shivering forms.

Stripped of blankets and overcoats, hatless often, shoeless often, in ragged coats and

rotting shirts, they were obliged to take the weather as it came. Here and there a tent had a fire, and the inmates gathered round it, but the thousands outside shivered as the cold cut them to the bone, and huddled together for warmth and sympathy.

The winter came—and one of the hardest winters ever experienced in the South—but still no better shelter was provided. The mercury was down to zero at Memphis, which is further south than Richmond. The snow lay deep on the ground around Richmond. The ice formed in the James, and flowed in masses upon the rapids, on either side of the island. Water, left in buckets on the island, froze two or three inches deep in a single night.

The men resorted to every expedient to keep from perishing. They lay in the ditch, as the most protected place, heaped upon one another, and lying close together, as one of them expressed it, "like hogs in winter," taking turns as to who should have the outside of the row. In the morning the row of the previous night was marked by the motionless forms of those "who were sleeping on in their last sleep"—*frozen to death!*

Every day, during the winter season, numbers were conveyed away stiff and stark, having fallen asleep in everlasting cold. Some of the men dug holes in the sand in which to take refuge. All through the night crowds of them were heard running up and down to keep themselves from freezing. And this fate threatened them, even more than it would have threatened most men, exposed to an equally severe temperature, even with such thin clothing and inadequate shelter—for *they were starving!*

The very sustenance of animal heat was withheld, and one of the most urgent occasions of hunger, a freezing temperature, which makes the bodily necessity stronger, and the appetite for food greater, was given full opportunity to make havoc among them. So the last stay and power of resistance was taken away—the cold froze them because they were hungry,—the hunger consumed them because they were cold. These two vultures fed upon their vitals, and no one in the Southern Confederacy had the mercy or the pity to drive them away. Only once was there heard a voice of indignant remonstrance in the rebel Congress from a noble-hearted statesman, but it was heard with indifference, and brought about no alleviation.

Read the rude words of these suffering men. Put together their testimony, and what a harrowing tale it tells!

They were fed as the swine are fed. A chunk of corn-bread, twelve or fourteen ounces in weight, half-baked, full of cracks as if

baked in the sun, musty in taste, containing whole grains of corn, fragments of cob, and pieces of husks; meat often tainted, suspiciously like mule-meat, and a mere mouthful at that; two or three spoonfuls of rotten beans; soup thin and briny, often with the worms floating on the surface. None of these were given together, and the whole ration was never one-half the quantity necessary for the support of a healthy man.

The reader will not be surprised to hear that the men were ravenous when the rations were brought in, nor remain unmoved by the simple and touching expressions which fell from so many of them:—

"There was no name for our hunger."

"I was hungry—pretty nearly starved to death all the time."

"I waked up one night, and found myself gnawing my coat sleeve."

"I used to dream of having something good to eat."

"I walked the streets for many a night—I could not sleep for hunger."

"I lost flesh and strength, and so did the others, for want of food."

"If I were to sit here a week, I could not tell you half our suffering."

There were other indications of the desperate famine to which they were subjected. They gnawed the very bones which had been thrown away, sometimes breaking them up for soup. They were glad to get the refuse bread which was occasionally thrown to them by the guards. They even ate the rats which burrowed in the encampment. A dog, belonging to an officer, straying into the enclosure was caught and secreted, and before he could reclaim his property, it was torn apart by the man who stole it, some of it eaten by himself, and the remainder sold to his comrades.

So reduced were they, that they exchanged their clothing for food, and left themselves exposed the more to the cold. Under the temptation to secure double rations, many worked at their trades of blacksmithing and shoemaking for the rebel army.

But as the weary months drew on, hunger told its inevitable tale on them all. They grew weak and emaciated. Many found that they could not walk; when they attempted it a dizziness and blindness came, and they fell to the ground. Diarrhœa, scurvy, congestion of the lungs, and low fevers set in.

To add to their suffering there came the unavoidable consequences of being herded and crowded together, but in this case especially aggravated by a most unnecessary restriction. A broad beach surrounded the island, and yet only about seventy-five men were permitted to bathe per day in the river,

in squads of five or six at a time. At this rate it was literally and almost accurately what so many of the men state: that they were allowed to wash themselves only once in six months.

"Lice were in all their quarters." Vermin and dirt encrusted their bodies. They were sore with lying in the sand. None, not even the sufferers with diarrhœa, were allowed to visit the sinks during the night, and in the morning the ground was covered and saturated with filth. The wells were tainted; the air was filled with disgusting odors.*

Many were taken sick daily, but were allowed to suffer for days before they were removed to the hospitals, and when this was done, it was often so late that the half of them died before reaching it, or died at the very moment their names were being recorded.

There was a hospital tent on the island, which was always full of the sick. It had no floor, the sick and dying were laid on straw, and logs were their only pillows. "If you or I saw a horse dying," said one, "wouldn't we put some straw under his head? Would we let him beat his head on a log in his agony?"

When this tent was full, the sick were taken to a hospital in Richmond.

The poor creatures were often as prematurely returned, as they had been tardily removed thither. Often were they seen escorted back, so weak as hardly to be able to move, some even crawling on their hands and knees. Colonel Ely, of the 18th Connecticut, saw one of his men, a former schoolmate and townsman, George Ward, a much respected citizen of Norwich, Connecticut, returning to the island in this condition, with a squad of others. He threw him a ham, but as the "poor fellow crawled to get it," says Colonel Farnsworth, who also witnessed the sad condition of an old acquaintance, "the rebel guard charged bayonets upon him, called him a damned Yankee, and appropriated the ham."

An incident which happened in the very hospital from which these men were brought will give even a better idea of how the sick were treated.

Two officers made their escape. Immediately all the patients who were able to sit up or stand were taken into an empty room under the Libby, and kept there twenty-four hours, without food or blankets, as a punishment for not having reported the contemplated escape. From this treatment Surgeon Pierce died. The officers in the room above took up the floor, supplied

the sick with food and drink, and shared their blankets with them. For this they were deprived by Major Turner of rations for a whole day.

A still more vivid picture of a hospital interior is given by Surgeon Ferguson. It is of the notorious and horrible Hospital No. 21, where, so late as in May last, Dr. Ferguson says "the wounded Union prisoners were under treatment, * * * I consider," he adds, "the nourishment and stimulation they received entirely insufficient to give them a proper chance for recovery. I am surprised that more do not die. There were many bad cases among them that must inevitably sink under this treatment after a few days. The condition of these men was such, that any medical observer would impute it to insufficient stimulation and nutrition."

"The bedding where the privates were confined by wounds was very dirty; the covering was entirely old, dirty quilts; the beds were offensive from the discharges from wounds and secretions of the body, and were entirely unfit to place a sick or wounded man on."

"On the faces of the wounded was an anxious haggard expression of countenance, such as I have never seen before; I attribute it to want of care, want of nourishment and encouragement."

A Hospital Steward, while a prisoner, attending to some duty in the hospital, found, by accident, the Confederate Surgeon-General's quarterly report, which he brought away with him when he was paroled. By this, it appears that in the months of January, February and March last, out of nearly twenty-eight hundred patients, about fourteen hundred—or half the number—died! This document will be found in the appendix.*

And what was here done in prison and hospital, to our private soldiers on Belle Isle, and to our officers in the Libby, was done nearly all over the South. These facts are most conspicuous only because in the foreground. But from almost every station in the distant South, of which anything is known, comes the same story of robbery and insult, of starvation on food both bad and insufficient, of exposure—in the day to heat, and in the night to the frost—of shootings without warning, of close and filthy rooms or unsheltered encampments, of disease without care or medical treatment, and of deaths without number.

Danville has yet the whole of its dreadful tale to tell. Andersonville has yet to account for its average of one hundred and thirty deaths a day, at which rate the whole

* This taint of the drinking water was mentioned in conversation, but was accidentally omitted in the evidence.

of its present number—thirty-five thousand—will be dead in a few months.*

The very railroads can speak of inhuman transportations from one point to another of the sick, the wounded, and the unwounded together, crowded into cattle and baggage cars, lying and dying in the filth of sickness, and the blood of undressed wounds.

IV.

The men as they appeared when brought on board the flag-of-truce boat, and into the Hospitals—Distressing spectacle—Hunger, nakedness, filthiness—Disease and death from starvation and cold—Cries for food—Imbecility and insanity of many—Opinions of the surgeons—The Medical Report of the Commission.

THE Commissioners do not feel at liberty, in presenting a narrative like this, every fact of which is rooted in the appended testimony, to make any inferential statements, although there are some incidents which are as essentially connected with such a state of things, as certain known effects are with certain established causes. A hundred scenes of suffering could be imagined and depicted by one conversant with the medical and other phenomena of famine and exposure to cold, which would be recognized as part of their own history by those who saw or experienced the wretched life led by the prisoners on Belle Isle.

But, as it has happened, the reader is furnished with vivid descriptions, by eye-witnesses, of the men as they appeared at the time of their transfer into the hands of the United States Government, and they have only to be imagined back on Belle Isle, or wherever else they had been, to get all too painful a conception of what was daily to be witnessed there.

"I have been," said Mr. Abbott, who, as special agent of the Sanitary Commis-

* At the very moment this inquiry is concluded and this report is being prepared, a memorial is brought to the President of the United States by commissioners appointed by the prisoners still in confinement at Andersonville, representing their sufferings and appealing for succor. A statement is also published, verified under oath by three of these soldiers, who were exchanged August 16th. These documents are so remarkably corroborative, in every particular, of the results developed by the inquiry, and, in some respects, represent a state of things so much worse than at the date at which the investigation closed, that they have been appended in a supplement, which will be found, after the evidence, on page 259. The frequent menacing predictions of the rebel press, and the evident precipitation of cruel measures upon the prisoners which is exhibited by the testimony taken before the Commission, find a fitting confirmation and counterpart, in this the latest account which has come from a Southern prison.

sion, was among the first to come in contact with the returned prisoners—"I have been on the battle-field, and in the hospitals, and witnessed much suffering, but never did I experience so sad and deplorable a condition of human beings as that of the paroled Union prisoners just from Belle Island, and the rebel prison of the South."

It was his business, for a period, to accompany the flag-of-truce boat as it plied between City Point, Virginia, and Annapolis, Maryland, bringing home thousands of the wretched men. The greater proportion of them were living skeletons, and each successive boat-load was in a worse condition than the last. Hundreds, at each trip, were stretched on cots, sick with every form of disease which could have been induced by confinement, exposure, and bad food. A number were dying; several died before the boat landed. Every one was in a frightfully filthy condition. All were deficient in clothing. Many were almost naked, and whatever they had on was ragged and dirty. Their hair and beards had grown long, having been uncut for many months. Their bodies were encrusted with dirt, and infested with vermin. One man had convulsions during a whole trip, caused, the surgeon said, by vermin. The vermin were very thick upon his body, and he threw his attenuated arms about, catching as at lice, throwing them off, and slapping them with his blanket.

In this state the prisoners were landed, and were received by the surgeons of Annapolis and Baltimore.

Many were so weak that they had to be carried ashore on stretchers, and died in the brief transit. Others tottered to the hospital, with the little strength they had remaining, only to die in a few hours. Some of them were found covered with bad and extensive sores, caused by lying on the sand. Many had lost their reason, and were in all stages of idiocy and imbecility.* One had become incurably insane in his joy at being delivered.

Often they acted like children and had to be taught again the decencies of life, so long had they been unhabituated to them. A number had partially lost their sight, hearing, and speech. One man was pointed out to the commissioners who had been so covered by vermin, that after having been, as was supposed, thoroughly washed, his head even been shaven, was laid upon a

* "Wilson was exceedingly debilitated, and had become perfectly childish, and almost idiotic from suffering and strain feared that bad effects might ensue if he was permitted to eat as much as he wished." *Darien Explorer. Exped. Harpers' Month.* vol. x. p. 752.

clean bed—in ten minutes the sheets and his clothing were covered with vermin again. And this was not peculiar to him. It was only an instance of the unavoidable condition of all. In some cases they were so eaten by lice as to very nearly resemble a case of scabbing from small pox, being covered with sores from head to foot.

Many had been badly frost-bitten, and came ashore with feet partially amputated. In one case it was mentioned to the visitors that a frozen foot fell off as the man was being carried ashore!

Without exception they were ravenous for food. Their cries for something to eat were pitiful to hear. The surgeons had to restrain their voracity, and keep them on small quantities of liquid food lest they should kill themselves by over-eating or by eating solid food. They would often entreat for the sight of an apple or a piece of meat, that they might enjoy at least the vision of what they could not have.

It was their invariable reply in answer to the question, "What was the matter?" "That they had been starved, exposed, and neglected on Belle Isle?"

The surgeons, themselves, were unanimous in their opinion as to the cause of their condition, not only from the uniform story of the men, but from the characteristics of the different diseases, the revelations of the post-mortem examination, and especially, and most conclusively of all, the invariable treatment which proved most efficacious; namely, not medication, but simple nutrition and stimulation.

They all agreed in attributing the condition of the men to one or more of the following causes: Deprivation of clothing; insufficient food, in quantity and quality; want of fresh air on account of over-crowding; consequent and unavoidable uncleanness; want of adequate shelter during the fall and winter; and mental depression the natural result of all.

The reader will be impressed by the emphatic utterances of the surgeons:

SURGEON VANDERKIEFT.—"Their condition is on account of ill-treatment by starvation and exposure, as I am convinced is the case by their actual condition on their arrival, and by rations shown to me. That the men must have been in good health when captured, I do not need such a statement, as I am well acquainted with the regulations which govern the medical department of our army, 'to send to the rear every man who is not perfectly able to bear arms.' * * *

"The diseases most common among these returned prisoners are scurvy, diarrhœa, and

congestion of the lungs, which are not amenable to the ordinary treatment in use in civil life, or in hospitals of our own army; they are most successfully mastered by high nutrition and stimulation, with cleanliness and fresh air—medicinal treatment being of small assistance in the recovery of the sufferers, and often being entirely dispensed with, * * * thus proving by the counteracting effect of good food, air, cleanliness, and stimulants, that these disorders are the result of the causes above stated."

SURGEON ELY.—Speaking of the dead whom he had found on the boats as they landed, "No words can describe their appearance. In each case the sunken eye, the gaping mouth, the filthy skin, the clothes and head alive with vermin, the repelling bony contour, all conspired to lead to the conclusion that we were looking upon the victims of starvation, cruelty, and exposure, to a degree unparalleled in the history of humanity. Nearly every instance leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that death has been owing to a long series of exposures and hardships, with a deprivation of the barest necessities of existence. * * *"

"In many cases that I have observed, the dirt incrustation has been so thick as to require *months* of constant ablutions to recover the normal condition and function of the integuments. Patients have repeatedly stated in answer to my interrogatories that they had been unable to wash their bodies once in six months, that all that time they had lain in the dirt. * * * In many instances this is the prime, exciting cause of the diseases of the pulmonary and abdominal organs which are so constantly found among our Richmond patients." *

SURGEON PARKER.—"The majority of the diseased cases were diarrhœa, caused by bad diet, of insufficient and bad quality. They have resulted from the want of variety of diet. I found nutrition was the most successful treatment. I do not consider the (rebel) rations, I have seen, sufficient for the support of life for any long time."

SURGEON PETERS.—"The post-mortems have made apparent diseases of nearly all the viscera to a remarkable extent.† Under a spare but concentrated diet many have rallied. In one instance a boy gained fifty pounds in two weeks. I think nine-tenths of the men weighed under one hundred pounds. They had an uncontrollable appetite."

SURGEON CHAPEL.—"We were obliged

* See his evidence for a report at length of the results of the post-mortem examinations. Appendix p. 172.

† See Dr. Carpenter on Starvation, where fifty-two per cent of the starved were thus affected.

to treat them as children in regulating their diet, having to restrain their over-eating, and confine them to a concentrated, but nourishing and generous diet. Several cases had no disease whatever, but suffered from extreme emaciation and starvation * * * * * All gave evidence of extensive visceral disease, of which starvation, cold and neglect were undoubtedly the primary cause. Some of the cases sank from extreme debility, without any evidence of disease as the cause of death."

The professional opinions of these gentlemen, and the other incidental medical testimony scattered through the appendix, will, without doubt, be received with great weight by the reader. But, after all, the evidence of the men themselves, rudely and abruptly worded, and so often unconsciously graphic and pathetic, will come more convincingly to the popular heart.

It will be enough for most people that the captives were *hungry* day and night, and suffered the gnawing pains of famine, with its dreams and delusions. It will be enough that they became weak and emaciated to the degree in which they were found when exchanged. It will be enough that they were poisoned by foul air and over-crowding; and that they were exposed in the depth of winter to the cold, without shelter and without covering. It will be enough that thousands of them became hideously diseased, and that most of them miserably perished.

People do not need any other information in the face of such facts as these in order to come to a just conclusion, and yet there is a certainty and a satisfaction in scientific facts, and in the testimony of nature, which ought to be recognized in an investigation like this.

For this reason the commissioners made the investigation also a scientific one, and append a medical statement, prepared at their request by one of their number, drawn likewise from the evidence, the facts and arguments of which are fully indorsed by the medical members of the commission.

V.

Reported suffering of the Rebel Army, and Embarrassment of the Rebel Government, for want of Supplies, as an Excuse for Denying Food and Clothing to United States Soldiers.—The Impossibility of there being any such Deficiency.—The Physical Condition of the Rebel Army perfect.—Facts drawn from Rebel testimony.

It has been said, and has been the general impression, that the rebel government was itself embarrassed for want of supplies—that its own soldiers were naked and hungry, and that even the prison guards shared the privations of the prisoners.

It will be noticed that this excuse, urged strenuously by their friends, and half accepted by every one disposed to be moderate and just, after all, only accounts for a small portion of the conduct of the rebels to their captives.

Why were they robbed of their private property: the money, and the few trinkets a man usually carries with him? Or, if this was the uncontrollable habit of a wild soldiery, why was it the regular proceeding of the Libby authorities on the entrance of an officer? Why was it often done with brutal violence, when the person undergoing the process expostulated?

By whose connivance were the supplies of food and clothing, sent from the North, stolen? By whose neglect, or by whose order, were they withheld in immense quantities from men palpably starving and freezing?

How is it that—after three years of war, during which everything military had grown colossal and correspondingly complete, with them, as with us,—that no extensive barracks, even of the cheapest and frailest kind, offering, at least, space to move in, and shelter from the weather, were not erected; but that open encampments, or city warehouses too small for such occupation, continue in use to this day?

How is it that, even under such circumstances, supposing them, for some reason, unable to have done better, they made rules circumscribing the prisoners still further, exposing them to the poison of foul air, generated by unavoidable personal uncleanness, and by the equally unavoidable accumulations of filth under certain conditions of disease, for which either no provision was made, or if made, they were capriciously prevented from using? *

Why, when over-crowding a building with captives, did they make an imaginary boundary line, two or three feet inside the windows, to be observed under penalty of instant death? How is it that the guards were not only permitted, by this regulation, to amuse themselves with taking the lives of the prisoners, upon certain given opportunities, but were negatively encouraged even to murder and assassination, by the indifference of the prison authorities?

* "Sometimes we were allowed to go to the privy, and sometimes we were not. We have been kept from it so much as three days, until we fouled the floor." Appendix, page 131.

"After we tunnelled out, we were only allowed to go to the privy six at a time; the floor was in one mess—filthy; an ordinary one horse wagon-load of human excrement on the floor every morning." Appendix, page 147.

"The enclosure on Belle Isle was a mass of filth every morning, from the inability of the men to proceed to the sinks after evening." Appendix, page 140.

And is there anything to account for the condition of their hospitals for prisoners? Even supposing them to be ill-supplied with medicines, there were common remedies, easily at hand, which were seldom administered—or supposing them to be ill-furnished with hospital comforts, even with sheets and bedding, there was no necessity for placing the *wounded*, as well as the sick, on beds too foul to approach, and afterward made still more offensive by the permitted accumulations of the secretions and putrid discharges of the patients.

Why, also, when their arrangements induced so much sickness and disease, did they leave the men to suffer, often for weeks, before they removed them (and then like sick animals) from the encampment or the prison to the hospital, often to die on the way, or as soon as they were put in the hands of a physician? Why did they discharge them when so feeble that they reeled back to the place of captivity, and even had to crawl thither on their hands and knees? Or why, as in one instance (and one, under such circumstances, may be many), did they subject them, even before they were convalescent and discharged, to such a punishment as confinement in a cell, exposure to cold, and deprivation of food?

These grave developments of the testimony, by no means new to many at the North, and occasionally the subject of newspaper report (though never in such detail as now related), have as yet elicited no excuse or explanation; and until an excuse or explanation comes, the government by whom such things are authorized, and the people by whose public sentiment such things are encouraged, will stand arraigned for almost immeasurable inhumanity and criminality before the civilized world.

But it is important that this matter of famine and freezing, suffered by our men, should take more than a negative place among the foregoing positive facts, as half explained away, if it should appear that neither were necessary or unavoidable.

These are the two worst developments of the inquiry—the facts cannot be denied, for no evidence was ever more closely knit in support of anything, and the question, therefore, lies open: Were the people who were capable of these other unaccountable and inexcusable acts, capable, also, of deliberately withholding necessary food from their prisoners of war, and furnishing them with what was indigestible and loathsome, when their own army was abundantly supplied with good and wholesome food? Were they capable, also, not only of depriving their prisoners of their own clothing, but also of withholding the issue of sufficient to keep them warm,

when the soldiers of their own army were well-equipped, and well-protected from exposure to the wet and cold?

But the inquiry cannot stop at this point. If they were capable of this, then they were capable of beholding, without compassion, their fellow beings subjected to the worst and most lingering agonies which humanity can endure. Putting together the act, and this insensibility to its consequences, what other deduction can be drawn, than that all was a pre-determined plan, originating somewhere in the rebel counsels, for destroying and disabling the soldiers of their enemy, who had honorably surrendered in the field?

And has it come to this? Has the oft-threatened black flag, the signal of a foe that has no mercy and gives no quarter, been floating all this time, not courageously on the battle field, but over prisons and hospitals in the South, full of surrendered and helpless men?

The commissioners, from the outset, considered this department of their investigation to be fully as important as the other, and were at equal pains to leave it no longer a matter of doubt whether or not the rebel government was unable to provide their prisoners with food and clothing, good and sufficient.

One fact was evident on the face of things, that no army could have endured such forced and violent marches, the fatigues and exposures of such desperate campaigning, and have kept up a spirit for such indomitable fighting, unless they had been well-equipped, and their physical condition had been maintained by every means, medical and commissary, known in a well regulated army.

The rebel authorities could not afford to swell their army by conscription on the one hand, and to let the material, thus obtained, escape its military use, by famine and disease on the other. The same arbitrary energy which could enforce the one, could provide against the other.

Nor are the quotations of Confederate prices any criterion by which to judge. The country is rich and fertile, if the Confederate currency is inflated and poor. Every agricultural resource of a soil and climate, unsurpassed by any other in the world, has been quickened to meet the emergency. The necessity has, also, in three years, developed other and unknown fountains of supply—all at the command of a strong, desperate, and despotic government, which has not hesitated to employ every means to keep its armies on the most perfect military footing.

This reasoning is borne out by the facts developed in the inquiry. The testimony will be found to be quite a revelation of the

rebel mode of sustaining an army and a war. Their efficiency in this respect must be admitted—an efficiency created partly by a greater aptitude and inclination for the single art of war, than for the many arts of peace; and partly by the deadly necessity they are under for the most strenuous possible defence of their rebellion, on account of the extraordinary power developed by the Government of the United States.

It appears, from the testimony, that the guards of the prisoners (of whose privations so much has been said) were better supplied with food than the prisoners. The question was frequently asked, and elicited the invariable reply, that they did not share the same ration. Their supply was of a different character, and was enough. Sometimes they threw fragments of food to the hungry captives on Belle Isle. It will be remembered, that at the time the Libby prisoners were so insufficiently fed, a room in the cellar was found stocked with provisions of excellent quality.

But no testimony on this point can be so satisfactory as that derived from the rebel soldiers themselves.

Several of the commissioners went directly from Annapolis to Washington for the express purpose of visiting and examining the rebel prisoners. They found a large number at the Lincoln Hospital. Although these prisoners were suffering from wounds received in the late battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, they were in a physical condition which alone was evidence enough of the care that had been taken of them by their own government. In every case they were healthy, hardy, vigorous men. There was scarcely a trace even of the terrible fatigue they had so recently endured. Better than all, as an indication of their condition, their wounds were healing as only the wounds of men in perfect health can heal.

Nine, out of the whole number, were examined under oath. The formal testimony stopped at this number, as it was found by conversation, that all had the same account to give, and it was needless to multiply depositions. They came from six of the principal States of the Confederacy. Two were from Virginia, two from South Carolina, two from Georgia, one from Mississippi, one from North Carolina, and one from Alabama.

In order to make the inquiry more complete and satisfactory, certain members of the Commission afterwards visited Fort Delaware, and the Hospital on David's Island, New York, at both which stations rebels were confined, and the testimony of eleven more was procured. The men were from Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina and Mississippi.

The evidence of these three separate sets of witnesses, which has been placed together, was given without hesitation, and is uniform and reliable. Any amount of such could have been procured, but that which has been taken will be found full enough.

The result of the whole amounts to this: In the words of one of them—"They had nothing to complain of in the way of food and clothing." They were supplied with rations, only a few ounces less than the over-generous ration of the United States army.

The quality of the rebel ration was as satisfactory to the rebels as the quantity. The corn-bread was excellent, made by themselves from fine meal. One of them naively observed that he preferred it to Northern meal! They had never had any meal furnished them of that quality which was ground with the cobs and husks, and in which whole grains of corn occasionally appeared. This inferior kind, they said, was "given to stock."

The only time in which they suffered any privation was on a forced march, when they were in advance of their supplies—a matter liable to occur in any army.

In winter they lived in cabins or tents, well warmed, and well supplied with fuel. None ever suffered from the cold. In summer they were sheltered by tents, but these they left behind when on a campaign. They were fully supplied with clothing and with blankets or oilcloths. A requisition on the quartermaster could always procure any article that was necessary. When engaged in active service, however, they carried as little as possible, only the clothes they had on and a single blanket, but no man was restricted as to the amount he might carry. It may be imagined what a condition they were in, under this system, as respects dirt, vermin, and rags, after a long campaign and a pitched battle.

They describe the hospitals, both in the city and in the field, as comfortable, and with sufficient medical attendance. The bedding and sheets in Hospital No. 4, in Richmond, was said by one of them to be fully as good as those on David's Island, New York. There were also the usual delicacies for the sick.

From all this, it appears that the Southern army has been, ever since its organization, completely equipped in all necessary respects, and that the men have been supplied with everything which would keep them in the best condition of mind and body, for the hard and desperate service in which they were engaged. They knew nothing of famine or freezing. Their wounded and sick were never neglected.

So do the few details of fact that could be

extracted, without suspicion of their object, from the soldiers of the Southern army, confirm the reasoning which accounts for its efficiency.

The conclusion is inevitable. It was in their power to feed sufficiently, and to clothe, whenever necessary, their prisoners of war. They were perfectly able to include them in their military establishment; but they chose to exclude them from the position always assigned to such, and in no respect to treat them like men taken in honorable warfare. Their commonest soldier was never compelled, by hunger, to eat the disgusting rations furnished at the Libby to United States officers. Their most exposed encampment, however temporary, never beheld the scenes of suffering which occurred daily and nightly among United States soldiers in the encampment on Belle Isle.

The excuse and explanation are swept away. There is nothing now between the Northern people and the dreadful reality.

VI.

The treatment of rebel prisoners at United States Stations—The humane orders of the Government—Scene at Lincoln Hospital—Interior of the Station at Fort Delaware—The Hospital on David's Island—Johnson's Island—Point Lookout—Tender care of sick and wounded Rebels at all these Stations—Kind treatment of the wounded prisoners—Abundant shelter, fuel, clothing, and food furnished them—Facilities for bathing and exercise—Small mortality—No robbing—No shooting—No abuse—Christian burial of the dead—The contrast of the Union and Rebel prisoners at the moment of exchange.

THE moment has now come for the reverse to this melancholy picture, and it will be as grateful to the American people at large, as it was to the Commissioners.

Early in the progress of their investigation, while in the midst of the sufferers taking their testimony, and occasionally hearing floating and irresponsible rumors of equal neglect and cruelty on our part toward the rebel prisoners in our hands, they determined to make a full inquiry into the conduct and management of United States Stations where they were confined.

A large proportion of the testimony will be found devoted to this department. The variety and the widely separate sources of the evidence, will only make more conspicuous its absolute unity and truth. It reveals an impressive contrast, point for point, with that which has just been narrated, and has turned out to be entirely confirmatory of what Quartermaster-General Meigs declares in his letter,* "that such prisoners are

treated with all the consideration and kindness that might be expected of a humane and Christian people."

The design of the Government is fully exhibited in the circular orders issued by Colonel Hoffman, Commissary-General of Prisoners.†

The ration was to be generous and abundant; its elements of the fullest variety. The amount issued being greater than a man could consume, the excess over that which was given, was to go to the formation of a Prison fund, which was to be applied in various ways, (not expressly provided for in the army regulations,) that would promote the health and comfort of the prisoners.

Army clothing was to be furnished by requisition, whenever needed, the only difference being that the buttons and trimmings were to be taken from the coats, and the skirts cut so short that the captives should not be mistaken for United States soldiers.

Careful accounts were to be kept of the money and valuables taken from each prisoner, which accounts were to accompany him, if transferred from one post to another; and when paroled, the articles were to be returned. They were to be permitted to correspond with their friends. All articles that were sent to them were to be delivered, if not contraband.

The hospital had its separate provisions. The keepers in charge were to be "responsible to the commanding officer for its good order, and the proper treatment of the sick." A fund for each hospital was to be created, as in other United States hospitals, and to be expended for the comfort of the sick, and "objects indispensably necessary to promote the sanitary condition of the hospital."

The minute directions of the entire order look equally to the security of the prisoners, and to all that is necessary for them in health or sickness.

The commissioners are able to testify that the order is fully carried out. They took pains not only to procure evidence as to the fact, but to see for themselves.

Two members of the Commission came, without previous notice, to the Lincoln hospital in Washington, where they had heard that several hundred of the rebels lay, having been wounded in the recent battles. The chief object of the visitors at the time has been already mentioned. But they were able also to observe how well the hospital was conducted.

Although arriving at an unseasonable

* See page 197.

† The whole document will be found on page 203.

hour, when the surgeons and nurses were examining and dressing the wounds, they were instantly admitted, with marked and cordial courtesy, by Chief Surgeon McKee, upon his learning the mission upon which they had come.

The wards were airy and neat, free from offensive odor, the beds so clean that the visitors sat upon them while taking testimony. The men themselves were cheerful and good-natured, the more slightly wounded crowding up curiously to know what was going on, until requested to retire. Some were sitting by their beds reading novels or odd numbers of periodicals, now and then a bible. They were always ready to converse, and answered the questions that were put to them without hesitation.

The visitors could see no difference in these two wards from the twenty or more others in the same hospital that were appropriated to the United States soldiers. The patients were mostly in clean, white underclothing, and if it had not been for a figure in butternut-colored uniform here and there, nothing would have suggested the presence of an enemy.

The wounds were being tenderly unbandaged and dressed by the surgeons and their assistants. Kindness and attention were visible everywhere. Female nurses and a white-hooded Sister of Charity were constantly moving from bed to bed. One of them was seen carrying a waiter of iced porter to the wounded, and holding the glass to the lips of the more helpless.

The spectacle was in remarkable contrast with that which had been described by Dr. Ferguson, only the evening before, as witnessed by him in Hospital No. 21, Richmond, where our soldiers lay amid the secretions of their body, and the purulent discharges of their wounds, dying of neglect, and for want of the commonest medical attention.

Some time after this, two members of the commission made an especial visit to Fort Delaware, for the express purpose of examining into the prison and hospital arrangements there, in order to give, in this narrative, their own direct testimony and description, as well as whatever evidence they might be able to collect.

They fixed upon Fort Delaware because it was one of the most extensive of the United States stations for prisoners of war, and because it had been the object of various rebel reports.*

* A recent specimen from the *Richmond Dispatch*, July 14th. Speaking of some returned prisoners, the account runs: "They were subsequently imprisoned at Fort Delaware, where those who had money fared pretty well, but others, less fortunate, suffered many privations.

The following description is from notes taken on the spot by one of the party, and written out immediately afterward:

"The prisoners numbering between eight and nine thousand were lodged outside the walls of the fort, (which is situated on an island,) in well built and ventilated barracks, and have free access at all hours to the adjoining enclosures for air and exercise. They were permitted, and, indeed, urged to bathe in squads in the river and to wash in sluices to which the tide had access twice in the twenty-four hours, and the facilities for these purposes were so great that any man might, if he chose, wash his whole person every day, and swim in the Delaware twice a week.

"Every man is furnished with a commodious bunk, with the head raised at a proper inclination above the feet, presenting a striking contrast to a Confederate prison, where prisoners sleep on the floor, or on the earth, and have not even a bunch of straw between them and the ground.

"The result of these precautions, and of the superior ventilation of the barracks was to render the quarters of the prisoners free from the unpleasant odor which generally exists where large number of men are brought together, and compelled to live in common. The same remark applies to the hospitals, which are spacious, clean, and in good order.

"When we went through the barracks, shortly before sunset, the men were generally out of doors walking about, talking, playing cards, washing, or occupying themselves in other ways. They appeared in general, contented and cheerful. Many of them had improvised sutler's shops, and were seated on the ground or boxes, selling coffee, broiled ham, bread, and other articles of food to their comrades, who were gathered around laughing and chatting.

"The means to prosecute this traffic came, we were told, from sympathizing friends in different parts of the Union, and from small sums of money paid as wages to such of the men as were willing to be detailed to perform various duties outside of the barracks at different points on the island. We tasted the coffee, which was sold for five cents a pint, and found it well made and palatable.

"Much good humor seemed to prevail, and there was not a little good-natured laughter while we were making the purchase. We were struck by the assured yet affable air with which General Schöpfung moved through

They state, that the condition of the Confederate prisoners at that point is deplorable in the extreme, and strongly urge the adoption of some measures for their relief. Sickness is very prevalent among them, while the rations are meagre and of poor quality."

the dense throng that pressed to look at the visitors. He was unattended even by an orderly. His manner indicated a consciousness that he had nothing to fear from individual resentment.

"In addition to the water of the river which, as already stated, is accessible at all times for the purposes of cleanliness, thirty thousand gallons of drinking water are brought every day from the Brandywine, and distributed among the prisoners and the soldiers of the garrison, by means of large hose and a forcing pump worked by a steam engine. Health and comfort are therefore studied in this as in other particulars, but it was at first found difficult to prevent the prisoners from drinking from shallow wells dug by themselves, the water of which is brackish, and has a tendency to produce disease.

"The rations issued to the prisoners were the subject of an attentive examination. We tasted the bread, which is made of four parts of flour and one of Indian meal, and found it of superior quality, sweet and palatable; better indeed than is met with at hotels or places of resort in the country; quite as good as may be found in any well-ordered family. The meat was also sweet and of good quality. The diet is judiciously varied, potatoes and fresh vegetables being furnished in large quantities, wherever the health of the men appears to require it. The rations actually received by the prisoners until the 1st of June, 1864, were nearly three pounds of solid food for each man per day, besides coffee, sugar, molasses, etc. The quantity was then reduced to about thirty-four and a half ounces per diem.*

"The health of the prisoners is as carefully considered in the matter of clothing, as in other respects; those who require blankets or additional garments being supplied with them on proper application. Large numbers of coats, pantaloons, etc., were issued in this way during the past and previous winters. When a prisoner is placed on the sick list, and taken to the hospital, he is put in a warm bath, supplied with clean under-clothing, and then laid on a bed with clean sheets, in an airy apartment, where his condition is, so far as his disease will permit, one not only of comparative but absolute comfort.

"The percentage of deaths at Fort Delaware was, during some months of last autumn and winter, large. This result arose from a

* "The reduction recently made in the prisoners' rations," writes Quartermaster-General Meigs, June 6th, "was for the purpose of bringing it nearer to what the rebel authorities profess to allow their soldiers, and no complaint has been heard of its insufficiency."

variety of causes originating before the prisoners were captured and brought to the island, and which the officers there could not at first remove or controul. Among these may be enumerated the want of vaccination, which seems to be as rare among the poorer classes of the South as it is general at the North; the attempts made by the prisoners to vaccinate each other, which often caused disease of a dangerous type from the character of the virus employed; and the bad state of the body of many of the men taken at and near Vicksburg, who were broken down by hardships and fatigues sustained before their capture, as well as by the influence of the terrible malaria of the South.

"But while the ratio of mortality among the American soldiers in the hands of the rebels has continued to augment with time, the health of the Confederate prisoners at Fort Delaware has, on the contrary, improved under the influence of good food or kind treatment, until in May, 1864, but sixty-two died out of eight thousand one hundred and twenty-six confined at the island.

"The cruel and unusual rule by which an approach to the windows from inadvertence, or for the most innocent purpose, is made an offense punishable with death in the Confederate prisons, is, it need hardly be said, unknown in Fort Delaware. Few restraints are imposed, and those only such as are imperatively necessary for the preservation of order and cleanliness among a numerous and motley crowd, which necessarily contains some men of gross and filthy habits."*

Shooting was never resorted to unless a rule was grossly and persistently violated. Even then the direction was to order the prisoner "three distinct times to halt;" and if he "failed to halt, when so ordered, the sentinel must enforce his order by bayonet or ball." There were but five instances of shooting, under these instructions, and they were in every case in obedience to them.

It is hardly worth while to notice the question whether any were shot for looking out of the windows. No such order was ever given in this, or any other United States Station. Here the windows were seen filled with the prisoners.

The Commissioners are under great obligations to General Schöpf, Commander of the Post, for the courtesy shown them, in personally conducting them over the station, and to the surgeons and officers in attendance, who readily furnished all the evidence that was asked for. It was here that the documents, the general circular, the orders, and the schedules of rations and clothing were obtained.

* From notes by Judge Hare.

The testimony is exceedingly full and satisfactory on all points. It will be noticed that a prison fund was formed, in accordance with the regulations, from the excess of the ration *issued* over the ration *given*, and that the amount was spent for vegetables, and articles of convenience. But even with this withholding of part, so great was the abundance of food, that the prisoners hid loaves of bread, crackers and meat under the bunks. These were repeatedly found there in large quantities during an examination of the barracks.

Capt. Clark was able to save sometimes between two and three thousand dollars a month out of surplus rations, and yet every care was taken that too much was not withheld. The overseers were frequently asked if the prisoners complained of not having enough, and were ordered "to give them more, and let no man want." A complaint was scarcely ever heard.

It will be noticed what enormous quantities of clothing were issued, at this post alone, to the prisoners. In eight months over thirty-five thousand articles were distributed, comprising every species of clothing from shoes and stockings, shirts and drawers, to woollen blankets and great coats. Most of these were given on the approach of cold weather.

Every one without a blanket or overcoat of his own was provided with one. All had at least two blankets, and those who were delicate had more.

The barracks were made comfortable by stoves. Fuel was never wanting, and the fires were kept up by attendants. No less than thirteen hundred tons of coal were consumed last winter and spring by the prisoners.

In hot weather equal provision was made for their comfort, especially in the hospitals. The visitors noticed in the latter, even green shades covering the windows, and a water-cooler in every ward, filled with ice, for the free use of the patients.

Gen. Schöpf informed the visitors that in every case of death, the body was removed to a neat grave yard on the opposite shore, and the burial service of the Episcopal church was read over the grave.

It was found, by further investigation, that the arrangements of every other United States Prison Station and Hospital were the same as those of Fort Delaware. The same regulations were observed in all. The identical diet-table, containing the minute directions of the Surgeon-General at Washington, was hung up as conspicuously in the hospital for rebels as that for the United States soldier.

The De Camp General Hospital, on Da-

vid's Island, New York, was a counterpart of that just described. The testimony taken by one of the commissioners, is almost a repetition of that taken at Fort Delaware. The only variations which occur are additions to the facts already recited.

None of the prisoners were ever deprived of money or valuables. Some of them had arrived in a filthy, horrible condition, ragged, barefooted and bareheaded, covered with vermin, (a condition easily accounted for by the peculiar and desperate style of Southern campaigning, where no tents or baggage were allowed to encumber, and the soldier had to wear the same unchanged suit through many days of forced marching and violent fighting.) Within a few hours the men, having been stripped of all their clothing, which was removed and burned, were washed, furnished with clean linen, and placed on clean, well-aired beds. Full suits of clothing were issued to them. When the weather became cold they were removed from tents to spacious pavilions, furnished with abundant fuel. No one was ever frostbitten. None were ever shot at. They were given the whole island inside the line of sentries for exercise. Formerly they had been allowed to go fishing and clamming, till several escaped, when the line of sentries was placed on the beach.

They had precisely the same rations as the Federal sick and wounded. Drinking water, cooled with ice, was furnished in profusion. Soap, towels, and combs were distributed for their private use. There was a nurse to every ten of them.*

It will not surprise the reader to hear of the small mortality, although nine-tenths were suffering from wounds.

One most pleasing feature of this hospital is developed in the testimony of Rev. Mr. Lowry, its chaplain. A library of two thousand volumes, formerly used by the United States soldiers, was even more used by the Confederates. They were furnished with Bibles, Prayer Books, and other religious publications. Religious services were held twice on Sunday, and two or three times during the week. The chapel, which would accommodate three hundred, was often crowded. Whenever a death occurred, the funeral was conducted according to the form of the Episcopal church.

Johnson's Island, in Ohio, has been an especial subject of rebel mis-statements. It is a pleasant, healthy spot, three hundred acres in extent, in Sandusky Bay, close in the neighborhood of Kelley's Island, which is a

* Each pavilion had from two to four water closets. Chairs and bed pans were provided for those unable to reach them. Ample structures were also erected on the beach.

favorite place of summer resort. The two Islands are much alike.

The climate is testified to be as favorable to health as that of Newport or Saratoga in summer, or Cincinnati and Dayton in winter. Like Fort Delaware it is a military prison and hospital. The buildings are spacious, new, and in good order. The sanitary and other regulations of similar stations are observed here in all particulars.

Although in winter the weather was so cold that the lake was frozen to the main land, three miles distant, and the government teams, conveying supplies, were able to cross upon the ice, yet so well warmed were the barracks, that not a single instance of treatment for exposure to cold was known, except in the case of some who attempted to escape.

A spacious square, enclosed by the buildings, was given up to the prisoners for exercise, and they were allowed to be in the open air all day.

The statistics of mortality will be astonishing to read, after hearing the rebel stories. In twenty-one months, out of an aggregate of six thousand four hundred and ten prisoners, there were only one hundred and thirty-four deaths. The number in prison at one time never exceeded two thousand seven hundred. In the months of May and June last, there were about two thousand three hundred prisoners. In May five died; in June only one!

Point Lookout was still another post which had been subjected to the rebel statement that the prisoners there suffered from cruelty and neglect. Miss Dix, who visited those very prisoners, sufficiently disposes of the slander. She says, "They were supplied with vegetables, with the best wheat bread, and fresh and salt meat three times daily in abundant measure — the full government ration.

"In the camp of about nine thousand rebel prisoners, there were but four hundred reported to the surgeon. Of these one hundred were confined to their beds, thirty were very sick, and perhaps fifteen or twenty would never recover.

"The hospital food consisted of beef-tea, beef-soup, rice, milk-punch, milk, gruel, lemonade, stewed fruits, beefsteak, vegetables, and mutton. White sugar was employed in cooking. The supplies were, in fact, more ample and abundant than in hospitals where our own men were under treatment."

The surgeons of the various hospitals, in several instances, allude to the excellent condition of the prisoners when discharged and exchanged, and in the statement of Miss Dix will be found a brief description of their appearance when leaving the flag-of-truce

boat for their own lines: "All were in vigorous health, equipped in clothes furnished by the United States Government, many of them with blankets and haversacks."

And here terminates the contrast, which the reader has probably been drawing throughout, between the military stations for prisoners, North and South, Union and Rebel.

But the contrast must have been overwhelming at the point to which this narrative has now come. When the flag-of-truce boat landed within the rebel lines, the two systems confronted each other. On one side, hundreds of feeble, emaciated men, ragged, filthy, hungry, diseased, and dying; on the other an equal number of strong and hearty men, clad in the army clothing of the Government against which they had fought, having been humanely sheltered, fed, cleansed of dirt, cured of wounds and disease, and now honorably returned to fight that Government again.

The public sentiment of the North, outraged as it may have been, would never have permitted any other than this Christian and magnanimous course.

VII.

The three points now investigated — The conclusion of the Commissioners — These privations and sufferings were designedly inflicted — The late appeal to Divine and human judgment upon their cause by the rebel government — The spirit of that cause identical with the spirit which originated and defends it.

SUCH are the facts which have been brought to light by the inquiry of the Commissioners.

There were three points before them to be investigated. They were requested to ascertain "the true physical condition of the prisoners recently discharged by exchange from confinement at Richmond and elsewhere." They were also requested to ascertain whether these prisoners "did in fact, during such confinement, suffer materially for want of food, or from its defective quality, or from other privations and sources of disease."

This duty has been performed, and the result is now before the public.

There was one other point which the Commissioners were requested to make clear: "Whether the privations and sufferings of the prisoners were *designedly* inflicted on them by military or other authority of the rebel government, or were due to causes which such authorities could not control."

This question has already been alluded to digressively, but its full answer properly belongs to this stage of the narrative, when the whole field of the investigation is before the reader.

The feeling lingered in the minds of the Commissioners as the investigation went on, that this dreadful condition of things might be attributable to even other causes than the possible destitution of the rebel government. This latter consideration, it will be remembered, was, at an early moment, entirely disposed of. Any unconscious or unintentional form of crime is less reprehensible than that which is knowingly or deliberately committed. The question therefore suggested itself whether all this might not have been owing to the negligence and incompetence incident to an immature social system, or to the thoughtlessness of a reckless people, or to the mismanagement of an improvident government. This was the only alternative, and was sufficiently discreditable. But it was altogether more probable that a whole people and government could unite in being thoughtlessly and inconsiderately cruel, than consciously and purposely so. The latter was something too revolting to be entertained or believed. The whole current of public feeling and public principle generated by the spread of Christianity, and the progress of civilization, is so averse to anything of the kind that the majority of people are made almost incapable of comprehending, or even imagining such a state of mind in any community.

And yet it is to this very conclusion that every one must come who carefully weighs the testimony. Every doubt and misgiving successively disappears. No other theory will cover the immensity and variety of that system of abuse to which our soldiers are subjected. That abuse is, in all its forms, too general, too uniform, and too simultaneous to be otherwise than the result of a great arrangement. One prison-station is like another — one hospital resembles another hospital. This has been made especially apparent by intelligence that has reached the public just as this investigation is closing, and this report is being written. The remote prison at Tyler, in Texas, sends out a tale of suffering identical with that described in these pages. It was only a few weeks ago, that the streets of New Orleans beheld a regiment of half-starved and half-naked men, who had just been released from that station. Still more heart-rending is the later account, given in a memorial to the President, from Andersonville, Georgia, and in the full description, verified on oath, of what is now being suffered there by the imprisoned soldiers of our army. It would appear to be Belle-Isle five times enlarged, and ten-fold intensified. An enormous multitude of thirty-five thousand men are crowded together in a square enclosure or stockade of about twenty-five acres, with a noxious

swamp at the centre, occupying one-fourth of the whole space. Here the prisoners suffer not only the privations already mentioned, but others peculiar to circumstances of a worse description.* In this pestilential prison they are dying at the rate of one hundred and thirty a day, *on an average!* The Commissioners allude to this station not as part of the evidence taken by themselves, but as an interesting, authentic, and corroborative illustration of the point now under consideration.

It is the same story everywhere; — prisoners of war treated worse than convicts, shut up either in suffocating buildings, or in outdoor enclosures, without even the shelter that is provided for the beasts of the field; unsupplied with sufficient food; supplied with food and water injurious and even poisonous; compelled to live in such personal uncleanness as to generate vermin; compelled to sleep on floors often covered with human filth, or on ground saturated with it; compelled to breathe an air oppressed with an intolerable stench; hemmed in by a fatal dead-line, and in hourly danger of being shot by unrestrained and brutal guards; despondent even to madness, idiocy and suicide; sick of diseases (so congruous in character as to appear and spread like the plague) caused by the torrid sun, by decaying food, by filth, by vermin, by malaria, and by cold; removed at the last moment, and by hundreds at a time, to hospitals corrupt as a sepulchre, there, with few remedies, little care and no sympathy, to die in wretchedness and despair, not only among strangers, but among enemies too resentful to have pity or to show mercy.

These are positive facts. Tens of thousands of helpless men have been and are now being disabled and destroyed by a process as certain as poison, and as cruel as the torture or burning at the stake, because nearly as agonizing and more prolonged. This spectacle is daily beheld and allowed by the rebel government.

No supposition of negligence, or thoughtlessness, or indifference, or accident, or inefficiency, or destitution, or necessity, can account for all this. So many and such positive forms of abuse and wrong cannot come from negative causes.

The conclusion is unavoidable, therefore, that "these privations and sufferings" have been "designedly inflicted by the military and other authority of the rebel government," and cannot have been "due to causes which such authorities could not control."

Further than this, the Commissioners are not required to express an opinion. Whether

* For the full account see Supplement, page 259.

or not they are the result of an infuriated and vindictive animosity against the Federal government and people, or the result of a pre-determined policy, deliberately formed, to discourage and affright our soldiers, to destroy them, or to disable them for further military service, or to compel our Government to an exchange on other than the terms to which it is in honor and by necessity committed, the public are in a position to decide.

The Commissioners have now performed their painful task. It has not been a grateful duty to narrate facts so unworthy of any people, especially of one heretofore so highly respected, so much admired, and in so many respects a credit to the American name. That name is shamed and dishonored by their exposure.

But there is one source of pride and congratulation; that, whatever abuses may have been developed on the Northern side of this war, none of them were originated or sanctioned by the government. In every case they have been the impulsive acts of subordinates here and there; and such are incident to any conflict. The noble and magnanimous manner in which the government treats the enemies to its peace and prosperity, when they have become helpless prisoners in its hands, is, alone, a sufficient manifestation of the spirit which animates it in waging this war. No sentiment of anger or resentment has actuated it from the beginning. The condition of its prison stations and hospitals is the best and proudest exponent of the cause of humanity which it seeks to maintain. This praise will be awarded it by the historian and by posterity, when the story of this stupendous struggle shall be written.

Can as much be said of the cause which stands in opposition to it? The facts of this narrative, and of others that will be yet more complete, will also enter into the future history of this conflict, but will form its most tragical chapter. It will in that day be known whether the spirit which animates the South is not also the spirit which has generated the cause of the South. The spirit which animates a cause gives the character to that cause. A people like an individual is estimated by its actions and by its motives.

Perhaps the world will yet discover a strange and reciprocal working of influences in the production of that which now opposes the republican progress of this government.

Perhaps the social theory, already so widely accepted, may yet be fully established, which attributes the alienation of the Southern people to a simple difference of feeling on a question of humanity. A too positive denial of humanity to another race, and a too positive contempt for a poorer class of

their own race, have fostered those perverted principles, which would undermine a government filled with a more generous idea, and excite a hatred toward the people who would uphold it. As an exponent of the inhumanity of the Southern cause, it is not unjust, therefore, to point to its prisons and hospitals, where disregard of the sacredness of human life, and the cry of human suffering, has such an extraordinary manifestation.

And in the face of all this, the confederate congress, with the approval of the confederate president, issued, on the 14th of June last, a manifesto, of which the following is the concluding declaration:

"We commit our cause to the enlightened judgment of the world, to the sober reflections of our adversaries themselves, and to the solemn and righteous arbitrament of Heaven."

Can this appeal, to both Divine and human judgment, be really sincere, or is it only a rounded and rhetorical termination of a state paper? Is the rebel government really so unconscious of this barbarous warfare, that it confidently expects the respect and sympathy of the civilized world? Is it really so unconscious of vindictive cruelty, that it confidently expects a revulsion in its favor from a community whose fathers and brothers and sons lie piled by thousands in pits and trenches, not on the battle-field but in the neighborhood of prisons and hospitals? Is it really so unconscious of crime that it claims even the favorable judgment of Him, unto whom all hearts are open, from whom no secrets are hid, and who requires of man to deal justly and to love mercy? Is it really anxious to stand before that bar whose final discrimination between good and evil it has been revealed, shall rest upon the single fact of humanity or inhumanity, whether the passions of anger and hate have been controlled, whether enemies have been forgiven, whether privation and suffering have been relieved? In view of the powerless captive, hungry, naked, sick and wounded, does it really await "the solemn and righteous arbitrament" of Him, to-day, who will hereafter say to the cruel and the unmerciful:

"I was an hungred, and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in: naked and ye clothed me not: sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not?"

Let the Southern conscience listen! Let it remember that the judgment of Heaven is on the side of humanity, and against cruelty and oppression; that a wrong done to a man is a wrong done to God, who will make the cause of the suffering His own, and will avenge Himself on His enemies:

"Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye

did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me!"

And here the Commissioners leave the subject. Their inquiry was originated, and has been pursued, in the hope that it might, by awakening further attention, be one of the means which would bring about an abandonment by the rebel government of its prison and hospital system. The many and simultaneous exposures which have been made, may possibly induce, at least, a prudence which may work the same result as a better motive. Already there are symptoms of some such movement, and of an admission, even at this late moment, of the misery that has been produced, a movement and admission whether made from necessity or self-interest does not yet appear.*

* It has not been thought necessary to allude to the subject of the suspension of the cartel of exchange, as it had but little bearing on the points to be investigated. But the lately published letter from Major General Butler, Commissioner of Exchange, to the Confederate Commissioner, Ould, is of interest and importance at the present juncture. It will be found printed entire in the supplement.

The following extract from General Butler's letter

But whatever the event may be, this inquiry will have worked its best purpose, if its facts should ever reach that nobler portion of the Southern people, who are really chivalrous and really religious, who have not been committed to these abuses, who have not been kept in ignorance of them, and lead to a protest and revulsion that will compel their government to a repudiation of the iniquity, and to a course more worthy of a civilized and christian people.

has a connection with the above remark in the report:

"I unite with you cordially, Sir, in desiring a speedy settlement of all these questions, in view of the great suffering endured by our prisoners in the hands of your authorities, of which you so feelingly speak. Let me ask, in view of that suffering, why you have delayed eight months to answer a proposition, which, by now accepting, you admit to be right, just, and humane, allowing that suffering to continue so long? One cannot help thinking, even at the risk of being deemed uncharitable, that the benevolent sympathies of the Confederate authorities have been lately stirred by the depleted condition of their armies, and a desire to get into the field, to effect the present campaign, the hale, hearty, and well-fed prisoners held by the United States, in exchange for the half-starved, sick, emaciated, and unserviceable soldiers of the United States now languishing in your prisons."

The following paper having been read before the Commission, by Dr. WALLACE, it was, on motion of Dr. DELAFIELD, adopted by the Commission, and ordered to be appended to their Report.

MEDICAL REPORT.

Food—Quantity of Food for a Man—Character of Food—Relation of Food to Temperature—Ration of the Soldiers—Treatment of Rebel Prisoners at U. S. Stations—Rations—Clothing, Shelter and Fuel—Condition of Rebel Prisoners—Treatment of Union Prisoners in Rebel Hands—Rations of Union Prisoners—Quantity of Ration—Character and Quality of the Ration—Ill Effects of the Rations—No Variety in rations of Union Prisoners—Comparison of rations of Union and of Rebel Prisoners—Consequence of Deficient Food—Diseases Produced by Insufficient Food—Insufficient nutriment is Starvation—Privations other than of Food—Crowd Poisoning—Uncleanliness Compelled—Condition of Union Prisoners—Clothing and Warmth vs. Starvation—The Sick and Feeble liable to Freeze—Men Frozen—Numbers diseased as above—Management of the Sick—Starvation in Flanders—Cause of condition and Mortality of returned Union Prisoners—Treatment of Sick Union Prisoners—Mortality in Rebel Hospitals for Union Prisoners—Mortality in U. S. A. Hospital—Mortality at Belle Isle—Mortality at Andersonville—Mortality at Fort Delaware—Mortality at Johnson's Island—Additional Mortality—Kindness of Rebel Surgeons.

To Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Chairman, etc.
MR. CHAIRMAN:—

According to the direction of the Commission, I lay before you certain considerations relating to the treatment adopted by the authorities of the States in rebellion towards United States soldiers held by them as prisoners of war, with the view of determining the influence of this treatment upon the hygiene and mortality of its subjects. I shall ground my remarks upon the evidence ap-

pendent—upon the opinions of reliable scientific authorities—and to some, though slight degree, upon our own personal observation.

Food.

In investigating the subject before us, the question of food takes rank as of first importance; and, in considering this point, there are certain well established facts relating to the subject of alimentation, to which we must refer.

Quantity of Food for a man.

In deciding upon the quantity of food requisite for the due support of a man, Professor Dalton* says that "any estimate of the total quantity should state also the kind of food used," as the total quantity will necessarily vary with the quality, since some articles contain much more alimentary material than others." And Surgeon-General Hammond†

Character of Food.

says, "it is necessary that the food of man should consist of a *variety of substances*, in order that the several functions of the organism may be properly carried on; no fact in dietetics is better established than this." And Professor Dunglison‡ speaks to the same end thus: "man is so organized as to be adapted for living on both animal and vegetable substances, and if we lay aside our mixed nutriment, and restrict ourselves wholly to the products of the one or the other kingdom, scurvy supervenes.§

Dalton states that the amount of solid food required during twenty-four hours by a man in full health and taking free exercise in the open air, is, of bread, nineteen ounces; meat, sixteen ounces; and butter, three and a half ounces; in all, thirty-eight and a half ounces." Hammond places the amount of solid food "required to maintain the organism of a healthy adult American, up to the full measure of physical and mental capability, at about forty ounces, of which two-thirds should be vegetable, and one-third animal."

Moreover, due *variety in the food* is but second in importance to sufficient quantity. (See Pereira on food and diet.) In fact, the last named physiologist declares that "no matter how nutritious food may be, it is far better to exchange it for that even less nutritious, to continue an unvarying sameness."

Relation of food to temperature.

And as to the relation of food to temperature: "In temperate climates, the seasons exercise an influence, not only over the quality, but the quantity of food taken into the system. Most persons eat more in winter than in summer. The cause is doubtless to be found in the fact, that, in cold weather a greater quantity of respiratory food is required in order to keep up the animal heat, than in hot weather, when the external temperature more nearly approaches the temperature of the body.¶ "He who is well fed," observes

Sir John Ross, "resists cold better than the man who is stinted, while the starvation from cold follows but too soon a starvation in food." And Sir John Franklin, in his narrative of a journey to the Polar sea, writes, "no quantity of clothing could keep us warm while we fasted." "In tropical climates and in hot seasons, the system requires a smaller quantity of food than in colder countries and in cold seasons."* Individuals whose business requires much bodily exertion, or that they should spend much of their time in the open air, eat more than those of sedentary habits. And we have, from the authority of Carpenter, in his work on Human Physiology, that "a considerable reduction in the amount of food sufficient for men in regular active exercise, is, of course, admissible where little bodily exertion is required, and where there is less exposure to low temperatures."

Ration of the soldier.

The ration of the British Soldier is, at home stations, sixteen ounces of bread and twelve ounces of uncooked meat; at foreign stations, four ounces more of meat are allowed. Any extras are bought by the soldier out of his own funds. The French soldier in the Crimea had forty-two and five-eighths ounces of solid food, about ten and a half ounces of which were animal, the rest vegetable. In time of peace his ration is less. "The American soldier is better fed than any other in the world. This is proved by the healthy condition of the troops. *Scurvy, one of the first diseases to make its appearance when the food is of inferior quality*, has prevailed to so slight an extent, &c."† His ration of solid food‡ is about fifty-two and a half ounces, with a fair range for *variety*; and extra issues of pickles, fruits, and special vegetables, are made, when the medical officers deem them necessary. This ration is more than the man is generally able to consume, and the surplus is resold to the government for his benefit.

Treatment of Rebel Prisoners at U. S. Stations.—Rations.

The rations *issued* for the rebel soldiers held by our government as prisoners of war, were the same as for the United States garrison troops and soldiers on active service, except the bread ration, which was four ounces less; and the amount *given*, was, of solid food, forty-three ounces, besides extra vegetables, etc., sometimes, which were (see Captain Clark's evidence) procured by sale of the surplus, as above noted in the case of the Federal troops. No material change was made until the first of June, 1864, since which date the amount *given* was reduced to

* Human Physiology.

† Treatise on Hygiene.

‡ Human Health.

§ Professor Wood, in his Treatise on Practice of Medicine, defines *Scurvy* to be a disease in which "the blood is deprived, and the system debilitated, with a tendency to hemorrhage and to local congestions."

¶ Hammond's Hygiene.

* Pereira, Food and Diet.

† Hammond's Hygiene.

‡ Assuming soft bread and fresh beef as the basis.

thirty-four and a half ounces, while the range for variety of articles remained unchanged, and from the excess of the rations issued, the surplus fund for the use of the prisoners was larger than before. That this amount will be sufficient for comfort and health in the warm weather, and under the inactive life of the prisoner, we must infer from the statements of Pereira, Hammond, and Carpenter (above), and may likewise consider proven by the fact, that at Fort Delaware, even in the cold weather of the past winters, the prisoners could not consume all that was given them, and that large quantities of food were secreted, and wasted by them.* By authority of the War Department, the same REGULATIONS as are observed at all stations, where prisoners of war are held,† and of course at all such stations, the same general condition of things must prevail.

Clothing, shelter, and fuel.

Our evidence exhibits that all needful *clothing* and *blankets*, in some cases even to excess, as well as good and adequate *shelter*, with sufficient *fuel* for comfortable warmth, were furnished by the United States Government to the rebel prisoners.

Condition of Rebel Prisoners.

In our visit to Fort Delaware we passed through the barracks and enclosures containing about eight thousand prisoners. We observed that these men were in good physical condition, and presented the aspect of health and strength; as was the case at other stations, as seen by the appended evidence. The careful attention to cleanliness urged, and sometimes even enforced, by the United States officers in charge, doubtless contributes to their general good condition in no small degree. We were unable to observe any difference between the treatment of the rebels and the United States soldiers in the hospital at Fort Delaware, or in Lincoln Hospital near Washington. The evidence proves the same arrangements of ward, and bed, and diet, to have been made, with all other necessary appliances, for the rebel as for the Union soldier, in the time of sickness, at all stations where prisoners of war are held by the United States Government.

Treatment of Union Prisoners in rebel hands.

When we come to investigate the testimony in relation to the treatment of United States soldiers while prisoners in the hands of the rebels, we find a most serious difference from the state of things above described.

Rations of Union prisoners.

We learn from those returned that the ra-

tions given them varied at different times and places, but their declarations all concur in this, that they had not *food* enough to sustain their strength, nor to satisfy their hunger; and though these men were held captive at various times, and for a varying period, and at various places, yet their average statements are the same with little limitation.

Quantity of ration.

Wheat bread was given to some of them for a short time, but the bread was generally made of corn meal. The largest daily ration of wheat bread, of which we have evidence, would weigh about eleven (11) ounces, and the smallest but little more than three (3) ounces. The largest daily ration of corn bread was in bulk from thirty-one (31) to thirty-two (32) cubic inches, representing rather more than twelve (12) ounces of corn meal, while the smallest represented but four (4) ounces. The ration of meat was, in a few instances, from four (4) to six (6) ounces, but generally about two ounces, though in some cases it was less than this.

The meat was irregularly given; not often daily, and to some, only at intervals of days, or even several weeks, and when meat was served, the bread was, in many instances, diminished.

About half a pint of soup, containing sweet potato, or generally beans or peas in amount about two ounces, was sometimes given, with or without meat in different cases. The beans and peas were occasionally given raw and dry.

The maximum amount of solid food for one day, described, was . . . 10 oz. bread.
6 oz. beef.

With half a pint of soup made of the water in which the beef was boiled, and containing about two ounces of beans or peas, and, therefore representing 2 oz.

Total, 18 oz.

The minimum amount was
about 4 oz. bread.
. 1 oz. beef.

Total, 5 oz.

And so between five (5) and eighteen (18) ounces the rations varied, and in the article of meat, especially, was the great deficiency.

Character and Quality of the Ration.

But it is necessary to note the character also of the rations. The quality of the wheat bread appears to have been good, but that of the corn bread decidedly the reverse. It was made of meal which was

* See also letter from Quartermaster-General Meigs, appended.
† See Appendix.

coarsely ground and rough, contained all the hull (or bran), often whole grains of corn, with fragments of cob or of husk intermingled; frequently ill-baked, or over-baked, and sour and musty withal.

The soup was, by universal declaration of the witnesses, repulsive in odor and disgusting in flavor. It appears to have been made of the water in which the beef was boiled. Gravel and sand were the least objectionable of the impurities found in it.

The beans and peas issued were generally worm-eaten, and contained these insects in quantities, so that they would be floating on the surface, or intermixed throughout the mass of soup and beans.

Ill effects of the Rations.

Dunglison, in the work before quoted, says that "Corn bread, with those unaccustomed to its use, is apt to produce diarrhœa, in consequence *probably* of the presence of the husk,* with which it is always more or less mixed, &c.," and it is "but little adapted for those liable to bowel affections, &c. And Dr. Hassall says, "In those unaccustomed to its use, maize is considered to excite and to keep up a tendency to diarrhœa."

Every one is aware of the laxative influence of so-called bran bread,† which is due to the physical action of the hull of the grain upon the delicate lining membrane of the stomach and bowels, acting thereupon as an excitant or irritant, though tempered by the bland influence of the wheaten flour. Now what must be the result when the meal is of *corn*, and coarse, and intermixed with hull and grain entire, with husk and cob in fragments, among our Northern troops, who are, for the most part, "unaccustomed to the use of corn meal"? We see by the evidence, that some of the men observed the influence of this bread, in producing the diarrhœa with which so many were afflicted.

The character of the soup, as above described, would stamp it as entirely unfit for food, and upon men already suffering from diarrhœa, the evil influence of such a compound is but too plainly to be imagined. The evidence shows that some could not eat it, though hungry for starvation.

No variety in Rations of Union Prisoners.

The average amount of meat allowed was so small that it is not worthy of special consideration; and as to the *variety* and *change* of diet, upon which all physiologists lay so great stress,—it is not in the Record,—*there was none of it.*

* Prof. Dunglison informs me that by the word *husk*, he intends to imply that which is commonly denominated *bran*.

† See Pereira, Food and Diet.

Comparison of rations of Union and of Rebel prisoners.

How do these amounts and qualities compare with the maximum forty-three ounces, or the minimum thirty-four and a half ounces, of standard Government food, of excellent quality, and abundant room for variety, and extra issue of fresh vegetables according to necessity, which the United States Government allows its prisoners? The question may be answered by contrasting the exhausted, the attenuated, the melancholy, the imbecile, the dying, and the dead, Union soldiers, returning home from Richmond, with the cheerful, healthy, and vigorous Southerners, held at, or released from, the various United States stations referred to in the appended testimony.

Consequence of deficient food.

Let us look now at the consequence of deficiency of food, as explained by students and observers of the subject.

In the Medical and Surgical history of the British army which served in Turkey and the Crimea, we find that "during January, 1855, by the deficiency of food, the efficiency of the whole army was seriously compromised. Disease was simply the more overt manifestation of a pathological state of the system, which was all but universal, and merely indicated the worst grades of it. *Fever* and *affections of the bowels* represented the forms in which morbid actions were usually presented, while *gangrene* and *scurvy* indicated those privations and that exposure from which these diseases were mainly derived." Again, "in starvation the tissues of the body are consumed for the production of heat, and rapid loss of weight is the consequence. The other vital processes all involve decomposition of the substance of organs, and add to the loss which the body undergoes. From insufficient food for a few

Diseases produced by insufficient food.

weeks, disease is almost invariably induced; *typhus* and *typhoid fever*, *scurvy* and *anæmia* are the consequences."* Dr. Carpenter, in his Human Physiology, says, "the prisoners confined in Mill Bank Penitentiary, in 1823, who had previously received an allowance of from thirty-one to thirty-three ounces of dry nutriment daily, had this allowance suddenly reduced to twenty-one ounces,—animal food being almost entirely excluded from the diet scale. They were at the same time subjected to a low grade of temperature, and to considerable exertion; in the course of a few weeks the health of a large proportion of the inmates began to give way. The first symptoms were loss of color, and diminution of health and strength, subsequently *diar-*

* Hammond's Hygiene.

rhœa, dysentery, scurvy, and lastly adynamic fevers, or headache, vertigo, convulsions, maniacal delirium, apoplexy, &c. After death, ulcerations of the mucous lining of the alimentary canal were very commonly found; fifty-two per cent. were thus affected. That the reduction of the allowance of food was the main source of the epidemic, was proved, * * * &c."

Insufficient nutrition is starvation.

We appeal here to Chossat's Inquiries, resulting in the proof of this curious effect of *insufficient nutriment*, that it produces an incapability of digesting even the small amount consumed. "So that, in the end, the results are the same as those of *entire deprivation of food*, the total amount of loss being almost exactly identical, but its rate being less."

Privations other than of food.

But in addition to a starvation diet, our evidence furnishes proof of confinement to overcrowded rooms, without proper ventilation—of want of *clothing*—want of *shelter*—and denial of suitable means of warmth, whether by *blankets* or by *fuel*, and this even during the fall, winter, and spring just passed.

Crowd-Poisoning.

"*Overcrowding, imperfect ventilation, and want of cleanliness*, are three conditions usually associated, and may be designated by the single term *Crowd-Poisoning*."* The evidence exhibits that about twenty square feet was, in some instances, all the superficial space permitted to each man confined in prison. And, on Belle Isle, it would appear that for a time there was little variation from the same area. "The air of crowded camps and habitations becomes contaminated through emanations given off during respiration, through effluvia from the skin, and by the decomposition of the various excreta. The nitrogenized matter carried into the air from the skin, and the products arising from the decomposition of the excreta, are sources of deadly mischief. The effects of overcrowding are not only manifested by the increased violence and the adynamic character of all diseases occurring among those exposed, but the development and severity of the adynamic fevers appear particularly connected with this cause."† And again, "To the organic matters emanating from the human body, more than to any other cause, the injurious results of overcrowding are to be ascribed."

"The proofs are ample, that the emanations from the human body are of a decidedly deleterious character, when present in large

amounts in the atmosphere inhaled. They are absorbed by the clothing, and even the walls of the room take them up and retain them for a long time."* "If animals be kept crowded together in ill-ventilated apartments, they speedily sicken."† "The continued respiration of an atmosphere charged with the exhalations of the lungs and skin is the most potent of all the predisposing causes of disease."‡

Uncleanliness compelled.

Dut Dr. Woodward alludes to "want of cleanliness" as one of the elements of ordinary crowd-poisoning. Far more than ordinary was this "want" in the rebel prisons, especially on Belle Isle. A reference to the evidence will show that accumulation of filth of the most noisome character was compelled by prison discipline; that important accommodations were denied during the night hours, resulting in unavoidable soiling of the quarters of the prisoners, while the means of bathing, though convenient, were to so great an extent denied the prisoners, as to produce, in a large number of them, a condition of the skin, which is not only a disease in itself, but is also a cause of disorders various and grave. §

Condition of Union Prisoners.

We observed the surface of the bodies of a number who suffered thus; it was of most remarkable aspect, appearing as though it had been covered with a heavy coat of common varnish, which had dried, and cracked, and was peeling up in scales of every size. To the touch, it was as sand-paper of irregular quality. The cuticle—both effete and living—lay in masses, separated by fissures of varying extent and depth, through which watery and bloody fluids were seen exuding. The soles of the feet were like the sole of a plasterer's shoe—white, brown and yellow; the cuticle dried and broken, and laminated variously.

The functions of the skin, upon which physiologists lay so great stress, are here almost entirely unperformed, and hence we have "gastric disturbances, and diarrhœas," with suppression of that aeration of blood—that true respiration, which, physiologists tell us, takes place through the skin. Hence the lungs are overtaxed, and congestions are induced. And when to this we add the depraved state of the blood of the sufferers, and their exposures to cold, and wet, and storm, by day and night, we have, in full quantity, those general and special condi-

* Hammond.

† Dunglison.

‡ Carpenter.

§ See Surgeon Ely's evidence.

* Woodward; Camp Diseases.

† Woodward.

tions, which induce pulmonary diseases of every grade and character.

Clothing and warmth *vs.* starvation.

On the question of clothing and warmth; from what has been shown above, a corollary is directly deducible, viz.: That if food be in limited quantity, low temperature should be avoided, and external warmth duly maintained. "Artificial warmth may be made to take the place of nourishment otherwise required. And there is adequate ground for considering death by *starvation*, as really death from *cold*. The temperature of the body is maintained with little diminution till the fat is consumed, and then rapidly falls, unless it be kept up by heat externally applied." * Now not only was external heat not granted by the rebels to their prisoners, but their blankets were generally taken from them, as also some of their personal clothing.

The sick and feeble liable to freezing.

Further, "*the sick and feeble will not bear the low temperature, which, to those in good condition, acts as a healthful stimulant. In diseases attended with deficient power of circulation, congelation of the tissues is liable to occur, from the effects of a temperature which could not give rise to it in a healthy subject.*" We see that diarrhœa, scurvy,—and these two disorders existing coincidentally "in the majority of cases of diarrhœa,"—congestion of the lungs of atonic character, and "debilitas," (as the medical records of the hospital have it,) all stand out prominently in the evidence, as being an almost constant condition among those who have been prisoners in Danville, Va., Richmond, Va., and especially on Belle Isle. The authorities hereinbefore quoted show that these formidable disorders are the legitimate offspring of the treatment to which our men have been subjected while in the hands of the rebels. Shall we be surprised that diseases obey the laws of their production, or that they flourish, luxuriant and rank, in a soil specially prepared for their reception? And are not all these "diseases attended with deficient power of circulation"? Are not the subjects of the same "sick and feeble"? Is it all surprising that they cannot bear the low temperature of a winter on Belle Isle,—clad only in worn-out or scanty clothing,—with inadequate or with no shelter,—with little fire, or generally none at all,—and having no resting place but the ground, in mud and frost and snow? Nay, is it not a cause for wonder that "congelation of the tissues" was not even more common among them? Our evidence tells of many men freezing on Belle Isle, to loss of limb, and more, of life.

* Carpenter.

Men frozen.

We saw cases of "amputation by frost," at the United States Hospitals, at Baltimore, and Annapolis, and the "Quarterly Report of the hospitals for the Federal prisoners, Richmond, Va.," (appended,) shows that of two thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine patients admitted in January, February, and March, 1864, there were fifteen cases of gelatio, (or freezing,) and fifty of gangrene from frozen feet! And from the same

Numbers diseased as above.

document we find that two thousand one hundred and twenty-one, out of the two thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine, were affected with debility, adynamic fevers, diarrhœa, dysentery, diseases of the chest, and scurvy—the very effects proved above to be produced by starvation, cold, overcrowding, filth, and exposure; and, as already mentioned, the testimony of the United States surgeons at Annapolis and Baltimore shows that the great majority of our soldiers received from rebel prisons suffered under the same affections. These surgeons further

Management of the sick.

declare, that these diseases did not yield to ordinary medical treatment; that they were most successfully managed by "*nullifying the cause*," that is, by nutrition and stimulation, with especial attention to cleanliness and fresh air, medical agencies being only accessories, and sometimes not resorted to at all.

Starvation in Flanders.

M. Fleury (cours d'hygiène) says: "Sous le nom de *fièvre de famine*, M. de Meersman a tracé un tableau complet et méthodique de l'état morbide que développe l'alimentation insuffisante, et qu'il dit avoir observé en 1846 et 1847 dans les Flandres belges." He then recounts the article, which is too long to bear quotation here, but it is a most singularly accurate description of that which our soldiers returned from rebel prisons state in regard to their own feelings and sufferings,—of those conditions which the United States surgeons at the Baltimore and Annapolis hospitals have delineated to us,—and which we witnessed and observed in our visits to the institutions above mentioned.

Cause of condition and mortality of returned Union prisoners.

It is utterly incorrect to charge the bodily attenuation, the mental imbecility, and the startling mortality which prevail so largely among the men from the prisons of the South, upon the mere diseases of which they are the subjects. If a man swallow a poisonous dose of arsenic, he will suffer pain, vomiting, diarrhœa, hæmorrhages, and convulsions, even unto death; are these "more overt manifestations,"—these necessary consequen-

ces of the morbid agent applied,—to be considered as the causes of the death? Or shall we go to the true first cause direct, and say “the man died by poisoning by arsenic”?

So have our men died,—from cold and exposure, from crowd poisoning, from starvation and from privation, while the way to death was roughly paved with disease of body and of mind,—mere minor manifestations of those allied powers of evil.

Treatment of sick Union prisoners.

But we further find a similar treatment,—similar in kind, though modified in degree,—dealt out to the wounded and the sick on Belle Isle and in Richmond. The evidence of those who have been under the care of the surgeons at these stations is corroborated by the testimony of Colonel Farnsworth, and by that of Surgeons Ferguson and Richards. The latter lay stress upon the offensive, and “utterly unfit,” character of the beds and bedding, and declare that the diet was “entirely insufficient to give them a proper chance of recovery,” and state further that there was a deficiency of medical supplies in the hospital for Federal prisoners, while the evidence is before us that at General Hospital No. 4, Richmond, the *Confederate soldier* had “as much good food as he could eat, with good bedding and sheets;” and evidence to the same end appears in relation to “Confederate hospitals in the field.”

Mortality in Rebel Hospitals for Union Prisoners.

On the subject of the mortality of Union prisoners in rebel hands, we find that the “Quarterly Report,” above referred to, exhibits a record, which, though startling and fearful, is yet easily explained by the foregoing considerations. For what can be expected of men worn out, almost unto death, by the want of those things which are necessary for the body,—and then further reduced by disease,—when subjected to such privations and noxious influences as those described by Surgeons Ferguson and Richards? This “Report” shows a mortality among the sick of rather more than fifty per cent! * How does this compare with that at the United States General Hospital at Annapolis which is only eighteen per cent?

Mortality in U. S. A. Hospital.

Yet the cases at Annapolis were all brought by flag-of-truce boat from City Point, Virginia, and were of the same general class as those in the “Hospitals for the Federal Prisoners, Richmond, Virginia.”

Mortality at Belle Isle.

Further, we find that “a Confederate official, whose evidence cannot be questioned, declared that of the numbers remaining at

Belle Isle, then about eight thousand (8,000), about twenty-five died daily, and that it would be but a few weeks before the deaths would count fifty a day.” From this, we have a mortality at Belle Island in a ratio of *one hundred and fourteen per cent. per year*, with double this amount in prospect.

Mortality at Andersonville.

Again; the *Macon Journal and Messenger* says that “there are now over twenty-seven thousand (27,000) prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, among whom the deaths are from fifty to sixty a day,” or in a ratio of about from *sixty-eight to eighty-one per cent. per year.**

Mortality at Fort Delaware.

Turn now to the mortality among the rebel prisoners at Fort Delaware, where, in addition to the more ordinary causes of sickness and death among soldier-prisoners, we find “small-pox, the majority of the prisoners not having been vaccinated before they came here.” Also, a “prostrated condition of the prisoners from Vicksburg, a great many of whom had to be carried, on their arrival here, from the boat to the hospital, and many of whom represented that they had been limited to half and quarter rations during the siege of Vicksburg;” and “prisoners from Vicksburg and the Mississippi Valley laboring under miasmatic influences, under which a great number of them died.” Yet with all these extra causes of death, the mortality for the entire year just closed, amounts to less than *twenty-nine per cent.*, and when these special causes ceased to exist, it diminished rapidly, and during the three months of April, May, and June, it had fallen to *below a ratio of ten and a half per cent. per year*, and was still diminishing, while the sum total of prisoners was yet increasing.

Mortality at Johnson’s Island.

Again; at Johnson’s Island, Sandusky bay, Ohio,—the climate of which station has been stigmatized by our enemies as insalubrious, and in high degree pernicious to the constitution of the Southerner,—the deaths among the rebel prisoners during the year 1863, with the prevalence of measles and small-pox, amounted to *less than nine per cent.*; and during May and June of this year, there were but six deaths, that is, in the *ratio of less than two per cent. per year.*

By such contrasts of mortality at United States stations, and at rebel stations, argument and comment are struck dumb.

* Since this was written a sworn statement has come to our hands, (a copy of which will be found in the Supplement,) whence it appears that the mortality at Andersonville had increased rapidly, and had advanced in fact to a ratio from *one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and fifty-two per cent. per year.*

* Four deaths only occurred from wounds.

Additional Mortality.

There are still others, who are destined to fall victims to what we are compelled by the evidence to consider a carefully devised plan for the destruction of Union soldiers, by weapons as surely, though not so mercifully, fatal, as shot and shell and bayonet. We refer to such, as, being broken down in mind and intellect, and vitiated in bodily vigor, and diseased beyond hope of recovery, by all the morbid causes which the rebel authorities have arrayed against them during their imprisonment,—and who being discharged from their country's service for disability,—will, in weeks and months to come, swell the local lists of mortality in the districts of their own homes.

Kindness of Rebel Surgeons.

We have been much gratified to find, not only from the sworn testimony, but from private conversation with a very large number of our returned prisoners, that the treatment and attention they received at the hands of the rebel surgeons was kind and sympathizing; their necessities were evidently as faithfully ministered to by these medical officers, (with one exception only), as the provision made by the authorities of the rebel government would allow.

Respectfully submitted,

ELLERSLIE WALLACE.

July, 1864.

TO THE READERS OF THE LIVING AGE,

AFTER THEY SHALL HAVE PERUSED THE REPORT OF THE SANITARY COMMITTEE

Now that you have read—with a sorrow and indignation which words cannot speak, and which can only be expressed by tears, and sobs, and teeth closely set together—the record of cruelties inflicted upon your fathers, and brothers, and sons who went forth at the call of their country to uphold her Constitution and Laws,—it is important that you should have a clear knowledge of the origin of these horrors.

They seem to have been prompted by fiendish malignity and ingenuity. But the perpetrators did not arise from the bottomless pit. They were born of women. They were originally like yourselves. And if subjected to the same temptations, you would become even as they are, and as many Northern men have already become.

These human beings (for such they are) have had their worst propensities magnified and inflamed by the possession of despotic and irresponsible power. Cut off, by their own intolerance and fierceness, from the so-

ciety of all who believe in the Declaration of Independence, and from the influence of the public opinion of Christendom (of which they heard only enough to irritate them), they have herded together, and have “bred in and in” their defiance of the laws of God and man, and their hatred and cruelty, until they seem to have been delivered over to believe that they have a Divine right to do as they please, not only to their slaves, but to all mankind who differ from them.

These effects have legitimately flowed from Slavery. You must remove the cause, if you wish to have peace and union.

But this cause removed, by the blessing of Almighty God upon our armies, we shall dwell together in safety. The Capital and Industry of the Free States will make the South the Garden of America; will make her production an hundred-fold; and once more,

“As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.”

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1067.—12 November, 1864.

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BE NEAR ME, LORD.

BE near me, Lord, my light and stay,
When fears and doubts perplex my way ;
Be near me, when the tempter's wile
Plies craftily my own heart's guile ;
As sunlight breaks through clouds and rain,
Be near me in my grief and pain.

I know thou art not far, O Lord,
From him who walketh by thy word ;
I know 'tis but the cloud of sin
That hides thee from my heart within ;
I know thou dost not veil thy face
From him who trusts thy plenteous grace.

But, Lord, my flesh doth faint and fail ;
My weak heart sinks ; my fears prevail ;
Mine eye grows dim : I cannot see
The presence that is life to me ;
Hold me, O Lord, that I may know
Thou still art near me here below.

For without thee, my Christ, my Lord,
I find no joy e'en in thy word,
No promise that is clear to me,
No strength, or hope, or victory ;
But all is darkness, doubt, and fear,
In heaven and earth, till thou art near.

Be near me, Lord, that I may flee
At once with all my cares to thee ;
And when the traitor thought within
Would parley with the lust of sin,
Thy strength unto my weakness bring,
And keep the fortress for its king.

ORWELL.

—Good Words.

WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WOHL GETHAN.

TRANSLATED BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

[This hymn was written at Jena, by Samuel Rodigast, in 1675, for a sick friend, who composed the fine melody to which it is set.]

WHAT God doth, it is all well done,—
His will upright abiding ;
Since he hath traced my course begun,
I will go on confiding.

My God is he
Who holdeth me ;
I will not turn complainer
At such a wise Ordainer.

What God doth, it is all well done ;
He never will deceive me ;
In righteous paths he leadeth on,
And never will he leave me.
With patience still
I meet his will ;
Ill days he timely closeth,
That run as he disposeth.

What God doth, it is all well done ;
His care will be unfailing ;
A healer, and a wondrous one,
Will not mistake my ailing.

No poisons his

For remedies,

His truth is my foundation,
His grace my whole salvation.

What God doth, it is all well done ;
He is my light and being ;
Mere evil he can mean me none ;
I bow to his decreeing.

Through weal or woe,
Time still will show,

Which everything revealeth,
How faithfully he dealeth.

What God doth, it is all well done ;
If I must drink the chalice,—
The bitter cup which I would shun,—
My shrinking soul he rallies ;
And, firmly placed,
My heart shall taste
That sweet peace in believing
Which softens down all grieving

What God doth, it is all well done,
Strong shall that make and find me.
Rough ways I may be forced to run,
Griefs pressing close behind me ;
Yet God will be
Right fatherly,
In death his arm sustaineth ;
Then be it he that reigneth.

—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

"HOW IS GOLD TO-DAY?"

THERE was a time when if we met
friend upon the street,
He talked on common themes,—the war,
The cold, or else the heat,
And took an interest in one's health :
That time is passed away ;
Now, no one asks us how we do,
But, "How is gold to-day?"

These words pervade the atmosphere,
At weddings, funerals, balls,
No matter where ; upon your ear
The anxious question falls.
You go to see the girl you love,
To drive your cares away ;
You kiss and then she sweetly says,
Oh ! "How is gold to-day?"

If gold is up or gold is down,
What good for me to know ?
There is no jingle in my purse,
My funds are *statu quo* ;
And so I hate the endless cry,
And long to soar away
To lands of peace where no one asks,
Well, "How is gold to-day?"

GEORGE COOPER.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD WHATELY.*

TOWARDS the construction of a biography which is to repay the trouble of reading, two incidents are absolutely necessary. First, there must be proper materials with which to work; and next, the biographer should be capable of making use of these materials when he gets them. We are sorry to say that we can discover little trace of the presence of either incident in the volumes now before us. To do him justice, Mr. Fitzpatrick makes no pretence of fitness in any respect for the task which he has undertaken. "I cannot say," he observes, in his preface, "that I was at the archbishop's elbow through life." In point of fact, his acquaintance with the archbishop was of the slightest kind. They bowed when they passed each other in the street, and perhaps shook hands if by chance they happened to meet in a room. Access to Archbishop Whately's unpublished correspondence he certainly had none; and, judging from the results, seems to have held little confidential communication with persons in this respect more fortunate than himself. To be sure we are told that "some able men who possessed that great advantage, but whose names our author is not at liberty to disclose, have supplied that deficiency [what deficiency?] by placing at his disposal much valuable memoranda and notes." And to get possession of "*much notes*," whether they be really valuable or not, is a feat worth achieving. But the true spur to action on the present occasion was neither knowledge of the subject nor the "*much notes and memoranda*" here alluded to. On the contrary, "A letter from Oxford," in "Notes and Queries," requesting illustrations of the inexhaustible fund of wit and humor which was perpetually flowing from the late Archbishop, fired the soul and stirred the ambition of Mr. William John Fitzpatrick. Was he not conversant with not a few of the reputed sayings and doings of the late Archbishop? Could he not, by a little diligence in applying to his Grace's chaplains and flatterers, make himself master of more? It was evident that the point of view in which the public desired to look at

Dr. Whately was the comic point. Only let him succeed in collecting jokes enough, and he might certainly hope to describe a Merry-Andrew as well as anybody else. To work therefore he went, and the results are two volumes post octavo, made up of scraps and anecdotes; the former evidently supplied by ladies and gentlemen who had taken the measure of their correspondent, the latter entirely his own.

"The able men who possessed that great advantage," and who "placed at Mr. Fitzpatrick's disposal much valuable memoranda and notes," had reasons of their own for keeping their names out of sight. What these names may have been we shall not stop to inquire; but this judgment at least may safely be hazarded: they gave him no assistance in the complication of his introductory chapter. That is his own throughout; and we learn from it that "when George IV. lay in his cradle, there lived at Nonsuch Park a young cleric named Joseph Whately;" that "Nonsuch Park was begun by Henry VIII. and finished by Queen Elizabeth;" that "Queen Anne, and subsequently James I., occupied it;" that "in 1730 the Duke of Grafton sold it to Joseph Thompson Esq.;" that "by and by, in 1591, Lord Lumley conveyed it to the Crown." We admit the importance as well as the peculiarity of this information; but what connection it has with the late Archbishop Whately is not quite so evident. Richard Whately was not born at Nonsuch Park, nor yet in the prebendal house at Bristol "which is still pointed out." Moreover, his father was not a *prebend*, but a *prebendary*. But this is not all. "Richard," we are assured, "was the youngest of eight children, most of whom died 'unsung,' though neither 'unwept nor unhonored.'" It is satisfactory to know that among the Whatelys the good old custom still prevails of singing dirges, or *dragees*, over the coffins of such members of the family as die at home. The unfortunates to whom Mr. Fitzpatrick alludes so touchingly paid the debt of nature, we presume, far from the paternal roof. Had circumstances brought them back to die in their own beds, their *wakes* would have been kept with all the fervor which marks similar proceedings in the Liberties of Dublin, or among potteen-inspired mourners of St. Giles in London. However, we are consoled by the information that they

* "Memoirs of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. With a glance at his contemporaries and times." By William John Fitzpatrick, J. P. London: Richard Bentley.

were neither unwept nor unhonored. But here a fresh trouble awaits us. We cannot quite see, from Mr. Fitzpatrick's account of the matter, which of the eight Whatelys are really dead, and which still alive. Of the four daughters he disposes satisfactorily enough. Only one, "the relic of a physician," survives; the other three sickened, died, were waked, and, we suppose, buried. But over the fates of the brothers a veil of mystery is spread.

"The Rev. Thomas Whately, rector of Chetwynd, and the senior of the late archbishop by fifteen years, is also still alive. William Whately officiated for some time as a vicar in Berkshire; and Joseph, who, having assumed the name of Hasley by royal sign-manual, and represented St. Albans in two parliaments, prematurely died some five-and-forty years ago."

Is Joseph Whately dead? and if he be, what has become of him? "Having assumed a new name, sat in two parliaments, and died"—what next? As to William, he may still be officiating, for aught we know to the contrary, as vicar or rector—or what not—if not in Berkshire, somewhere else. We ask for explanations on these heads, and hope that when Mr. Fitzpatrick prepares a new edition of his work, he will supply them.

It is not, however, solely on points like these that Mr. Fitzpatrick is carried, by the power of his own genius, out of the common course of mundane affairs. We are informed, for example, that under the care of a Mr. Phillips, who kept a school in Bristol, and was always referred to by Dr. Whately as a skilful and judicious teacher, Richard Whately *received a comprehensive course of general instruction*. This is at least curious. Neither among men nor among horses were we aware till now that it was possible to *receive a course* either of instruction or running. The former were supposed to receive or acquire some amount of knowledge, greater or less, *by going through* a course of instruction; the latter, to win or lose plates according as they were first or last in getting over the course. But Mr. Fitzpatrick knows better, and is, besides, singularly instructed, in his own way, respecting Oxford and its usages. Thus we learn from him not only that Richard Whately was placed, at the age of eighteen, in Oriel College, but that Oriel was then the great school of speculative philoso-

phy; that Whately at once attracted attention because of his originality; "that notwithstanding this originality, and the notoriety incident to it, his undergraduate course is said to have been quiet;" that obtaining a double second, he was still, "in the scholars' race, more than once tripped;" and that "from the time he entered Oxford, Whately was remarkable for a certain amount of originality, both of thought and action, which sometimes amounted to rank eccentricity." In spite of all this, however,—in spite of the eccentricity which caused his "undergraduate course to be quiet," and his frequent trips in the scholars' race, Whately "at last made good his footing, and turned the corner cleverly." "In 1808 he graduated, and in 1810 he won a twenty-guinea prize." In 1811, the highest honors which it was possible to confer, unless the Provost's chair of Oriel, reached Whately in the shape of a Fellowship; and in 1812, he became a Bachelor of Divinity. "In estimating the value of these triumphs," continues our author, "it must be remembered that Whately, even at this early period of life, was beset with enemies, who first reviled him as an impudent pretender, and at a later date stigmatized him as an object of grave suspicion." A second-class in classics and mathematics, and election to a Fellowship of his College, were, equally with the prize for the English essay, legitimate grounds of triumph to Whately; but they must have shrunk into nothing in comparison with such a premature elevation to the dignity of Bachelor of Divinity as is vouched for here. We are sorry to say, however, that we doubt the fact of the elevation. We suspect that in 1812 Whately attained, as other men do, by length of standing, the right to take his Master's degree, and that the Bachelorship of Divinity came later. Be this, however, as it may, Mr. Fitzpatrick, we are afraid, allows a lively imagination to run away with him when he describes Oriel, in the days of Whately's freshmanship, as the great school of speculative philosophy in Oxford. If Oriel ever deserved to be so considered, in contradistinction to other colleges, it was after Newman, Keble, and Whately himself had become fellows; and their own tastes, as well as the course of events elsewhere, led them into speculations which, whether philosophical or not, exercised for good or for evil no

little influence over the minds of the rising generation.

We began this paper by confessing that we could discover little trace in Mr. Fitzpatrick's pages of either of the incidents, a happy combination of which is necessary to the production of a readable biography. No letters, no papers, no journals of the man about whom he proposed to write, appear to have been placed at Mr. F.'s disposal. A little gossip more or less trustworthy, with a few curt answers to questions asked, appear to comprise the sum total of his stock in trade,—if we except newspaper articles, notices in magazines, or annual registers, and here and there a county history. But it is too evident that, had the whole wealth of Whately's private diaries been handed over to Mr. Fitzpatrick, and all who were deepest in Whately's confidence stood at his elbow to prompt him, the reading public, so far as this biography is concerned, would have gained little from the circumstances. Mr. Fitzpatrick and Archbishop Whately have nothing in common. The former is not only incapable of understanding what the latter was; but he cannot always express in intelligible English the ideas, such as they are, which fill his own mind. What, for example, does he mean to say in sentences like these: "The choice of a profession was now the question. It is impossible to doubt, from the deep thought evinced in his able lecture 'On the Influence of the Professions on the Character,' that the adoption of the clerical was other than the result of mature consideration. We do not think that Whately was likely to have been unduly dazzled by the many brilliant minds which flung their light around him, and had already fired the ambition of numbers who soared merely to fall."

We are inclined to believe that our readers, like ourselves, have by this time had enough of Mr. Fitzpatrick and his crudities. That worthy but misguided man writes himself, we perceive, J. P. on his title-page, and asks us to bear in mind that he is "author of 'Lady Morgan; her Career, Literary and Personal,' and of 'The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry,' etc." The letters J. P. stand, we presume, here as elsewhere, for Justice of the Peace. Let us express the hope that the Justice's law is better than his literature. As to "Lady

Morgan; her Career, Literary and Personal," and "The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry," we confess that we never saw one or other of them. But if to Lady Morgan and Lord Cloncurry Mr. Fitzpatrick has meted out the same measure of injustice which he has dispensed to Archbishop Whately, then he will have contrived to render two very silly and, to the utmost extent of their poor ability, very pestilent people, even more ridiculous after death than they made themselves in their lifetime.

Richard Whately, the hapless victim of an Irish J. P.'s attempt at authorship, was the youngest son of the Rev. Joseph Whately one of the prebendaries of Bristol. He was born on the 1st of February, 1786, in Cavendish Square, London, during one of those temporary sojourns in the capital with which his family were accustomed to refresh themselves. After passing through a good private school, he was entered at Oriel College, Oxford, of which Mr. Coplestone, subsequently Provost, and by and by Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Llandaff, was then the classical tutor. Mr. Whately's career as an undergraduate was respectable, but by no means brilliant. He maintained a fair place in the lecture-room, and generally acquitted himself well at collections; but he neither astonished his teachers, as the late Sir William Hamilton did, by the extent and accuracy of his scholarship, nor, like Keble, won both their admiration and affection by throwing over the commonest college exercise the halo of a poetic mind. Neither can it be said of him that he was popular with his contemporaries. A tall, gaunt figure, manners rude, sometimes bordering upon boorishness, and an aptitude in saying sharp things in season and out of season, offended the multitude, who seldom care to look far into the characters of those who tread upon their corns. But beneath this rough exterior there were qualities which gradually worked to the surface and did their owner yeoman's service. Coplestone, in particular, found out ere long that his queer-mannered pupil was no common man; and the pupil, not much accustomed in those days to be treated kindly, opened his heart to the tutor, and they became fast friends. Certainly there were few points of resemblance between the constitutions, moral and intellectual, of the two men. But the attachment thus com-

menced remained unbroken to the last; they shared each other's confidence through life.

We are not prepared to say that Whately ever deserved to be regarded as a great man; but he was, throughout the whole of a career which extended beyond the average duration of human life, an able and industrious man. As an undergraduate he lived a good deal alone, and was never idle. Besides holding his own in classics and mathematics, he studied French, German, and Italian, and read a great deal of history, annotating as he went along. Logic, metaphysics, and, above all, political economy, likewise, attracted his attention; for his talents were adiscursive as his capacity of labor was immense. His powers of conversation, also, though very peculiar, were always great. In general he harangued somewhat after the fashion of Coleridge; but controversy never came amiss to him, and he was especially brilliant when provoked to support a fallacy or maintain a paradox. How far his possession of these qualities may have helped him to the Fellowship which in 1811 he obtained, we are not prepared to say: but he was certainly not indebted for that advancement to the honors carried off in the schools; and the English prize essay, creditable to the college as it was, would not have turned the scale in his favor, had it stood alone.

Whately was by nature a hard worker. He could never "rest and be thankful" himself nor allow anybody else to rest, out of whom he conceived that work ought to be got. He was, likewise, a great reformer of abuses, real and imaginary. This is conspicuously shown in the declension which his opinions underwent from what are generally regarded as High Church dogmata to their opposites. He had no belief latterly in tradition, and very little in the doctrine of an apostolical succession, both of which had originally found favor with him. On the other hand, his faith in the great principles of Christianity never wavered. However oddly he might at times enunciate that faith, however eccentric he might be in his manner of discharging the functions of his office, Whately, from boyhood to the hour of death, remained firm in his acceptance of the fundamental principles of Christianity. For example, he looked to a life beyond the grave, solely on the grounds laid down for that inheritance in the New Testament. Unlike

Lord Brougham and other philosophers whom he admired, Whately scouted the idea of the natural immortality of the soul. All the inferences which these draw from the phenomena of dreams, and the exercise of memory and imagination, went with him for nothing. He was as much convinced as they that the vital principle in man, and indeed in all animals, is immaterial; but he found, neither in that conviction nor in the speculations of Aristotle and Plato, the slightest reason for coming to the conclusion that the soul of man must necessarily be immortal. On the contrary, he filled several pages of his commonplace-book with observations which show that, in his opinion, not one of the heathen philosophers entertained or had the faintest reason for entertaining decided views on that subject; and that Aristotle in particular, to whom Lord Brougham refers as accepting a future state of reward and punishment, distinctly rejects the notion. We recommend our readers to look into this interesting little essay, which they will find in the volume entitled "Miscellaneous Remains," which the piety of Dr. Whately's gifted daughter has induced her to publish. It will amply repay the light labor of a perusal.

Besides busying himself in the correction of college and university abuses, and indulging his natural taste for literary and philosophical composition, Whately threw himself into the work of tuition, both public and private. Besides teaching a class as one of the recognized tutors of Oriel, he read at by-hours with a select few of the more aspiring undergraduates, and helped them in the race after honors. It is characteristic of the man that he persevered in this course, not only in spite of a constitutional dislike to the occupation, but in some sort because the occupation was distasteful to him.

"It is curious to consider," he wrote in 1818, "what it is that makes public tuition such a poison to me as it *seems* to be. . . . The thing that most fatigues the mind seems to be that which is felt as a task; I mean that the latter circumstance is the cause of the former, not *vice versa*. So, at least, it is with me, who often do the same thing with pleasure when voluntary, which fags me when I am compelled to it. This, however, is the case both with private and public tuition; but the latter seems to derive its

greatly superior effect from the additional *anxiety*. Every man requires to be separately watched, and requires, in some degree, a different treatment; and hardly ever will the whole of a class be going on well. So, as compared with private tuition, it is like balancing ten things at once. Besides this, there is a personal interest in each private pupil, which, if he goes on well, is a vast lightening of labor, and which is felt in but a very weak and watery manner towards each of so many public pupils. I work from a sense of *duty*; but my affections cannot be engaged by a body corporate."

If Whately took a personal interest in each of his private pupils, a large majority of those who profited by his instructions and scholarship repaid the feeling fourfold. To the case of one of these gentlemen, recently taken away from among us, we may be permitted to allude.

The late Mr. Nassau Senior, going in for his bachelor's degree, was plucked. He failed, if we recollect right, in divinity,—to break down in which, as it formed the first subject on which the aspirant was then examined, rendered fruitless any amount of general learning, and insured immediate rejection. Nowise distrustful of himself, Mr. Senior determined to try again at the next examination; and, in the mean while, looked out for a private tutor with whom to read. He called upon Whately, and expressed a wish to be received by him as a pupil. Whately, never very tender of the feelings of others, though as little delighting in the pain which he inflicted as man could well do, scarcely took the trouble to look his visitor in the face, but answered, "You were plucked, I believe. I never receive pupils unless I see reason to assume that they mean to aspire at honors." "I mean to aspire at honors," replied Senior. "You do, do you?" was the answer. "May I ask what class you intend to take?" "A first class," said Senior, coolly. Whately's brow relaxed. He seemed tickled with the idea that a lad who had been plucked in November, should propose to get into the first class in March; and he at once desired Senior to come to be coached. Never were tutor and pupil better matched. Senior read hard,—went up, as he had proposed to do, into the schools in March,—and came out of them with the highest honors which the examining masters could confer. Senior and Whately became fast

friends at once; and to Senior, more perhaps than to Earl Grey himself, Whately was, in point of fact, indebted for his advancement to the see of Dublin; for Senior, a man of great talent,—which a very silly manner and a vast amount of vanity could not mar,—made himself useful to the Whigs in various ways, and was especially consulted by them in the preparation of their new Poor Law. It happened that, during an interview with Earl Grey, the latter spoke of the death of Archbishop Magee, and of the difficulty which he experienced in finding a successor for that prelate from among a body so tintured as the more eminent of the clergy then were with Toryism. "You need not go far for a man who will fill the see with credit to you and honor to himself," said Senior. Then followed an account of Whately,—of his scholarship, his reforming propensities, his acquaintance with the principles of political economy, and his liberalism. Lord Grey listened attentively, inquired farther about Whately, and finally, in a manner most gratifying to the subject of this sketch, offered him the archbishopric. But we must not anticipate the incidents of our story.

Whately pursued the tenor of his eccentric way as fellow and tutor of Oriel from 1812 till the summer of 1822. He contracted during that interval various intimacies, some of which carried within them, from the first, the seeds of early dissolution; while others, founded on general similarity of tastes and views, promised to be, though all were not, enduring. Dr. Newman, for example, a very young man when Whately and he first became acquainted, acknowledged the influence of a nature harder than his own, yet bore the yoke impatiently. Arnold and Blanco White, on the other hand (the latter a Spanish exile for conscience' sake, who fixed his residence in Oxford, and was much sought after by the more intellectual of the resident members of the university), took to him with all their hearts. Arnold continued on terms of the closest intimacy with Whately till his own death. It was not so with Blanco White. That unfortunate man, after going through every phase of religious belief, from the highest Anglicanism down to the depth of Unitarianism, took refuge from further doubt in total infidelity; and then, though not without a pang, Whately threw him off. What a story is his! How distressing to read,

yet how full of *warring* and instruction, especially to the young Keble, Pusey, and others of their way of thinking. On the other hand, Whately was all along in a state of restrained antagonism. He went with them so far as to assert the natural independence of the church upon the State, arguing only for the beneficial effect to both of a union on fair terms. But the doctrine of apostolical succession—with its necessary inference that there is a marked difference between churches, one of which is episcopally governed, while the other acknowledges no special episcopal order among the clergy—he received at first with considerable misgiving, and by and by with derision. This and his contempt for the doctrine of tradition, a feeling which he never concealed, placed between him and the founders of the Tractarian school an impassable gulf. It was not so in the case of Arnold. Arnold, as we need scarcely stop to explain, held and taught that the church both is, and ought to be, the creature of the State; that the clergy, whether bishops or presbyters, take their proper place in society only when they feel themselves to be as much servants of the civil power as magistrates or constables; and that the idea of receiving, from the imposition of hands, any special character of sanctity, is the merest superstition. Now, no one could reject this notion more decidedly in his own way than Whately. Yet diversity of opinion on that point never interfered with the friendship between the two men, probably because both of them considered that no great principle was at issue; that the question was one of speculative opinion, and nothing more.

Besides Newman, Arnold, Keble, Pusey, and Blanco White (the latter an outsider), Whately numbered among his contemporaries and acquaintances at Oxford, Davison, Froude, R. Wilberforce, Spencer, Hawkins, Lloyd, and Hamden. It cannot be said, however, that, with the exceptions above enumerated, he looked much into that gifted circle for the companions of his lighter hours. Already that taste began to develop itself which became a master-passion in later life. He delighted in being looked up to, and infinitely preferred to the society of giants in intellect that of persons who were willing to make his views their own. Let us not, however, be unjust to such men as Hinds, late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Fitzgerald, afterwards Bishop

of Cork, Dr. Dickinson, Bishop of Meath and Dr. West. They were indeed Whately's satellites, and owed to him the preferments to which they attained. But looking to the circle in which they moved, and the principles which they professed, their worst enemy, if they have one, will not deny to them the possession of great good sense, and at least a fair measure of literary and practical ability.

Whately removed to a vicarage in Suffolk, in 1822, and shortly afterwards took to himself a wife. A family came fast to add to his cares, and to stimulate his industry. It was untiring. He did little for his parish, it is true. His training as a college don—liberal don as he was—disqualified him from dealing usefully with a peasant population. But he studied hard and wrote much, on a great variety of subjects. In 1822, the first year of his incumbency, he preached the Bampton Lectures, selecting for his subject a characteristic theme,—“The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in matters of Religion.” These were followed by essays: one series intended for the edification of rustic laborers; another, “On the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul, and in other parts of the New Testament.” The latter maintains, in a scholarly manner, the Arminian view of St. Paul's theology, and shows, at once ingeniously and distinctly, that to the writings of the great apostle the advocates of Calvinism have no right to appeal. The work attracted considerable attention at the time, and was quoted against the author many years afterwards, with no small measure of acrimony, by the more violent of the ultra-Protestant party over whom he was called upon to preside when appointed to the see of Dublin.

Whately was out of his element as vicar of Halsworth and Chadiston. He never complained, for it was not in his nature to give utterance to complaints on any subject; but it is certain that he received with unmixed satisfaction, in 1826, the announcement that Earl Granville, then chancellor of the university of Oxford, had nominated him to the headship of St. Alban's Hall. It was the position which, above all others, he could have most desired at that time to hold. University life had become to him second nature, and he returned to it with a mind overflowing with plans for the correction of abuses and

the promotion of sound learning. Whether his plans were in every instance wise as well as practical, may be doubted. But whatever Whately willed, that he labored assiduously to bring about; and Oxford soon felt again that a reformer, and a very troublesome one, was in the midst of it.

One special object of Whately's abhorrence and contempt was the study of logic as it was then conducted in the university. The only text-book in use was Aldridge's—a queer, quaint, and ill-arranged epitome of the Aristotelian, or rather Socratic, system of syllogistic argumentation. The new principal of St. Alban's Hall had not been many months in office before his great work, "The Elements of Logic," made its appearance in a separate form, with a preface which told many truths, and did not care to tell them pleasantly. "The Elements of Logic" was accepted at the time, and may still be considered to be a work of very considerable power. It popularizes a science which had been so dealt with previously in England as to deter the keenest appetite from approaching it; and it had the additional merit of inciting other, and some of them better qualified, laborers to enter upon the same field; but it met with large opposition too. Sir William Hamilton attacked it fiercely; and the *Edinburgh Review* itself, forgetful of past obligations to the author, did him as much mischief as possible by damning his performance with faint praise. And looking at the matter from the point of view which Sir William Hamilton took up, there is no denying that the treatise lay open to many and grave objections. Logic, as taught in Oxford then, and even as Whately explained it, bears very little resemblance to that science which Professor Jardine of Glasgow, sixty years ago, rendered at once so popular and so useful. But then the question arises, whether Jardine's system was the true system; whether the groundwork for acute reasoning must be laid in a preliminary acquaintance with the constitution of the human mind, in other words, whether, in Scotland, we have not accustomed ourselves to run two distinct subjects into one, by blending metaphysics and logic together? Be this as it may, Whately did in the cause of his favorite treatise, what he was not much in the habit of doing when his opinions were called in question. He took the reproofs of his critics in good part,

and went so far as to modify, in some particulars, his views by the light which their reproofs afforded.

Time passed, and the mind of Oxford, as well as of Great Britain in general, began to be agitated by questions of deeper moment than the value and right construction of a syllogism. In the struggle of parties incident upon the long peace, Toryism, as Lord Liverpool had modified it, lost ground, and new principles of foreign and domestic policy rose in public estimation. On the crest of the wave, so far as fiscal affairs were carried on by it, Whately rode. He was, without being aware of it, a disciple, in many respects, of Malthus and Bentham. He advocated Free Trade, Parliamentary Reform, and a more stringent Poor-law, long before any of these became fashionable. His opinions upon church matters were, however, less liberal, for he believed in the reality of the church "as a body apart and independent of the State." It was the community of sentiment which on this head he created between Dr. Newman and himself, which for a brief space, knitted the two men together. But the union could not last. Both claimed the right of thinking for themselves; both were impatient of contradiction. Whately, as the senior, took the lead; and being the best informed and clearest reasoner of the two, for a while kept it. And so long as Newman was willing to receive and reflect his master's views, his master gave him in return his undivided love and confidence. He at once appointed him vice-principal of the hall over which he himself presided. But whether this brought them into too close connection, or whether already Newman's imagination was beginning to outrun the pace at which Whately's more sober judgment could travel, they grew weary of one another in a year. Newman accepted, in 1827, the tutorship of Oriel, and he and Whately parted, never again to meet on their old terms of mutual confidence and friendship.

In noticing the dispute between Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley, we said as much, in our last number, about the commencement of the Tractarian movement as a story now so old seemed to require. We content ourselves, therefore, with stating here, that neither with the movement itself, nor with the arrangements to which it led, had Whately the slightest sympathy. His notions of the church

were quite different from the notions of Pusey, Newman, and Keble. He put away from him the idea of a Christian priesthood, and made his views known far beyond his own circle, by publishing a course of sermons which maintained that negative doctrine. Now, it was of the essence of what we must be permitted to call Tractarianism (though we by no means wish to use the expression as a term of reproach), that the Christian ministry, canonically established and handed down to us, is as much a priesthood as that which prevailed under the old law. Circumstances had indeed modified the executive functions which devolved upon the new priesthood in contradistinction to the old. The one great sacrifice once offered on the cross having fulfilled, has superseded the offering up of bulls and of goats. But the Eucharist was thereby elevated to the rank of an oblation, which it rested with an order of men, appointed in unbroken succession from the apostles, exclusively to offer. Indeed, upon the acceptance of this truth rested the claim of the church to be believed in as a society not at all dependent on the State, though accidentally brought into alliance with it, and sacrificing more, for the sake of maintaining the alliance, than the alliance was worth. Observing how bitter Whately's opposition to these principles was, it is not easy to believe that the "Letters on the Church, by an Episcopalian," of which the authorship was attributed to him, really proceeded from his pen. Yet he never disavowed them.

At last came the time when, for good or evil, all the old landmarks by which the Tory party had heretofore steered its course were to be removed. The death of Lord Liverpool operated like the breaking down of a sluice behind which a press of water had long accumulated; and Whately, in common with other members of the self-styled Liberal party, rejoiced in the prospect of change. He gave to Mr. Canning and his administration such support as he could, believing that the force of circumstances must carry that great man far beyond the line which he professed himself anxious to hold. Of Lord Goderich he appears to have entertained no very high opinion; but Peel won his heart by the same act which separated him forever from his Oxford constituency, and gave the first and most fatal blow to the ascendancy of Toryism. The preparations made in the

first year of the Duke of Wellington's administration for the repeal of Catholic disabilities were not kept altogether secret from the leaders of his own party in Oxford. Peel corresponded on the subject with Lloyd, and Lloyd communicated in confidence with others, of whom some were less reticent elsewhere than they might have been. Hence, in 1828, the petition against concession was voted and signed by a far greater number of masters and doctors than had ever before taken part in the politics of the university. On the other hand, the minority took courage, and laid themselves out to gather strength; and, by and by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts brought allies to them from among that respectable class which is found in universities as well as elsewhere,—waverers who, having no opinions of their own, are ready, as often as crises arrive, to sail before the wind, in whatever direction it may seem to blow. But we need not pursue this subject farther. In 1829 the Catholic Religion Bill passed; in 1830 George IV. died; in 1831 Lord Grey came into office; and in 1832, amid the fury of the Reform Bill, the great Tory party was swept aside for a season.

Meanwhile Whately was winning his way in spite of a rough, and at times a rude, exterior, into that sort of favor which makes a man be followed and courted, even by those who personally dislike him. He was received as a guest at Holland House, and gave back to the lady of the mansion, in the shape of sharp repartee, as much as he got. He became popular as a university preacher, in spite of a manner in the pulpit so grotesque as to be provocative not unfrequently of mere laughter. Whether he was aware of what he was doing when he threw his leg over the side of the tribune, and rocked to and fro like a mandarin, may be doubted. He himself has told us that he was not. "All disregard of self," he says, speaking of his manner, "is so amiable, that unconsciousness seems to be almost a virtue. In the pulpit it is quite; an ambassador from heaven has no right to be thinking of himself, or trying to be a fine man. [If this virtue were practised by our clergy in singleness of heart, how much increased would be the effect produced!] When a friend, therefore, asked me whether I did not feel nervous about preaching, I replied that *I dared not*; for nervousness implies thoughts about your own appearance, when you ought to be thinking

only of your hearers." Be this as it may, the effect upon the congregations which he addressed, and not least upon that which crowded to hear him in St. Mary's Church, was often distressing. Thoughtful men looked at him with a feeling not far removed from shame; the more frivolous laughed aloud; yet both classes rarely failed to go away satisfied that great truths or clever sophisms had been spoken in their hearing.

We have alluded to the interruption of Whately's intimacy with Newman, and to some of the causes of it. The first serious breach between them took place in 1829; when Newman, who, in convocation, had always voted in the minority on the Catholic question, turned round upon Peel, after the question was carried. Referring to this matter, Newman thus expresses himself: "Whately was considerably annoyed at me, and he took a humorous revenge, of which he had given me due notice beforehand. As a head of a house, he had duties of hospitality to men of all parties; he asked a set of the least intellectual men in Oxford to dinner, and men most fond of port; he made me one of the party; placed me between Provost This and Principal That, and then asked me if I was proud of my friends. However, he had a serious meaning in his act; he saw more clearly than I could do that I was separating from his own friends for good and all."

In 1830 Whately consented to be placed in nomination for the Professorship of Political Economy, then of recent erection in the university. He accepted the appointment on two grounds,—first, because he was anxious to break down the prejudice which then prevailed in Oxford against the study; and next, because he had given a great deal of attention to the subject, and was not only conversant with it, but fond of it. We should be unjust to Whately's memory, were we not to add that, to some extent at least, he accomplished his object. Able man as he was, Mr. Nassau Senior, the first professor, could with difficulty collect a small class, and did little with it. Whately's reputation drew a larger audience about him; and the line which he took at starting, as it met the objections which were usually brought against the science, so, without doubt, it would have insured a large measure of success, had circumstances permitted him to go through with it to the end.

But Whately was by this time in full favor with the Whigs. Even Lord Grey, seldom as he troubled himself to look beyond the family-circle for men of merit, had his attention drawn to the principal of St. Alban's Hall. Whately, to his great astonishment, received one morning a letter, announcing that the prime minister had "satisfied himself that he should best accomplish the object which His Majesty had in view, by proposing that he (Whately) should fill the vacant office of Archbishop of Dublin." We believe that Lord Brougham, in reply to some questions put to him by Mr. Fitzpatrick, insinuates, without going quite so far as to affirm, that he was the medium through which Dr. Whately's merits became known to the First Lord of the Treasury. Now we beg to assure Lord Brougham, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and all whom the matter may concern, that this is neither more nor less than one of his lordship's habitual flourishes. His lordship had nothing whatever to say to Dr. Whately's elevation. That was brought about, as we stated some time ago, through the accidental interference of Mr. Senior. That Lord Brougham, like other leaders of his party, accepted the arrangement as a wise one, is probable enough. Whigs, to do them justice, stand stoutly by one another; and Whiggery has been a faithful source of advancement in the church ever since Lord Grey's reign. But beyond this, we have the best reason for saying that Lord Brougham was in no wise connected with an arrangement, concerning which he was, perhaps, the very last member of the Cabinet to whom Earl Grey would have applied for advice.

Mr. Fitzpatrick describes, with his usual ignorance, the effect which was produced in Oxford when the fact of Dr. Whately's elevation got abroad. "Her high *wranglers*," it appears, "were struck dumb at the news;" also, "that had the dome of St. Alban's Hall been transferred to the summit of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, greater consternation could not have prevailed." There happen to be no *wranglers* in Oxford, the term being exclusively a Cambridge one; and St. Alban's Hall is not a large room surmounted by a dome, but a hostel or college, like other halls not endowed with fellowships. What Mr. Fitzpatrick means, we presume, to say is, however, correct enough. Not only at Oxford, but everywhere else beyond the

little circle which included Whately and Arnold, churchmen of every shade of opinion heard of the appointment with surprise and alarm. They knew that Whately was an able man; and not a few believed him to be sound in the faith. His republication of Archbishop King's great work had indeed given offence to the Evangelical or Calvinistic party; and among the more eager politicians on the other side, advantage was taken of his liberal opinions on the nature of the Christian Sabbath to charge him with laxity of principle. But this latter was as much a mistake as the indignation of the Evangelicals was misplaced. Whately's orthodoxy was sufficiently settled to qualify him for the episcopal throne in Dublin or anywhere else. It was the laxity of his views in regard to the church's rights considered as part and parcel of the constitution—his ultra-Liberalism of action and of speech on all questions of polity and order—which alarmed, and justly alarmed, sound churchmen, in regard to his fitness for the administration of that particular see to which the minister had raised him. That these fears proved in their result to have been exaggerated, furnishes no just reason for speaking of them now as irrational. Many a madman is sufficiently sane to be trusted with a lighted match beside a haystack; but we should hardly pronounce him either a fool or a coward who, seeing a madman with a lighted match in his hand near a stack belonging to himself, should be a little nervous as to the probable consequences.

Dr. Whately entered upon the duties of his new office at a period of extraordinary excitement and difficulty in Ireland. The Orange, or extreme Protestant party, though defeated, was not subdued. The Romanists, rejoicing in their recent success in the measure of emancipation, were gathering breath for another and a more decisive struggle. Whately was received by the former with undisguised hostility; by the latter, with affected respect and real suspicion. His manner and address perplexed both. Instead of trying to conciliate, he bantered and quizzed the Protestants. The Roman Catholics he puzzled exceedingly by the oddity with which he handled their most cherished fantasies. On the whole, however, he got on better with the members of every other religious persuasion than with his own. Between him and the Romish Archbishop Murray, in particular, a

cordial intimacy sprung up. A genial, gentle, and, for his class, a liberal man, Dr. Murray bowed to the influence of a mind stronger than his own. He first satisfied himself that the new archbishop was such as he professed to be, and then gave him his entire confidence; and when Whately set himself to carry into effect for the government a plan of mixed education, Murray, after a little hesitation, worked cordially with him. This circumstance, in which the Protestant clergy, had they been wise, would have rejoiced, deepened their personal dislike to their diocesan, and increased their suspicions. They were too much blinded by prejudice to perceive that whatever lets in light upon minds darkened by ignorance has a tendency to create in these minds distrust of those who had previously kept them ignorant. When Whately arrived in Dublin, the great body of Irish peasantry believed without hesitation whatever the priests chose to tell them. One result of the national system of education has been to deliver them from the fear of being turned into rats or dogs or cats by the curse of an offended ecclesiastic. But the Protestants of Ireland could not bring themselves to regard the subject from this point of view; and almost to a man refused to coöperate in perhaps the wisest scheme which the Whigs, during their thirty years' tenure of office, have originated.* And the consequence has been, that the Roman Catholics, adopting an opposite course, worked the machine as it was handed to them, so long as their own purpose seemed to be served by it; and, having established over the public mind an influence which ought of right to have fallen to the church, are now in a condition to force on changes of which the effects will surely be seen by and by.

Because of his zeal in favor of mixed education, not less than on account of his anti-Calvinistic and anti-Sabbatarian views in theology, Whately began, and almost to the end continued, his career in Dublin, an object of distrust and dislike to the great body of his clergy. He would have willingly removed both feelings, had it been possible to do so; indeed, he strove for a while, as well by public addresses as in the intercourse of private life, to convince these gentlemen that there

* The scheme is Lord Derby's scheme. The real thorough-going Whigs can lay no claim to the merit of it.

can be real religion where there is no bitterness,—a steady maintenance of the true faith without angry disputations. But partly because such opinions ran counter to long-cherished prejudices,—partly because in this, as in other respects, Whately's manners repelled even where he desired to conciliate,—his efforts to allay angry feelings resulted in rendering them more bitter. Hence the discipline which in some measure he succeeded in establishing was one built up, not upon love, but upon terror. He kept a tolerably tight hand upon curates, whom he could silence by withdrawing from them their licenses; and warned off irregular preachers when threatening to invade the diocese. But the incumbents of parishes, secure in their freeholds, set his remonstrances at defiance, and followed their own line as far as the ecclesiastical law—ill-defined everywhere, but in Ireland scarcely recognized at all—would allow.

Another great objection to Whately was, that he set his face against Protestant missions to Roman Catholics, and placed no confidence whatever in the reality of conversions effected by their means. In this respect his policy differed altogether from that of his predecessor, the learned author of perhaps the ablest book which has ever been written on the subject of the atonement. But it does not therefore follow, as Mr. Fitzpatrick would have us believe, that Archbishop Magee's policy was in his day a false policy. Probably there are not two opinions now, among thoughtful men anywhere, that avowed efforts at proselytizing from one form of Christianity to another produce a great deal more of evil than of good. It was not so, however, thirty years ago; and an Archbishop of Dublin, even if he distrusted the system which he found in operation, would have taken care, had he been conversant with more than college life, not to oppose it too abruptly. But here lay one source of Whately's weakness, if we may use the expression, when speaking of a man whose strength of will was indomitable. He knew nothing of human nature, except as it is seen in the halls and colleges of Oxford, and was therefore incapable of concealing, far less of compromising, his own opinions on any subject. Hence the abruptness with which, in this and other ways, he denounced practices dear to the very hearts of the whole

body of the clergy, and of which abruptness the effect could hardly be other than to widen the gulf which already lay between them.

The consequence of all this was, that Whately was thrown, in Dublin, even more than he had been in Oxford, upon a small circle of somewhat sycophantish admirers for habitual intimacy and association. Not that he ever became a niggard in his hospitalities or held back from partaking in the hospitalities of others. At the castle and in Phoenix Park he was, on the contrary, a frequent guest; and lord mayor's dinners and other public feasts, were, on all necessary occasions, enlivened by his presence. His entertainments in the palace, likewise, were frequent and liberal; but he never interchanged ideas, in the proper sense of that expression, out of his own sphere. He became, again, the object of idolatry to a clique, and had all his old habits of dogmatism strengthened and confirmed.

If Whately's difficulties were great, looking to his position as one of the heads of the church in Ireland, they were still greater when he entered, as his position compelled him to do, into the arena of politics. His incumbency was distinguished by the rise, progress, and issue of all the most important questions which followed the passing of the Reform Bill. He witnessed the great struggle about tithes; the triumph and decline of the Repeal agitation; the efforts of the Romish party to get possession of Trinity College; and the endeavor of Sir Robert Peel to make some amends to them on their failure, by the establishment of colleges, which they contemptuously rejected. It is due to the memory of the late archbishop to say, that the part which he played on all these occasions was honest and straightforward. His evidence before the Tithe Committee was creditable to his judgment. He recommended the course which the government eventually adopted, and which was, perhaps, the best for the church which, under existing circumstances, could be followed. Amid the fury of the Repeal agitation, he maintained a dignified reserve; and though he appears, in reality, to have anticipated that in order to avert that misfortune the Protestant Church in Ireland must be sacrificed, he never, by word spoken or written, professed to treat this consummation as reasonable or imminent. Once,

and only once, it is recorded of him that he was surprised into exclaiming, "I shall be the last Protestant Archbishop of Dublin."

The mind to which so many subjects of grave importance were daily presented, found room, while paying to them due attention, to deal with almost every trifle that floated on the surface of society. Dr. Whately was a believer in Mesmerism, clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping. His predilection for political economy as a branch of polite education, never waned; and he succeeded, though not without considerable difficulty and opposition, in founding a chair in the University of Dublin. His success in this as in other undertakings was certainly not owing to diplomatic fencing. Whately could never condescend to wheedle or coax men to his way of thinking. The point at which he was aiming he approached by the shortest and most direct road, and woe to the luckless individuals who endeavored to avert his onward progress. They were pushed aside by ridicule or downright bullying. There could be no more striking proof of this than was presented by his manner of dealing with the Protestant clergy on the one hand and the Romish priesthood on the other, on the question as to whether or not, and in what form, the great truths of Christianity should be taught in the national schools. The Protestants began by requiring that the Bible should be used as a class-book, the Bible being, of course, according to their meaning, our English authorized version. The Romanists objected, but were willing to make use of the Douay version, provided the explanatory notes were likewise read. A third party, despairing of any other escape from the difficulty, suggested that there should be no religious instruction whatever. Whately having set these gentlemen down by pronouncing their scheme to be impracticable, proceeded to coquet with the other two parties, and proposed, half in joke, that both versions, the authorized and the Douay, should be used. He did not expect nor desire to succeed; but he did succeed in introducing those scriptural extracts with which all who have seen the Irish school series must be familiar. It was a clumsy expedient, we must admit, having only this to recommend it, that the master could hardly explain the meaning of each sentence as it was read, without referring, more or less fully, to the existence and power

of God, and to the operations of Providence. But a great principle seemed to Whately to be established by it; and in this, as in other respects, he was more intent upon establishing what he called great principles than upon settling the details by which important practical results might be brought about. So also he overcame, by sheer strength of will the opposition of the authorities, and established in Trinity College a Professorship of Political Economy. He seems to have been more proud of that achievement than of almost any other of his successes—and they were numerous—in Dublin. He often referred to it, on public as well as on private occasions,—and not always, it must be admitted, in the best possible taste.

The man who effected all this, who revolutionized the system of popular education in Ireland—who suggested, and mainly contributed to carry into effect, a great plan of church reform—who snubbed his own clergy because of their over-zeal in the cause of Protestantism, and conciliated the more moderate of the Roman Catholics, even while he ridiculed their favorite dogmata—was one of the greatest jokers of his day, the most uncouth creature that ever mixed in polished society, and in many respects the strangest mixture of scepticism and credulity. He ridiculed the reputed miracles of Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe, yet gave implicit credit to the impostures of spirit-rappers and table-turners. He was glad when, without profanity, wondrous works of a higher order could be accounted for by reference to natural causes; yet he professed unqualified faith in the mysteries of clairvoyance. Of his riddles, conundrums, and puns there was no end.

Whately's oddities of manner would scarcely be believed, but that the testimony which vouches for them is irresistible. His favorite attitude when attending a meeting of the Irish Privy Council was in front of the fire, if the season happened to be winter, with his coat-tails held up; if in summer, upon a chair, which he balanced on its hind-legs, with his own legs thrown over the back of another chair. It was in reference to the former practice, and of the habits of another member, who in cold weather would occasionally wear his hat, that a wag observed, "The prelate in council uncovers what ought to be hid, and the peer hides what ought to be uncovered." He was quite as little ceremonious

in the castle drawing-room. He has been known, while waiting there, one of a large party, till dinner should be announced, to take a pair of scissors out of a case which he carried in his pocket, and pare his nails. In the same place, and under similar circumstances, he has been seen to throw himself into an easy-chair, and, drawing another near him, to swing one of his legs over the back of it. He was a greater smoker than Dr. Parr, and might often be seen by passers leaning against the pillar of his own door in Stephen's Green with a long clay pipe in his mouth. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. There was scarcely a subject on which he could not declaim with more or less correctness, as the following anecdote will show: It happened on a certain occasion that some clever young men belonging to the garrison, who admired the archbishop extremely, yet wished to lay a trap for him, agreed among themselves to get possession of the table-talk at a dinner which was to come off shortly, and to divert it into the subject of fencing. They assumed that the archbishop could not possibly be as much at home on that matter as themselves, and counted either on his being entirely thrown out,—a circumstance which would be amusing because of its rarity,—or, what would be equally ludicrous, on his falling into some palpable mistake in the endeavor to keep up an established reputation. Fencing accordingly supplanted, amid a brilliant circle, all other topics; and the archbishop, interrupted in the midst of a discussion on language, held his peace. By and by, however, to the great amusement of all present, he interrupted the officer who was laying down the law, and, quoting one authority after another, pronounced the theory of the speaker to be a mistaken one. A friendly argument ensued as a matter of course, which the archbishop brought to a close by jumping up from his chair, seizing the poker, and showing how the particular thrust which had been the subject of discussion could best be parried and a counter-thrust delivered. Amid a general roar of laughter, the officer confessed that the archbishop was right, and the archbishop enjoyed his triumph as keenly and undisguisedly as if he had been declared victor in some important strife of dialectics.

Dr. Whately not only affected no state as Archbishop of Dublin, but went so far in an

opposite direction as to lay himself open to the charge of affecting simplicity. His equipages were of the plainest kind, and his manner of living simple and unostentatious. He even threatened to put, and was not without difficulty restrained from putting, a coat of whitewash over the gilded cornices which ornamented the ceiling in the archiepiscopal palace. At the same time, his hospitalities were on a scale of great liberality, and his wines both varied and excellent. He was an admirable host, full of wit and fun, and intolerant of a practice not uncommon among Irish Protestants, of mixing up what is called religious conversation, in not very seemly confusion with lighter matters. A prelate of the Evangelical school happened one day to be among the guests, and, persevering in this course longer than Whately's patience could endure, was at last interrupted by the archbishop, who asked him abruptly if he knew how the best pickled cabbage was made. The bishop answering in the negative, Whately seized his opportunity, ran off into a sort of treatise on the culture and uses of the vegetable, and put an effectual stop to the annoyance.

With few men did prejudice go farther than with Whately. His likings and dislikings were both in the extreme. Among other persons who were so unfortunate as to fall under the latter category, was the Right Hon. Alexander Macdonnell, the able and indefatigable Resident Commissioner at the central or model school in Dublin. Mr. Macdonnell was one of the majority who, under circumstances to which we shall presently refer, voted for the exclusion from among the text-books of the Irish National Schools of Archbishop Whately's Scripture Lessons, as well as his treatise on the Evidences of Christianity. It was an offence which Whately could never forgive, and he took the following comically childish method of showing his anger. As often as he had occasion to write to Mr. Macdonnell, he forgot his Christian name, and instead of addressing the letter to The Right Hon. Alexander Macdonnell, he wrote upon the envelope "—— Macdonnell, Esq."

Another individual offended him by a display of considerable self-conceit. "Sir," said the archbishop to him one day, "you are one of the first men of the age." "Oh, my lord," replied the professor, looking un-

utterable things, "you do me too much honor." "Not at all," replied Whately; "you were born, I believe, in 1801."

Whately's charities were unbounded. He gave away, during the famine year, not less than £8,000; and his outlay on acts of benevolence, in the course of the thirty-two years of his incumbency, did not fall short of £50,000. He was quite as much hand-and-glove, likewise, quite as familiar and as amusing, with the peasantry who worked for him, or with whom he came in contact, as with their betters. Soon after his first arrival at his country-house of Still-Organ, the hay was ripe, and a number of men were called in to mow and make it. They were resting for a moment to refresh themselves on the food which the archbishop supplied, when Whately found them. "Are you good runners?" he said. "Yes, your honor," replied several; "we ran agin' the east wind yesterday, and bated it." "Well, now, I'll give this half-crown to the man that first touches that tree." The tree grew at the other end of the field, and the field was a wide one. Up sprung all the mowers, and the archbishop, standing behind, gave the word, "Once, twice, thrice, and away!" Away they went, and the foremost were nearing the tree, when rapid steps were heard behind them, and a pair of long legs swept by them all. It was the archbishop himself, who, touching the tree, turned round, and laughed immoderately,—an exercise in which, after a moment given to blank astonishment, the whole field joined; and he put the half-crown back into his own pocket.

For thirty years and more, Richard Whately led the sort of life, of which, in the preceding pages, we have endeavored to present an epitome. He was an indefatigable reformer of abuses all the while in his own way; in his own way a most conscientious head of an archdiocese; a severe student; a voluminous writer; no orator, certainly, either in the House of Lords or in the pulpit, but in both situations a propounder of good and wise things; in politics a Liberal, without being a Whig; and in religion honest and sound, yet intolerant of fanaticism. His contempt for outward show, especially in matters ecclesiastic, carried him at times too far. For example, it became his duty, as bishop of the diocese, to consecrate a fine church which, about sixteen years ago, the

government built for the use of the troops in the Royal Barracks. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge then commanded the garrison, and in order to make this ceremony as imposing as possible, the troops were paraded, and the church was crammed with soldiers. At the gate leading into the enclosure within which the church stood, His Royal Highness waited with the principal staff officers and clergy to receive the archbishop. By and by, about half an hour after the appointed time, the archbishop's carriage drove up; but, instead of arriving in his robes, the archbishop descended from it wrapped up in a greatcoat, and, without stopping to salute any of those who stood to do him honor, passed into the vestry. There was another pause; all present expecting that, having robed, he would come forth and proceed with the consecration. Nothing of the sort. He caused the necessary entries to be made in the registry books, which were laid on the table before him, signed them, and, turning to the senior chaplain, said, "Now your church is made a church according to law; you may dismiss the congregation." And the congregation, being detained only till the archbishop departed as he had come, was dismissed, partly amused, partly offended, with the whole proceeding.

As long as Archbishop Murray lived, Whately's influence in the Commission of National Education was, or seemed to be, supreme. He named those books which were to be used as class-books, and wrote several of them. He gave a tone to the regulations upon which the system was to be worked. His leaning, if he had any, was in favor of the prejudices of the Roman Catholics, which he guarded against attack down to the minutest point. The consequence was that, of open opposition, the weightiest amount came for a while from the Protestant clergy. Had they but thrown themselves heart and soul into the movement, they might have guided its course to this day. They not only held aloof, however, but openly denounced the whole scheme as deliberately intended for the overthrow of Protestantism and the establishment of popery in Ireland. On the other hand, the acquiescence of the great body of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics was, as the result has shown, hollow throughout. Partly out of deference to the wishes of Archbishop Murray, partly with the deeper design of making

themselves masters of the situation, they accepted for twenty years the boon which the government gave them, subject to an occasional growl of remonstrance from Archbishop Cullen. At last Dr. Murray died, and Dr. Cullen becoming Romish archbishop in his room, matters underwent a change. First a book of sacred poetry, which Whately had arranged, and in part compiled, was objected to. With miraculous unanimity, all the Roman Catholic children in all the schools of Ireland suddenly discovered that its teaching impugned the faith. Next it was found out, that to place a volume of evidences of the truth of Christianity in the hands of young people, was to suggest doubts which otherwise might never have occurred to them. And, finally, the board determined on disusing for the future Whately's favorite treatise, his *Lessons from the Bible*. The archbishop's indignation knew no bounds. He remonstrated and protested in every quarter where the faintest hope of being attended to presented itself; and at last, finding his efforts vain, withdrew from the board. No heavier blow ever fell upon an enthusiast in the cause of good. The object for which he had labored during all the years of his primacy was defeated; and Whately became, as enthusiasts are apt to do when their favorite schemes go wrong, soured and despondent.

His abandonment of the board, and the openness with which he denounced its proceedings, effected a sort of reconciliation between him and his clergy. And the setting up by some members of his family of a sort of orphanage, in which the children of Roman Catholics were received, and trained to become Protestants, led some of the more zealous of the body to speak of him as a converted man. It was a great mistake. Whately continued to the last what he had been since his arrival in Dublin,—an honest believer in the impolicy, not to say the iniquity, of interfering with the religious convictions of any class of Christians. And his objection to the board, and to the system of education which it promoted, lay entirely in this: that both had departed from the principle on which they were originally established. It may be, it probably is, true enough that wounded self-conceit gave pungency to this objection. Whately loved his own works, because they were portions of himself, and

the rejection of any of them from the list of recognized text-books was an outrage which he could not bear patiently. But he was too keen-sighted not to see that his books were thrown aside, because whatever religious instruction they conveyed was not Romish instruction; and that the next demand of the body which had achieved this preliminary triumph, would be, either that to the priests exclusively the religious instruction of the children attending the national schools should be committed, or else that the system in Ireland should be assimilated to that in England, and separate grants of public money made to each of the great religious bodies into which the population of Ireland is divided.

The last years of Whately's life were a good deal overcast by the mortification incident to the breakdown of his favorite schemes, and by failing health. He began likewise to feel more acutely than he once did the attacks which his enemies made upon him. During the prevalence of the cholera he had delivered a charge to his clergy, which went farther than to defend them from the charge brought against them by the Romanists of neglecting their sick parishioners through fear of infection. Dr. Whately, neither assenting to the statement nor denying it, labored to prove that all comparisons between the responsibilities of Protestant clergymen and Romish priests in such a case must fail. The Roman Catholic layman is taught to believe that, however sinful his life may have been, the reception of the last sacraments of the church, in the hour of death, will pass his soul into paradise. The Protestant is taught, whether he believe it or not, that there is no virtue in any sacrament to cleanse the guilty soul which is passing, unrepentant, into the presence of its Maker. What, therefore, is a stern duty for the priest, is not a duty for the clergyman,—at the risk of catching the disease himself, and, it may be, conveying it to his wife and children. Whately was right in logic, but wrong in morals; nor did we ever hear that his charge had any effect in keeping the more earnest of the clergy away from visiting and offering such consolation as they could to the dying members of their flocks. But Dr. Doyle and Dr. Cullen did not fail to make the most of the archbishop's indiscretion; and now that he was

separated from them in the great work of educating the people, they took every opportunity of throwing it in his teeth.

At last the strength of his naturally strong constitution began to fail. For thirty years he had abjured the use of medicine, and when gangrene of the leg showed itself, he refused to call in the assistance of the faculty. His remedy for every incipient illness had been abstinence and exercise; and so long as the frame retained its vigor, these served his purpose. But the old man could not throw off his coat as the young man used to do, and cleave or saw wood till he got into a violent perspiration. Even abstinence failed to be effective; and partial paralysis came on. Not even paralysis, however, could damp the archbishop's energies. The mind was as vigorous as ever; and he compelled the feeble body to do the mind's bidding still. He went about confirming and delivering addresses to his clergy and his people, after sheer debility constrained him over and over again to sit down and rest more than once during the progress of what he was about. But not even his strong will could hold at bay the enemy which was advancing on him. In March, 1863, his leg grew alarmingly worse. He refused to be treated for it, or even to give it rest. The disease gained ground, as might be expected, and he became unable to quit his bed. His bodily sufferings were very great, yet he never uttered a complaint. On the 14th of September, when his dissolution was momentarily expected, he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, surrounded by his family; and he continued to live, with his mental faculties perfect, up to Monday, the 7th of October. One of his last speeches might alone suffice to vindicate his memory from the silly charges which were, by the Evangelical clergy, brought against him in the vigor of his days. "It is a great mercy," said the Rev. T. Nelgan, who sat beside him,— "it is a great mercy, my lord, that, though your body be weak, your intellect is vigorous still." "Don't talk to me any more," was the reply, "about intellect; there is nothing now for me except Christ."

The readers of this article can scarcely desire that we should carry it beyond the point at which we have now arrived, by presenting them with a detailed analysis of the character, moral and intellectual, of the remarkable man whose career we have been following.

Enough has been stated to show that Whately was no common man. His intellect was large, his understanding untiring, his prejudices strong, his inconsistencies very striking. Never stooping to flatter others, he dearly loved flattery himself, which could scarcely be offered to him too broadly or too lavishly. A keen political economist, he was yet generous to those who stood in need. Often saying rude and harsh things, his heart was as kind as that of a woman. The greatest joker and punster of his day next to Sydney Smith, his natural disposition was tinged with melancholy. He relished the society of clever women, yet professed to hold women's judgments cheap. "They never reason," he used to say, "or if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises, or wrong inferences from correct premises; and they always poke the fire from the top." Of his literary labors it may suffice to say that they were as extensive as they were varied. Essays on all subjects,—in religion, from "The Kingdom of Christ" to "The Origin of the Pagan Superstitions,"—sermons, lectures, charges, school-books, tales, dramas, imaginary voyages, followed one another in rapid succession. The "Elements of Logic and of Rhetoric" went through many editions. His "Introductory Lectures on Political Economy" were four times reprinted. He edited Bacon's "Essays," Paley's "Moral Philosophy," Paley's "Evidences," annotating each. No subject, in fact, appeared above, none beneath, his attention. He prepared the lines which head the copy-books generally used in the Irish schools. His book of English synonyms is still extensively read; his "Thoughts on the Sabbath" still afford ground for discussion and disputation. But more remains to be said. He never wrote a line which, though many might differ from its teaching, any one could with justice say that it was either childish or unreasonable. If Whately may not be classed among the profoundest thinkers of his day, it is past dispute that his mind never lay fallow. He was always busy, and never, in his efforts, aimed at ends which were mean or selfish. He was religious without affectation, honest and sincere, a philosopher and a buffoon, a Christian moralist and a merry-Andrew. Peace to his ashes! He deserved a better biographer than William John Fitzpatrick, J. P.

PART XIII.—CHAPTER XLV.

A SHOCK FOR TONY.

If Tony Butler took no note of time as he sat at breakfast with Sir Joseph, he was only sharing the fortune of every man who ever found himself in that companionship. From one end of Europe to the other, his equal could not be found. It was not alone that he had stores of conversation for the highest capacities and the most cultivated minds, but he possessed that thorough knowledge of life so interesting to men of the world, and with it that insight into character which is so often the key to the mystery of state-craft; and with all these he had a geniality and a winning grace of look, voice, and demeanor that sent one from his presence with the thought that, if the world could but compass a few more like him, one would not change the planet for the brightest in the firmament. Breakfast over, they smoked; then they had a game at billiards; after that they strolled into the garden, and had some pistol-firing. Here Tony acquitted himself creditably, and rose in his host's esteem; for the minister liked a man who could do anything—no matter what—very well. Tony, too, gained on him. His own fine joyous nature understood at once the high-hearted spirit of a young fellow who had no affectations about him, thoroughly at his ease without presumption, and yet, through that gentleman element so strong in him, never transgressing the limits of a freedom so handsomely accorded him.

While the hours rolled over thus delightfully, a messenger returned to say that he had been at each of the great hotels, but could find no trace of Colonel Chamberlayne nor of the missing bags.

"Send Moorcap," said the minister.

Moorcap was away two hours, and came back with the same story.

"I suspect how it is," said Tony. "Chamberlayne has been obliged to start suddenly, and has carried off my bags with his own; but when he discovers his mistake, he'll drop them at Naples."

Sir Joseph smiled,—perhaps he did not think the explanation very satisfactory; and perhaps—who knows?—but he thought that the loss of a despatch-bag was not amongst the heaviest of human calamities. "At all events," he said, "we'll give you an early dinner, Butler, and you can start by the late

train for Genoa, and catch the morning steamer to Naples."

Tony asked no better; and I am afraid to have to confess that he engaged at a game of "pool" with all the zest of one who carried no weighty care on his breast.

When the time for leave-taking came, Sir Joseph shook his hand with cordial warmth, telling him to be sure to dine with him as he came through Turin. "Hang up your hat here, Butler; and if I should be from home, tell them that you are coming to dinner."

Very simple words these. They cost little to him who spoke them, but what a joy and happiness to poor Tony! Oh, ye gentlemen of high place and station, if you but knew how your slightest words of kindness—your two or three syllables of encouragement—give warmth and glow and vigor to many a poor wayfarer on life's high-road, imparting a sense not alone of hope, but of self-esteem, to a nature too distrustful of itself, mayhap you might be less chary of that which, costing you so little, is wealth unspeakable to him it is bestowed upon. Tony went on his way rejoicing; he left that threshold, as many others had left it, thinking far better of the world and its people, and, without knowing it, very proud of the notice of one whose favor he felt to be fame. Ah, thought he, if Alice had but heard how that great man spoke to me,—if Alice only saw how familiarly he treated me, it might show her, perhaps, that others, at least, can see in me some qualities not altogether hopeless.

If now and then some thought of that "unlucky bag"—so he called it to himself—would invade, he dismissed it speedily, with the assurance that it had already safely reached its destination, and that the colonel and Skeffy had doubtless indulged in many a hearty laugh over his embarrassment at its loss. "If they knew but all," muttered he, "I take it very coolly. I'm not breaking my heart over the disaster." And so far he was right,—not, however, from the philosophical indifference that he imagined, but simply because he never believed in the calamity, nor had realized it to himself.

When he landed at Naples, he drove off at once to the lodgings of his friend Damer, which, though at a considerable height from the ground, in a house of the St. Lucca Quarter, he found were dignified with the title of British Legation, a written notice on the

door informing all readers that "H. B. M.'s *Charge d'Affaires* transacted business from twelve to four every day." It was two o'clock when Tony arrived, and, notwithstanding the aforesaid announcement, he had to ring three times before the door was opened. At length a sleepy-looking valet appeared to say that "His Excellency"—he styled him so—was in his bath, and could not be seen in less than an hour. Tony sent in his name, and speedily received for answer that he would find a letter addressed to him in the rack over the chimney, and Mr. Damer would be dressed and with him by the time he had read it.

Poor Tony's eyes swam with tears as he saw his mother's handwriting, and he tore open the sheet with hot impatience. It was very short, as were all her letters, and so we give it entire:—

"MY OWN DARLING TONY,—Your beautiful present reached me yesterday, and what shall I say to my poor reckless boy for such an act of extravagance? Surely, Tony, it was made for a queen, and not for a poor widow that sits the day long mending her stockings at the window. But aint I proud of it, and of him that sent it! Heaven knows what it has cost you, my dear boy, for even the carriage here from London, by the Royal Parcel Company, Limited, came to thirty-two and fourpence. Why they call themselves Limited after that, is clean beyond my comprehension. [If Tony smiled here, it was with a hot and flushed cheek, for he had forgotten to prepay the whole carriage, and he was vexed at his thoughtlessness.]

"As to my wearing it going to meeting, as you say, it's quite impossible. The thought of its getting wet would be a snare to take my mind off the blessed words of the minister; and I'm not sure, my dear Tony, that any congregation could sit profitably within sight of what—not knowing the love that sent—would seem like a temptation and a vanity before men. Sables, indeed, real Russian sables, appear a strange covering for these old shoulders.

"It was about two hours after it came that Mrs. Trafford called in to see me, and Jeanie would have it that I'd go into the room with my grand new cloak on me; and sure enough I did, Tony, trying all the while not to seem as if it was anything strange or uncommon, but just the sort of wrapper I'd throw round me of a cold morning. But it wouldn't do, my dear Tony. I was half afraid to sit down on it, and I kept turning out the purple satin lining so often that Mrs.

Trafford said at last, 'Will you forgive my admiration of your cloak, Mrs. Butler, but I never saw one so beautiful before;' and then I told her who it was that sent it; and she got very red and then very pale, and then walked to the window, and said something about a shower that was threatening; though, sooth to say, Tony, the only threat of rain I could see was in her own blue eyes. But she turned about gayly and said, 'We are going away, Mrs. Butler,—going abroad;' and before I could ask why or where, she told me in a hurried sort of way that her sister Isabella had been ordered to pass a winter in some warm climate, and that they were going to try Italy. She said it all in a strange, quick voice, as if she didn't like to talk of it, and wanted it over; but she grew quite herself again when she said that the gardener would take care that my flowers came regularly, and that Sir Arthur and Lady Lyle would be more than gratified if I would send up for anything I liked out of the garden. 'Don't forget that the melons were all of Tony's sowing, Mrs. Butler,' said she, smiling; and I could have kissed her for the way she said it.

"There were many other kind things she said, and in a way, too, that made them more than kind; so that when she went away, I sat thinking if it was not a temptation to meet a nature like hers,—so sweet, so lovely, and yet so worldly; for in all she spoke, Tony, there was never a word dropped of what sinful creatures we are, and what a thorny path it is that leads us to the better life before us.

"I was full of her visit, and everything she said, when Dr. Stewart dropped in to say that they had been down again at the Burnside to try and get him to let Dolly go abroad with them. 'I never liked the notion, Mrs. Butler,' said he, 'but I was swayed here and swayed there by my thoughts for the lass, what was best for her body's health, and that other health that is of far more value; when there came a letter to me (it was anonymous), saying, 'Before you suffer your good and virtuous daughter to go away to a foreign land, just ask the lady that is to protect her if she still keeps up the habit of moonlight walks in a garden with a gentleman for her companion, and if that be the sort of teaching she means to inculcate.' " Mrs. Trafford came to the door as I was reading the letter, and I said, 'What can you make of such a letter as this?' and as she read it her cheek grew purple, and she said, 'There is an end of our proposal, Dr. Stewart. Tell your daughter I shall importune her no more; but this letter I mean to keep: it is in a hand I know well.' And she went back to the carriage without another word;

and to-morrow they leave the Abbey, some say, not to come back again.

"I cried the night through after the doctor went away; for what a world it is of sin and misery! Not that I will believe wrong of her, sweet and beautiful as she is; but what for was she angry? and why did she snore that this letter could give her such pain? And now, my dear Tony, since it could be no other than yourself she walked alone with, is it not your duty to write to the doctor and tell him so? The pure heart fears not the light, neither are the good of conscience afraid. That she is above your hope is no reason that she is above your love. That I was your father's wife may show that! Above all, Tony, think that a gospel minister should not harbor an evil thought of one who does not deserve it, and whose mightiest sin is, perchance, the pride that scorns a self-defence.

"The poor doctor is greatly afflicted: he is sorry now that he showed the letter, and Dolly cries over it night and day.

"Is it not a strange thing that Captain Graham's daughters, that never were used to come here, are calling at the Burnside two or three times a-week?

"Write to me, my dear Tony, and if you think well of what I said, write to the doctor, also, and believe me your ever-loving mother,

"ELEANOR BUTLER.

"Dolly Stewart has recovered her health again, but not her spirits. She rarely comes to see me; but I half suspect that her reason is her dislike to show me the depression that is weighing over her. So is it, dear Tony, go where you will; there is no heart without its weary load,—no spirit without that touch of sorrow that should teach submission. Reflect well over this, dear boy, and never forget that, though at times we put off our troubles as a wayfarer lays down his pack, we must just strap on the load again when we take to the road; for it is a burden we have to bear to the journey's end."

Not all the moral reflections of this note saved it from being crushed passionately in his hand as he finished reading. That walk,—that moonlight walk,—with whom could it have been? with whom but Maitland? And it was by her,—by her that his whole heart was filled,—her image, her voice, her gait, her smile, her faintest whisper, that made up the world in which he lived. Who could love her as *he* did? Others would have their hopes and ambitions, their dreams of worldly success, and suchlike; but he,—he asked none of these; *her* heart was all he strove for. With her he would meet any fortune.

He knew she was above him in every way,—as much by every gift and grace as by every accident of station; but what did that signify? The ardor of his love glowed only the stronger for the difficulty,—just as his courage would have mounted the higher the more hazardous the feat that dared it. These were his reasonings,—or rather some shadowy shapes of these flitting through his mind.

And was it now all over? was the star that had guided him so long to be eclipsed from him? was he never again to ask himself in a moment of difficulty or doubt, What will Alice say?—what will Alice think? As for the scandalous tongues that dared to asperse her, he scorned them; and he was indignant with the old minister for not making that very letter itself the reason of accepting a proposal he had been until then averse to. He should have said, "*Now* there can be no hesitation,—Dolly must go with you *now*." It was just as his musings got thus far that Skeffy rushed into the room and seized him by both hands.

"Aint I glad to see your great sulky face again? Sit down and tell me everything—how you came—when—how long you're to stay—and what brought you here."

"I came with despatches,—that is, I ought to have had them."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that some of the bags I left at Turin; and one small fellow, which I take to have been the cream of the correspondence, Chamberlayne carried on here,—at least, I hope so. Haven't you got it?"

"What infernal muddle are your brains in? Who is Chamberlayne?"

"Come, come, Skeffy, I'm not in a joking mood;" and he glanced at the letter in his hand as he spoke. "Don't worry me, old fellow, but say that you have got the bag all right."

"But I have not, I never saw it,—never heard of it."

"And has the colonel not been here?"

"Who is the colonel?"

"Chamberlayne."

"And who is Chamberlayne?"

"That is cool, certainly; I think a man might acknowledge his godfather?"

"Whose godfather is he?"

"Yours,—your own. Perhaps you will deny that you were christened after him, and called Chamberlayne."

Skeffy threw up his embroidered cap in the air at these words, and, flinging himself on a sofa, actually screamed with laughter. "Tony," cried he at last, "this will immortalize you! Of all the exploits performed by messengers, this one takes the van."

"Look here, Damer," said Tony, sternly: "I have told you already I'm in no laughing humor; I've had enough here to take the jollity out of me"—and he shook the letter in his hand—"for many a day to come; so that whatever you have to say to me, bear in mind that you say it to one little disposed to good-humor. Is it true that you have not received these despatches?"

"Perfectly true."

"Then how are we to trace him? His name is Colonel Moore Chamberlayne, aide-de-camp to the Lord High Commissioner, Corfu."

Skeffy bit his lip, and by a great effort succeeded in repressing the rising temptation to another scream of laughter, and taking down a bulky red-covered volume from a shelf, began to turn over its pages. "There," said he at last,—"there is the whole staff at Corfu: Hailes, Winchester, Corbett, and Ainslie. No Chamberlayne amongst them."

Tony stared at the page in hopeless bewilderment. "What do you know of him? Who introduced you to each other? Where did you meet?" asked Skeffy.

"We met at the foot of the Mont Cenis, where, seeing that I had despatches, and no means to get forward, he offered me a seat in his calèche. I accepted gladly, and we got on capitally: he was immense fun; he knew everybody, and had been everywhere; and when he told me that he was your godfather"—

"Stop, stop! for the love of Heaven will you stop, or you'll kill me!" cried Skeffy; and throwing himself on his back on the sofa, he flung his legs into the air, and yelled aloud with laughter.

"Do you know, Master Damer, I'm sorely tempted to pitch you neck and crop out of the window?" said Tony, savagely.

"Do so, do so, by all means, if you like; only let me have my laugh out, or I shall burst a blood-vessel."

Tony made no reply, but walked up and down the room with his brow bent and his arms folded. "And then?" cried Skeff,—
"and then? What came next?"

"It is your opinion, then," said Tony,

sternly, "that this fellow was a swindler, and not on the staff at all?"

"No more than he was my godfather!" cried Damer, wiping his eyes.

"And that the whole was a planned scheme to get hold of the despatches?"

"Of course. Filangieri knows well that we are waiting for important instructions here. There is not a man calls here is not duly reported to him by his secret police."

"And why didn't Sir Joseph think of that when I told him what had happened? All he said was, 'Be of good cheer, Butler, the world will go round even after the loss of a despatch-bag.'"

"So like him," said Skeffy; "the levity of that man is the ruin of him. They all say so at the Office."

"I don't know what they say at the Office; but I can declare that so perfect a gentleman and so fine a fellow I never met before."

Skeffy turned to the glass over the chimney, smoothed his mustaches, and pointed their tips most artistically, smiling gracefully at himself, and seeming to say, "You and I, if we were not too modest, could tell of some one fully his equal."

"And what's to be done,—what's to come of this?" asked Tony, after a short silence.

"I'll have to report you, Master Tony. I'll have to write home, 'My Lord,—The Messenger Butler arrived here this morning to say that he confided your lordship's despatches and private instructions to a most agreeable gentleman, whose acquaintance he made at St. Jean de Maurienne; and that the fascinating stranger, having apparently not mastered their contents up to the present'"—

"Go to the!"

"No, Tony, I shall not; but I think it not at all improbable that such will be the destination his lordship will assign Assistant-Messenger Butler. The fact is, my boy, your career in our department is ended."

"With all my heart! Except for that fine fellow I saw at Turin, I think I never met such a set of narrow-minded snobs."

"Tony, Tony," said the other, "when Moses, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield'—and I take it he is more familiar to you than the other of that name—was 'done' by the speculator in green spectacles, he never inveighed against those who had unfortunately confided their interests to his charge. Now, as to our department"—

"Confound the department! I wish I had never heard of it. You say it's all up with me, and of course I suppose it is; and to tell you the truth, Skeffy, I don't think it signifies a great deal just now, except for that poor mother of mine." Here he turned away and wiped his eyes hurriedly. "I take it that all mothers make the same sort of blunder, and never will believe that they can have a block-head for a son till the world has set its seal on him."

"Take a weed, and listen to me," said Skeffy, dictatorially, and he threw his cigar-case across the table as he spoke. "You have contrived to make as bad a *debut* in your career as is well possible to conceive."

"What's the use of telling methat? In your confounded passion for hearing yourself talk, you forget that it is not so pleasant for me to listen."

"Prisoner at the bar," continued Skeffy, "you have been convicted—you stand, indeed, self-convicted—of an act which, as we regard it, is one of gross ignorance, of incredible folly, or of inconceivable stupidity—places you in a position to excite the pity of compassionate men, the scorn of those severer moralists who accept not the extenuating circumstances of youth, unacquaintance with life, and a credulity that approaches childlike"—

"You're a confounded fool, Skeffy, to go on in this fashion when a fellow is in such a fix as I am, not to speak of other things that are harder to bear. It's a mere toss-up whether he laughs at your nonsense or pitches you over the banisters. I've been within an ace of one and the other three times in the last five minutes; and now all my leaning is toward the last of the two."

"Don't yield to it then, Tony. Don't, I warn you."

"And why?"

"Because you'd never forgive yourself, not alone for having injured a true and faithful friend, but for the far higher and more irreparable loss in having cut short the career of a man destined to be a light to Europe. I say it in no vanity—no boastfulness. No, on my honor! if I could—if the choice were fairly given to me, I'd rather not be a man of mark and eminence. I'd rather be a commonplace, tenth-rate sort of dog like yourself."

The unaffected honesty with which he said this did for Tony what no cajolery or flattery

could have accomplished, and set him off into a roar of laughter that conquered all his spleen and ill-humor.

"Your laugh, like the laugh of the foolish, is ill-timed. You cannot see that you were introduced, not to be stigmatized, but to point a moral. You fancy yourself a creature; you are a category;—you imagine you are an individuality; you are not: you are a fragment rent from a primeval rock."

"I believe I ought to be as insensible as a stone to stand you. But stop all this, I say, and listen to me. I'm not much up to writing—but you'll help me, I know; and what I want said is simply this: 'I have been tricked out of one of the bags by a rascal that if ever I lay hands on I'll bring bodily before the Office at home, and make him confess the whole scheme; and I'll either break his neck afterwards, or leave him to the law, as the Secretary of State may desire.'"

Now, poor Tony delivered this with a tone and manner that implied he thought he was dictating a very telling and able despatch. "I suppose," added he, "I am to say that I now resign my post, and I wish the devil had me when I accepted it."

"Not civil, certainly, to the man who gave you the appointment, Tony. Besides, when a man resigns, he has to wait for the acceptance of his resignation."

"Oh, as for that, there need be no ceremony. They'll be even better pleased to get rid of me than I to go. They got a bad bargain; and to do them justice, they seemed to have guessed as much from the first."

"And then, Tony?"

"I'll go to sea,—I'll go before the mast; there must be many a vessel here wants a hand, and in a few weeks' practice I'll master the whole thing; my old yachting experiences have done that for me."

"My poor Tony," said Skeffy, rising and throwing his arms round him, "I'll not listen to it. What! when you have a home here with me, are you to go off and brave hardship and misery and degradation?"

"There's not one of the three; I deny it. Coarse food and hard work are no misery; and I'll be hanged if there's any degradation in earning one's bread with his hands when his head is not equal to it."

"I tell you I'll not suffer it. If you drive me to it, I'll prevent it by force. I am Her

Majesty's *charge d'affaires*. I'll order the consul to enrol you at his peril; I'll imprison the captain that takes you; I'll detain the ship, and put the crew in irons."

"Before you do half of it, let me have some dinner," said Tony, laughing; "for I came on shore very hungry, and have eaten nothing since."

"I'll take you to my favorite restaurant, and you shall have a regular Neapolitan banquet, washed down by some old Capri. There, spell out that newspaper till I dress; and if any one rings in the mean while, say His Excellency has just been sent for to Caserta by the king, and will not be back before to-morrow." As he reached the door, he put his head in again, and said, "Unless, perchance, it should be my godfather, when, of course, you'll keep him for dinner."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"THE BAG NO. 18."

ALMOST overlooking the terraced garden where Damer and Tony dined, and where they sat smoking till a late hour of the night, stood a large palace, whose vast proportions and spacious entrance, as well as an emblazoned shield over the door, proclaimed it to belong to the Government. It was the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and here now, in a room projecting over the street beneath, and supported on arches, sat the minister himself with our two acquaintances, Maitland and Caffarelli.

Maitland was still an invalid, and rested on a sofa; but he had recovered much of his former looks and manner, though he was dressed with less care than was his wont.

The minister, a very tall, thin man, stooped in the shoulders, and with a quantity of almost white gray hair streaming on his neck and shoulders, walked continually up and down the room, commenting and questioning, at times, as Maitland read forth from a mass of documents which littered the table, and with which Caffarelli supplied him, breaking the seals and tearing open the envelopes before he gave them to his hand.

Though Maitland read with ease, there was yet that half-hesitation in the choice of a word, as he went on, that showed he was translating; and indeed, once or twice the prince-minister stopped to ask if he had rightly imparted all the intended force to a particular expression.

A white canvas bag, marked "F. O., No. 18," lay on the table; and it was of that same bag, and its possible fortunes, two others, not fully one hundred yards off, were then talking: so is it, that in life we are often so near to, and so remote from, the inanimate object around which our thoughts and hopes, and sometimes our very destinies, revolve.

"I am afraid," said the prince, at last, "that we have got nothing here but the formal despatches, of which Ludolf has sent us copies already. Are there no 'Private and Confidential'?"

"Yes, here is one from Sir Joseph Trevor himself," said Caffarelli, handing a square-shaped letter to Maitland. Maitland glanced hurriedly over it, and muttered, "London gossip, Craddock's divorce case, the partridge-shooting,—ah, here it is! 'I suppose you are right about the expedition, but say nothing of it in the despatches. We shall be called on one of these days for a blue-book, and very blue we should look, if it were seen that amidst our wise counsels to Caraffa we were secretly aware of what G. was preparing.'"

"It must be C. was preparing," broke in Caraffa; "it means Cavour."

"No; he speaks of Garibaldi," said Maitland.

"Garibaldi!" cried Caraffa, laughing. "And are there still *gobemouches* in England who believe in the filibuster?"

"I believe in him, for one," said Maitland, fiercely, for the phrase irritated him; "and I say, too, that such a filibuster on our side would be worth thirty thousand of those great hulking grenadiers you passed in review this morning."

"Don't tell the king so when you wait on him to-morrow, that's all!" said the minister, with a sneering smile.

"Read on," broke in Caffarelli, who was not at all sure what the discussion might lead to.

"Perhaps, too, you would class Count Cavour amongst these *gobemouches*," said Maitland, angrily; "for he is also a believer in Garibaldi."

"We can resume this conversation at Caserta to-morrow before His Majesty," said Caraffa, with the same mocking smile; "pray, now, let me hear the remainder of that despatch."

"It is not easy to say," read he aloud

from the letter, " ' what France intends or wishes. C. says ' "—

"Who is C.?" asked Caraffa, hastily.

"C. means Cowley, probably,—that the emperor would not willingly see Piedmontese troops at Naples; nor is he prepared to witness a new map of the Peninsula. We of course will do nothing either way."

"Read that again," broke in Caraffa.

"We, of course, will do nothing either way; but that resolve is not to prevent your tendering counsel with a high hand, all the more since the events which the next few months will develop will all of them seem of our provoking, and part and parcel of a matured and long-meditated policy."

"Benissimo!" cried the minister, rubbing his hands in delight. "If we reform, it is the Whigs have reformed us. If we fall, it is the Whigs have crushed us."

"Caraffa, we are told," continued Maitland, "'sees the danger, but is outvoted by the queen-dowager's party in the Cabinet—not to say that from his great intimacy with Pietri many think him more of a Muratist than a Bourbon.'"

"Per Bacco! when your countryman tries to be acute, there is nothing too hazardous for his imagination: so, then, I am a French spy!"

"What you say of the army," read on Maitland, "'is confirmed by our other reports. Very few of the line regiments will be faithful to the monarchy, and even some of the artillery will go over. As to the fleet, Martin tells me they have not three seaworthy ships in the fifty-seven they reckon, nor six captains who would undertake a longer voyage than Palermo. The three-decker *Monarca* was afraid to return a salute to the *Pasha*, lest her old thirty-two pounders should explode; and this is pretty much the case with the monarchy: the first shock must shake it, even though it only come of blank cartridge."

"While events are preparing, renew all your remonstrances; press upon Caraffa the number of untried prisoners, and the horrid condition of the prisons. Ask, of course in a friendly way, when are these abuses to cease? Say that great hopes of amelioration—speak generally—were conceived here on the accession of the new king, and throw in our regrets that the liberty of the press with us will occasionally lead to strictures whose

severities we deplore, without being able to arraign their justice; and, lastly, declare our readiness to meet any commercial exchanges that might promise mutual advantage. This will suggest the belief that we are not in any way cognizant of Cavour's projects. In fact, I will know nothing of them, and hold myself prepared, if questioned in the House, to have had no other information than is supplied by the newspapers. Who is Maitland? None of the Maitlands here can tell me." This sentence he read out ere he knew it, and almost crushed the paper, when he had finished, in his passion.

"Go on," said Caraffa, as the other ceased to read aloud, while his eyes ran over the lines. "Go on."

"It is of no moment, or at least its interest is purely personal. His lordship recommends that I should be bought over, but still left on intimate relations with Your Excellency."

"And I see no possible objection to the plan."

"Don't you, sir?" cried Maitland, fiercely; "then I do. Some little honor is certainly needed to leaven the rottenness that reeks around us."

"Caro Signor Conte," said the prince, in an insinuating voice, but of which insincerity was the strong characteristic, "do not be angry with my ultramontane morality: I was not reared on the virtuous benches of a British Parliament; but if there is anything more in that letter, let me hear it."

"There is only a warning not to see the Count of Syracuse, nor any of his party, who are evidently waiting to see which horse is to win. Ah, and here is a word for your address, Carlo! 'If Caffarelli be the man we saw last season here, I should say, Do not make advances to him; he is a ruined gambler, and trusted by no party. Lady C—believes in him, but none else!'"

This last paragraph set them all a-laughing, nor did any seem to enjoy it more than Caffarelli himself.

"One thing is clear," said Caraffa at last, "England wishes us every imaginable calamity, but is not going to charge herself with any part of the cost of our ruin. France has only so much of good-will towards us as is inspired by her dislike of Piedmont, and she will wait and watch events. Now, if Bosco be only true to his word, and can give us a

'good account' of his treatment of Garibaldi, I think all will go well."

"When was Garibaldi to set out?" asked Caffarelli.

"Brizzi, but he is seldom correct, said the 18th."

"That Irish fellow of ours, Maitland, is positive it will be by the thirteenth at latest. By the way, when I asked him how I could reward this last piece of service he rendered us in securing these despatches, his reply was, 'I want the cordon of St. Januarius.' I of course remonstrated, and explained that there were certain requisites as to birth and family, certain guarantees as to nobility of blood, certain requirements of fortune. He stopped me abruptly, and said, 'I can satisfy them all; and if there be any delay in according my demand, I shall make it in person to His Majesty.'"

"Well," cried Caffarelli,—“well, and what followed?”

"I yielded," said the prince, with one of his peculiar smiles. "We are in such a perilous predicament, that we can't afford the enmity of such a consummate rascal; and then, who knows but he may be the last knight of the order!" In the deep depression of the last words was apparent their true sincerity; but he rallied hastily, and said, "I have sent the fellow to Bosco with despatches, and said that he may be usefully employed as a spy; for he is hand-and-glove with all the Garibaldians. Surely, he must have uncommon good-luck if he escapes a bullet from one side or the other."

"He told me yesterday," said Caffarelli, "that he would not leave Naples till His Majesty passed the Irish Legion in review, and addressed them some words of loyal compliment."

"Why didn't he tell you," said the prince, sarcastically, "that seventy of the scoundrels have taken service with Garibaldi; some hundreds have gone to the hills as brigands; and Castel d'Ovo has got the remainder; and it takes fifteen hundred foot and a brigade of artillery to watch them?"

"Did you hear this, Maitland?" cried Caffarelli; "do you hear what His Excellency says of your pleasant countrymen?"

Maitland looked up from a letter that he was deeply engaged in, and so blank and vacant was his stare that Caffarelli repeated what the minister had just said: "I don't

think you are minding what I say. Have you heard me, Maitland?"

"Yes; no,—that is, my thoughts were on something that I was reading here."

"Is it of interest to us?" asked Caraffa.

"None whatever. It was a private letter which got into my hands open, and I had read some lines before I was well aware. It has no bearing on politics, however;" and, crushing up the note, he placed it in his pocket, and then, as if recalling his mind to the affairs before him, said, "The king himself must go to Sicily. It is no time to palter. The personal daring of Victor Emmanuel is the bone and sinew of the Piedmontese movement. Let us show the North that the South is her equal in everything."

"I should rather that it was from *you* the advice came than from *me*," said Caraffa, with a grin. "I am not in a position to proffer it."

"If I were Prince Caraffa, I should do so, assuredly."

"You would not, Maitland," said the other, calmly. "You would not, and for this simple reason, that you would see that, even if accepted, the counsel would be fruitless. If it were to the queen, indeed"—

"Yes, per Bacco!" broke in Caffarelli, "there is not a gentleman in the kingdom would not spring into the saddle at such a call."

"Then why not unfold this standard?" asked Maitland. "Why not make one effort to render the monarchy popular?"

"Don't you know enough of Naples," said Caraffa, "to know that the cause of the noble can never be the cause of the people; and that to throw the throne for defence on the men of birth is to lose the 'men of the street'?" He paused, and with an expression of intense hate on his face, and a hissing, passionate tone in his voice, continued, "It required all the consummate skill of that great man, Count Cavour, to weld the two classes together, and even he could not elevate the populace; so that nothing was left to him but to degrade the noble."

"I think meanwhile we are losing precious time," said Maitland, as he took up his hat. "Bosco should be reinforced. The squadron, too, should be strengthened to meet the Sardinian fleet; for we have sure intelligence that they mean to cover Garibaldi's landing; Persano avows it."

"All the better if they do," said Caraffa. "The same act which would proclaim their

own treachery would deliver into our hands this hare-brained adventurer."

"Your Excellency may have him longer in your hands than you care for," said Maitland, with a saucy smile. The prince bowed a cold acknowledgment of the speech, and suffered them to retire without a word.

"It is fated, I believe," said Caffarelli, as they gained the street, "that the prince and you are never to separate without anger; and you are wrong, Maitland. There is no man stands so high in the king's favor."

"What care I for that, Carlo mio? The whole thing has ceased to interest me. I joined the cause without any love for it; the more nearly I saw its working, the more I despised myself for acting with such associates; and if I hold to it now, it is because it is so certain to fail. Ay, my friend, it is another Bourbon bowled over. The age had got sick of vested interests, and wanted to show what abuses they were; but you and I are bound to stand fast; we cannot rescue the victim, but we must follow the hearse."

"How low and depressed you are to-night! What has come over you?"

"I have had a heavy blow, mio Carlo. One of those papers whose envelopes you broke and handed to me was a private letter. It was from Alice Trafford to her brother; and the sight of my own name in it tempted me to see what she said of me. My curiosity has paid its price." He paused for some minutes, and then continued: "She wrote to refuse the villa I had offered her,—to refuse it peremptorily. She added, 'The story of your friend's duel is more public than you seem to know. It appeared in the *Patrie* three weeks ago, and was partly extracted by *Galignani*. The provocation given was an open declaration that Mr. Maitland was no Maitland at all, but the illegitimate son of a well-known actress, called Brancalone, the father unknown. This outrage led to a meeting, and the consequences you know of. The whole story has this much of authenticity, that it was given to the world with the name of the other principal, who signs himself Milo M'Caskey, Lieut.-Col. in the service of Naples, count, and commander of various orders.' She adds," continued Maitland, in a shaken voice, and an effort, but yet a poor one, to smile,—“she adds, 'I own I am sorry for him. All his great qualities and cultivation seemed to suit and dig-

nify station; but now that I know his condition to have been a mere assumption, the man himself and his talents are only a mockery,—only a mockery!' Hard words these, Carlo,—very hard words!

"And then she says, 'If I had only known him as a passing acquaintance, and thought of him with the same indifference one bestows on such, perhaps I would not now insist so peremptorily as I do on our ceasing to know him; but I will own to you, Mark, that he did interest me greatly. He had, or seemed to have,'—this, that, and t'other," said he, with an ill-tempered haste, and went on. "'But now, as he stands before me, with a borrowed name and a mock rank'— There is half a page more of the same trash; for this gentle lady is a mistress of fierce words, and not over-merciful, and she ends thus: 'I think, if you are adroit, you can show him, in declining his proffered civility, that we had strong reasons for our refusal, and that it would be unpleasant to renew our former acquaintance.' In fact, Carlo, she means to cut me. This woman, whose hand I had held in mine while I declared my love, and who, while she listened to me, showed no touch of displeasure, affects now to resent the accident of my birth, and treat me as an impostor! I am half-sorry that letter has not reached its destination; ay, and, strange as you will think it, I am more than half tempted to write and tell her that I have read it. The story of the stolen despatch will soon be a newspaper scandal, and it would impart marvellous interest to her reading it when she heard that her own 'secret and confidential' was captured in the same net."

"You could not own to such an act, Maitland."

"No. If it should not lead to something further; but I do yearn to repay her. She is a haughty adversary, and well worth a vengeance."

"What becomes of your fine maxim, 'Never quarrel with a woman,' Maitland?"

"When I uttered it, I had never loved one," muttered he; and they walked on now in silence.

Almost within earshot,—so close, indeed, that, had they not been conversing in Italian, some of their words must have been overheard by those behind,—walked two other friends, Damer and Tony, in close confab.

"I must telegraph F. O.," said Skeffy, "that the bag is missing, and that Messenger Butler has gone home to make his report. Do you hear me?"

A grunt was the reply.

"I'll give you a letter to Howard Pendleton, and he'll tell what is the best thing to be done."

"I suspect I know it already," muttered Tony.

"If you could only persuade my lord to listen to you, and tell him the story as you told it to me, he'd be more than a Secretary of State if he could stand it."

"I have no great desire to be laughed at, Skeffy."

"Not if it got you out of a serious scrape, —a scrape that may cost you your appointment?"

"Not even at that price."

"I can't understand that; it is quite beyond me. They might put *me* into Joe Miller to-morrow, if they'd only gazette me Secretary of Embassy the day after. But here's the hotel; a good sleep will set you all right; and let me see you at breakfast as jolly as you used to be."

CHAPTER XLVII.

ADRIFF.

THE dawn was scarcely breaking as Tony Butler awoke and set off to visit the ships in the port whose flags proclaimed them English. There were full thirty, of various sizes and rigs; but though many were deficient in hands, no skipper seemed disposed to accept a young fellow who, if he was stalwart and well grown, so palpably pertained to a class to which hard work and coarse usage were strangers.

"You aint anything of a cook, are you?" asked one of the very few who did not reject his demand at once.

"No," said he, smiling.

"Them hands of yours might do something in the caboose; but they aint much like reefing and clewing topsails. Wont suit *me*." And thus discouraged, he went on from one craft to the other, surprised and mortified to discover that one of the resources he had often pictured to his mind in the hours of despondency was just as remote, just as much above him, as any of the various callings his friends had set before him.

"Not able to be even a sailor! Not fit to

serve before the mast! Well, perhaps I can carry a musket; but for *that* I must return to England."

He fell to think of this new scheme, but without any of that hope that had so often colored his projects. He owed the service a grudge; his father had not been fairly treated in it. So at least, from his very childhood, had his mother taught him to believe, and in consequence vehemently opposed all his plans to obtain a commission. Hard necessity, however, left no room for mere scruples; something he must do, and that something was narrowed to the one single career of a soldier.

He was practical enough in a certain sense, and he soon resolved on his line of action: he would reserve just so much as would carry him back to England, and remit the remainder of what he had to his mother.

This would amount to nigh eighty pounds, —a very considerable sum to one whose life was as inexpensive as hers. The real difficulty was how to reconcile her to the thought of his fallen condition, and the hardships she would inevitably associate in her mind with his future life. "Aint I lucky," cried he, in his bitterness, and trying to make it seem like a consolation,—"aint I lucky, that, except my poor dear mother, I have not one other in the whole world to care what comes to me,—none other to console, none other before whom I need plead or excuse myself! My failure or my disgrace are not to spread a wide-cast sorrow. They will only darken one fireside, and one figure in the corner of it."

His heart was full of Alice all the while; but he was too proud to utter her name even to himself. To have made a resolve, however, seemed to rally his courage again; and when the boatman asked him where he should go next, he was so far away in his thoughts that he had some difficulty to remember what he had been actually engaged in.

"Where to?"

"Well, I can't well tell you," said he, laughing. "Isn't that schooner English,—that one getting under way yonder? Shove me aboard of her."

"She's outward bound, sir."

"No matter, if they'll agree to take me," muttered he to himself.

The craft was "hauling short" on the anchor as Tony came alongside and learned

that she was about to sail for Leghorn, having failed in obtaining a freight at Naples; and as by an accident one of the crew had been left on shore, the skipper was too willing to take Tony so far, though looking, as he remarked, far more like a swell landsman than an ordinary seaman.

Once outside the bay, and bowling along with a smart breeze and a calm sea, the rushing water making pleasant music at the bow, while the helm left a long white track some feet down beneath the surface, Tony felt, what so many others have felt, the glorious elation of being at sea. How many a care "blue water" can assuage, how many a sorrow is made bearable by the fresh breeze that strains the cordage, and the laughing waves we cleave through so fast!

A few very uneventful days, in which Tony's life passed less like reality than a mere dream brought them to Leghorn; and the skipper, who had taken a sort of rough liking to the "Swell," as he still called him, offered to take him on to Liverpool, if he were willing to enter himself regularly on the ship's books as one of the crew.

"I am quite ready," said Tony, who thought by the time the brief voyage was completed he should have picked up enough of the practice and the look of a sailor to obtain another employment easily.

Accompanied by the skipper, he soon found himself in the consul's office, crowded with sailors and other maritime folk busily engaged in preferring complaints, or making excuses, or as eagerly asking for relief against this or that exaction on the part of the foreign government.

The consul sat smoking his cigar with a friend at a window, little heeding the turmoil around, but leaving the charge of the various difficulties to his clerks, who only referred to him on some special occasions.

"Here's a man sir," cried one of the clerks, "who wishes to be entered in the ship's books under an assumed name. I have told him it can't be done."

"Why does he ask it? Is he a runaway convict?" asked the consul.

"Not exactly," said Tony, laughing; "but as I have not been brought up before the mast, and I have a few relatives who might not like to hear of me in that station"—

"A scamp, I take it," broke in the consul,

"who, having done his worst on shore, takes to the sea for a refuge?"

"Partly right—partly wrong," was the dry answer.

"Well, my smart fellow, there's no help for it. You must give your name and your birthplace; and if they should prove false ones, take any consequences that might result."

"What sort of consequences might these be?" asked Tony, calmly; and the consul, having either spoken without any distinct knowledge attached to his words, or provoked by the pertinacity of the question, half irritably answered, "I've no time to throw away in discussing casualties; give your name, or go your way."

"Yes, yes," murmured the skipper. "Who knows anything about you down here?—just sign the sheet, and let's be moving."

The sort of good-humored tone and look that went with the words decided Tony, and he took the pen and wrote "Tony Butler, Ireland."

The consul glanced at the writing, and said, "What part of Ireland? Name a town or a village."

"I cannot: my father was a soldier, quartered in various places, and I'm not sure in what part of the island I was born."

"Tony Butler means Anthony Butler. I suppose?"

"Tony Butler!" cried the consul's friend, suddenly starting up, and coming forward; "did *you* say your name was Tony Butler?"

"Yes; that is my name."

"And are you from the north of Ireland—near the Causeway?"

Tony nodded, while a flush of shame at the recognition covered his face.

"And do you know Dr. Stewart, the Presbyterian minister in that neighborhood?"

"I should think so. The Burnside, where he lives, is not above a mile from us."

"That's it—the Burnside—that's the name of it. I'm as glad as fifty pounds in my pocket to see you, Tony Butler!" cried he, grasping Tony's hand in both his own. "There's not a man from this to England I'd as soon have met as yourself. I'm Sam M'Gruder, Robert M'Gruder's brother. You haven't forgot *him*, I hope?"

"That I haven't!" cried Tony, warmly re-

turning the honest pressure of the other's hand. "What a stupid dog I have been not to remember that you lived here! and I have a letter for you, too, from your brother!"

"I want no letter of introduction with you, Tony; come home with me. You're not going to sea this time;" and, taking a pen, he drew a broad line of ink across Tony's name and then turning, he whispered a few words in the consul's ear.

"I hope," said the consul, "Mr. Butler is not offended at the freedom with which I commented on him."

"Not in the least," said Tony, laughing. "I thought at the time, if you knew me, you would not have liked to have suggested my having been a runaway convict; and now that you *do* know me, the shame you feel is more than enough to punish you."

"What could have induced you to go before the mast, Butler?" said M'Gruder, as he led Tony away.

"Sheer necessity. I wanted to earn my bread."

"But you had got something,—some place or other!"

"I was a messenger, but I lost my despatches, and was ashamed to go home and say so."

"Will you stop with me? Will you be a clerk?" asked the other; and a certain timidity in his voice showed that he was not quite assured as he spoke. "My business is like my brother's,—we're 'in rags.'"

"And so should I be in a few days," laughed out Tony, "if I hadn't met you. I'll be your clerk, with a heart and a half—that is, if I be capable; only don't give me anything where money enters, and as little writing as possible, and no arithmetic, if you can help it."

"That will be a strange sort of clerkship," said M'Gruder, with a smile; "but we'll see what can be done."

A GREAT advance is said to have been recently made in photography. Photographs by any process now used fade. A German named Wothly has, however, discovered one which gives exquisite pictures that do not fade. At least water, sun, and wind have no effect upon them, and it only remains to ascertain what injury time may do. The process has been purchased and patented by a company, headed by Colonel Stuart Wortley, who, himself perhaps the best among amateur photographers, quite believes in the invention. Should it realize expectation, it will remain only to fix color to bring the art to perfection.

MR. HENRY ROSS, a sculptor, who, if we mistake not, will yet reach the highest point in one branch of his great art, has produced an exceedingly fine bust of Garibaldi,—made, we believe, from photographs alone. It seems to us by far the truest likeness of the dreamy patriot and adventurous captain we have yet seen. It resembles in some respects, as does Garibaldi's own countenance, the conventional conception of Homer,—the dreamier lines in the face seeming somehow to express a passion for the wide horizons and incessant music of the "many-sounding sea." There is also, however, the dignity and simplicity of a mind that with whatever political shortcomings has truly lived for "an idea," and would as willingly die for it. Sculpture seems to suit the antique style of greatness more than either painting or photography, and Garibaldi's greatness is truly antique.

THE *Messenger du Midi* states that a begging letter recently addressed to one of the Barons Rothschild contains the very tempting proposition that for the bagatelle of 50,000 francs, the writer would engage to show how he could prolong his life to the age of one hundred and fifty years. The following is the baron's reply: "Sir,—It has frequently happened to me to be threatened with death if I did not give a sum of money. You are certainly the first that has ever asked me for it in proposing to prolong my life. Your proposition is without doubt far better and more humane. But my religion teaches me that we are all under the hand of God, and I will not do anything to withdraw myself from his decrees. My refusal, moreover, does not in any way attack your discovery, from which you will not fail, I hope, to profit yourself. Regretting that I cannot accede to your proposal, I sincerely congratulate you on the one hundred and fifty years which you are called on to live in this world.—Accept, etc., J. DE ROTHSCHILD."

THE London "Metropolitan Free Drinking Fountains Association" acknowledges the receipt of £60 from one donor and £100 from another, and reports "that eighty-seven fountains, three cattle-troughs, and more than fifty dog-troughs have been opened by the society, and that four hundred more would not fully supply the needs of the metropolis."

From Good Words.

THE LONG EVENINGS, AND BOOKS.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

SOMEBODY says, "How fast the evenings are drawing in; somebody else of the party replies, "Not faster than they always do in October." "Perhaps not; but while the mornings are so bright and warm, one wonders to see fire and candles in the evening." We shall soon recover from our wonderment, and gladly return to our winter evenings, and our readings.

I may be allowed to say something in commendation of the family practice here referred to, and to speak about it *ex cathedra*; for, with the exception of three or four years intercalary,—and those not the brightest,—I have been a listener to family readings through life; these readings continued, not *winter evenings* only, but summer as well as winter, and every day round the year early and late. I have no recollection earlier than that of my mother's clear voice, reading and reading,—at breakfast, often at dinner-time, always at the tea-table. Thus it has been with me up to the time of my now putting pen to paper.

No matter what may be the dimensions, or what the decorations, of the scene of the family gatherings; but it must be a *FAMILY*. This is the condition of whatever I have to say about readings aloud. Enough, if the gathering be the daily assembly of those who, in the morning, greet each other with the undissembled smiles of cordial affection,—a family, and all right *heart-ward*. That is enough. How thankful may those well be to whose daily lot so much substantial good as this actually attaches, and attaches year after year, through lengths of time!

The constituents of a family, according to its normal definition, are—father, mother, sons, and daughters—a goodly group, if only it be banded together in love. It will vary in age, from babyhood to the fatherly and motherly condition of the *otium cum dignitate*. And just now, for the sake of giving distinctness to the picture, I will imagine a curly pate, aged three years, intently listening to the mother's reading, it might be of Don Quixote, or it might be of Hume's History of England. But a fireside assemblage otherwise constituted than this shall pass muster as a family, if it be such as we have been

used to think of in reading the often-quoted lines of the "Task"—

"Now stir the fire."

A family it shall be accounted, if its constituents are only the two,—husband and wife,—the faithful dual of years of tried love. A family it shall be accounted, if it be a brother and sister, the contented coelebes of mature age. A family it shall be accounted, and it shall receive from me a diploma accordingly, wherever two, three, or more, abiding together under the same roof, are bound together by affection, esteem, respect, and unaffected regard to the welfare of each. I will substitute a word, or two words, in Tertullian's often-repeated definition of a church: he says, "*Ubi tres, ibi ecclesia*;" I say where there are *two* there is a family, if only the two are one in unselfish attachment. Should a diploma of this kind be granted for Robinson Crusoe and his Friday? This may be a question. Certainly not to Sir Isaac Newton and his cats.

The family,—let it be three, let it be fifteen, and the more the better. This preliminary settled, and the fact admitted, also, that candles are called for hours before the time for breaking up the party, then comes the question in what manner shall these hours be passed? Shall it be socially, or shall it be in that least desirable species of solitude,—a polygonous solitude which is fitly symbolized by the portraits that disfigure the walls in faded gilt frames, sombre colors, gloomy looks, staring one at another, but never uttering a word. It shall not be so. As candles are lit (here in the country we know nothing about gas, and are frightened at the very word) so shall the light of feeling, and the light of fancy, and the light of mind, and the light of *community in thought*, shed its cheering rays around, dispelling listlessness, gloom, murky tempers, and all other things that are the offspring of darkness.

Of the several modes of spending winter evenings in a family, there are some which perchance, I might not think approvable, to wit: . . . , but concerning which I am not, here and now, called upon to utter an opinion, for or against. There are other pastimes, to which I may not, perhaps, myself have been used to have recourse; but it does not therefore follow that they may not lawfully and usefully be practised by others. Concerning

any such practices, I have only this word (and it is an apostolic word) to utter, "Let every one—every head of a family—be fully persuaded in his own mind." I think it to be of the very essence of narrowness and bigotry, in fact, it would spring from an exaggerated notion of my individual infallibility, to condemn in others what, as Hudibras would have it,

"I'm not myself inclined to."

In thus "remanding for another hearing" several questions of family habitudes, I am prone to say, on the one hand, that it has not happened to me to see any solid good arise from rigors or scrupulosities, or dull observances, or empty forms; on the other hand, one may confidently predict dangerous laxities to ensue in families in which the shrewd younger members perfectly understand that "papa and mamma" are half-hearted in their prohibitions, and would themselves well relish amusements which they nevertheless think it prudent to interdict. In domestic politics, we may be quite sure that nothing answers in the long run, —*nothing* between parent and child, but thorough sincerity.

A family will follow its tastes, and also the bent of its talents, in its recreations. If, for instance, it be musical, then "stringed instruments and organs" will rule the hours of leisure—evening after evening; I can find no fault in such a case:—voice and ear and the soul of harmony are gifts,—they are gifts from above; and in the due use of them, that upper world is symbolized, and, in a sense, its enjoyments are anticipated, where songs abound, and where harps are in every hand. This only would I say: that, as in my notion of a future state I find large room for *work*, as well as for *music*, and for *DISCOURSE*, as well as for *anthems*, so I think that long evenings, here below, should not be abandoned to the tyranny of the piano or the organ. Even among the members of a musical family, there will be one or two, probably, to whom such a tyranny is irksome, or even intolerable, and who will be driven by it into a corner, with or without a book.

If the subject intended for this paper were understood to include, on my part, the expression of an opinion concerning the practice of reading aloud the daily newspaper, and the weekly and monthly outpourings of the periodical press,—if it were so, then I should un-

doubtedly excuse myself from a task so difficult, and so invidious, too, as that of either rebuking such practice, or of assigning limits to it, or of naming the instances which should be exempt from censure, or which are entitled to entire approval. From all such onerous censorship I stand relieved. I do not touch it: I turn aside to another path. The things I have to do with, in this paper, are—Books,—books adapted to the requirements of domestic reading aloud, or, as we should call it, *social reading*, and the communion of thought and feeling, in a home circle. The individual reader, the fireside anchorite, is a being with whose tastes and practices I have no concernment just now. As to daily social readings,—continued from year to year, while a family is running through its course of changes,—they constitute a bright continuity of its intellectual and moral existence. This communion of intelligence, and these recollections of books that have left an impression upon the memories of the listeners—they readily coalesce with the remembrance of family events. I have said the same as to the connection of the seasons with family history. The book and the events that marked the time of its perusal weld into one; and especially it will be so if, in any instance, the heavy hammer of suffering and sorrow has come, stroke upon stroke, so as to make all one in the memory. Taking a glance round at my own shelves, I see books never to be forgotten; for they were in course of reading at such and such a time. I ought not to forget English history; for Smollet's fifteen octavos were used as a *stock-book*,—an inexhaustible store of readings throughout my boyish years. Whenever it happened that more attractive volumes were not forthcoming, then the voice was heard, "If there is nothing better just now, then bring the next volume in turn of Smollet. Did we not leave off last year with Queen Anne?" It is so with several faded gilt and lettered backs, which connect themselves with remembrances of family life,—gilt, perhaps, but not faded.

I may here encounter an objection, which is likely to be brought forward as insurmountable if I am intending to recommend the practice of family readings, on the supposition that the family is constituted of younger and elder, and if all are expected to listen, and to be quiet also. It is asked, how will it be possible in that case, to select books in-

telligible to the youngest, and which yet shall engage the attention of the seniors. If this cannot be done, then what is to be done with the younger? Send them in a troop to bed? It may be asked, what good, or what amusement, can children derive from the hearing of a book of which they do not understand a line? My answer is this: Much, in many ways. This objection, in the way in which it is stated, is the pedagogue's quandary. It springs out of an educational axiom which I hold to be false in mental philosophy, and of ill consequence in practice. The rule may be good (but I doubt it) for the teacher of rudiments: Never push a child forward a step in his learning, until you are certain that he has thoroughly understood the lesson which you are now giving him. To teachers I leave this sandy path over the wilderness of learning, if they find it profitable, or if their pupils find it pleasant. I am sure it is not the method of nature; it is a technical usage. The method of nature is that of a spontaneous induction, which is always in progress, and is never completed: it is not a lesson-book in chapters, but a teaching by infinitesimals. Nature takes the boy by the hand, walking with him over the field of the universe at a pace moderately fast; and *this* teacher says, "Come along, my boy! What you don't understand to-day, you will understand another day; only come along."

A child of any sensitiveness, in alternately listening, and not listening, to a book,—the voice being that of one who is ordinarily listened to with pleasure,—the child is caught by the mere rhythm of the sentences; and, as to long words that involve a rhythm of their own, they are the most likely to catch the infant ear—these rhythmical long words *snarl* as they are wafted through the brain—as they go in at one ear and out at the other; in the frequency of so passing they get themselves at length attended to, and at last interpreted. In my humble opinion it is a great error, and it is the parent of errors more serious than itself, that, as a child should understand everything, step by step, so he will care for nothing that he does not understand. The very contrary is, I think, nearer to the truth. Try the experiment for a given time, say ten minutes: read to a little boy some pages of this sort, "My cat put her paw upon the hot po-ker, and then she cried—mew!"

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For another ten minutes take a page from Shakspeare or from Milton. I could wager upon the issue of such an experiment, unless the subject of it belong to the lowest range in the order of mind. But it is not the *music* of words and sentences only that awakens the young brain. If we could but apply our microscope to the brain mass, so as to see the curdling and the crystallizing and the feathery frost-work that is going on in the cells of that creamy viscus, we should see what sort of process it is, that, at the end of five-and-twenty years, has rendered the cerebral substance a tenacious repository of millions and millions again of records, words, things, feelings, until this crowded mass has become a congeries of lexicons and of cyclopædias.

It might be thought that when candles are lit, and when books are opened, it is quite time that the lambs should give the kiss all round, and be led off by the nursemaid to her domain. In plain English, that we, the seniors of the family, should be "rid of the children." This may be recent doctrine, and it is a modernism in practice. It was not so seventy years ago. At that time—a time of old-fashioned discipline—the younger children knew how to sit with their noiseless amusements at a side-table—not in terror of a nursemaid. And so it was in those *homely* times, that brains of three years were allowed to make acquaintance with *the English of books*. It is thus that, on the ground of experience,—experience *repeated*, I now plead for the younger ones of the family-party, and say of, or *for* them, "Let them bide; they will disturb nobody."

We should clearly understand what it is that we intend, or what our ruling purpose is, in these winter evenings' readings aloud. It would be a misunderstanding to suppose that any such readings can be brought forward to supply the lack of the stated and regular *instruction* that should be going on in the schoolroom, whether at home or elsewhere. If indeed no *such* instruction is attainable, then the evening readings may serve the purpose of keeping minds alive, and of cherishing intellectual tastes; but they will not fill the chasms which it is the business of the pains-taking teacher to build in with solid masonry. Family readings may avail to quicken intelligence; but they will not impart learning. If this be understood, then it will follow that, in the choice of books adapt-

ed to the purposes of the evening reading, we shall admit none that belong to rudimentary training. The teacher, the tutor, is supposed to have on his shelf a full set-out of the most approved elementary volumes, of which at this time assuredly there is no scarcity. A tower of Babel might be built up with books of this order.

On the other hand, we can give no admission to books proper to a college course; that is to say, such as are adapted to the purposes of professional or scientific education. The home-shelf has no place for volumes of this kind. Nor would I (for one) find an inch or half an inch of space for pamphlet or octavo which, if brought near to the thermometer, raises the mercury several degrees above "temperate." We do not admit "Calm Inquiries" or "Dispassionate Appeals," nor, in a word, anything that is of the nature of an argument written to serve a purpose, or which betrays an *animus*. While we have the world of thought and genuine feeling before us, we need not haul up anything from the pool of wrath, strife, malice, guile, hypocrisies, evil surmisings, and evil speakings. We take upon our list such books only as tend to enrich the understanding, to raise the thoughts above their (too often) sordid level, to quicken sympathies toward "all sorts and conditions of men," and to give themes and occasions for profitable discourse and meditation.

Well, then, will you give us a catalogue of approved books, and lay down a plan or scheme of readings for a month, or a year, or a week, at least? So say regularity folks; so say the lovers of red tape—not I. If we are men of order,—if we spend our mornings in any of those occupations which demand order, and wherein the want of it is ruin, then, toward evening, surely we have had enough of it. Whatever is fortuitous, unsystematic, promiscuous, such things will be the most welcome when the work of the day has been done. We would admit all liberty that is not license; and, more than this, would make full proof of that sort of liberty which, as I am apt to think, is not enjoyed anywhere so thoroughly as it is in the sweet seclusion of an insulated country home. *Home* means a shut-up or fenced-about place, within the circuit of which the tyranny of conventional doctrines, or fashions, does not show its face.

What is good for the body is good for the mind, variety of diet. This variableness promotes a healthy digestion; and so it is as to the mode of taking one's dinner; the best mode is that which favors the assimilation of nutriment. It may be good (yet I doubt it) in "Establishments" for everybody to know that, on Thursday, we have legs of mutton always; Friday, rounds of beef. It may be good in such places, or it may be necessary (yet I doubt it), that the license of talk should be interdicted. If I were a ruler in any such place of assemblage, I would risk an experiment of the contrary practice in both these particulars. Nobody should know, until the covers were removed, what was the bill of fare for Monday or Tuesday, or any other day; and as to talk, keeping in mind what is the action of the diaphragm upon the lungs and upon the stomach, and what are the requirements of the gastric nervous force in digestion, I would endure a Babel of noise at table rather than inflict silence upon young tongues during dinner. This might be done, as I think, and yet all proprieties duly regarded. This digression may be excused on the ground of the affinities of mind and body. Rules or practices which are approvable for the one are presumably approvable for the other, at least they are so in the way of analogy. Family readings, therefore, should be such as promote a healthy digestion of the intellectual aliment, and such as are favorable to a ready assimilation of it also. Liberty we ask, or rather a wide range in the choice of books, and liberty, also, for interrupting the reader in a seasonable manner. We do not favor exclusive tastes; we do not tolerate intolerance in preferences, as to books or classes of books; and thus, also, as to the listeners of the family congregation, we stipulate for liberty of interruption. The family should digest its intellectual aliment in common by conversation, and the assimilation, also, of this aliment goes on in the same manner. These daily evening readings are not a schooling of the younger members of the family; but they are the brisk, unrestrained circulation of the intellectual life of the family soul.

It must always be supposed that the family has a head and a guidance, and that this principal person, whatever may be his or her relationship to the members, possesses a fair measure of recognized superiority as to ac-

quirements, and as to judgment and discretion. This sort of domestic episcopacy is the postulate of our present argument. I have seen it, and known it to be exercised, greatly to the advantage of those concerned. Where there is a right feeling among the members of a home, the opinion of the *episcopus* will readily be submitted to as to the choice of books: and, moreover, if the range of choice be wide, there will be no disposition to call in question the expulsion of any book on the ground that "it would not suit us." Timidity and over-caution give rise to prurient curiosity, and then will follow the fatal consequence of the breaking up of that entire confidence which is the soul of government in a home. Get yourself to be suspected of insincerity, or of saying one thing and meaning another, and there is an end of your influence.

The evening readings have this very recommendation, that they are an experimenting upon a wider field than that in relation to which the parent's or the teacher's authority is understood to be *directly* compromised. It is one thing to admit or *allow* a book for the evening's reading: it is another thing for father or mother to give the author an explicit sanction. He or she may consent *dissentingly*; and when this is done, the family mind takes a turn or two upon broader ground than that of its authorized modes of thinking. The family party, as one might say, gets a breathing upon the boulevards, and will return to its accustomed quarters—*freshened*.

Regulations, *regularities* (carried too far), cautions, pomposities, sonorous gravities—all such things, stiff and hollow, which indicate or which cherish superstition, and which spring from feebleness, are inimical to that which is in truth *the life* of the family life; namely, ZEST.

But what is zest? To describe it by its opposites: it is the contrary of phlegmatic apathy; it is the contrary of littleness and of indifference, and of dulness of apprehension, and of sluggishness and slowness of the faculties. Zest is a plant which flourishes in the country: it does not grow well in a garden-pot in cities. The town substitute for zest is *excitement*; but you are not likely to mistake the one for the other, and you may know them by this mark: zest is awake towards all things, even the dullest. Excitement wakes up only at the shrill call of

things new and strange. Zest imparts a relish to things that are not the most sapid. Excitement asks for larger and larger doses of cayenne, whatever it may be that is on table. But now this zest, in relation to books, and this zest which, as I have said, is flattened or spoiled, where there is too much of rule and routine in a household, is sharpened when some book, upon a subject likely to be dry or wearisome, is so written, or if not *written*, has the good fortune to be so *read*, and so expounded and expanded in the reading, that everybody listens,—all eyes are wide open! Zest! how may it the most effectively be dissipated, how irrecoverably lost? Forgive me now this wrong if, conscience-driven as I am, I utter what must, I know, offend some who may read this paper. Genuine zest disappears wherever FICTION holds sway. I am intending no onslaught on novel-reading. I have no puritanic dread of it. I was not trained puritanically in a horror of novels. I have listened to most of those that were the popular fictions of that bygone time. I would say this only to the heads of families: Make your choice—freely admit from the circulating library the three-volume novels of the season, and then be content to find that all residue of zest is gone as to history, or biography, or science, or anything else that is real and genuine, Christianity included. Novel-reading is an infatuation which masters souls as surely as dram-drinking does so. Many are the melancholy spectacles which one encounters in towns, as for instance, a woman wasted, worn, in tatters, and near to starvation:—this is a sad sight, and so it is sad to meet the well-dressed lady of forty or fifty hastening home with the three greasy-boarded volumes, which are all to be devoured between the noon of to-day and the dawn of to-morrow! The alternative for the individual or for the family is this: Novel-reading with its consequent *ennui* and utter apathy, or else genuine feeling, employment, with zest, as to whatever is real in life, in history, in science, in poetry, and general literature. Fiction of any sort in one scale, and reality in the other, the beam will never stand on the level.

If zest, as related to books, and to intellectual pursuits generally, be the mood of a home-bred family, then this will bring with it, as almost an invariable consequence, a characteristic which may claim a prominent

place among its desirable qualities; and this is BREADTH. Zest might almost be taken as a convertible term for breadth. Zest and breadth together make up catholicism in taste; and they are a security for the maintenance of wide sympathies, to the exclusion of whatever is sour, acid, rigid, starched, frosty, crusty, or pinched in. Bring forward a list of books supposed to be suitable for the winter evenings' family reading; zest and breadth together will render admissible some dry books, and some dull books, if only they are not stupid or absurd. These two censors, moreover, will admit, at least to a hearing, books which we do not relish, and can only tolerate.

Whenever several qualities of the same order are in question, then we find that we pass on from one to another of them by an easy transition. Thus it is that zest leads to breadth, and then breadth leads to freedom, or independence of judgment. Yet who is it that is not free in this land of freedom? All of us claim to be so: are we not all of us absolutely free? are not all the queen's subjects in the possession of liberty of thought, and of speech, and of action, in relation to any who might wish or might dare to oppose or restrain them? Come forth now, my antagonist! let us break spears upon any field you may choose, political, ecclesiastical, metaphysical, social: try now if you can make me afraid, or can drive me an inch from my ground. You cannot do it. Bold, free, regardless of names and authorities, if only they are *opposed to me*. Good so far; I am a lion in front; but am I equally exempt from the restraints of intimidation, or from subservience, or from assentation, in my bearing toward the men of my own communion, whether it be political, religious, or philosophical? Free (as I have said) in front, but bandaged, hampered, manacled, tongue-tied, as to those that stand right-hand, left-hand, and in the rear of my position. Verily I think that thousands among us who are used to trumpet their liberties, are themselves the veriest slaves toward their associates, in party or profession. In a close array of cavalry, every man may cut what curves he pleases directly in front of him, as he charges the enemy; but he must take care that in using this liberty of the sabre, he does not slash the next man's ear.

Here, then, comes to be noted a most sig-

nificant fact, bearing upon the moral and intellectual position of the two classes which I have ventured, in these papers, to place in contrast; namely, the man whose days are passed mainly in the crowd of the world, and the man—my choice sample of an Englishman indeed—who spends his days *mainly* in the seclusion of a country home. The man of cities and of society is a member of his club; he is one of a clique; he consorts with his friends; in the morning he gives himself to committees; he stands forward on platforms; he speaks; he talks honey; he breathes zephyrs; he listens for claps. Will any one tell me, will any truthful man of this class profess it for himself, that he is in every sense *free*? Will he say in his own commendation that his judgment and his feelings are as translucent as crystal? As to any one who would make this boast, I should not hesitate to put him down in my note-book as a conglomerate of conventional beliefs,—a man who has barely one opinion really his own.

But you will ask it to be proved that the countryman is any more free than is his cousin in town. I venture to say he is, or may easily be so. The mere fact, or let us say the perpetual consciousness of the fact, that, as to any tyrannous influence, as to any usurpation, or any arrogant contradiction, it is a good hundred miles away; this consciousness, by itself, goes far to guarantee personal freedom. If it be the reading a book in a condition of absolute equanimity, take me to a self-contained country house. Look round at your home company: my hypothesis is that this home company, although it is of one mind in most things, has been *led*, not driven, into this sort of uniformity. If there are diversities of opinion within this snug enclosure, then it will be true that the mind and feeling of the minority—even if it be sole—is always respected:—it is regarded with a sort of religious reverence. There is no domineering, there is no riding rough-shod over the field (or carpet). In such a seclusion the sweet temper of perfect liberty is nurtured. And if books are always a-going, then there is cherished in such a sanctuary the genuine criticism of intelligent, honest thought. And how unlike will this be to the greater part of printed criticisms—periodic criticism! Two things so dissimilar ought not to be spoken of under one name.

If books are in question, and if a competent

criticism be inquired for, i.e., judgments impartial and free indeed, then we may well insist upon an advantage much more amply enjoyed in the country than in cities. In cities, if books are read at all, it is the *latest* books only, it is the noised books of the season, the books about which you must be prepared to say something in society. In the country it is the books on the shelves; it is the volumes, bound and lettered, that are in their turn taken down and read, at least in portions or samples. I incline to think that if we take any given level of intelligence and education, the acquaintedness of persons of that same level with the standard writers of the bygone age, from Shakespeare down to Sir Walter Scott, will be as ten to one in favor of country families. It would be a curious experiment to make of this sort: in a promiscuous assembly,—let it be such an average company as may be gathered for listening to a philosophical or literary lecture: we must premise the supposition that everybody is truthful. Some one, or the lecturer himself, makes proclamation in these terms: “Those of the company present who have actually read ‘Paradise Lost,’ will please to signify the same by holding up their hands!” This done, then the form follows, “The contrary, theirs.” Will the reader venture a guess as to the *percentage* of the “ayes” in such a company? I hesitate to name what I inwardly suspect would be that *percentage*. Be it what it might, ranging between *two per cent.* and *fifty*—we may guess it at twenty-five; then would come the further question as to these twenty-five *bonâ fide* readers of Milton, how many of them live mainly in cities,—live in the world, and how many of them are *bonâ fide* countryfolk. I should bring nobody over to my way of thinking merely by declaring my belief that, of this number, the country would lay claim to the twenty, leaving the five to be challenged for town life.

Whatever the issue of such an experiment—if it could be made—might be, I think there would still remain this sort of difference between the two classes of Milton’s readers; namely, that whereas with the one class, the unconfessed motive or *reason* for reading “Paradise Lost” has had a recollection of the occasions in society when one should wish to be *au fait* in Milton, and should be mortified to be convicted of ignorance in that

respect; with the other class there would appear a simple-minded relish of the poetry, and of the soul; a true and unaffected enjoyment, as well of the rhythm of the verse as of the greatness of the thought. If it were so, then *one* reader of this genuine class might fairly count for ten of the other class. Then another statistic question here presents itself. In any hundred of those educated persons who have made acquaintance with the classic writers of English literature, what is the proportion of the sexes? In this instance again I avoid the risk of a random surmise, which must rest upon very uncertain data, and which would need some careful discriminations to be duly regarded. There is, however, a sphere within which a rough guess may be hazarded. Supposing the male members of families to be for the most part absentees, either at school or at college, or in the practice of the professions, then it may be set down as a probable calculation that the home circle is seven to one of the gentler sort. If it be so, and we can hardly be far from the truth in assuming it to be in about this proportion, then a subject which is fraught with practical consequences comes into view when we are thinking and speaking about long winter evenings, and the employment of them in readings aloud.

A great part, and often it will be by far the better part of female education, in families of the middle class, will be that which insensibly ensues, from year to year, in the course of these READINGS ALOUD. To give these readings their proper value in an educational sense, we need not assume more for them than what has already been supposed; namely, this: that whether it be father, mother, or other mature person of average ability and competence, such presiding angel of the company is one who does keep in mind the intellectual and moral welfare of the home community, and who would not think their responsibility as its chief fully discharged, in providing some hours of *mere amusement* for the party. This chief person, whether father or mother or other recognized senior, must indeed be frivolously minded if he or she has no aim beyond that of contriving a bootless pastime, by aid of which the last hours of the day may be cheated of all reasonable purpose. A state of things much better than this may fairly be imagined; and we may suppose that the one at the helm keeps a look-out, so that,

from whatever point of the compass the wind may blow, the vessel tacks—on and on—towards the desired haven. It is not—it cannot be—I have already admitted this—that the laborious operation of rudimentary teaching should be superseded in this unlaborious manner;—nor can it be, as already said, that any part of that proficiency which is sought for in colleges should thus be acquired. What may be done is this—that female education should be carried forward several stages beyond the point where school-teaching ends: and that it should impart to the daughters of a family just that measure of advantage which may enable them fairly to maintain their position, as related to the college proficiency of their brothers. Feminine *accomplishments* will not suffice for this purpose. The young men from college take it only as a matter of course that their sisters are accomplished; this goes for little or nothing. For little or nothing also would pass any female quixoting upon the field of actual learning—whether it be mathematical or classical. Lady *learning*, at its best, will only be thought of as moonshine. Not more to be regarded will be the young lady's pretensions to be an adept in abstract philosophy, or in political or social science:—these usurpations will win no consideration. But of more avail for this purpose will be that knowledge of books, earlier and later, which cannot fail to result from the constant family practice of winter evenings' reading. Two or three months only of the twelve need to be set off, as broad daylight, which is likely to be spent out of doors. In the lapse of years, beginning with the infancy years of a family, and extending to the time when the assemblage has been dispersed, or broken up—within that cycle, a fair sample of our English literature will have had its turn on the tea-table. I mean to say, that, within the period here supposed, every book in general literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which has maintained for itself a place on our shelves—the accessible shelves—may have been read at such a table. Beside these readings of the standard English literature, a great part of the literature of this now current century may also have found its place. This nineteenth century catalogue of books,—books that are *still living* and are *likely to live*, would not be of astounding length. A thousand to one of all the books that are

published come to their end within two years. Take the one in the thousand, and with it a dozen or so that may fairly claim a reading although quickly to be forgotten. We have then before us a supply, just enough to meet the requirements of the family period. My inference is this—that if the daughters of a family have had the advantage of thus listening to the best samples of our literature,—the past and the recent,—they will probably have surpassed their brothers in that sort of intelligence which is the best fruit of education, and which brings with it taste, refinement, and at the least, a good preparation for further acquirements.

Let not accomplished critics stare at my presumption in venturing to make a report such as that which I am risking. I speak of nothing that has not come fairly within my cognizance, as a listener to tea-table readings, during more than seventy years. It is concerning three or four classes only of books that I should dare to say anything, and it is those that would be the most likely to be chosen for the purpose above mentioned.

A very signal revolution in literature has come about while the sand has been passing from the one bulb of the century hour-glass to the other. No point of time could be named at which the revolution I am referring to has taken place; it has come over us insensibly, and if we leave a broad margin of twenty-five years between the time gone by and the present time, comparing the two masses when they are thus separated by an interval of a quarter of a century, then a contrast which is full of significance is seen to distinguish them.

What were the books likely to be chosen for family reading at any time previous to 1810? What, at any time, since the year 1835, up to this present time? Family reading would embrace, without a doubt, books of voyages and travels, and explorations of distant countries; also general history and special histories, or narratives of some course of events in this or that country; and biographies. Besides these three, as many more might be named with a nearly equal right to find a place in our recollection. But a few instances will satisfy my present purpose. In the fifty years that have run out since 1810, these ocean-girt continents, and islets also, have been trodden and explored, and mapped out, to an extent the details of which would

not be comprehended in less than some thousands of volumes. This nineteenth century, so far as it has expended its sands, might fitly be designated as an opening up of geographical mysteries. Light has been let in upon many of the dark places of the earth. As to the atlas of the time past, comparing it with the elaborate atlas of the present time, there is a substantial sense in which it may be affirmed that mountain ranges have been torn up by the roots and cast into the abyss of forgetfulness. Other ranges—some of them capped, under the equator, with perpetual snow—have come to be put in upon sandy deserts, where the map-maker, to conceal his ignorance, freely used his stippling tool. Where boundless burning levels were indicated, there the modern map-maker has marked regions of well-watered pasture-lands. Crowded cities, with their babble, stand where (it was believed) eternal silence reigned,—had reigned from the creation.

If we are speaking of the modern atlas upon which these resolved mysteries had been noted, then we must acknowledge that, in these last years, all things—or almost all—have become new. And what is true of the earth's visible surface, its mountains, its rivers, its plains, its prairies, and its table-lands, may be affirmed, to a great extent, concerning the races of the human family. The brotherhood of nations has been recognized,—even its oneness in all latitudes, whether or not a *brotherly behavior* has followed upon this acquaintanceship.

In this paper I am not undertaking to review the course of geographical discovery in the lapse of sixty years. I am attempting, within the compass of a page, to bring under the light of a contrast the vast accession of materials in this one department only of geography and travels that has come to be heaped upon the family tea-table. And now can we believe that this prodigious pile—if only it has been fairly turned to account in the culture of the family mind—has not wrought a great revolution in our notions, our imaginative range, our power of intellectual or imaginative locomotion. It has done this. On the ground of a vivid recollection of things as they were in this behalf sixty years ago, and of some knowledge of what has accrued to us of late, I am able to affirm that the expansion of this *geographical consciousness* in recent years has extensively affected the mind and the feelings of all the classes that read books.

If it were merely the reading of books, it would be so; but it is much more than this. It is not easy to find a family or a circle that has not sons, brothers, cousins, or friends abroad, fixed there or rambling. As travel-

lers or excursionists, as colonists or as settlers, in the service of trade or in the army,—England, Scotland, and Ireland have homed themselves all the world over. Nor should we fail to bear in mind that other species of foreign residence, which connects the aspect and the strange conditions of English homes abroad with the imagination and the feelings of many families in a very peculiar manner. This is by the outspread of Christian missions in heathen lands. It might be that sixty years ago, I had chanced to see names in a map, thinking nothing about them; but now the region and its mission settlements have struck root into the mind and heart. How shall I forget certain spots in the wilderness of heathendom? This can never be!

In looking back to the readings of sixty years ago,—in this one line of travels and geography,—I am impelled to think that an abyss almost must be bridged over in attempting to reach the tame things of that remote time. We were then reading such books—and we thought them entertaining,—as “Maundrell's Travels,” and “Volney's,” and “Captain Cook's Voyages,” and “Bruce's Adventures in the Upper Nile,” and “Mungo Park's Narrative,” and “Le Vaillant's Ramblings among the Hottentots,” and “Lord Macartney's Embassy to China,” and “Dr. Johnson's tour in the Highlands.” It need not be affirmed that, in a literary sense, those books were of inferior quality to the books that are now on Mudie's lists. But if any one of the countries in question be taken as a sample, then it must be granted that our knowledge of it, and of the people, is in a hundred-fold proportion more intimate, more vivid, and more *authentic*, also, than was that of the past time.

This, all but illimitable, expansion of our knowledge of countries far and near, has a meaning, the import of which it would not be easy duly to appreciate. It has two meanings,—first, it *signifies the fact* that the English race has spread itself abroad in a manner, and to an extent, that has no parallel in the history of nations. Its second meaning is prospective chiefly, and it foreshows what is the destiny of this race, and of this language, and of this Anglo-Saxon feeling,—this constitutional organization,—this home-habit, and this Christianity. We have come to know distant lands thus intimately, *for a reason*; namely, this,—that we are preparing to send thither, and we are now actually sending thither, our sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters. Within the compass of another thirty years from this time, if Europe be left to its dozen of nationalities, the five continents, or four of them, will be teeming with the English people, and will be vivified by English institutions.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF BOOKS.

How unequally are what are called the Realities of Life distributed! Hunger and cold, and their opposites, plenty and comfortable warmth, form the chief experiences of the vast majority of the human race, and constitute all they know, or almost all, of adversity or of prosperity. Whereas, with the minority, how little do these matters enter into their minds! They take no thought for the morrow, what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, nor yet for their garments, what they shall put on; for they have never felt any lack of such things. Their very prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," has no literal signification. Again, how material is the existence of the illiterate rich, compared with that of the studious, or even the refined! Hunting and shooting, or the pleasure of the town, comprehend nearly all the narrow round of life of the former; an existence, however, at least practical and active. On the other hand, it is astonishing to reflect how little of what is termed real life falls to the lot of the latter.

One who is fond of literature, even though he may not be a student, is not,—knowingly,—in this world, above a third of the actual number of his years. Eight of his daily hours are given to sleep, and eight at least,—what with reading and reflection, are passed in a world peopled by the creatures of the imagination.* No astronomer, whose patient mind is so set upon the wonders of the skies, that his familiarity with them is greater than with the things of the earth, is more unsphered, more separated from actual life, than is the boarding-school miss entranced by the pages of a novel. She is sitting upon the sea-shore, perhaps, the cynosure of neighboring eyes; her future husband may be regarding her critically through a spy-glass, from the far-off jetty; her mother may be sitting by her side, pretending to knit, but secretly absorbed in admiration of her beloved daughter, and full of plans for her future. The round of life goes on around her. The fisherman is returning from his nightly labors upon the deep, or mending his nets upon the strand. Parties of pleasure are setting forth upon horseback or in boats. The church-bell is tolling on the hill. A great ship is passing by, crowded with emigrants, to meet her doom, perhaps, somewhere in yonder illimitable sea. But the girl with the book is conscious of none of these things, whether they concern herself or others. She is living in another scene, under

* If he passes the remaining eight, or half of them, in doing good to his fellow-creatures, there will, alas! be few of the less thoughtful entitled to cast a stone at him upon that account.

other circumstances, and surrounded by quite a different set of people. She is no longer a boarding-school miss, home for the holidays. She is married to a man who is laying schemes to murder her; or she is the murderess herself full of the direst plans; or she is an old woman, calmly dying, with her dear ones around her, and it is the parting with them, but not the meeting with death, which makes her weep. She does not seem to be plotted against, or to devise wicked schemes against others, or to die; but she actually is for the time in one or other of those very circumstances. Those are real tears which course down her beautiful cheeks, and fall upon the enchanted page. No one can seriously aver, except in the most physical sense, that while the charm holds her, the girl is a denizen of this world at all. She is alive, indeed, for her blood circulates, and her bosom falls and rises, but she is alive to nothing on earth. The scenes about her never existed; the people about her are not even shadows, like Mr. Pepper's ghosts,—they are only shadows of shadows, reflections from imaginary forms; and yet, while she reads, her existence is passed among them solely. It is not necessary to make any strictures here upon the wickedness of novel-reading. There are some novels, of course, which would do that girl more harm than opium, and much in the same way,—clogging the wheels of action, and making the whole human machine unfit for the plain high-road of life; and there are others, again, which, condensing the knowledge of human life into a few pages, impart the wisdom which a hundred personal experiences might be too few to teach her; or, again, which, setting before her the example of high and steadfast purpose, of duty and of charity, invigorate and fortify the soul. What I would speak of now is merely the engrossing and all-absorbing quality of books. Reflection itself, of course, possesses the same attribute, in a less degree; but we cannot sit down to reflect at a moment's notice,—deeply or earnestly enough to forget what is passing around us,—and be perfectly sure of doing it, any more than we can be sure of going to sleep when we wish to do so.

Now, a congenial book can be taken up by any lover of books, with the certainty of its transporting the reader within a few minutes to a region immeasurably removed from that which he desires to quit. The shape or pattern of the magic carpet, whereon he flutters through space and time, is of no consequence. The son of science is rapt by a problem; the philosopher by an abstruse speculation; the antiquary is carried centuries back into the chivalric past; the lover of poetry is borne upon glittering wings into the future. The

charm works well for all. Books are the blessed chloroform of the mind. We wonder how folks in trouble did without them in old time, just as our descendants will wonder how men and women and children bore to see their limbs sawn off without the Lethe-balm which the mere smelling to a sponge can bestow. Action was not always possible, even to the warrior, and still less to the warrior's wife; there were years of peace; there were long nights,—nights, too, of unmitigated darkness,—wherein their sorrows must have made themselves felt indeed; yet they could never “take up a book,”—that is a phrase in common use among even those of us who are least given to reading,—and while the dreary hours away. It is not a very high claim that is here set forth on behalf of literature,—that of Pass-time, and yet what a blessed boon even that is! Conceive the hours of *inertia* (a thing different from idleness) that it has mercifully consumed for us!—hours wherein nothing could be done, nothing, perhaps, be *thought*, of our own selves, by reason of some impending calamity. Wisely does the dentist furnish his hateful ante-chamber with books of all sorts. Who could abide for an hour in such an apartment with nothing to occupy his thoughts save the expectation of that wretch to come! Whatever makes you forget an impending surgical operation—even though it be tooth-drawing—will make you forget anything. This may seem derogatory to the majesty and disinterestedness of the human mind, but it is undoubtedly true. A great and wise man has told us that no philanthropist would be so much kept awake at night by the news that the empire of China, with its third of the human race or so, had been swallowed up by the sea, as by the knowledge that he was to have the tip of his *own* little finger amputated before breakfast.

And, indeed, it must be confessed that where books fail as an anodyne is rather in cases of physical than of mental pain. Through the long watches of the night, and by the bedside of some slowly dying dear one, it is easier to obtain forgetfulness—the only kind of rest that it may be safe or possible to take—by means of reading than to do so when one is troubled with mere toothache. Nor does this arise from selfishness, since we would endure twenty toothaches, if they might give ease to the sufferer,—but because the sharpness of the pang prevents our applying our mind to anything else; while the deep full sorrow of the soul permits an intervening thought, and over it slides another, and then another, until a layer of such is formed, and the mind of the reader gets wholly free for a brief but blessed time, partitioned off, as it were, from his real trouble.

Grief must have its way, but not *all* its way, and there is a time when even the consolations of religion may be intermitted with advantage, and the heart be suffered to lie fallow, wholly disengaged from any subject that concerns itself. This is not the place to speak of the supreme blessedness of the Book of books; but the benefits which it imparts are totally different from, as they are infinitely greater than, those which flow from books in general. True, it mitigates, comforts, elevates,—works unspeakable good every way,—but it does not prevent that self-consciousness, the abrogation of which we are just now alone considering, so much as do other kinds of books, into which, perhaps, devotion hardly enters at all.

I am writing of the obligation which we owe to literature, and not to religion; yet I cannot but feel “thankful”—using the word in its ordinary and devotional sense—to many a book which is no sermon, nor tract, nor commentary, nor anything of that kind at all. Thus, I have cause to revere the name of Defoe, who reached his hand down through a century and a half to wipe away bitter tears from my childish eyes. The going back to school was always a dreadful woe to me, casting its black shadow far into the latter part of my brief holidays. I have had my share of suffering and sorrow since, like other men; but I have seldom felt so absolutely wretched as when, a little boy, I was about to exchange my pleasant home-life for the hardships and uncongenialities of school. Vain, as black Monday approached, were the increased tendernesses of my mother; the “treats” devised to cheat me of forebodings dire; you might as well have spread a banquet for some wretched doomed one upon the scaffold, and asked him to sit down and eat, forgetful of “the drop,” because you had covered it decently with a damask table-cloth. And yet, I protest, I had but to take up “Robinson Crusoe,” and in a very few minutes I was out of all thought of the approaching calamity; Dr. Birch and his young friends (who were not mine) loomed no more in the near horizon. I had travelled over a thousand leagues of sea; I was in my snug, well-fortified cave, with the ladder upon the right side of it, “so that neither man nor beast could get at me,” with my half a dozen muskets loaded, and my powder distributed in separate parcels, so that not even a thunderbolt should do me any irreparable injury. Or, if not quite so secure, I was visiting my summer plantation among my goats and corn, or shooting, in the still astonished woods, birds of marvellous beauty; or lying upon my stomach upon the top of the hill, watching through my spy-glass the savages putting to sea, and not displeased to

find myself once more alone in my own little island. No living human being could just then have done me such a service as dead Defoe, unless, perhaps, it had been Dr. Birch himself, by dying opportunely, and thereby indefinitely proroguing that fatal reassembling day.

Again, during that agonizing period which intervened between my proposal of marriage by letter to *Jemima Anne*, and my reception of her reply, how should I ever have kept myself alive, save for the chivalrous aid of the Black Knight in "*Ivanhoe*." To him, mainly, assisted by *Rebecca*, and (I am bound to say) by that scoundrel *Brian de Bois Guilbert*, are my obligations due, that I did not—through the extremities of despair and hope, suffered during that interval—become a drivelling idiot.

When her answer did arrive,—in the negative,—what was it which preserved me from the noose, the razor, or the stream, but Mr. Carlyle's "*French Revolution*"? In the woes of poor *Louis Capet*, I forgot my own; in the just indignation of his unhappy wife,* I ceased to dwell upon the cruel manner in which *Jemima Anne* had "led me on;" and finally, in the narration of *Carrier's* "*Noyades*," that false maiden sank from my memory, wholly "scuttled," so to speak, in the tide of rushing *Loire*. Who, having a grateful heart, can forget these things, or deny the blessedness of books? If it were only for the hours of weary waiting which they have consumed for me at desolate railway stations, I pay them grateful homage. But for them I should have gone mad with the contemplation of *Time Tables*, and advertisements of "*Thorley's Food for Cattle*," and "*Beds sent free by Post*," scores and scores of times; but for them, I should have been worse even than I have been upon many a packet's deck; for it is good to keep one's mind employed when the physical interior is menaced with anarchy and general overturn; but for them, the hours would often have dragged very drearily with me, when flying on the wings of steam—yet far too slowly—towards home and wife and children.

Nay, under far more serious circumstances, when disappointment has lain heavy on my soul, and once when ruin itself seemed overshadowing me and mine, what escape have I not found from irremediable woes in taking the hand of *Samuel Johnson* (kindly introduced to that great man by Mr. Boswell), and hearing him discourse with wondrous wisdom upon all things under heaven, sometimes at a club of wits and men of letters, and sometimes at a common tavern ta-

ble, and sometimes even in an open boat upon the Hebridean seas.

I often think, if such be the fascination exercised by books upon their readers, how wondrous must be the enchantment wrought upon the writers themselves! What human sorrow can afflict what prosperity dazzle them, while they are describing the fortunes of the offspring of their own imagination? They have only to close their study door, and take their magic pen in hand, and lo! they are at once transported from this weary world of duns and critics and publishers, into whatever region and time they will. Yes, truly, it is for authors themselves, more than for any other order of men whatever, to acknowledge the blessedness of books.

From The Saturday Review.

LA PLURALITE DES MONDES HABITES.*

THE controversy concerning the existence of life in other planetary bodies than our earth—or, in other words, that of the plurality of inhabited worlds—has slumbered in this country since its temporary revival ten years ago. By the common consent, not only of those who were qualified by special study to pronounce an opinion upon a purely scientific subject, but also of most persons of ordinary practical understanding, the question was perceived to be wholly insoluble in fact, as well as sterile in all practical results. The utmost that could be made out on the affirmative side was that there were no physical conditions known to belong to other bodies differently situated in space from our own globe, actually incompatible with the existence of some form or other of life or organization. It could be proved that even upon our planet forms of life exist under varieties of heat, light, and chemical or other physical conditions, as extreme as any that need be considered to exist in other members of the solar group, or on the surface of the sun itself. And though it could not be said that the range of life assignable to human kind, or to the other higher types of organization, was so wide in extent, it seemed arbitrary to deny to a principle so infinitely plastic as that of organic life the power of manifesting itself in types approaching to that of man,—types, it may be, a little lower than the least developed variety of his race, or, it may be, transcending, for aught we know, the highest form in which humanity has displayed itself on earth. The sum of the argument from scientific data was little more than negative. It attained, at the most, to no more than a degree of probability resting upon

* "Vous êtes tous des scelerats!" cried she to the Municipal Guard through her woman's tears.

* "*La Pluralité des Mondes Habités.*" Par Camille Flammarion. Paris: 1864.

analogy, and approving itself to this or that mind as the bias of fancy or prepossession inclined, rather than as strict reasoning and the observation of facts would logically tend.

The most mischievous result, however, of the controversy became apparent when—instead of being treated, as it should by rights have been, as a question of strictly scientific investigation—it was brought under the light of metaphysical, moral, and theological speculation. The argument from final causes was invoked by one class of disputants, that from religious dogma or tradition by another. But here, too, as in the former case, it was found that either argument could be turned, in different hands, to support diametrically opposite conclusions. To those who went with the eminent reviver of the dispute, in his "Essay on the Plurality of Worlds," a reference to the divine design clearly evinced the uninhabited state of all other worlds save our own, because man is intended to be the exclusive recipient of the Creator's beneficence. To those who obeyed the scientific teaching of "More Worlds than One," it is manifestly proved that the planets, and even the members of the most remote sidereal systems, must be teeming with rational and spiritual beings, in order to exalt the same Creator's perfections and to render a reason for their existence. A curious dilemma was the result. On the one hand, it was argued that those bodies must be inhabited, because they could only have been created for the sustenance of life; on the other, that they could not be inhabited, because they could only have been created as foils to enhance the dignity of the earth and of man. If one class were right, the universe must be inhabited, because a void universe would be useless and without an end; if the other, then a void universe is necessary for the exaltation of man, and of the divine dispensations toward him.

In this state of dead-lock the problem has since been allowed to rest amongst ourselves. It still, however, appears to have retained its charm for the less matter-of-fact and utilitarian class of minds among our neighbors. M. Camille Flammarion—a competent practical astronomer, as is shown by his previous writings upon celestial subjects, no less than by his official position as assistant at the Observatory and the Bureau of Longitudes—has avowed himself a passionate partisan on the side of the plurality of worlds, and may be said to have exhausted the arguments in its behalf. Not content with the physical or strictly scientific treatment of the subject, he pursues it into its bearings upon the entire realm of knowledge or belief. To his fervid imagination it swells, as he proceeds, in proportion and importance, till it becomes at

length commensurate with philosophy itself, and appears as the basis for a new and all-embracing system of religion. In the original impression of his work he seems but to have shadowed out the faint conception of such a system. But the germ has since grown to gigantic proportions, and the work has been entirely rewritten. The faith of the world seems to him to be dead and buried. The relations of man to the universe, to himself, to God, have been shaken and overthrown. History is dried up, philosophy has no voice, religion expires in enigmas, the past is exhausted, the present is chaotic, the future, save for one ray of light, remains dim, unmeaning, inexplicable. What remains but to open to man new and wider relations, to declare to him his true place in the universe, to connect him with other beings, other worlds than his own, and encourage him with the hope that closer communion with those beings and those spheres may form his blissful and immortal lot? Man has been taught too long to look upon himself as alone in the world of consciousness, to consider his little speck of matter the sole centre of life, intelligence, and will. The ant has conceived his ant-hill to be the only scene of activity in the universe. And this isolation of himself has naturally given birth to an inordinate and ridiculous conceit. Man has plumed himself upon being supreme lord and master of creation, and has absurdly fancied the whole forces of matter and all the host of heaven to be made for his contemplation or his use. It is time for this silly pride to be humbled. And under the chastening hand of astronomical study, rightly directed, mankind will for the future take a humbler but a truer place in the order of animated being. Our humanity will assume a rank, though it be the lowest, among the manifold humanities of space. One law of belief will henceforth exist for all,—the Religion of Science:—

"La certitude philosophique de la Pluralité des Mondes n'existe pas encore, parce qu'on n'a pas établi cette vérité sur l'examen des faits astronomiques qui la démontrent: et l'on a vu, ces derniers temps encore, des écrivains en renom hausser impunément les épaules en entendant parler des terres du ciel, sans que l'on ait pu leur répondre par des faits, et les clouer au pied de leurs ineptes raisonnements.

"Quoique cette question paraisse aux uns d'une haute portée philosophique, mais entourée de mystères impénétrables, quoiqu'elle ne soit pour d'autres qu'une fantaisie de curiosité attenante à la recherche vaine du grand inconnu, nous l'avons toujours regardée comme l'une des questions fondamentales de

la philosophie, et du jour où, pressé par la conviction profonde qui était en nous antérieurement à toute étude scientifique, nous avons voulu l'approfondir, la discuter, et essayer d'en faire une démonstration extérieure, nous avons vu que loin d'être inaccessible aux recherches de l'esprit humain, elle brillait devant lui dans une clarté limpide. Bientôt même il devint évident pour nous que cette doctrine était la consécration immédiate de la science astronomique; qu'elle était la philosophie de l'univers, que la vie et la vérité resplendissaient en elle, et que la grandeur de la création et la majesté de son Auteur n'éclataient nulle part avec autant de lumière que dans cette large interprétation de l'œuvre de la nature. Aussi, reconnaissant en elle un des éléments du progrès intellectuel de l'humanité, nous avons appliqué nos soins à son étude, et nous nous sommes proposé de l'établir sur des arguments solides, contre lesquels les défiances du doute ou les armes de la négation ne puissent prévaloir."

The first of the five books into which the treatise of M. Flammarion is divided consists of an elaborate history of the doctrine in question. In fulness and accuracy of learning he here leaves behind all that has been compiled upon the subject by English writers. In point of logical effect, however, it would be vain to attribute much strength to such a chain of authorities. It is curious as a chapter in the history of opinion. It forms a tribute to the industry of the compiler, but it proves nothing more. A catena quite as copious and authoritative might be as readily drawn out on the other side. And in questions of pure science great names go for nothing. A single fact of experiment or observation must be allowed to outweigh the accumulated opinions and traditions of centuries. It is a matter of historic interest, but nothing more, that the idea of the moon and planets being peopled was common to the earliest races of India and Egypt, that it entered into the Nirvana of the Aryan sage, into the Chaldean and the Orphic cosmogonies, into the celestial symbolism of our Druid and Celtic forefathers, and into the half-religious, half-philosophic mythology of Greece. It was caught from Egypt by Thales; it was handed on by the whole Ionic school through Anaximander and Anaximenes, till it reappeared in Origen and Descartes. It formed one of the charges of heresy that nearly proved fatal to Anaxagoras, as it subsequently added to the doom of the unhappy Giordano Bruno, Pythagoras and Democritus, Timæus of Locris and Archytas of Tarentum, Xenophanes and the Eleatic school, were in harmony upon this one point. Petronius of Himera wrote a

book in which he maintained that the number of inhabited worlds was one hundred and eighty-three,—an idea, says Plutarch, which, from a mysterious old sage, had spread for centuries as far as the Indian seas. This mystical number was made out by viewing the universe as a triangle, the sides of which were formed by sixty worlds, having each angle further marked by a single world. Whether, however, we trace the development of the idea through all the oscillations of opinion in the classical or mediæval ages, in Lucretius or anti-Lucretius, in Nicolas of Cusa or in Montaigne, in Galileo, Kepler, Huyghens, or Fontenelle, it must be obvious that the value of their testimony cannot exceed that of the considerations on which it rests. In a scientific point of view it is no more to be quoted than it might be in favor of the existence of witchcraft or of ghosts. It is to the second or physical portion of M. Flammarion's work that we ought to look for the real grounds of his conviction. It is in this, however, that we feel more and more the vague and hypothetical nature of the problem. It is impossible to do more than enunciate with somewhat more fulness of detail those physical conditions which Herschel, Sir David Brewster, and others have laid down, as limiting the possibilities of life elsewhere. On the relations of sense and other bodily functions to heat and light, or those of muscular force, stature, and action to terrestrial and solar gravity, nothing new is here said, or apparently can be said. A complete and highly graphic popular description is indeed given of the solar system, and of its constituent orbs,—of the distance, size, weight, and density of each, together with the calculated ratio of heat and light which each of the planetary bodies derives from the sun. And there is little need of the author's impassioned rhetoric to enhance the testimony borne by these elementary facts of science to the vastness, the harmony, or the majesty of creation. But they leave the real point of the inquiry exactly where it was. The method of final causes is next appealed to. Is it possible to conceive that the beauty, the splendor, the utility of this infinite system were designed to be appreciated and enjoyed but by the scanty inhabitants of one miserable little corner of the whole? Francœur, by way of giving us an original idea of the earth's mass, calculates that to set in motion such a globe at the surface of our planet would require ten thousand million teams of ten thousand million horses each. To start the sun, declares M. Flammarion, not less than 3,550,000 millions of such teams would suffice. And is the giant to exist for the service and accommodation of the mite?

It is when he passes from the physical or

physiological to the moral and the theological point of view that the writer is able to soar to the height of his argument. His method seems to be mainly that of assuming the universal diffusion of life throughout creation, and of leaving to the gainsayer the task of establishing the right of the earth to a monopoly. Why should ours be the privileged world? So far from being the best in a moral sense, it is absolutely bad, and would be known for such but for the inveterate optimism of its rulers, especially its philosophers and priests. The fallacy with which M. Flammarion has no patience is, that whatever exists here is intrinsically good and right. In face of the actual state of the world every candid man must be a pessimist. The wolf is forever preying upon the innocent sheep. Brutal force weighs down virtuous weakness. Dark passions dominate here; base intrigues bear rule there. As in the days of Brutus, good men may be counted on the fingers. Before the Supreme, indeed, all is optimism. Viewed as a whole, his works are all good, all holy, all beneficent. But where is this his rule carried out in fact? Not on the earth, we have seen. There must then be further and superior spheres of life and action; and the plurality of worlds is a necessary truth in a philosophical sense, and demanded by justice in a moral sense. Many writers have gone into the question of the probable stature, strength, and configuration of our fellow-beings in other spheres. Christian Wolff long ago fixed the height of the inhabitants of Jupiter at forty feet eight inches. The Fouriéristes have more recently imagined a kind of celestial hierarchy in which the successive groups rise one above another, in analogy with those of the lower universe, into what M. Renaud has termed *binivers*, *trinivers*, *quatinivers*, etc. The planets themselves have souls, and die out, as ours will do, to give place to newer forms of planetary life. Swedenborg, everybody knows, grew so familiar with the inhabitants of the several planets in which he was in the habit of spending his leisure moments of spiritual ecstacy, that he has left us little to find out touching the moral and other characteristics of our brethren in those abodes. The feelings with which we, in turn, inspire those remote relations of ours—the lively warmth of Venus, the dignified calm of Jupiter, the sardonic coldness of Saturn—are not less matters of fact and veracity. Science, thus interpreted, points to a place for our souls among those radiant spheres. Transported among new conditions of existence, they may contract or put forth powers akin to those of the happier beings whose lot has been already cast there. And, as to what that lot may be, it makes the mouth water to

listen to M. Flammarion lecturing us. In an atmosphere no longer composed of oxygen and azote, what ills of climate may not be spared those fortunate denizens? The whole pulmonary apparatus is doubtless modified, and with it the whole system of organic functions. Instead of the gross and clumsy plan of keeping up the bodily growth and warmth by food, liquid and solid,—the degrading expedient of borrowing for that end, the *debris* of other beings, and, worst of all, that of killing and devouring those endowed with life,—there may be a system of “nourishing atmospheres,” composed of elements nutritious in themselves, and capable of assimilation by organs of corresponding ethereal texture. In the general repeal of laws which belong to man’s inferior state, that of “labor” may come in for the earliest abolition, and with it go all those vulgar cares, appetites, and ambitions to which so much of the misery and *ennui* of terrestrial life are due. Vice will never have arisen. The origin of evil will offer no point for philosophers to wrangle over; for evil itself will never have stepped in. Another “law” abrogated, or rather never set in force, will be that of “death.” War and violence, excess and decay, being unknown in those happy regions, the idea of dying will be out of the question. Peace and right will reign undisturbed. The very faculties of the intellect will partake the purity and the elevation of the moral nature. The tedious and cumbrous processes of experiment and observation will be replaced by a direct and transcendental vision of truth. It seems as if the limits of logic itself will be struck off as fetters from the spirit. The old problems insoluble here will seem perfectly contemptible. The circle will have been squared there long ago, and philosophers’ stones will be picked up by the roadside. The elixir of life, indeed, will be unknown, because, as we have seen, it will be superfluous. Art and science will enter upon new phases. Numeration will proceed by such novel and unprecedented processes that we tremble to pronounce what two and two may be expected to make in M. Flammarion’s developed universe. A new M. Cousin, moreover, will be required to make the analysis of the altered metaphysics *du Beau, du Vrai et du Bien*.

But we are dazzled and lose breath as we attempt to follow M. Flammarion in his flight through space. It is magnificent; but it is not science. Chained to our native earth, which to his aspiring gaze, filled with the glories of other worlds, seems so imperfect and contemptible,—*un monde informe grossier, chetif miserable et imparfait*,—we are conscious of our inability to soar to those heights of ethereal speculation. We can but

stand by in respectful silence while he discourses to us of things that meet his inspired sight in the third heaven, and listen with wonder and awe to the rapture with which he proclaims, in such reasoning, his conviction of the certainty of his hypothesis, and invites us to look up with him, hat in hand, to the twinkling faces of the stars as to the abodes of a humanity akin to, while surpassing our own—*Saluons! mes freres, saluons tous; ce sont les Humanites nos sœurs qui passent?*

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FROM gold to gray one mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But tenderly above the sea,
Hangs white and calm the Hunter's moon.

In its pale fire the village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls, whereon it falls,
Transfigured stand in marble trance.

O'er fallen leaves the west wind grieves,
Yet comes the seedtime round again;
And morn shall see the State sown free
With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street the shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate that shape the State;
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see the powers that be,
I stand by Empire's primal springs,
And princes meet in every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings.

Hark! through the crowd the laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon;
God save the land a careless hand
May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon.

No jest is this; one cast amiss
May blast the hope of Freedom's year;
Oh, take me where are hearts of prayer,
And foreheads bowed in reverent fear.

Not lightly fall beyond recall,
The written scroll a breath can float;
The crowning fact, the kingliest act
Of freedom, is the freeman's vote.

For pearls that gem a diadem,
The diver in the deep sea dives;
The regal right we boast to-night
Is owned through costlier sacrifice.

The blood of Vane; his prison pain
Who traced the path the pilgrim trod;
And hers whose faith drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God.

Our hearts grow cold; we lightly hold
The right which brave men died to gain;
The fire, the cord, the axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

Your shadows rend, and o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms,
Breathe through these throngs your battle-songs,
Your scaffold prayers and dungeon psalms.

Look from the sky, like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,
Till in the might of thy pure light
Our mean self-seeking meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smite away the hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims and private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
To which are given the age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one.

SYMBOLS.

STILL hearts, whose passions never stir,
At times I envy your repose;
Smooth lakes, where coyest wild-fowl whirl,
Ye feel no troublous ebbs and flows,

Yet, tropic hearts, your fiercer play
Of sun and storm, of moon and night,
Is dearer than perpetual day
In Arctic summer's glacial light.

Great clouds, which bear upon your backs
The sunshine, in your breasts the storm—
Alps of the air, whose pathless tracks
Ye course with ever-changing form;

By morning touched with aureole light,
At sunset stranded, firing far
Your dull distress-guns, or at night
Raced through by many a startled star—

Ye are the types that Genius loves!
So, moulded by an inward stress,
A shade, a storm, it o'er us moves,
A power to threaten or to bless.

W. W. S.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.—The tidings of the death of Elizabeth H. Whittier, at Amesbury, only sister of the poet, went to the hearts of many in this community with a pang like that of personal loss. Estimable and gifted in herself, Miss Whittier's life has been so identified with that of her brother, and her name so closely associated with his, that the thousands who admire his genius and revere him as a man can but feel deeply pained in his great bereavement.

Miss Whittier had been an invalid for many years, but for the last few months her sufferings have been extreme, and her condition one of almost entire prostration. Still her disease was so gradual in its progress that its fatal termination was an unexpected blow to all her friends.

Miss Whittier's published poems were few, but they showed a high moral purpose and finished grace kindred to her brother's genius. It may be remembered that both Mr. and Miss Whittier joined in the production of an appropriate poem for the beneficent fair held some years since in Boston; and our readers will recall Miss Whittier's two latest published poems,—though neither is very recent,—“To Dr. Kane in Cuba,” and “Tribute to Lady Franklin.”

Regard for the delicacy of a nature which held itself shrinkingly aloof from publicity forbids more than a passing tribute to its rare loveliness; but it may at least be said that with her has passed away a life fragrant with Christian graces and beautiful in its charities,—a character at once strong and delicate, and a mind rich in those qualities which will always link her memory with the fame of the deepest-hearted poet of our country and time.—*Newburyport Herald*.

TEACHING THE DUMB TO SPEAK.—M. Mary has introduced into London a system, which some time since caused much interest in Germany, for teaching dumb persons to speak. To the majority of the community this may appear a startling, nay, an absurd, proposition; but it is one, nevertheless, which, we believe, will stand the test of proof. Having obtained a perfect aptitude for the finger alphabet, the pupils are gradually trained in the systems adopted by M. Mary, which is carried on without mere signs, the basis of the system being what is termed artificial lip pronunciation. We were invited some few days since to M. Mary's residence in Bulstrode Street, where we met two pupils, one a little French girl, of only eight years of age, who spoke several sentences in French, of which we understood nearly every word, and replied to questions addressed to her by M. Mary merely from watching the action of the mouth. Whenever M. Mary pointed to any article of furniture, etc., in the room, she immediately gave the word by which it was known. A young man, another pupil, who had been for some six years in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and who of course, was perfectly

au fait at writing answers to questions put to him, had only received fourteen or fifteen lessons, was able to articulate many words, and to understand what was said to him by watching the movement of the mouth of his preceptor; but having received so few lessons, it could not be expected that he should have made much progress.

FRENCH ingenuity has just devised a means of producing a newspaper which is to be distributed gratis, to contain no advertisements, and yet which is to give a profit to its proprietor. The prospectus of the *Journal des Abonnés* appears in *Figaro*, but is by no means a joke. The periodical is to appear twice a month, and to consist of thirty-two quarto pages. It is to contain a Parisian chronicle, reviews of books, articles on the fashions for the ladies, works of fiction, travels, etc.; also caricatures, autographs, and occasionally music. The paper is to be white, the print good, and it is to be distributed gratis,—to all persons, its projector adds, “who commission me to subscribe in their name to a daily paper, to one of the principal French reviews, or to a weekly illustrated paper.” While that subscription lasts, the subscriber will receive the *Journal des Abonnés*, whose proprietor's profit is to consist of the trade allowance made to him by the papers to which he is commissioned to subscribe. M. de Villemessant, the director of the *Figaro* and of one or two other journals, announces the appearance of the first number of the new paper for the 1st of October. He reckons on an enormous number of subscribers on the terms he proposes, but even then he would not see his way to a profit if he did not expect the custom of a great many persons who take in several papers. The speculation seems a hazardous one, but he counts confidently on its proving remunerative.

Tasso creeping out of a pawnbroker's shop would make a very pretty picture of the vain glories of this life, and of the emptiness of poetic glory. The auction-room often brings to light, in an old letter, or on the fly-leaf of an aged book, shreds of the true story, a lineament of the face without paint, or a bit of the time-honored plate, lacking its former showy gilt. What a little lesson does this scrap from Paris teach us: “A curious autograph of Tasso was sold to-day, which gives an insight into the poet's early struggles: I, the undersigned, acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levy, twenty-five livres, for which sum I have pledged a sword of my father's, six shirts, and two silver spoons.” The document bears the date of March 2, 1570, at which time Tasso was twenty-six.

ONE FAULT OF MODERN NOVELISTS.—There is another practice of certain novelists, which annoys me not a little—that is, to dish up the same characters either as principals or secondaries in every story. It is not merely objectionable on the ground that character-drawing is almost the best part of fiction, as it is certainly the most instructive; but there is such poverty in invention, or such inveterate indolence, implied in the practice. It is bad enough if a strolling company must perform “*Coriolanus*” with the same corps that gave the “*Road to Ruin*”; and it is hard to surrender one’s sympathy to *Romeo*, when he perpetually recalls *Jeremy Diddler*; still, these poor creatures do their utmost so to disguise their identities that you shall not detect them. Whereas, in the novel, it is the same dreary personage that broke your heart in the “*Three Crows*,” that is now dogging your steps in “*Drivelling Manor*,” and the Bore that cost you the thread of one story by your efforts to skip him, turns up in a totally different book to be your misery once more.

When *Sancho* was relating the memorable story of the shepherd to his master, he found himself suddenly arrested in his narrative by *Don Quixote*’s inability to tell how many sheep had been ferried over the stream. “*Fore God*,” said he, “if you have forgotten the score, it is impossible for me to continue the story.” These people are, however, more exacting still; for they call on you to bear in mind who was each person’s father and mother, who their uncles and aunts and good friends. A name turns up suddenly in the story without any intimation who he is and whence he comes. You turn back to trace him; alas, it is to a story published the year before, and nine others dating successively as many years back, you must go,—a labor that may possibly not be requited by any interest intended to surround him. In the reading of these books, if not well “posted” in all by the same author, and gifted with a retentive memory besides, a man feels like a *parvenu* suddenly introduced into a society where except himself each knows and is known to his neighbor. He has the humiliating consciousness that in a company so intimately united, he himself, the intruder, is *de trop*. He sees that every one knows the Duke of Allsorts, and that nobody is surprised when *Lady Mumford* appears, and he naturally concludes that he has no business in a society where he is the only one who has to inquire who are those around him. Why will not these writers give us with a new book a chronological table, and let us learn who begat whom?

But, in point of fact, the thing is harder than mere chronology—it is far more; it is the Darwinian theory applied to fiction and the law of development introduced into tale writing. The *homunculus* of some book of ten years ago may be the foreground figure of a later work: and the child you have scarcely noticed at one time, may have been developed into the grandmother of a present heroine.

This is simply intolerable. I ask for a story, and you give me a census return; I want a tale, and I get an extract from a baptismal registry.—

Blackwood

THE VOICE OF NIGHT.

How beautiful the heavens look to-night !—
So calm, transparent; and the starry crowd,—
Those exquisite embodiments of light,
Could ye not almost fancy they were proud
Of their own loveliness?—that they had bliss
In beaming forth on such a night as this?

Forever and forever there is set
In the enduring sky a seal and sign,
A voiceless evidence of God !—which yet
Unchanged shall live, when this frail form of
mine
Hath mouldered from the bosom of the earth,
Leaving no record of its mortal birth.

The elements of which we are composed
May perish; they are finite; but the soul
Bursts from the frame in which it laid enclosed,
Beyond the grasping reach of Time’s control !
That spirit which within us swells and speaks,
Shall find the immortality it seeks!

Oh, thou !—Creator !—God !—and can it be
That man is heir to thine own glorious heaven?—
’Tis so !—the light which is sublimity,—
The essence which is thought, by thee were
given !
The fear and heaviness of doubt are o’er—
I muse, and feel—and tremble—and adore !

The Utilization of Minute Life.—By Dr. T. L. Phipson, F. C. S. London, etc. Groombridge & Sons.

THE object of Dr. Phipson is to redeem the science of zoölogy and botany from the charge of being unpractical. To effect this he has taken certain classes of invertebrata and set himself to show how they contribute directly to the welfare of mankind. Thus he devotes a chapter to the insects which produce silk, another to those which produce color—as the cochineal, another to those which produce wax or honey; and treats of insects employed in medicine, of certain crustacea—as lobsters and crabs, of worms and leeches, and of polypes—as the coral insect and sponges. The result is a most pleasant volume full of interesting and useful information. Indeed, it is remarkable how little has yet been done for the improvement of the breeds of insects. M. André Jean, director of a large silkworm establishment at Neuilly, has effected wonders by breeding only from the largest and finest silkworm moths. In this matter, as is shown by their invention of pisciculture, the French are ahead of us. We heartily commend this work. In point of getting up—paper and type—it is as near as possible to perfection.

ONE of our Regent Street photographers has recently introduced a novelty in the mode of taking carte-de-visite photographs with the signatures of the sitters appended. This gives but little extra trouble. The sitter simply signs his name to a slip of paper, and finds its fac-simile, diminished in size, transferred to the portraits when they come home.

APPENDIX

TO THE

REPORT OF THE SANITARY COMMITTEE:

BEING THE

EVIDENCE TAKEN BY THE COMMISSION

RELATING TO

TREATMENT OF UNION PRISONERS BY THE REBELS.

EVIDENCE OF OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY* RETURNED AFTER CONFINEMENT IN REBEL PRISONS.

*Testimony taken at Annapolis, Maryland, at
United States Army General Hospital, Di-
vision No. 1, May 31, A.D. 1864.*

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.—Dr. Valen-
tine Mott, Dr. Edward Delafield, Gouverneur
M. Wilkins, Esq., Dr. Ellerslie Wallace,
Hon. J. I. Clarke Hare, Rev. Treadwell
Walden.

TESTIMONY OF PRIVATES AND NON-COM- MISSIONED OFFICERS.

Private JOSEPH GRIDER, *sworn and ex-
amined* :—

I come from East Tennessee, near Knox-
ville; enlisted in the 3d East Tennessee in-
fantry. I was taken prisoner near home,
betrayed by a citizen, 30th October, 1863.
I was taken to Atlanta, Georgia, and then
taken to Richmond. I am fifty-eight years
of age; my health was pretty good when I
was last captured. The first time I was
balled and chained at Macon, Georgia. I
escaped from Macon, Georgia; was taken
as a spy; some papers found on me—re-
cruiting papers. Was put in Libby Prison
first, kept there about three weeks, then was
removed to Danville. I first escaped August
31st, and afterwards was retaken. I then
had my uniform on as I had before when I
was taken as a spy. When I reached Rich-
mond my health was only tolerable good,

which was occasioned by the treatment I had
previously received. During while I was
escaping I lived on stolen corn and stolen
pigs; I broiled the meat in the mountains; I
was in Libby about three weeks; was in
Danville over five months. Left Danville
16th of April to come here.

In Libby my daily ration was corn bread
—very rough. It was not sieved—plenty
of whole grains in it; (witness gives the
measure, which amounts to about 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic
inches). There were corn husks also in the
bread as large as my two fingers. I kept a
journal, but it was taken from me; it was in
the haversack. Had meat sometimes, about
every other day, about two ounces. The
bread weighed from a half pound to three-
quarters—for two men—as some of our men
weighed it. I could have eat up my rations
and my partner's and not had enough at that,
when I was well. It was just the diet that
made me sick; the bread was not done half
the time.

Everything was taken from me but my
dress coat, shirt, pants and boots; slept on
the floor; walked many a night to keep
warm; there were two hundred and fourteen
men in the room I staid in; we laid close to-
gether, about a foot apart.

Rations at Libby not the same as at Dan-
ville; at Danville we got black bread, which
we drew until it gave out, then we had corn
bread. There were lots of men who walked

* The term "United States Army" is used here
and elsewhere for convenience, and includes both
the regular and volunteer service.

† Representing a fraction more than twelve ounces
of raw corn meal.

all night to keep warm. At Danville we got bigger of the black bread than common; I threw it up, I couldn't eat it. It is made of cane seed; I never knew it to be eaten before. I was in Danville about four weeks before the diarrhœa came on me; I had lost flesh before and since my capture. My healthy weight is from two hundred and twelve to two hundred and fourteen pounds.

I went into the hospital when I had the diarrhœa; there got pea-soup and a slice of white bread, size of half my hand. I found bugs in the soup, that was boiled out of the peas. I was there twelve days before they gave me any medicine, or told me what was the matter with me.

My diarrhœa had stopped some time before I was exchanged; I afterwards had the pleurisy. I have gained flesh since I came here. They abuse the Tennesseans worse than other prisoners. Our food was about the same.

They would not let you look out the windows. They shot seven men for looking out; one was shot on my floor; his name was Robert McGill; he got well; he had just put his hand out to throw out some water.

It was warm enough in the day-time when we were stirring about. Sometimes we were allowed to go to the privy and sometimes we were not. We have been kept from it so much as three days, until we fouled the floor — this was for punishment for taking a little slat or such thing, by those who were on the lower floor. I can eat two such corn cakes as I got.

JOSEPH GRIDER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private JACKSON O. BROSHERS, *sworn and examined* :—

Age, twenty years; height, six feet one inch; ordinary weight from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and seventy-five pounds. I have weighed but one hundred and sixty pounds; improved for a while in weight in the army. I enlisted from Spencer county, Indiana, in the 65th Indiana; captured December 16th; in prison at Belle Isle, and at Pemberton buildings in Richmond.

Was clad with great coat and blanket when taken. They were taken from me; they gave me no blankets or covering. I wore a jacket, shirt, drawers, &c., while in prison. The prison was not a very good place to stay; it was a tent; I staid in it at Belle Isle; the rain came in; suffered from the cold; it was cold weather; had some little fire part of the time; I had a Sibley

tent very much torn; the fire was in the centre.

I saw a good many men — over three hundred — without shelter for some weeks; I slept on an old coat I got from a rebel; no man ever said he was comfortable in prison; our men would sleep upon what they could get; I have a chronic diarrhœa; had corn bread in prison; before I came away they gave us more; I had enough for a while of such as was given us; no whole grains in my bread; it was white corn bread; had pork once; don't know how often I had beef; don't think seven times; was in Belle Isle about two and a half months; got a piece of meat about the size of my two fingers. I judge it had worms in it by the holes I saw; before I came away, I got enough of such as it was, but at first I did not.

I lost my strength I think for the want of food; it was a month and a half that we had no meat; had not been sick before I entered the army; most of the men complained of being hungry; they appeared ravenous when the rations were brought in.

I have gained strength since I have been here; I have the diarrhœa; had it about two weeks before I came from prison; I think I lost my strength before the diarrhœa began; lost my flesh afterward; the worst of my weakness was after the diarrhœa commenced; could not have walked three miles without resting before the diarrhœa came on.

I did not suffer from the want of air, but the want of room; I suffered from cold a great deal; about fourteen to fifteen men sleep in a Sibley tent in our army.

I got some crackers that they said came from the Sanitary Commission, a cap, overcoat and canteen; the other men got some clothing, too, that they said came from the Sanitary Commission.

My rations were somewhat less than this bible.*

JACKSON O. BROSHERS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Corporal WILLIAM M. SMITH, *sworn and examined* :—

I am twenty-two years old; from Kentucky; enlisted in the 8th Kentucky regiment September 24th, 1861; was captured September 20th, 1863; taken to Richmond, Virginia; was captured at the battle of Chattanooga.

I was put in Smith's building, after being

* Which being measured, contains 31½ cubic inches.

some six days at Belle Isle; in Smith's building about two months.

Had on good clothes when taken in; they took blankets and oil cloth, extra shirt and drawers, &c., from me; while we were in Richmond, there were some Sanitary clothes sent there; they were needed mighty bad; the rebels have taken a heap of Sanitary clothing, I think.

At Belle Isle, laid out on the naked ground; it rained some two days.

I took the small-pox in Danville; I was then taken to the hospital; I wore the same clothing I had before I got it; I wore the same clothes when I came on here; I believe I had a shirt and my dress coat washed; I washed my drawers myself.

I came here the second of May.

My health was pretty good when taken prisoner; when I left I was taken out of the hospital; I guess it was the small-pox, erysipelas and diarrhoea which brought me down.

When I was in prison, before I was taken sick, got a piece of corn bread about the size of this bible, (the same referred to by the other witness;) got meat three or four days in the week; when sick, got a small piece of wheat bread — as much as I could eat then — a piece of beef with it, about two ounces; sometimes a little beef soup, with red peas in it, and rice; we had coffee made out of rye — sometimes, once a day — most every day; I took the small-pox first; I was there about a week before I took it; felt pretty well before; did not get enough to eat before; hungry all the time.

WILLIAM M. SMITH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Sergeant ALFRED P. JONES, sworn and examined:—

I am twenty-seven years of age; am from Worcester, Massachusetts; I enlisted September 14th, 1861, in Boston, in the 1st Massachusetts cavalry; was taken prisoner in Virginia, at Aldie, June 17th, 1863; was taken to Libby prison June 24th, 1863.

Was in prison two days and one night; then taken to Belle Isle, and remained there some thirty days when I was exchanged; I was protected from the weather by a tent — it was full of holes; some were as well off and others were not — some laid on the bare ground — some four hundred; had no blanket or overcoat when I went there.

I sold my India rubber cover to a rebel to buy bread with.

A good many who went to the prison when I did, had their blankets taken from them; the men said they wanted the clothes for

their own soldiers; I used to see the rebel officers dressed in our uniforms.

Most of the men seemed to have coughs, and were very weak.

The prisoners complained of a want of food; it was a general complaint; I walked the streets many a night; I could not sleep from hunger; all complained.

At the time I was there in June and July, 1863, the food was very fair, but in small quantities; received one-fourth of a loaf in the morning of wheat bread, which was three inches by three and three-fourths, by one and three-fourths. We had this twice a day; about two small mouthfuls of meat. For supper we had a half pint of bean soup; don't remember finding any worms in it; there would be sand or gravel in it; there was no deficiency in water. We were allowed to go out in squads to bathe. There were squads let out to bathe and wash their clothes.

I had nothing to sleep on; it was warm in the day time, cool at night.

I heard many complain of cramp and pains. I lost flesh and strength, and so did the others, from want of food.

ALFRED P. JONES,

Sergeant Co. C., 1st Massachusetts Cavalry.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.
United States Commissioner.

Private WILLIAM D. FOOTE, sworn and examined:—

I was born in Canada, and enlisted in Buffalo, New York, on 31st October, 1862, in the 9th New York Cavalry; I am twenty-eight years of age; have been in the army about a year and eight months.

Was in the hands of the rebels about nine months; was at Belle Isle, and in the hospital at Richmond; was well when I was captured; I was taken with diarrhoea.

For first two or three months at Belle Isle the quality of rations was very good; hardly sufficient to sustain life in quantity. It was wheat bread, almost four inches square, not exceeding half an inch in thickness, a small portion of beef — call it two mouthfuls. We had this quantity of bread twice a day, and a small tincupful of bean soup, which had black bugs in it, which would float on the top. We then got corn bread, about half the size of this Bible, (the same one previously referred to,) twice a day.

I was seven weeks I had no shelter at all; the latter part of the time had a tent full of holes.

The latter part of October received blankets, &c., from our Government; my blankets and clothes had been taken from me.

I lost flesh. Out of seven hundred that came to Belle Isle with me, I think there were about two hundred got shelter; we were exposed to the weather.

There was no name for our hunger. When a bone would be thrown away by some, it would be taken up often by others, and boiled to get something out of it.

All who were there failed in strength and flesh as I did, from starvation, I think.

There were no sheds put up for us.

I should judge it was the corn bread which caused the diarrhoea. It appeared to disagree with me, for when I had wheat bread, I kept my health perfect. The corn bread gave me pain in my bowels; often got whole grains and husks in the bread, I am positive, as I am on my oath; the proportion would be small; after that, we got rye and corn mixed, of a better quality of bread.

WILLIAM D. FOOTE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private ROBERT MORRISON, *sworn and examined* : —

I was enlisted from the northwest part of Ohio, in Pendleton, Putnam county, Riley township, in the 21st Ohio Volunteers; I was taken prisoner at Chattanooga, September 20th, 1863; I was removed to Richmond; was two or three days on our way; I was stout and healthy when I reached Richmond; I forget the name of the prison into which I was put — I remember, it was Pemberton; I remained there about a month, was then removed to Danville, Virginia, remained there till I was brought here; was placed in buildings at Danville.

Our blankets were taken from us; our other clothing was left to us: had no overcoat; had no watch; we saved our money; I put it in the sole of my boot; they searched us for it; we had a stove — got wood once in a while; it was not very comfortable.

My health was first-rate before I entered the service; I was in the army about nineteen months before I was captured; had no bowel complaint or any other sickness while in our army; when I went into the army my weight was one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

I got a chunk of corn bread daily, the size of this Bible*; it satisfied me and more too, because I couldn't eat it; sometimes it was but about half baked; it was of a yellow color; it was of a musty taste; had a very small ration of meat about as large as three of my fingers in breadth, and about two inches in thickness.

* The same before referred to.

I was about two months in prison before I took sick; my first sickness was fever and ague; I had not had it before for some years; I have a little bowel complaint now, it does not trouble me much; I had the lung fever afterwards. I got some eggs then; when I got so as to be up and around I was sent back to the prison; I then took the diarrhoea; that came on in about three weeks after my return to the prison; it reduced me down — was sent back to the hospital; got wheat bread then, an egg, small piece of meat, potatoes, salt meat, some soup not very good; there was rice in the soup; was in a bed when I had the lung fever; I could go into corn bread pretty fast at first; the meat was pretty good — fresh meat; I was there about six months; if the corn bread had been good, with the meat, it would have been plenty; had not been in the habit of eating corn bread; it was kind of musty. In the corn bread there were some grains of corn.

A hundred and fifty men in the room where I was. In a warm evening the room was very close; we had brooms to sweep the room; the privy was handy; the room we were in was about sixty by sixty feet; we had as much food as we wanted, such as it was.

There was about a foot between each man as we lay; we had a small yard we could walk around, about fifteen or sixteen feet wide, by one hundred and fifty feet long; I think it was the corn bread and fresh meat that gave me the bowel complaint; I was not used to the corn bread.

I am twenty-three years of age.

ROBERT MORRISON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Testimony taken at United States Army General Hospital, Division No. 2, Annapolis, Maryland, May 31, 1864.

ALL THE COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.

Private GEORGE DINGMAN, *sworn and examined* : —

I am fifty-four years of age; I am from Michigan; enlisted in the 27th Regiment in 1862; I had always good health till captured; was taken at Strawberry Plain; taken to Richmond, thence to Belle Island about the 26th of January; had no shelter but the heavens; was taken by some one into a tent; had the rheumatism.

No shelter was provided by the authorities; some hundreds had no shelter, some had; no fire; had nothing to sleep on but them blankets I brought; had blankets when taken prisoner.

(A ration produced); this was the rations I got; sometimes we got this twice and sometimes three times a day (the ration weighs two ounces of bread and three-sixteenths of an ounce of meat; both are now perfectly dry which causes a loss of weight); have had meat more than once a day.

Was at Belle Isle two weeks; think the prisoners got a little more bread on the island than at the hospital; my ration was two inches in length by two and a half inches wide, and about one inch thick, three times a day, or twice a day sometimes; suffered from hunger; could not lay in bed from rheumatism; when the hungry feeling came I got so weak I could not walk; once and a while had a little soup or beans raw; no man could eat the soup unless he was starving; it tasted nasty and briny; I could walk when I came here, but had no strength.

I saw the rations the rebel guards got; they were four times as much as ours: they got the same kind of bread and meat, but they could help themselves out of the bag.

There were complaints; the doctor was very kind, and did all he could.

During January the men would run all night to keep warm, and in the morning I would see men lying dead; from three to six or seven; they were frozen; this was nearly every morning I was there; the men would run to keep warm, and then lie down and freeze to death; we made an estimate and found that seventeen men died a night from starvation and cold, on an average.

If I were to sit here a week I couldn't tell you half our suffering.

GEORGE DINGMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private CHARLES H. ALLEN, *sworn and examined*:—

My home is in New York; enlisted in the 16th New York Regiment last fourth of July; was sickly then; don't know when I was captured; it was in Virginia; was taken to Belle Isle.

They took my clothes away; my extra clothing, my overcoat and blanket; it was at the end of the winter; slept on the ground; remained about two months without shelter, then went to the hospital.

It was cold; suffered a great deal with cold; some froze to death; I only saw dead men once.

We got corn bread and sometimes soup; corn bread twice a day; meat three or four times a week; I got a quarter of a loaf of corn bread for each ration about as wide as my four fingers, and about four fingers thick.

I was hungry, pretty nearly starved to death all the time.

Rations not as good at the hospital; not so large.

Had a frozen foot and diarrhoea when I went to the hospital; think it was the beans and water which gave me the diarrhoea; I relished the bread at first, then I lost my relish for it; was in Belle Isle about three months; from the last of the winter.

Was in Belle Isle two months before I froze my feet; I heard that a good many more were frozen to death; about sixty I suppose; I did not go round the tents, and therefore did not see them; I have lost the end of my little toe (witness exhibits his frozen toe to the Commission).

CHAS. H. ^{his} ALLEN.
mark.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private FRANK EICHELBERGER, *sworn and examined*:—

I am from Baltimore; enlisted August, 1861, in the 8th Kansas, Company A; captured at Chattanooga; health good up to that time; taken to Richmond and placed in a tobacco warehouse; I am twenty-two years of age; got to Richmond 21st of October; went into prison in December, and remained till March.

They took our blankets and coats away from us; laid on planks; on the floor; it was warm when we were crowded.

Got corn bread, rice, sweet potatoes; meat once a week; got rice and sweet potatoes every other day; corn bread three inches square, one and a half inches thick, twice a day; teacupful of rice; sometimes soup, two-thirds of a pint; we got soup about as often as we got meat.

It did not satisfy hunger; my appetite was never satisfied; my health declined rapidly.

I got a heavy cold; and then went to the hospital, when I had the pneumonia; the condition of the other men was about the same with regard to their food and accommodations; they complained of their treatment while at the hospital; got dried apples and coffee sent to us from the North.

I had no pain when I suffered from hunger; could not sleep on account of hunger; did not suffer from cold a great deal; the loaf shown to me is just like what we got; about one-third of it (loaf weighs fifteen ounces, and measured about thirty-one and a half cubic inches), twice a day.

The rebel guards got the same kind of bread; a great deal more; enough to satisfy any man's hunger; sometimes their bread

was better than this; the bread was made of corn meal not sifted; no grains or cob in it that I saw; I believe some of our men did complain; haven't heard any reason why we were not better fed.

FRANK EICHELBERGER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private DANIEL McMANN, sworn and examined:—

I am from New York; enlisted in the 43d New York; captured at Gettysburg; was sickly when captured; taken to Richmond; placed in Belle Isle.

Took my coat and blanket away; gave us no covering: some laid out on a bank; reached Belle Isle in July; a number of men had to lie out on the bare ground.—two hundred; I was there till after Christmas.

I suffered from cold very much, and so did the men more than I; we had cold rain storms; some men froze to death in a ditch.

It was not much better in the tents; I saw men carried out of the tents in blankets, dead; saw this more than once; I suppose they died mostly from hunger and cold.

We got about one-third the loaf shown, of corn bread (loaf weighed, and weighs fifteen ounces) twice a day; sometimes but once; meat once regularly; a small piece about as big as my four fingers together.

Went into the hospital after Christmas, and remained till last of March; rations worse in hospital; as much bread, meat and soup given to us the same day at the hospital; they were bad and we could not eat them; a hungry man could not eat the meat and soup; there is but one man here who was in the ward with me at the hospital.

Suffered from hunger at Belle Isle; heard others complain; had the measles and a touch of the diarrhœa; my strength did not keep up till I got the diarrhœa; when I would go down to the river to get a drink, I could hardly stand or get back; river about fifty yards off.

My guards were not hungry, for they would sometimes throw bread in to the prisoners; have picked it up myself; it was better bread than ours; not so coarse.

I saw a man kill a dog and eat part of it, and he sold the rest of it; I got some.

his
DANIEL McMANN.
mark.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private WALTER S. SMITH, sworn and examined:—

Am from New York; enlisted August 27th, 1861, in the 48th New York; captured at Morris Island, July 18th taken to Columbia, S. C.; never had any blanket; rations were corn bread—enough—small piece of meat and rice; done very well there; from there taken to Richmond—Libby Prison.

Was put on Belle Isle in two days after tents torn, holes in them; about half of our men slept outside—fifty; it rained through the tents.

Some laid out in the snow and frost; I laid on the ground; the men that laid out, some had blankets and some had none; some froze to death; many had their feet frozen; all that slept out suffered from cold some in tents suffered from cold.

I saw men that had frozen to death in the night; I saw this seven or eight times.

We had wheat bread when we first went there; about eight inches by four and a-half, by an inch and a half or more thick; meat ration four or five times a week, as big as my three fingers, each time, for three or four months; after that got none, except once in a while: I had a chronic diarrhœa; kept my strength pretty well till then; lost flesh before.

The corn bread was very poor—ground with cob; on the days they gave us meat, they gave us less bread; when we had meat, the bread ration was about one-half the size of the loaf produced here, (same as before referred to, weighing fifteen ounces); we got half of this loaf (for the whole day) when we got meat; two-thirds when we had no meat; we never got as much as the whole loaf; when we came away, they gave us rations to last through the day—one loaf; we got soup four or five times a week at first; soup and meat same day; latter part of time, scarce any soup.

The guards fared better; they got meat when we did not; they got a third more bread; our rations not sufficient to keep down hunger; suffered the last three months; had the diarrhœa twice; got it the last time, three or four days before I came away; the men suffered very much who had been on the island for some time; felt no pain when hungry; never kept from sleeping from hunger; left Belle Isle, 17th of March; think thirty or forty died while I was there.

I have heard the men running round the tents to keep warm at all hours of the night; the river was frozen a little while I was there; the current is rapid.

The water would freeze two or three inches in the bucket at night; the main street of the camp would be very much filled with men lying there.

From the general talk from the men in the camp, I think that the statement, that seventeen men would die on an average a night, is likely to be correct.

WALTER S. SMITH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Testimony taken at United States Army General Hospital, Division No. 1, Annapolis, Maryland, June 1st, 1864.

ALL THE COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.

Private WM. W. WILCOX, of Cleveland, Ohio, sworn and examined:—

I enlisted August, 1862, in the 124th Ohio Volunteers.

Taken prisoner at the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., September, 1863; taken to Tunnel Hill, Ga.; was in good health at the time of capture; thence to Richmond, Va.; placed on Belle Isle.

They took everything except the natural clothing, even to knife, on body; no blankets given us; I hid my money and they did not get that.

No shelter provided; slept on bare ground; no covering in the least; was put on the Isle the last day of September, or first of October; staid there eleven days; men came when I did; had no shelter; were turned into an enclosure in which there was no shelter; I suppose there were two thousand without shelter.

Removed to the city of Richmond; we were all removed there; placed in Smith's tobacco factory; no covering nor bed until the blankets were sent to us by the United States; received the blankets about the 1st of December.

Removed to Danville, and placed in tobacco warehouse; windows broken out; miserable cold place; we took the blankets with us from Richmond; so cold, we suffered; no means to keep warm, except by walking around; the cold prevented sleeping to a great extent; a man could not sleep alone comfortable with one blanket.

There was a great deal of stealing of blankets by the guards; the men traded their blankets for rice; the guards would bring rice to the window, from fifteen to twenty pounds, and offer to exchange for our blankets; they would come to the windows and say, "stick your blanket out so I can get hold of the end of it;" then two or more of the guards would jerk the blanket away and not give the rice; this was not a general thing, though it was often done; the motive of the men for doing this, was, they were so near starved out that they were

ready to take anything; the guard would pass in bags of sand in place of rice and take blankets.

When we first came there, our bread was made from middlings, shorts and bran, such as we feed our cattle; it was a combination of most everything, corn-hulls, bran, and refuse flour; got about half pound: the bulk was only one-quarter larger than the loaf shown, but was lighter than this; I should say from two to three ounces lighter.

Our beef, when we first went there, would range from four to six ounces a day.

Our soup was made from sweet potatoes; about half pint in quantity, and the liquor the beef was boiled in; some days we would not get any soup; the soup was hardly palatable.

There was a difference in our rations; we drew this black bread for about a week, then drew corn bread; the corn bread was about the size for a ration as the loaf shown here; I should judge our rations were heavier than that loaf, about two to three ounces, (loaf weighs now twelve ounces and a fraction).

In every ration there was cobs, whole corn, as hard as on the cobs, sometimes husks as long as my finger; the loaf was sweet when we first got it; not sufficient to satisfy hunger.

The way it affected me was to make me so weak I would become blind; if I'd get up to move as far as across this room, I would become blind and everything would get dark, and I would fall from weakness; my strength kept declining all the time before I got the diarrhoea; did not have much diarrhoea until the first of March.

I was removed to the hospital about the middle of December, from Danville; I had no disease I know of but weakness, swelling of the legs, with purple and inflamed and yellow spots; the skin cracked and water ran out of my legs; rations better at the hospital, when I first went there, than they were in prison; we were allowed no privilege at all in prison.

After we tunnelled out, we were only allowed to go to the privy six at a time; the floor was in one mess—filthy; an ordinary one-horse wagon load of human excrement on the floor every morning.

Not allowed to look out the window; was shot at twice for looking out; a man was shot alongside of me, while standing at the window; he was standing two feet from the window, with his hand on the casement; the sentry could not see him from the sentry's beat; I presume the sentry saw his shadow; he stepped out of his position to shoot at him, perhaps twenty to twenty-five feet; the sentry shot him in the head and killed him instantly; I suppose I have seen five hundred men shot at—our orders were not to put our

heads out the windows; this man had not put his head out at that time; he had rolled up his blanket and was standing over the place where he slept on the floor; his name was Alexander Ope, of the 101st Indiana.

With one exception, we were treated very well by the physicians; never heard any fault found of any physician but Dr. Moses, of Charlestown; don't know his first name; when once we had mouldy bread given to us in the hospital, Dr. Fontleroy made a fuss about it and had it changed.

WM. W. WILCOX.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 1st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private WILLIAM D. FOOTE, *recalled*:—

The first case of death I remember, was a Massachusetts man, who died from frozen feet; from the looks of them you could hardly tell they were feet; he laid in the next bed to me; they first took off the toes of one of the feet, and then took off the foot; in a few days he died from amputation; he was in the same ward; brought in the middle of November. Saw no man frozen to death on Belle Isle; saw any number of men brought in with frozen feet, who afterwards suffered amputation; ten or twelve persons were so brought in; two or three of the amputated cases died; I speak of what occurred in my ward.

WILLIAM D. FOOTE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 1st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private HIRAM J. NEAL *sworn and examined*:—

I am from Maine; enlisted in the 4th Maine Regiment; taken prisoner at Bristow Station, in October, 1863; taken to the Pemberton prison, from there to Belle Island, which I reached 24th February; remained until January 18th, blankets taken from me; nothing given in their place; after eight days, we had tents at Belle Island.

At first the men had to lay out till they could find tents; had nothing to sleep upon.

About one-fifth of the men were permitted by the rebels to retain their blankets; had no straw or board to lie on; tents old and rotten—full of holes; those in the tents managed to keep warm, though they couldn't sleep; those out of the tents, from three to six hundred, tried to run about to keep warm.

Saw many with frozen feet carried off; in one morning saw eleven corpses, three frozen stiff. Near first of January, deaths occurred

eight or ten in twenty-four hours, principally in the night; I deem the causes of those deaths to have been exposure and starvation.

When I left, January 18th, there were about five thousand men there; I was transferred to the hospital for diarrhœa and disability.

Rations not sufficient to satisfy hunger; waked up one night and found myself gnawing my coat sleeve; used to dream of having something good to eat.

I had a pain in my chest and bowels; had the diarrhœa when I was captured; had a pain in my bowels then; had about four movements of the bowels a day before captured; not able to do duty all the time; I had been thirty-six hours on the march with one night's rest just before I was captured; was in the fight about an hour.

HIRAM J. NEAL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 1st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Private CHARLES F. PFOUNSTIEL, *sworn and examined*:—

I am a German; enlisted in 2d Maryland, September 24, 1862; captured in Tennessee; imprisoned in Belle Island; reached there January 21st; remained till 6th of March.

They took my blankets, sixty dollars in money, and a watch worth thirty dollars.

For two days had no shelter; then I got in the tents; air came in on every side; many men without tents; two hundred men went in with me; the greater part had no tents; some had a blanket or old coat.

Some froze to death; could not keep warm; one out of my regiment froze to death; he reported to the doctor that he was sick but he paid him no attention, perhaps because the man could not speak English.

Every morning we carried out some men froze to death, and from starvation some four or five men.

We did not get enough to eat; ten or twelve ounces of corn bread and two spoons of beans almost rotten; sometimes we had soup—not fit to eat, yet had to eat it; had meat only three or four times while I was there; two or three ounces each time; I was hungry all the time.

I could not sleep for hunger and cold, dirt and lice; I washed twice a day in the James river; strength kept up till last eight days; then I felt sick in my bowels; had no diarrhœa; did not go to the hospital; left with the 9th Maryland.

I saw a good many cases carried in a blanket to the doctor, and when they got there many of them were dead; had my feet frozen.

There might be many deaths I did not see; I have reason to believe there was. I have stated what I saw—three or four a night.

The men would dig holes in the ground to lie in at night to protect them from the air.

CHAS. F. PFLOUNSTIEL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 1st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

TESTIMONY OF COMMISSIONED AND MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Captain A. R. CALHOUN, *sworn and examined*:—

I am from Kentucky; was not mustered in at the time of capture: was captured at North Eastern Georgia; was taken to Libby Prison; captured in October, 1863, and reached Libby in November.

We were taken from Atlanta in open box cars, without shelter; we lay on the floor, wounded men and all; men with the diarrhoea had no accommodations, and had to perform the operations of nature in the cars; all packed closely; there was about fifty wounded; some amputations.

Just before we left Atlanta, one of our men with diarrhoea went to the back house, which was beyond the line our prisoners were allowed to go; there was a bunch of dried leaves at the corner of the back house; they could not have been a foot beyond the line, and when the man went to pick them up, the guard fired and killed him.

On entering Libby it was thirty-six hours before we had any rations given us, and would have suffered, if the officers already there had not shared with us; I mean our officers.

We were packed in a room of one hundred and forty feet long by forty-five feet wide, and already occupied by nearly three hundred men.

We had no clothing or bedding given to us; there were eleven men of us; what we had was taken from us by our captors; it was very cold; the windows were broken at each end of the room; our comrades also shared their blankets and continued to do so until we were supplied by blankets from the Sanitary Committee; even then they would not average over a blanket to a man, in my room.

It was so filthy that our clothing and blankets soon became covered with vermin; the floors of the prison were washed late in the afternoon nearly every day, so that when we came to lie down it was very damp; we had nothing but our clothing and blanket to lie on; the result was that nearly every man had a cough.

We were wormed and dove-tailed together

like fish in a basket; in this room was the sink and privy; we did our washing and dried our clothes in the same room; two stoves in the room, one at each end, and two or three armfuls of wood for each per day.

We were not allowed to go within three feet of the windows to look out; but men could not help this, and were repeatedly fired upon; in this firing they wounded four officers; there was hardly a day passed without firing; any one who hung clothes near or on the windows, had the clothes confiscated and were put in the cells.

Twice each day the men were crowded into two rooms for roll call; in this room were the sick and weak who could hardly stand; the crowd was immense; our men were counted out one by one; the officers—there were one thousand officers; any one not attending this roll call was compelled to stand in ranks four hours on the floor.

When I first entered Libby in November, we received a small loaf of corn bread, about two ounces of poor beef and a little boiled rice each day; the loaf was about an inch and a half longer, thicker and heavier than this.* The crust was very thick; we used to call it iron-clad, and grate it and make mush out of it, as the most palatable way; we could not grate the crusts.

After November we received about two ounces of beef once in four weeks on an average; from the 25th of March till the 6th of May, not a bit of meat was issued in officers' quarters.

For the three months of February, March, and April, there was a pint of black peas issued to each man every week, and a little vinegar; these peas were full of bugs, nearly every ration; they called them bugs, but they were little white maggots in a chrysalis state; we pounded the peas so as to mash them, and let the bugs flow to the surface; there was about an ounce of soap and a little salt given each man.

This was inadequate to satisfy hunger, and for two months I have had a burning sensation, when in prison, in my intestines. I used to dream of food, and foolishly would blame myself for not having eaten more when at home; the subject of food engrossed my entire thoughts; not all suffered as I did; the majority did; some were fortunate enough to receive boxes from home.

We were allowed to write letters once each week, not to exceed six lines.

Boxes sent us from the North were stored in a warehouse near the prison; we could see them in the windows; the contents of the boxes were being stolen or ruined by keeping, and when issued I think would have

* The same loaf before referred to.

been eaten by none but starving men; every package and can was broken open, and the contents were poured promiscuously into a blanket, so that everything ran in together; they stole a great many of our boxes: one of the guards told me that they saw our men escaping through the tunnel, and that they did not prevent them, supposing it was their own men stealing our boxes; the Sanitary supply sent us, we received but little of; we were allowed to send out and buy at extravagant prices; they sold us the Sanitary hams, butter, and stationery. Marks of the Sanitary Commission were on the cases and on the paper.

For trivial offences, officers were sent to the cells; there had been about eighty-five men in; many of those men were innocent that were placed there as hostages; they said the cells were damp, walls green, no stoves; they were about twelve feet by twenty; at one time there were sixteen men in those cells; some had to stand all night; I believe this fully. I was in the hospital with pneumonia.

Just before I left, Capt. Stevens received a small-box from home, sat down and ate to excess, as any man would under the circumstances, and died a few hours afterwards.

The surgeon was very kind to us. The hospital food was just like the quarter food, with the exception of a little rye cornee and sugar; not quite so much bread.

I had a burning sensation on the inside, with a general failing in strength. A man had a piece of ham which I looked at for hours.

When I came away on the 16th of May, and saw the pale faces of the men through the bars, I cried. They begged me for God's sake to appeal to the Government and write to the papers—to do anything in the world to get them relieved. I am confident that if they remain long in that situation, they will never be fit for anything. The men never believe our Government for their suffering.

I know the Rebels have plenty, for we went down into the cellar, and brought up corn meal, flour, potatoes and turnips, which we divided with our fellows; the flour was excellent; I ate about a quart of it. I am a communicant in the church, and was studying for the ministry when the war broke out. I am a member of the Reformed Church.

A. R. CALHOUN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 1st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,

United States Commissioner.

I certify that the foregoing testimony was taken and reduced to writing in the presence of the respective witnesses, and by them sworn to in my presence, at the times, places, and in the manner set forth.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,

United States Commissioner.

Testimony, by letter, of Lieut.-Col. Farnsworth, 1st Conn. Cavalry.

NORWICH, June 29th, 1864.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to a letter from one of your Committee, I have the honor to make the following statement of what I saw, heard and felt of the treatment of prisoners of war by the Confederate authorities, at Richmond, Virginia:

I entered service October, 1861; was captured on the 14th of July, 1863, in a cavalry skirmish near Halltown, Va.; was conveyed to Richmond, and confined in Libby prison; was paroled and sent North on the 14th of March, 1864.

My treatment by my immediate captors was gentlemanly in the extreme; even going so far as to assist me in concealing money, so as to prevent the Richmond authorities from robbing me.

Upon reaching the Libby, we were rigidly searched, and all moneys and attractive jack-knives, nice overcoats and meerschaum pipes were kindly appropriated by the prison authorities; rubber blankets, canteens, spurs and haversacks were taken from us. Lieut. Moran, for complaining of this treatment, was knocked down by Richard Turner, inspector of the prison clothing.

There was never an issue of clothing or blankets made by the Confederate authorities during the time I was there confined. We did receive one hundred (100) each of tin plates, cups, knives, forks, (mostly damaged by bayonet-thrusts, they having been picked up from battle-fields), for the use of one thousand (1000) officers.

ACCOMMODATIONS.—In six (6) rooms, one hundred by forty, there were confined as many as twelve hundred (1200) officers of all ranks, from Brigadier-General to Second Lieutenant. This space was all that was allowed us in which to cook, eat, wash, sleep and exercise. You can see that soldierly muscle must fast deteriorate when confined to twenty (20) superficial feet of plank; we were not allowed benches, chairs or stools, nor even to fold our blankets and sit upon them; but were forced to sit like so many slaves upon the middle passage.

This continued until the appointment of General Butler, Commissioner of Exchange, after which time we were allowed chairs and stools, which we made from the boxes and barrels sent us from the North.

There was plenty of water allowed us, and a tank for bathing in four (4) of the rooms.

There were seventy-six (76) windows in the six (6) rooms, from which in winter there was no protection.

SUBSISTENCE.—Our rations consisted of one-quarter ($\frac{1}{4}$) of a pound of beef, nine (9) ounces of bread of variable quality, generally of wheat flour, though sometimes of wheat flour and corn meal, a gill of rice, and a modicum of salt and vinegar per day. This continued until the 11th of November, which was the first day that meat was not issued, and bread made entirely of corn meal was substituted for wheat bread; this meal was composed of cob and grain ground together, and when mixed with cold water, without salt or any raising, made the bread. Meat was next issued on the 14th, and the issue suspended on the 21st. On the 26th we received salt pork, sent to the prisoners by the United States Government; from this time out, meat was like angels' visits; sometimes it was issued at intervals of ten days, and sometimes not in thirty (30); the longest interval was thirty-four (34) days.

The amount of rations first issued will undoubtedly sustain life; but their long continuance without exercise will produce disease of a scorbutic nature.

The rations issued after the 11th of November will not sustain life, and without the aid sent to us from the North the mortality would have been great. Nine ounces of such corn bread and a cup of water per day, are poorer rations than those issued to the vilest criminal in the meanest States prison in the Union; yet this was considered fit treatment by the *hospitable* chivalry of the South to be extended to men taken in honorable warfare, any one of them the peer of the arch traitor, Jeff. Davis.

BOXES.—We began to receive boxes in October. These came in good order, were inspected in our presence, and delivered to us entire; they came regularly, and were delivered in good order up to about the first of January; after this time boxes were sent regularly from the North, and were received by Col. Ould, Commissioner of Exchange, but they were *not* issued to us; they were stored in a building within sight of the prison, and at the time of my leaving, three thousand (3000) had been received there and not delivered to us; what was the cause of this non-delivery of boxes we were never informed. They keep up a semblance of delivery, however, by the issue of five (5) or six (6) a week, they receiving from the North about three hundred (300) a week.

The contents of these boxes were, undoubtedly, appropriated to the private use of the officials in and about Richmond. Here

is simply one instance: Lieut. Maginnis, of the 18th Reg., Conn., since killed in battle, recognized a suit of citizen's clothes which had been sent to him from the North, on the person of one of the prison officials, and accused him of the theft, and showed his name on the watch pocket of the pants. Such cases were numerous.

BELLE ISLE.—Upon the 26th day of January, 1864, I visited Belle Island, as an assistant in the distribution of clothing sent by the Government, and by the Sanitary Commissions of the North; this was my first time outside of the prison walls in six months. The island is situated just opposite the Tredgegar Iron Works in the James river. The space occupied by prisoners is about six acres, enclosed by an earthwork three (3) feet in height; within this space were confined as many as ten thousand (10,000) prisoners. The part occupied by the prisoners is a low, sandy, barren waste, exposed in summer to a burning sun, without the shadow of a single tree; and in winter, to the damp and cold winds up the river, with a few miserable tents, in which, perhaps, one-half ($\frac{1}{2}$) the number were protected from the night fogs of a malarious region; the others lay upon the ground in the open air. One of them said to me: "We lay in rows, like hogs in winter, and take turns who has the outside of the row."

In the morning, the row of the previous night was plainly marked by the bodies of those who were sleeping on in their last sleep.

Fed upon corn bread and water, scantily clothed, with but few blankets, our patriotic soldiers here suffered the severest misfortunes of this war. Here, by hundreds, they offered up their lives in their country's cause, victims of disease, starvation and exposure,—sufferings a thousand times more dreadful than the wounds of the battle-field. As many as fourteen (14) have been known to freeze to death in one night. This I have from men of my own regiment, and it is perfectly reliable.

The hospitals upon the island are Sibley tents, without floors, the ground covered with straw, and logs of wood placed around for pillows, to which, when about to die, he men were carried; and here, with logs for their pillows, the hard, cold ground for their bed, death came to their relief, and the grave closed over the victims of rebel barbarity.

The officer in charge of the island was well spoken of by the men. He deprecated the condition they were in, but said he could do no more, for the authorities gave him no more to do with; and yet it is a fact that the men were stimulated to work at their trades, as blacksmiths, etc., for the benefit of the Con-

federate Government, by the offer of double the quantity of rations they were then receiving; thus acting out, in their treatment of Northern soldiers, the great principle of Slavery and of the South, that the lives of the poor and helpless are in their eyes of no more value than the amount of interest they will produce on capital.

The facilities for washing were good, a sandy beach all around the island, and the whole number of prisoners could have washed in the course of the day; but, under the management of the authorities, only a limited number (say 75 men per day) were able to wash, being conducted under guard to the water, in squads of five (5) or six (6).

The sickness caused by the above treatment was of the respiratory organs, pneumonia, &c., and chronic diarrhœa.

Men were without medical treatment on the island until disease was so far advanced that when taken away in ambulances to the hospital, in squads of twenty (20), one-half ($\frac{1}{2}$) of them have died within five (5) hours—some of them while their names were being taken at the hospital.

Men were returned from the hospital to the island when so weak that they have been obliged to crawl upon their hands and knees a part of the way.

On the 20th of November, 1863, a squad were passing the prison (Libby) in this condition, going from the hospital to the island; among them was George Ward, a school-mate of mine and of Col. Ely, of the 18th Conn. Vols. Col. Ely threw a ham to him from the window. As the poor fellow crawled to get it, the rebel guard charged bayonets on him, called him a damned Yankee, and appropriated the ham.

The bodies of the dead were placed in the cellar of the prison, to which there was free access for animals from the street. I have known of bodies being partially devoured by dogs, and hogs, and rats, during the night. Every morning the bodies were placed in rude coffins and taken away for burial. Officers have marked the coffins thus taken away, and have seen them returned twenty (20) times for bodies. You may draw your own inference as to the rites of burial extended to a Yankee prisoner in the Capital of the Southern Confederacy.

Officers dying, their brother officers procured metallic coffins and a vault, in which they were placed until they could be removed North. An officer, (Major Morris, of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, I think,) who had in the hands of the Confederate authorities several hundred dollars, taken from him when he entered the prison, died in the hospital, and the authorities refused

to use his money for a decent burial, and we raised it in the prison.

LIBBY MINED.—Upon the approach of Kilpatrick on his grand raid on Richmond, about the 1st March, the greatest consternation was produced among the inhabitants. The authorities felt sure of his ability to enter the city and free the prisoners.

We were informed one morning by the negroes who labor around the prison, that during the night they had been engaged in excavating a large hole under the centre of the building, and that a quantity of powder had been placed therein. Upon inquiring of certain of the guards, we found it the general impression among them that the prison was mined.

Richard Turner, inspector of the prison, told officers there confined, that "should Kilpatrick succeed in entering Richmond, it would not help us, as the prison authorities would blow up the prison and all its inmates."

The adjutant of the prison, Lieutenant Latouche, was heard by an officer (Lieutenant Jones, 55th Ohio) to use the following words to a rebel officer with whom he had entered and examined the cellar where the powder was reported as placed: "There is enough there to send every damned Yankee to hell."

Major Turner said in my presence the day we were paroled, in answer to the question, "Was the prison mined?" "Yes, and I would have blown you all to Hades before I would have suffered you to be rescued."

Bishop Johns said in the prison, when asked if he thought it was a Christian mode of warfare to blow up defenceless prisoners: "He supposed the authorities were satisfied on that point, though he did not mean to justify it."

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

CHAS. FARNSWORTH,

Late Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Connecticut Cavalry.

NORWICH, June 30th, 1864,

STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
County of New London, }

Personally appeared CHARLES FARNSWORTH, signer of the foregoing instrument and statement, and made solemn oath that the facts stated therein are true, before me.

DAVID YOUNG,

Justice of the Peace.

Additional Testimony by Letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Farnsworth.

NORWICH, CONN., July 16th, 1864.

REV TREADWELL WALDEN, Philadelphia:

SIR:—Your favor of the 14th inst. received. In answer to your request for a

written statement of facts, related to you by myself in conversation, in regard to the conduct of the guards at Richmond, Virginia, and the provision made for the sick upon Belle Isle, I submit the following :

In what is known as the "Pemberton buildings," nearly opposite the "Libby," there were confined a large number of enlisted men. Hardly a day went by that the guards did not fire upon the prisoners. I have known as many as fourteen shots to be fired in one day. They were thus subject to death if they merely came near the window to obtain fresh air. It was a very common occurrence to hear the report of a musket and then see the sergeant of the guard bring out a wounded or dead soldier.

The guards would watch for an opportunity to fire upon their prisoners, and, without warning the prisoner to leave the vicinity of the window, fire.

Lieutenant Hammond, of the Ringgold cavalry, (better known to Libbians as "Old Imboden,") was at the sink, which is constructed upon the outside of the building. From the upper part of the sides, boards are removed for the purpose of light or ventilation. The guard below caught sight of Lieutenant Hammond's hat, through this opening, and fired. The ball entered the side, far below the opening, showing that the guard was intent upon striking his man; but a nail gave the bullet an upward turn and it passed through Hammond's ear and hat-brim. From the position he was in, there is little doubt that but for the ball striking the nail he would have been struck in the breast.

The attention of Major Turner was called to it, but he only laughed and said, "The boys were in want of practice." The guard, when spoken to about it, said "He had made a bet that he would kill a damned Yankee before he came off guard." There was not the least attention paid by the commander of the Libby prison to this deliberate attempt at murder.

Lieutenant Thomas Huggins, of a New York regiment, was standing at least eight feet from a window on the second floor; the guard could just see the top of his hat. To be sure of his man, the guard left his heat and stepped into the street. Being seen, a warning cry was uttered, and Huggins stooped and the bullet buried itself in the beams above. This was the same guard that fired at Hammond.

Richard, or as usually called, Dick Turner was the inspector of the prison, and acted under the orders of the commander. There was nothing too mean for him to do. He searched you when you entered, knocked you down if you grumbled, took your blanket from you if found lying upon it after

morning roll-call, never spoke of you except as damned Yankees — told you "you were better treated than you deserved."

This "high-toned Southron" was employed as the negro-whipper of the prison.

Colonel Powell, 2d Virginia cavalry, (Union,) Colonel Streight and Captain Reed, 51st Indiana, and others who had been confined in the cells, used to witness the whippings, (the cells were at one end of the cellar where the whipping-block was,) and they could hear,—even if they shut their eyes to the horrid exhibition.

Colonels Powell and Streight told me of as many as six negro women having been stripped and whipped, at one time, for having passed bread to our soldiers as they marched through the street.

The flogging of the negroes that worked at the Libby was an every-day occurrence.

These blacks were free negroes from the North, who were employed as servants, but fell into the hands of the enemy. He flogged one of them so severely that he was unable to move for two weeks, and walked lame months after. His offence was resisting a white negro-driver.

The hospital tents on Belle Isle were old Sibleys. These were not temporary hospitals, for many died in them each day; but when they could not contain all the sick some sick were removed to Richmond hospitals. These tents were awful places for human beings to be placed in — without floors, a heap of straw for a bed, logs of wood for pillows — men died with less attention than many a man pays to a favorite dog. The hospitals in Richmond were much better, being in buildings, and were furnished with bunks and straw beds — some of them with sheets. But though treated with kindness, compared with Belle Island, the want of proper medicines was visible, and many died for the want of the most simple remedies.

Upon the 25th of October, 1863, two officers, (Major Hewsten, 132d New York, and a Lieutenant 4th New York Cavalry,) escaped from the hospital. Immediately, upon its being known, all the sick who were well enough to sit up or stand, were removed from the room and placed in an empty room under our prison. Here they were kept for twenty-four hours, without food or blankets, as a punishment, it was said, for not reporting the contemplated escape of the officers named. From this treatment, Surgeon Pierce of the 5th Maryland died.

The officers in the room above, removed a portion of the floor and furnished the sick with food and drink, and shared their blankets with them. This coming to the knowledge of Major Turner, we were deprived of rations for one day — October 29th, 1863.

This was not the action of the surgeons of the Libby, for, with one exception, they were kind and attentive, and did all in their power for our comfort, but of the commander of the department, Brigadier-General Winder, and of Major Turner, commander of the prison, who, I am informed, was dismissed from West Point, by orders from the Secretary of War, having been convicted of forgery.

I was informed by men whom I knew — Ward and Winship of the 18th Connecticut and Ferris and Stone of the 1st Connecticut — that the enclosure in Belle Isle was a mass of filth every morning, from the inability of the men to proceed to the sinks after evening.

Many of the guards would fire upon the prisoners for the least violation of the rules. The men were in a miserable condition and looked sickly, worn out — starvation and exposure was expressed upon their features.

Trusting that the above will assist you in your report,

I am respectfully yours,

CHARLES FARNSWORTH,

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this
18th day, of July, A. D. 1864,

DAVID YOUNG,
Justice of the Peace.

*Testimony taken at Washington, D. C.,
June 2d, 1864.*

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.—Mr. Wilkins,
Dr. Wallace, Mr. Walden.

*Surgeon Nelson D. Ferguson, sworn and examined:—

Surgeon 8th New York Cavalry; residence, Jefferson county, N. Y.; captured 12th May, 1863; taken to Libby Prison same day; remained there twelve days; found Union officers there; my treatment same as officers received; daily rations, when first entered, were four inches by four inches by two of unbolted bread, which was coarse and sour about half the time; a ration of beans, worm-eaten, once a day; about seven quarts to fifty-three or fifty-four men, or a gill to each man was served; no other food was furnished by the Confederates; what other they had was bought with their own money.

(The ration of light bread of a common soldier in the United States Army is twenty-two ounces, and twelve ounces of pork or twenty of beef; besides that, our soldiers have thirty pound of potatoes for one hundred rations, or nearly a third of a pound per day to each man, besides coffee and sugar, &c., &c.)

The food furnished us was insufficient for healthful support of life.

When I reached the Libby Prison there were say twenty-five Union officers, no more, in the prison, recently captured; all the former occupants had been removed, as I am informed (and believe) by the rebels, to the number of seven hundred or over; when I left the prison on the 28th, there were sixty-nine Union officers there.

I spent four days in Hospital No. 21, where wounded Union prisoners (very few sick) were under treatment; I was there partly as a visitor, and also did partial duty as a surgeon in the ward; I was too ill to do full duty; I had better rations in the hospital than in prison, for I had rye coffee and a little meat, say two ounces daily, very poor bacon; the wounded men had the same ration of bread, no beans, two ounces of meat, rye coffee, occasionally a little sugar, and one gallon milk and one gallon whiskey, divided among two hundred and sixty men, or about a tablespoonful of whiskey and milk per man; they had no other nutriment or stimulation.

I consider the nourishment and stimulation they received entirely insufficient to give them a proper chance for recovery. I am surprised that more do not die. There were many bad cases among them that must inevitably sink under this treatment after a few days, and therefore I cannot state the true proportion of deaths. The condition of these men was such that any medical observer would impute it to insufficient stimulation and nutrition. The condition of the wounds generally was very unhealthy, not tending to heal, pale and flabby, and the tissues lax — just such a condition as we expect to see where the patient is improperly nourished by deficient nutrition. These wounded have all been brought there since the battle of Spottsylvania Court House.

When I was captured, I was brought into a rebel fort. It was raining. I had on a rubber blanket; the blanket was taken from my shoulders by a lieutenant, by the authority and consent of the commanding officer. I remonstrated against his taking my private property, and appealed to the commanding officer for protection, and to protect my rights. He replied, "Damn you, you have no rights." It was not possible for him to have been ignorant of the fact that I was a medical officer. Some two or three hours afterwards, when I was about to leave the fort for Libby Prison, the lieutenant remarked to me, "I hope I have treated you kindly." I replied, "I have always treated your men and officers with kindness and consideration, but you have treated me harshly." I don't think he made any reply. The Provost-Marshal took away my sabre. I told him it was my private property, and that he ought not to take it away, and his answer was, "It

don't make any difference, I have a friend to whom I intend to give it."

I have had wounded rebels under my hand for treatment on various occasions. The course I have always adopted is, to take care of my own men first, then the rebels, giving them equal care and attention of every kind. I have taken my own private rations and given them repeatedly to wounded rebels. All other medical officers of our army have done likewise, as far as my observation has extended.

I have been in the service two years and eight months, and I have been in all the cavalry fights of the Army of the Potomac since I entered the service.

The buildings in Richmond occupied for hospital purposes are well suited for such purposes, being large, convenient, and well ventilated. The wards are well supplied with water, and tolerably cleanly. The prison (Libby) had just been thoroughly cleaned and was well white-washed. In the prison, we had one blanket as bed, and one as cover.

No one can appreciate, without experience, the condition of the officers in the prison during the twelve days of my stay. Their faces were pinched with hunger. I have seen an officer, standing by the window, gnawing a bone like a dog. I asked him "what do you do it for?" His reply was, "It will help fill up." They were constantly complaining of hunger. There was a sad and insatiable expression of the face impossible to describe.

The bedding in Hospital No. 21, where the privates were confined by wounds, was very dirty. The covering was entirely old dirty quilts. The beds were offensive from the discharges from wounds and secretion of

the body, and were utterly unfit to place a sick or wounded man on. On the faces of the wounded there was an anxious, haggard expression of countenance, such as I have never seen before. I attribute it to want of care, want of nourishment and encouragement. There is a deficiency of medical supplies, such as bandages, lint, sticking-plaster, and medicines generally in this hospital, whether from actual want of these articles, or from unwillingness to supply them, I do not know.

N. D. FURGUSON,

Surgeon 8th N. Y. Cavalry.

Sworn and subscribed before me, at
Washington, D. C., this 3d day of
June, A. D. 1864.

M. H. KENDIG,

Notary Public.

D. W. Richards, M. D., *sworn and examined*:—

Residence, Northampton County, Pa.; employment, Assistant Surgeon in 145th Pennsylvania Volunteers; taken prisoner May 10th, 1863; taken near Spottsylvania Court House, and conveyed to Prison Hospital No. 21, in Richmond, on the 20th of May, and left there 28th May.

I have heard Dr. Furguson's deposition, as made before this Committee. I corroborate that testimony as relating to the condition and treatment of wounded prisoners. I know nothing further in regard to this matter.

D. W. RICHARDS,

Assistant Surgeon 145th P. V.

Sworn and subscribed before me, at
Washington, D. C., this 3d day of
June, A. D. 1864.

M. H. N. KENDIG,

Notary Public.

EVIDENCE OF UNITED STATES ARMY SURGEONS, IN CHARGE OF THE FOUR HOSPITALS AT ANNAPOLIS AND BALTIMORE, MD., TO WHICH RETURNED UNION PRISONERS WERE BROUGHT FROM RICHMOND, VA.

ALSO, EVIDENCE OBTAINED FROM EYE-WITNESSES.

Testimony of Surgeon B. A. VanderKieft, in charge of United States Army General Hospital Division No. 1, Annapolis, Maryland. Taken at the Hospital, May 31st, 1864.

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.—Mr. Wilkins, Dr. Wallace, Mr. Walden.

I have been the recipient of all the prisoners returned from Richmond since the 1st of June, 1863, except one steamboat load which were four hundred to five hundred. I have received, I should judge, nearly (3000)

three thousand; these are in a debilitated condition, badly clad, and down-spirited, on account of ill-treatment by starvation and exposure, as they all on inquiry agree in stating, and as I am convinced is the case by their actual condition on their arrival, and by rations shown to me, which they unanimously state are the only ones given them.

They unanimously state that their blankets, overcoats, watches, and jewelry and money have been taken from them, partially by their immediate captors, but also in a quasi-official way, telling them that they will be restored

when they are released, which, as far as I know, and have been informed, have never been done.

The returned prisoners state that the officials, such as guards and nurses, often receive money from them, such as they may have been able to secrete, with the promise that they shall have the equivalent returned in food, which promise is not performed.

Colonel Palmer de Cesinola (4th New York Cavalry) told me that while acting as distributing commissary of articles of food and clothing sent by United States Government and United States Sanitary Commission, he observed that some of our prisoners at Richmond and Belle Isle, in order to receive a less cruel treatment and to obtain larger rations, were acting as shoemakers for the Rebel Government. He at once told those men that such action was disloyal, as by so doing they indirectly assisted the rebellion. The result of this remark induced the rebel authorities to deprive him of the privilege of being longer a distributing commissary.

Almost in all cases I find that our men state that when they were captured, they were in very good condition as to general physical health; but I do not even need such a statement, as I am well acquainted with the regulations which govern the medical department of our army, "to send to the rear every man who is not perfectly able to bear arms," and if a few feeble men have fallen into the hands of the rebels, they belong to the class called "stragglers," which certainly belong to the minority.

From my experience of fifteen years of constant medical and military service in Northern Europe, the East Indies, and Mediterranean, as well as in our own army since September, 1861, I affirm that the treatment to which our men have been subjected while prisoners of war in the hands of the enemy, is against all rules of civilized warfare, and that I would prefer to fall into the hands of the Chinese of Borneo, called "Anack Baba," who murder their prisoners, than to fall into the hands of the rebels, where the lives and comfort of prisoners of war is a matter of such cruel indifference, to say the least, if not indeed, as one might almost be justified in supposing, a matter of determined policy.

If I may believe the statements of our returned prisoners, the diseases under which they are suffering when they come into my hands, are attributable to the following causes, one or more: deprivation of clothing, deficiency of food in quantity and quality, want of fresh air, on account of overcrowding in prison buildings and consequent unavoidable uncleanness, and mental depression, the result of the above causes, and want

of adequate shelter, exposure during the fall and winter.

The diseases most common among these returned prisoners are scurvy, diarrhœa, and congestion of the lungs, which are not amenable to the ordinary treatment in use in civil life or in hospitals of our own army.

They are most successfully mastered by high nutrition and stimulation, with cleanliness and fresh air — medicinal treatment being of small assistance in the recovery of the sufferers, and often being entirely dispensed with.

The medical records in my office show that this system is the only valid and effective mode of management, thus proving by the counteracting effect of good food, air, cleanliness, and stimulants, that these disorders are the result of the causes above stated.

I swear the above statement to be true.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT,
Surgeon U. S. Volunteers in Charge.

Sworn and subscribed before me,
this sixth day of June, in the
year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and sixty-four,
(June 6th, 1864.)

[SEAL.]

H. P. LESLIE,
Notary Public for and in the County
of Anne Arundel, Maryland.

Testimony, by Letter, of Surgeon William S. Ely, Executive Officer U. S. A. General Hospital Division, No. 1, Annapolis, Maryland, June 6th, 1864.

Dr. ELLERSLIE WALLACE, Philadelphia, Penn.

DOCTOR:—I am in receipt of your communication of the 2nd inst., and would reply as follows:—

I am an Assistant Surgeon of Volunteers in the service of the United States, and have been on duty in this hospital since October 3d, 1863, as executive officer and medical officer in charge of a ward. I have been present on the arrival of nearly every boat-load of paroled prisoners since my connection with this hospital commenced.

I remember distinctly the arrival of the flag-of-truce steamer "New York," November 18th, 1863, and was present and assisted in unloading the men. I went on board the boat and saw bodies of six (6) men who had died during the passage of the steamer from City Point, Va., to this place. No words can describe their appearance. In each case the sunken eye, the gaping mouth, the filthy skin, the clothes and head alive with vermin, the repelling, bony contour — all conspired to lead to the conclusion that we were looking upon the victims of starvation, cruelty and exposure, to a degree unparalleled in the history of humanity.

I have never seen more than the above number of dead in any single arrival; but at other dates, and on several occasions, I have seen two (2) and three (3) dead on board the boat, and have repeatedly known four (4) or six (6) to die within twelve (12) hours of their reception into hospital. The same condition evidenced in the cases of the six (6) referred to above, has characterized nearly every instance, and leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that death has been owing to a long series of exposure and hardships, with a deprivation of the barest necessities for existence.

I have known paroled prisoners of war to be admitted to this hospital with barely sufficient clothing to cover their nakedness. I cannot say that I have seen any single case where a patient was admitted without *either* hat, coat, shoes, shirt, or stockings, but I have repeatedly seen men without one (1), two (2), or three (3) of these articles, and think that I can say, that when they possessed all, it was an exceptional case. It is our rule to strip each patient to his skin, and provide all with entirely new clothing, because rags, filth and vermin preponderate so largely as to render any further use of the various articles of apparel upon the bodies of patients reaching this point from Richmond, Va., unhealthy, and in opposition to the simplest principles of hygiene.

Patients, when asked the manner in which they lost their clothing, reply that they were robbed of what they had when captured, *or else*, that during their imprisonment, oftentimes extending over many months, their clothing, piece by piece, wore out, and that they had no opportunity to procure a change.

It is impossible for any, save those who have seen the condition of paroled men soon after their release from captivity, to have any idea of the *state of the skin* covering their bodies. In many cases that I have observed, the dirt incrustation has been so thick as to require months of constant ablution to recover the normal condition and function of the integument. Patients have repeatedly stated, in answer to my interrogations, "that they had been unable to wash their bodies once in *six* (6) months;" that all that time they had lain in the dirt, and, as might naturally be expected, the filth accumulation was constantly increasing. Frequently, the entire cuticle must die and be detached before any healthy action can be recovered.

I know not how to better compare the cutaneous condition of these men in its different morbid states, than to liken it, in feeling, to the effect produced upon the fingers by passing them over sand-paper

from the coarsest quality down to that moderately fine.

Diaphoretic action in many such cases, I have found almost unattainable. When we consider the importance of the cutaneous secretion, relative to a state of health, it cannot be denied that, in many instances under attention, this is the prime exciting cause of the diseases of the pulmonary and abdominal organs, which are so constantly found among our Richmond patients.

A great many post-mortem examinations of paroled prisoners who have died in our hospitals, have been made by myself and others. The thoracic organs are seldom found healthy. The pectoral muscles are so much wasted as to render the walls of the chest, to a certain extent, transparent. The lungs frequently are found filling but half the pulmonary cavities. Old pleuritic adhesions, in all degrees of extent, are generally seen; almost invariably there is a local stasis or congestion of blood, posteriorly and about the roots of the lungs; the heart is found flaccid, and often its walls are attenuated; when taken out and laid down, it flattens from its own weight, is seldom filled with a substantial clot, and generally contains but a very little dark, thin blood. Tubercular deposit is sometimes very extensive, and in cases where there is no external appearance favoring the scrofulous diathesis, leading me to the conclusion that it has been engendered oftentimes, in a previously healthy subject, by the deprivation of good, wholesome food, and the combination of unhealthy influences, to which so many of our prisoners of war succumb. The liver is unusually pale in color, and of anæmic aspect; the intestines are sometimes much diseased, but frequently healthy. I have known many instances of marked *chronic diarrhœa*, resulting fatally, yet disclosing no *organic* intestinal changes or morbid appearances,—favoring the supposition that the diarrhœa is often only a *symptom* of a want of tonicity, not of organic disease.

I consider the frequency of pulmonary congestions among our patients from Richmond owing to the altered condition of the fluids of the system, especially the blood: its fibrinous portion becomes diminished, and stagnation takes place in the most depending portions of the lungs, giving us what we term a *hypostatic pneumonia*, depending on the want of tone in the vessels and consequent enfeebled circulation.

The treatment which I have found most effective in aiding the restoration to health of our reduced Richmond patients, is, very briefly, as follows:—Quinine, iron, and cod-liver oil, (in their different preparations and combinations), in *small* doses; liquid concen-

trated nourishment, a rigid enforcement of cleanliness, and regularity in eating and drinking, and, if possible, the hygienic advantages of a tent ward.

Our records exhibit a mortality among our patients from Richmond of 18 per cent.

I am, Doctor, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM S. ELY,

Assistant Surgeon U. S. Volunteers.

Personally appeared before me this sixth day of June, 1864, William S. Ely, Assistant Surgeon U. S. Volunteers, and took oath that the statements above made are true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

[SEAL.] HENRY P. LESLIE,
Notary Public, Anne Arundel Co., Md.

Testimony of Surgeon G. B. Parker, in charge of United States Army General Hospital, Division No. 2, Annapolis, Maryland. Taken at the Hospital, May 31st, 1864.

ALL THE COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.

Surgeon G. B. PARKER, sworn and examined:—

I have been in charge of this hospital one year. During this time I have received a large number of prisoners in exchange. Their condition has been very low, very feeble, since last June. The large proportion of the cases received here are marked "Debilitas." It was not specific disease with them; where it was, it was coupled with debility.

The majority of the diseased cases were diarrhoea caused by bad diet—of insufficient and bad quality; they have resulted from the want of variety of diet. This will produce scurvy.

I have seen an hundred of the rations served to the men. I do not consider the rations I have seen sufficient for the support of life for any long time.

We give our men twenty ounces of beef on a march, per day, and twenty-two ounces of bread. Fourteen ounces of meat and ten ounces of bread will keep any man from starving; less than twelve ounces of bread and ten ounces of meat per diem would produce disease, and, if long continued, would fail to keep life up to the standard in a great majority of men. Lower than this would end in debility and decline; in proportion as you vary a man's diet, so is his general health.*

The majority of the men did walk from the landing here. We did not receive the worst cases. In the main, the diseases were

* A ration which had been given to one of the men, produced and weighed:—weight two ounces of bread, and three-sixteenths of an ounce of meat in its dry state.

produced by insufficient and a bad quality of diet. Their stomachs were not able to retain a sufficient quantity of solid food when the men first got here. I was led to the belief that the diarrhoea was produced by bad diet.

I found nutrition was the most successful treatment.

Have had cases of frost bite here resulting in mortification of the ends of the toes. Those were cases from Richmond—eight or ten cases.

Though the men would be strong enough to walk from the dock up here, at the same time they were in that debilitated condition that a slight change of air would cause congestion of the lungs, and death. Stimulants and tonics are largely used.

There were a good many cases of scurvy. In the majority of cases of diarrhoea, there would be scorbutic symptoms. I had at one time eight returned prisoners who lost their teeth. I suppose this was owing to the treatment these men had received, and their diet.

At the hospital we give each man twenty ounces of bread per day, and one pound of meat, including bone; could not give the percentage of bone; we also give vegetables. In the winter we give cabbage, potatoes, rice and beans, molasses, tea, butter. A healthy soldier would get no butter. Twelve ounces of meat and twelve ounces of bread per day, rejecting the other articles, would be insufficient to preserve good health.

G. B. PARKER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
May 31st, 1864.

D. F. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

JUNE 1st, 1864.

COMMISSIONER PRESENT.—Hon. J. I. Clark Hare.

Surgeon G. B. PARKER, who was before sworn, recalled:—

A great many of those whom I mentioned yesterday as suffering from debility and no specific disease, afterwards recovered. Several cases where their appearance was really favorable died very suddenly. On examination, post mortem, they were found exsanguinated to a wonderful degree; the evidence of which was in large white fibrinous clots in the left side of the heart, and extending into the aorta. This was found to be the case with the majority of those who died. In other cases, as I mentioned yesterday, they would take on acute disease, generally congestion of the lungs, and die within twenty-four hours after the attack.

G. B. PARKER,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army.

Testimony of Surgeon De Witt C. Peters, in charge of Jarvis General Hospital, Baltimore, Md., taken at Baltimore June 1st, 1864.

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT:—Dr. Mott, Dr. Delafield, Judge Hare.

DE WITT C. PETERS, sworn and examined:—

I am an Assistant-Surgeon of the United States Army, stationed at Jarvis General Hospital, Baltimore. On or about the 16th of April, 1864, I received at the hospital over which I had charge, some two hundred and fifty paroled prisoners of war, recently returned from Belle Island and Richmond.

The greater majority of these men were in a semi-state of nudity. They were laboring under such diseases as chronic diarrhœa, phthisis pulmonalis, scurvy, frost bites, general debility, caused by starvation, neglect, and exposure. Many of them had partially lost their reason, forgetting even the date of their capture and every thing connected with their antecedent history. They resemble, in many respects, patients laboring under cretinism.

They were filthy in the extreme, covered with vermin. Some had extensive bed sores caused by laying in the sand and dirt, and nearly all were extremely emaciated; so much so that they had to be cared for even like infants. Their hair had not been cut, nor the men shaved in many instances for months. On inquiry of these men as to what was the matter with them, the invariable answer was starvation, exposure, and neglect, while prisoners on Belle Island. They informed me, that while on Belle Island during the inclement months of the past winter, there were congregated at one time in a space less than three acres, one hundred and ten squads of prisoners, each numbering one hundred persons. Less than half of these had old worn-out Sibley and other tents for shelter. The remainder were obliged to accommodate themselves as best they could. But a few of them had blankets. These were issued to them by our Government under flag of truce. Some had overcoats. Many had no shoes except patches that they had contrived themselves.

Those that escaped freezing to death during the cold nights, did so by exercising and by huddling together in heaps like hogs, alternating places with those more exposed in the heaps, and with those in the tents, until at last they were obliged to go to the hospital.

They informed me, that each morning, numbers were found frozen to death, who had probably died from other causes—exhaustion. They stated to me further, that

they believed this system of slow starvation was carried on to prevent other men from enlisting in our army.

The ration allowed them was a small piece of corn bread, the meal of which contained also the cob, a little rice soup very rarely, and sometimes, but rarely, a small quantity of meat—a few ounces; they confessed that they had eaten dog meat whenever they were so fortunate as to capture a dog.

In the hospitals, according to the statement made to me by Hospital Steward James, United States Army, they fared a little better, although, even there, they had an insufficiency of food, and the beds were filthy and covered with vermin. He states that at hospital No. 21, where he was serving as one of the apothecaries during three months, January, February and March, there were admitted two thousand seven hundred of our men, of whom nearly fourteen hundred and fifty died.* They lacked medicines and all appliances needed for the sick. The patients in the hospital had one advantage over prisoners of war on Belle Island: that was, they were allowed to buy a loaf of bread the size of a man's fist, for which they paid five or six dollars Confederate money.

Out of the two hundred and fifty men received by me, so far, fifteen have died; the post-mortems of which have made apparent diseases of nearly all the viscera to a remarkable extent.

I received one man incurably insane, caused, as I was informed and believe, by joy, produced by the news that he was to be exchanged. I found, from excess of habit, they had become like savages in their habits, and lost the decencies of life, and had to be taught like children the decencies of society.

The health and constitutions of the majority of these men are permanently undermined. Under proper care and treatment, which consisted in their not eating too much, a spare but concentrated diet, may have rallied. In one instance a boy gained forty pounds in two weeks; he still has phthisis and can hardly stand exposure or active exercise. A case of scurvy occurred among others which is the worst I ever saw or read of; a man turning red or nearly black from head to foot; he died in twenty-four hours.

I think nine-tenths of the men weighed under one hundred pounds; they appeared to be articulated skeletons; covered with simply integument; had dropsy and œdema

* The quarterly report from which these figures are taken, was obtained and brought home by a returned Union prisoner. It will be found on pages 68—9.

in the feet, caused by weakness; and were the most pitiable objects to behold. They had an uncontrollable appetite.

DE WITT C. PETERS,

Assist. Surgeon United States Army, in charge of Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 1st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Testimony of Surgeon A. Chapel, in charge of West's Buildings Hospital, Baltimore, Md., taken at Baltimore, June 2, 1864.

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT:—Dr. Mott, Dr. Delafield, Judge Hare.

Surgeon A. CHAPEL, affirmed and examined:—

I am Surgeon in charge of West's Buildings Hospital, Baltimore. On the 18th of April, 1864, I received at the hospital one hundred and five of the paroled prisoners from Richmond, brought to this point on the flag-of-truce boat "New York." These were the worst cases received at this point by that boat; none of them being able to stand alone. All were brought into the hospital upon stretchers.

Nearly all were in an extreme state of emaciation, filthy in the extreme, and covered with vermin. Some of them so eaten by the vermin as to very nearly resemble a case of scabbing from small-pox, being covered with sores from head to foot, so as scarcely to be able to touch a well portion of the skin with the point of the finger.

Their appearance was such in the way of filth and dirt, as to convince any one that they had not had an opportunity for ablution for weeks and months. Several were in a state of semi-insanity, and all seemed, and acted, and talked, like children, in their desires for food, &c. Very few of them had blankets or clothing, some in a state of semi-nudity.

Upon being questioned upon the causes of their condition, the testimony was universal:—starvation, exposure, and neglect, while prisoners at Richmond and Belle Isle.

Their universal declaration was, in reference to their living, that they were provided with only one small portion of corn-bread per day, which was made simply from corn-meal and water, without salt, not larger than a man's hand; it was about an inch and a quarter thick. This was the portion for the day. They sometimes got small portions of meat once a day, two days in a week. Several of them told me that they had been able to get occasionally a small piece of the flesh of a dog, which they had cooked and eaten with great relish, and that they had

caught rats and eaten them in the same way. Many of them believed that the meat issued to them was cut from the bodies of mules.

They said, while on Belle Isle they had no means of shelter, but were obliged to huddle together in heaps, to protect themselves from the inclement weather;—often one or two blankets in thickness covering five or six persons;—often lying one upon another in tiers, and changing places as they became tired out. They state that they had little or no shelter while prisoners at Belle Isle.

We were obliged to treat them as children, in regulating their diet in the hospital, having to restrain their over-eating, and confine them to a concentrated but nourishing and generous diet.

Several cases had no disease whatever, but suffered from extreme emaciation and starvation. The limb of one of these men could be spanned with the thumb and finger, just above the knee. This patient, a boy of nineteen years old, would not weigh over fifty pounds then, though in health probably one hundred and thirty-five pounds. This was not a solitary instance, many others being extremely emaciated. Many presenting the appearance of mere living skeletons, with the skin drawn tightly over the bones.

Many of them were laboring under such diseases as dropsy, pulmonary consumption, scurvy, mortification from cold, several having lost one-half of both feet from this cause.

Several were afflicted with very severe bed-sores, caused by lying in the sand without shelter. One man, unable to lie in any other way but on his face, and lived about four weeks in this way.

Up to the present time, of the number received, (one hundred and five), forty-two have died. All gave evidence of extensive visceral disease, of which starvation, cold, and neglect, were undoubtedly the primary cause. Some of the cases sank from extreme debility, without any evidence of disease as the cause of death.

A. CHAPEL,
Surgeon U. S. A.

Affirmed to and subscribed
before me, June 2d, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Testimony of Miss D. L. Dix, taken at Baltimore, Maryland, June 1st, 1864.

Miss D. L. Dix sworn and examined:—

Last winter I was at Annapolis and examined many hundred returned prisoners. I inquired of these men exactly the manner in which they were fed and treated on Belle

Island, examined them individually, and by sixes and sevens. I saw no disposition on the part of these men to exaggerate their sufferings.

Inquiring from what causes they had suffered most severely, whether rapid marches, exposure to inclement weather, lack of apparel, or hunger, — the answer was invariably, "From hunger while at Belle Island." I inquired the amount of animal food allowed a day, when they had any at all; they replied that an iron-bound bucket, filled with packed meat, was the allowance for one hundred men; the weight of bucket and meat would be twenty-five pounds. When cooked this afforded a very small quantity for each man.

As Winter and Spring advanced, the only food supplied was corn-meal mixed with water and roughly baked. This bucket of meat I speak of was allowed them about twice a week, with a very little rice in the autumn. I understand that in the hospitals they occasionally had a little boiled rice, to which was sometimes added a very small quantity of brown sugar or molasses.

I gather from Confederate authority as well as from our returned prisoners, — and a Confederate official whose evidence cannot be questioned in that matter, declared, that the sole sustenance at Belle Island was corn-meal and water, — that of the numbers remaining at Belle Island, then about eight thousand, about twenty-five died daily; that the mortality in Georgia was still greater, and that it would be but a few weeks before the deaths would count fifty a day.

Another fact which he affirmed as a reason for withholding so much from our prisoners, sent by their friends and the Government, was the cruel and severe restrictions imposed on their men in our hands.

I had visited those very prisoners to whom he referred at Point Lookout; they were supplied with vegetables, with the best wheat bread, and fresh or salt meat three times daily in abundant measure — the full Government ration.

In the camp of about nine thousand rebel prisoners, there were but four hundred reported to the surgeon; of these, one hundred were confined to their beds, thirty were very sick, and perhaps fifteen or twenty would never recover.

The hospital food consisted of beef tea, beef soup, rice, milk, milk punch, milk gruel, lemonade, stewed fruits, beef-steak, vegetables and mutton; white sugar was employed in cooking. The supplies were, in fact, more ample and abundant than in hospitals where our own men were under treatment.

To return to the condition of the Federal prisoners on Belle Island, there was at no

time adequate shelter for the entire number till late in spring, when the number had been greatly reduced by transfer to Georgia, exchanges and death.

I was told that in the morning it was not uncommon to find men dead from exposure and rain.

I have repeatedly seen the exchanged prisoners reduced to the lowest extremity through want of food. Of more than four hundred landed in Baltimore, some little time since, nearly, if not the entire number, were suffering from the effects of hunger; more than one hundred of these were taken a few yards across the wharf, to the hospital, on stretchers; seven died before they could be taken into the building, and seven more that same night. Their clothing was filthy to the last degree; they were covered with vermin; they were the merest bundles of bones and skin, and some bones piercing the flesh. The cries of these poor men for food were pitiful in the extreme.

In addition to their other sufferings, many had lost portions of their feet by frost. The minds showed the weakness of the body. Some were reduced to idiocy. They would entreat for an apple or a bit of meat to look at, if they could not be allowed solid food. Many of these poor creatures died, and others, I understand from surgeons, are enfeebled for life.

Many of these prisoners when brought on the flag-of-truce boat, were observed to clasp their hands and fix their gaze upon the American flag: "It is enough, thank God, we are at home." A remarkable trial of disinterestedness: Rev. M. Hall said, "What can I do for you, my boys?" "Hasten exchanges and bring away our comrades."

A gentleman of Washington, who had been permitted to convey a body for burial to the South, on board the flag-of-truce boat, remarked that all the rebel prisoners were in vigorous health, equipped in clothes furnished by the United States Government; many of them with blankets and haversacks, while we received in return not one able-bodied man at that time. I have witnessed this fact myself, on other occasions on the flag-of-truce boats.

The rations served to the prisoners on Belle Island, whether drawn from supplies furnished by the Federal Government, or through the individual liberality of Northern citizens, were never dispensed in sufficient quantities by the Confederate authorities to satisfy hunger.

I have seen tons of provisions shipped on the flag-of-truce boat from the North, for the relief of our prisoners at Richmond. Little or nothing came from the South for rebel prisoners at the North. Clothing and blank-

ers were sent by our Government to the prisoners in quantities, but not fully distributed.

One reason why our men were so wholly destitute of clothing at a late season, was the temptation they were under to give them away for a biscuit, or a small quantity of food, to save them from starvation.

D. L. DIX.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 1, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

I certify that the foregoing testimony was taken and reduced to writing in presence of the respective witnesses, and by them sworn or affirmed to in my presence, at the times, places, and in the manner set forth.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Testimony of Joseph B. Abbott, Special Relief Agent United States Sanitary Commission, taken at Washington, D. C., June 3rd, 1864.

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.—Mr. Wilkins, Dr. Wallace, Mr. Walden.

Joseph B. Abbott, aged twenty-eight years, Agent of Special Relief Department, United States Sanitary Commission. Holds his commission as Chief Assistant, Special Relief Department, United States Sanitary Commission. Is a native of New Hampshire, has been a resident of North Carolina, resided in North Carolina nearly four years, prior to the war. Has been engaged with the United States Sanitary Commission since March 12th, 1862.

During the past Spring, since February, my position has given me means of observation of returned prisoners from Richmond, Belle Island, Danville, Salisbury, and Columbia, but directly from Richmond. I first came in contact at Fortress Monroe with prisoners on flag-of-truce boats, from City Point to Annapolis. The men had no blankets, but what were said to have been furnished them at City Point by the United States Government. Very few had coats; many had no shirts; pants, poor, ragged and dirty; clothing all dirty; skin very filthy, and covered with vermin. One man had convulsions all the time during the trip. Assistant Surgeon Dr. Fry told me that they were caused by vermin. The man was much emaciated; vermin very thick upon his body—common body lice. He was scratching as at lice, and throwing them off him and slapping them with his blanket.

This is a general statement of all my observation.

My experience extended over three boat loads. No difference in the condition of the prisoners' clothing. The condition of the men on the last boat as to physical state, was worse than all previous. Two or three boat loads have arrived since my services ceased. Mr. Thompson, one of the United States Sanitary Commission Agents, accompanied the men on these boats. Mr. Thompson is now at White House, Virginia, on the Pamunky river. Cannot communicate with him by telegraph.

In general aspect and condition of returned prisoners, all were more or less emaciated. Of the first boat load, three-fifths very much so. Of second and third boats, four-fifths very much so. The condition of some of those who were less emaciated than others was owing to their having money with which they purchased provisions. I believe the fact from statements made by them on my inquiry. My attention was drawn to the fact by the Assistant Surgeon. I could pick out the men that had money by their physical condition.

Clothing was usually taken from them by their captors before their arrival at Richmond. Money was taken from them officially just before entering prison, except those that had succeeded in secreting it. I believe these facts from statements made by the men. They were also credited with the amounts, and were told that when released the amounts would be returned. I heard of no soldier who had it returned to him. In case of officers it was sometimes returned in Confederate currency.

On the first boat load there was about one hundred and fifty on cots sick,—with diarrhœa generally. Many of these one hundred and fifty men had the scurvy; great many suffering from pneumonia. Often heard the physician say that these disorders were due to confinement, exposure, and bad food. In all I saw some ten or twelve dying on the boats. From the last boat I saw five come off on shore in a dying state. I saw one man die on the boat; the Doctor said his death was caused by starvation. Saw one already dead on the boat at Fortress Monroe. The Doctor said his death was caused by eating. He died from eating too much after he had been starved. He obtained this over amount of food after having come into our hands.

The Doctor said that he had to be very cautious in giving them their rations, or they would injure themselves by getting too much; that several had died in consequence of eating too much, which they obtained from their comrades, who were too feeble and too far gone to eat the rations which were given them. Some would secrete their rations and

try to get a second ration. The Assistant Surgeon told me that the one I had seen dead had eaten three rations which he had obtained from his comrades.

The prisoners on board the boats stated that their diseases and sufferings, such as I witnessed, were caused by want of protection from wet and cold, and by insufficient and bad food; this was their invariable statement.

The Union prisoners were not at all vindictive, and expressed a desire to have the rebel prisoners well clothed and fed; this was the case with all the men I spoke to on the subject of the three boats.

My reason for making this inquiry was the remark of the Union prisoners in regard to the healthy condition of the rebel prisoners who were exchanged. Some of them remarked that it would make the condition of the Union prisoners worse if they attempted to retaliate, and would do no good. The general idea as expressed by the men was,

that they did not wish to see the rebel prisoners treated as they had been.

I have been on the battle-field and in hospitals and witnessed much suffering, but never did I experience so sad and deplorable a condition of human beings, as that of the paroled Union prisoners just from Belle Island, and the rebel prisons of the South, emaciated by starvation, with impaired minds, vision, powers of speech and hearing, occasioned by want of sufficiency of wholesome food, exposure to the cold and inclement storms of wind and rain. I believe from what I have seen and experienced among our unfortunate prisoners on board the flag-of-truce boats, that their barbarous treatment and sufferings, which they endured while confined in the military prisons of the South can hardly be exaggerated.

J. B. ABBOTT.

Sworn and subscribed before me at Washington, D. C., this 3d day of June, A. D. 1864.

M. H. N. KENDIG,

Notary Public.

QUARTERLY REPORT

Of the Hospitals for the Federal prisoners, Richmond, Va., furnished by Surgeon-General, C. S. A., April 1, 1864. Obtained by a paroled and returned Federal prisoner.

DISEASES.	JAN.		FEB.		MAR.		DISEASES.	JAN.		FEB.		MAR.	
	Cases.	Deaths.	Cases.	Deaths.	Cases.	Deaths.		Cases.	Deaths.	Cases.	Deaths.	Cases.	Deaths.
Febris Cont. Communis	5	3	1	10	2		Anasarca	6	1	7	2	8	7
" Int. Quart.	6	23		20	5		Ascites	1	4	2	1		
" Tertiana	4	20					Hydrothorax					1	
" Remittent	10	20		11	4		Rheumatism Acute	11		23		12	1
" Typhoides	18	12	35	28	35	29	" Chronica	40	4	42	12	14	3
Erysipelas	11	1	3	1	1	1	Abscessus	2		2			
Rubeola	14	1	15	7	6	4	Anthrax					1	
Variola } Convales-					77		Ulcus			4		1	
Varioloides } cents							Contusio					1	1
Diarrhœa Acuta	31	18	100	13	27	13	Gelatio					15	6
" Chronica	229	193	337	265	283	250	Vulnus Incisum			1			
Dysentery Acuta	36	4	23	6	9	3	Lumbago	1					
" Chronica	18	12	34	24	27	20	Vulnus Scelopiticum	20	1	27		20	3
Dyspepsia	4	1	1	2	1		Otitis	1					
Enteritis			1				Debilitas	15	4	107	17	33	21
Gastritis							Hæmorrhoids			2	1	6	2
Hepatitis Chronica	4		2	1	4	3	Morbi Cutis			6		9	
Icterus	4		1	4	3		Scorbutus	7		7	3	17	7
Parotitis			3	3			Tumores			1			
Tonsillitis			7	3			Dry Gangrene from frozen Feet	27	3	23	4		
Asthma	1	1	1	1									
Bronchitis Acuta	21	1	46	7	12	3	Total	646	311	1252	524	881	2779
" Chronica	20	6	45	16	50	39	Total Deaths						1396
Catarrhus Epidemicus			1										
" Epidemicus	10	1	35	4	17	9							
Laryngitis			2		1	1							
Phthisis Pulmonalis	6	2	8	5	1	1							
Pleuritis	9	1	10	5	12	9							
Pneumonia	63	38	207	97	120	109							
Anæmia			1										
Cerebritis			1										
Epilepsia	1		1										
Meningitis	1	1	1										
Neuralgia	1		3		1								
Paralysis	1				1	1							
Tetanus	4	2											
Bubo Syphiliticum	1												
Cystitis			1										
Gonorrhœa	5	1			1								
Nephritis	1		4		6								
Orchitis	1		1										
Syphilitis Primitiva	2				1								
" Consect	2		2										

A true copy.

(Signed)

A. R. ROOT,
Colonel Commanding, Camp Parole.

A true copy.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT,
Surgeon U. S. Vols. in charge U. S. General Hospital, Division No. 1, Annapolis, Md.

The Commission have received a letter from Col. A. R. ROOT, Commanding, &c., stating that he has satisfactory evidence of the authenticity and reliability of this "Quarterly Report."

EVIDENCE RELATING TO UNITED STATES STATIONS FOR REBEL PRISONERS.

Letter from Quartermaster-General, M. C. Meigs, United States Army.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 6th, 1864.

DR. ELLESLIE WALLACE, Philadelphia.

SIR, — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th ult., in which, in behalf of a Committee of the United States Sanitary Commission, you make inquiry in relation to the condition and treatment of rebel prisoners of war in our hands.

In reply, you are respectfully informed that such prisoners are treated with all the consideration and kindness that might be expected of a humane and Christian people. The rations allowed to them are ample and of good quality. The reduction recently made in the prisoner's ration was for the purpose of bringing it nearer to what the rebel authorities profess to allow their soldiers, and no complaint has been heard of its insufficiency.

Suitable provision has been made by the Government for supplying the prisoners with all necessary clothing and blankets; and at each depot there is a sutler, authorized to sell to them, at reasonable rates, certain prescribed articles of comfort and convenience, such as our soldiers desire to purchase.

Fuel is provided by the army regulations, and is liberally furnished.

Shelter is not denied to any "during the inclement and cold season," and for those who require them, comfortable hospital accommodations, and skilful medical and surgical attention are provided.

The Commissary-General of Prisoners informs me that he has heard of no order to shoot prisoners for being at the windows or near them, and he does not believe that orders of that character have any where been given. He has heard of no prisoners being shot under such circumstances.

General Butler did, in the early part of this year, offer to exchange prisoners, grade for grade, and man for man, of those at Point Lookout, and two other places, but the proposition was not acceded to by the rebel authorities.

Your inquiries are thus substantially answered.

I enclose copies of the orders of the Commissary-General of Prisoners, regulating the conduct and treatment of prisoners of war, and the rations they now receive.*

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

M. C. MEIGS,

Quartermaster-General.

* Printed in this Appendix.

*Testimony taken at Fort Delaware,
June 21st, 1864.*

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT. — Dr. Wallace, Judge Hare.

Captain GILBERT S. CLARK, *sworn and examined* :—

I came to this post 18th March, 1862, and the Subsistence Department at this post has been under my charge since May, 1862.

The rations were as follow :

Bread — 18 ounces per ration ; or,

Corn Meal — 20 ounces per ration.

Beef — 1 pound per ration ; or,

Bacon or Pork — $\frac{3}{4}$ pound per ration.

Beans — 8 quarts per one hundred men ; or,

Hominy or Rice — 10 pounds per one hundred men.

Sugar — 14 pounds per one hundred men.

Rio Coffee — 7 or 9 pounds per hundred men.

Adamantine Candles — 5 per one hundred men ; or,

Tallow Candles — 6 per one hundred men.

Soap — 4 pounds per one hundred men.

Salt — 2 quarts per one hundred men.

Molasses — 4 quarts per one hundred men, twice per week.

Potatoes — 1 pound per man, three times per week.

When beans were issued, hominy or rice not issued.

These were the rations to which the prisoners were entitled. Bread was issued, in point of fact, and not corn meal. Fresh beef was issued, during this time, four times a week. When we had to give them hard bread they received a pound. When fresh beef was given, a pound and a quarter was given, and a less proportion of salt meat.

This was done by orders of the commanding officer, with a view to the sanitary condition of the men.

According to instructions for the Commissary-General of Prisoners, a fund was created by selling all surplus rations, under regulations, and with this fund were purchased vegetables in addition to the regular rations. The order referred to, under which this course was adopted, was as follows :

CIRCULAR.

* * * * *

"V. A general fund, for the benefit of the prisoner, will be made by withholding from their rations all that can be spared without inconvenience to them, and selling this surplus, under existing regulations, to the Commissary, who will hold the funds in his hands,

and be accountable for them, subject to the commanding officer's order to cover purchases. The purchases with the fund will be made by or through the Quartermaster, with the approval or order of the commanding officer, the bills being paid by the Commissary, who will keep an account book, in which will be carefully entered all receipts and payments, with the vouchers; and he will keep the commanding officer advised, from time to time, of the amount of this fund. At the end of the month he will furnish the commanding officer with an account of the fund for the month, showing the receipts and disbursements, which account will be forwarded to the Commissary-General of Prisoners, with the remarks of the commanding officer. With this fund will be purchased all such articles as may be necessary for the health and comfort of the prisoners, and which would otherwise have to be purchased by the Government: among these articles are all table furniture and cooking utensils, articles for policing purposes, bedticks and straw, the means of improving or enlarging the barracks accommodation, extra pay to clerks who have charge of the camp, post-office, and who keep the accounts of moneys deposited with the commanding officer, &c., &c."

The provisions, according to my return, actually issued, were the same as for the garrison troops. The rations detailed above were the rations actually given to the men. The amount drawn on the books, for their account, was larger—and as large as that issued to the garrison, with the exception of flour or bread, which was eighteen ounces instead of twenty-two ounces. When I say actually issued, I mean when entered on my returns as issued. The difference between the amount thus issued, and the amount given as above, was sold and converted into a fund for the benefit of the prisoners, as I have stated, according to the order of which I have given an extract.

This fund was expended and applied for their use in the purchase of extra vegetables and articles of comfort.

This course is pursued towards our own troops in camp and garrison; the surplus which they do not use being sold for their benefit to the Commissary of Subsistence, and regularly entered, and the proceeds applied to their use.

The surplus rations sold for the prisoners were about the same as those sold for the garrison at the same time, showing that the amount actually consumed by the prisoners was about the same, per man, as that consumed by the garrison. When hard bread is issued, prisoners not unfrequently leave a

portion of it on the table. A large amount of bread has been found stowed away by them in the barracks. The rations are precisely the same as that used for garrison, and of very good quality.

My expenditures for vegetables alone, for the use of the prisoners, out of the fund arising from the sale of the surplus rations, amounted, at times, as high as from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a month. For instance, I would buy extra quantities of potatoes and onions, turnips, cabbage, pickles, carrots.

I have frequently asked my overseers if the prisoners complained of not having enough, and if they did, to give them more, and to let no man want, as I could afford to do from the savings. During all the time I have been here, I have scarcely heard a complaint. No material change was made in the rations given to the prisoners till the first of this month, (June '64); since this date, the following has been the ration given the prisoners:

The rations *issued* on the returns remained the same as before. The amount *given* was reduced to the following quantity, by order of the Secretary of War:

"B."

"RATION:

"Pork or Bacon,	10 ozs.	(in lieu of fresh beef.)
Fresh Beef,	14 "	
Flour, or Soft Bread,	16 "	
Hard Bread,	14 "	(in lieu of Flour or Soft Bread.)
Corn Meal,	16 "	(in lieu of Flour or Bread.)
Beans or Peas,	12½ lbs.	} to 100 rations.
or, Rice, or Hominy,	8 "	
Soap,	4 "	
Vinegar,	3 qts.	
Salt,	3¼ lbs.	
Potatoes,	15 "	

Sugar and coffee, or tea, will be issued only to the sick and wounded, on the recommendation of the surgeon in charge, at the rate of twelve (12) pounds of sugar, five (5) pounds of ground or seven (7) pounds of green coffee, or one (1) pound of tea, to the one hundred rations. This part of the ration will be allowed only for every other day."

The difference between the ration given and the ration issued continues to be sold, and the proceeds applied to the benefit of the prisoners, as before. The consequence is that the surplus fund for their use is larger.

I refer to the circulars issued by the War Department, April 20th, 1864, and June 1st, 1864, as containing the regulations under

which I am now acting, hereto appended, marked "A" and "B."

The bread, as now issued, is made one-fifth of corn meal and four-fifths of flour. This change was made at the request of the prisoners. I use the same quality of bread.

GILBERT S. CLARK,

Captain and C. S. Vol.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,

United States Commissioner.

"A."

"OFFICE OF COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF PRISONERS, WASHINGTON, April 20, 1864.

"[CIRCULAR.]

"By authority of the War Department, the following Regulations will be observed at all stations where prisoners of war and political or State prisoners are held. The regulations will supersede those issued from this office July 7, 1861:

I. The Commanding Officer at each station is held accountable for the discipline and good order of his command, and for the security of the prisoners, and will take such measures, with the means placed at his disposal, as will best secure these results. He will divide the prisoners into companies, and will cause written reports to be made to him of their condition every morning, showing the changes made during the preceding twenty-four hours, giving the names of the "joined," "transferred," "deaths," &c. At the end of every month Commanders will send to the Commissary-General of Prisoners a Return of Prisoners, giving names and details to explain "alterations." If rolls of "joined" or "transferred" have been forwarded during the month, it will be sufficient to refer to them on the return according to forms furnished.

II. On the arrival of any prisoners at any station, a careful comparison of them with the rolls which accompany them will be made, and all errors on the rolls will be corrected. When no roll accompanies the prisoners, one will immediately be made out, containing all the information required, as correct as can be, from the statements of prisoners themselves. When the prisoners are citizens, the town, county and State from which they come will be given on the rolls under the headings — Rank, Regiment, and Company. At stations where prisoners are received frequently, and in small parties, a list will be furnished every fifth day — the last one in the month may be for six days — of all prisoners received during the preceding five days. Immediately on their arrival, prisoners will be required to give up all arms and weapons of every description, of which the Commanding Officer will require

an accurate list to be made. When prisoners are forwarded for exchange, duplicate parole rolls, signed by the prisoners, will be sent with them, and an ordinary roll will be sent to the Commissary-General of Prisoners. When they are transferred from one station to another, an ordinary roll will be sent with them, and a copy of it to the Commissary-General of Prisoners. In all cases, the officer charged with conducting prisoners will report to the officer under whose orders he acts, the execution of his service, furnishing a receipt for the prisoners delivered, and accounting by name for those not delivered; which report will be forwarded, without delay, to the Commissary-General of Prisoners.

III. The hospital will be under the immediate charge of the senior Medical Officer present, who will be held responsible to the Commanding Officer for its good order and the proper treatment of the sick. A fund for this hospital will be created as for other hospitals. It will be kept separate from the fund of the hospital for the troops, and will be expended for the objects specified, and in the manner prescribed in paragraph 1212, Revised Regulations for the Army of 1863, except that the requisition of the Medical Officer in charge, and the bill of purchase, before payment, shall be approved by the Commanding Officer. When this "fund" is sufficiently large, it may be expended also for shirts and drawers for the sick, the expense of washing clothes, articles for policing purposes, and all articles and objects indispensably necessary to promote the sanitary condition of the hospital.

IV. Surgeons in charge of hospitals where there are prisoners of war will make to the Commissary-General of Prisoners, through the Commanding Officer, semi-monthly reports of deaths, giving names, rank, regiment, and company; date and place of capture; date and cause of death; place of interment, and No. of grave. Effects of deceased prisoners will be taken possession of by the Commanding Officer, the money and valuables to be reported to this office (see note on blank reports), the clothing of any value to be given to such prisoners as require it. Money left by deceased prisoners, or accruing from the sale of their effects, will be placed in the Prison Fund.

V. A fund to be called "The Prison Fund," and to be applied in procuring such articles as may be necessary for the health and convenience of the prisoners, not expressly provided for by General Army Regulations, 1863, will be made by withholding from their rations such parts thereof as can be conveniently dispensed with. The Ab-

Abstract of Issues to Prisoners, and Statement of the Prison Fund, shall be made out, commencing with the month of May, 1864, in the same manner as is prescribed for the Abstract of Issues to Hospital and Statement of the Hospital Fund, (see paragraphs 1209, 1215, and 1246, and Form 5, Subsistence Department, Army Regulations, 1863), with such modifications in language as may be necessary. The ration for issue to prisoners will be composed as follows, viz.:

Hard Bread,	14 oz. per one ration,
	or 18 oz. Soft Bread, one ration.
Corn Meal,	18 oz. per one ration.
Beef,	14 " " "
Bacon or Pork,	10 " " "
Beans,	6 qts. per 100 men.
Hominy or Rice,	8 lbs. " " "
Sugar,	14 " " "
R. Coffee,	5 lbs. ground, or 7 lbs. raw, per 100 men.
or	
Tea,	18 oz. per 100 men.
Soap,	4 " " "
Adamantine Candles,	5 candles per 100 men.
Tallow Candles,	6 " " "
Salt,	2 qts. " " "
Molasses,	1 qt. " " "
Potatoes,	30 lbs. " " "

When beans are issued, hominy or rice will not be. If at any time it should seem advisable to make any change in this scale, the circumstances will be reported to the Commissary-General of Prisoners for his consideration.

VI. Disbursements to be charged against the Prison Fund will be made by the Commissary of Subsistence, on the order of the Commanding Officer; and all such expenditures of funds will be accounted for by the Commissary, in the manner prescribed for the disbursements of the Hospital Fund. When in any month the items of expenditures on account of the Prison Fund cannot be conveniently entered on the Abstract of Issues to Prisoners, a list of the articles and quantities purchased, prices paid, statement of services rendered, &c., certified by the Commissary as correct, and approved by the Commanding Officer, will accompany the Abstract. In such cases it will only be necessary to enter on the Abstract of Issues the total amount of funds thus expended.

VII. At the end of each calendar month, the Commanding Officer will transmit to the Commissary-General of Prisoners a copy of the "Statement of the Prison Fund," as shown in the Abstract of Issues for that month, with a copy of the list of expendi-

tures specified in preceding paragraph, accompanied by vouchers, and will endorse thereon, or convey in letter of transmittal, such remarks as the matter may seem to require.

VIII. The Prison Fund is a credit with the Subsistence Department, and at the request of the Commissary-General of Prisoners, may be transferred by the Commissary-General of Subsistence in manner prescribed by existing Regulations for the transfer of Hospital Fund.

IX. With the Prison Fund may be purchased such articles not provided for by regulations as may be necessary for the health and proper condition of the prisoners, such as table furniture, cooking utensils, articles for policing, straw, the means for improving or enlarging the barracks or hospitals, &c. It will also be used to pay clerks, and other employees engaged in labors connected with prisoners. No barracks or other structures will be erected or enlarged, and no alterations made, without first submitting a plan and estimate of the cost to the Commissary-General of Prisoners, to be laid before the Secretary of War for his approval; and in no case will the services of clerks or of other employees be paid for without the sanction of the Commissary-General of Prisoners. Soldiers employed with such sanction will be allowed 40 cents per day when employed as clerks, stewards, or mechanics; 25 cents a day when employed as laborers.

X. It is made the duty of the Quartermaster, or, when there is none, the Commissary, under the orders of the Commanding Officer, to procure all articles required for the prisoners, and to hire clerks or other employees. All bills for service, or for articles purchased, will be certified by the Quartermaster, and will be paid by the Commissary on the order of the Commanding Officer, who is held responsible that all expenditures are for authorized purposes.

XI. The Quartermaster will be held accountable for all property purchased with the Prison Fund, and he will make a return of it to the Commissary-General of Prisoners at the end of each calendar month, which will show the articles on hand on the first day of the month; the articles purchased, issued and expended during the month; and the articles remaining on hand. The return will be supported by abstracts of the articles purchased, issued, and expended, certified by the Quartermaster, and approved by the Commanding Officer.

XII. The Commanding Officer will cause requisitions to be made by his Quartermaster for such clothing as may be absolutely necessary for the prisoners, which requisition will be approved by him, after a careful in-

quiry as to the necessity, and submitted for the approval of the Commissary-General of Prisoners. The clothing will be issued by the Quartermaster to the prisoners, with the assistance and under the supervision of an officer detailed for the purpose, whose certificate that the issue has been made in his presence will be the Quartermaster's voucher for the clothing issued. From the 30th of April to the 1st of October, neither drawers nor socks will be allowed, except to the sick. When army clothing is issued, buttons and trimmings will be taken off the coats, and the skirts will be cut so short that the prisoners who wear them will not be mistaken for United States soldiers.

XIII. The Sutler for the prisoners is entirely under the control of the Commanding Officer, who will require him to furnish the prescribed articles, and at reasonable rates. For this privilege the Sutler will be taxed a small amount by the Commanding Officer, according to the amount of his trade, which tax will be placed in the hands of the Commissary to make part of the Prison Fund.

XIV. All money in possession of prisoners, or received by them, will be taken charge of by the Commanding Officer, who will give receipts for it to those to whom it belongs. Sales will be made to prisoners by the Sutler on orders on the Commanding Officer, which orders will be kept as vouchers in the settlement of the individual accounts. The Commanding Officer will procure proper books in which to keep an account of all moneys deposited in his hands, these accounts to be always subject to inspection by the Commissary-General of Prisoners, or other inspecting officer. When prisoners are transferred from the post, the moneys belonging to them, with a statement of the amount due each, will be sent with them, to be turned over by the officer in charge to the officer to whom the prisoners are delivered, who will give receipts for the money. When prisoners are paroled, their money will be returned to them.

XV. All articles sent by friends to prisoners, if proper to be delivered, will be carefully distributed as the donors may request; such as are intended for the sick passing through the hands of the Surgeon, who will be responsible for their proper use. Contributions must be received by an officer, who will be held responsible that they are delivered to the person for whom they are intended. All uniform, clothing, boots, or equipments of any kind for military service, weapons of all kinds, and intoxicating liquors, including malt liquors, are among the contraband articles. The material for outer clothing should be gray, or some dark mixed

color, and of inferior quality. Any excess of clothing, over what is required for immediate use, is contraband.

XVI. When prisoners are seriously ill, their nearest relatives, being loyal, may be permitted to make them short visits; but under no other circumstances will visitors be admitted without the authority of the Commissary-General of Prisoners. At those places where the guard is inside the enclosure, persons having official business to transact with the Commander or other officer will be admitted for such purposes, but will not be allowed to have any communication with the prisoners.

XVII. Prisoners will be permitted to write and to receive letters, not to exceed one page of common letter paper each, provided the matter is strictly of a private nature. Such letters must be examined by a reliable non-commissioned officer, appointed for that purpose by the Commanding Officer, before they are forwarded or delivered to the prisoners.

XVIII. Prisoners who have been reported to the Commissary-General of Prisoners will not be paroled or released except by authority of the Secretary of War.

W. HOFFMAN,

Col. 3d Infantry, Commissary-General of Prisoners.

OFFICIAL:

W. T. HART,

Assistant Adjutant General.

S. R. CRAIGE sworn and examined:—

I have been Quartermaster here since August, 1863. The amount of clothing issued to the prisoners from September 1st, 1863, to May 1st, 1864, by the Quartermaster's Department, will appear from the following statement prepared by me from the books:

QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, FORT DELAWARE,
June 21st, 1864.

CAPT. S. R. CRAIGE,

A. Q. M. Volunteers.

Statement of Clothing issued to Prisoners of War, from Sept. 1st, 1863, to May 1st, 1864:

7175 Pairs Drawers (Canton flannel).
6260 Shirts (Flannel).
8807 Pairs Woolen Stockings.
1094 Jackets and Coats.
3840 Pairs Bootes.
1310 Pairs Trowsers.
4378 Woolen Blankets.
2680 Great Coats.

The principal part of the clothing was issued in October and November, 1863, and every prisoner not having an overcoat and blanket of his own was provided with one.

All that were in want of clothing received it.

The barracks were kept comfortable by stoves; no stint in fuel that I know of; the attendants kept the fires up. Three hundred tons of coal provided by me, were consumed by the prisoners in the winter and spring. This, in addition to wood used for baking, and to the coal supplied by Capt. Clark. I am satisfied the prisoners were as comfortable as could be.

S. R. CRAIGE,
Captain and A. Q. M.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Captain G. S. CLARKE, *recalled*:—

I have purchased and used for the prisoners about one thousand tons of coal during the winter. I would say, in my judgment, that the barracks were sufficiently warm during the season requiring fires. I was Quartermaster here, as well as Commissary, until Captain Craige assumed the Quartermaster's Department.

The desitute prisoners were supplied with sufficient clothing during the time I acted as Quartermaster.

GILBERT S. CLARK.

Attest:

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Captain GEORGE W. AHL, *sworn and examined*:—

My rank is Captain; Acting Assistant Adjutant-General for six months, and Commissary of Prisoners for about a year and a half.

Q. Can you state whether the rations issued to prisoners at this post were actually given them in full?

A. To the best of my knowledge and belief they were.

Q. Were the rations issued sufficient for their subsistence? had they at any time saved any rations, and was there any waste of their rations at any time?

A. The rations issued to them were at all times sufficient for their subsistence; and sometimes greatly in excess of what they could eat. In policing their barracks some time ago we tore up the lower bunk boards, under which we found about eight (8) barrels of hard bread and meat, which they had secreted there, because there was more than they could eat. At that time we had only about three thousand prisoners here.

According to official monthly reports made to the Commissary-General of prisoners, there were at this post in July, 1863, 8,982 prisoners, of whom 111 died during the month.

August, 1863,	8,822	prisoners, of whom	169	died.
September, 1863,	6,490	"	"	327 "
October, 1863,	2,987	"	"	377 "
November, 1863,	2,822	"	"	156 "
December, 1863,	2,765	"	"	82 "
January, 1864,	2,600	"	"	78 "
February, 1864,	2,655	"	"	42 "
March, 1864,	5,712	"	"	62 "
April, 1864,	6,149	"	"	74 "
May, 1864,	8,126	"	"	62 "
To June 21, 1864,	8,536	"	"	42 "

The greater mortality during the summer and fall months of 1863, was attributable to the following causes: Small-pox; the majority of the prisoners not having been vaccinated before they came here, and those who were vaccinated had been vaccinated with impure matter; at all events, the vaccination resulted in breaking out over their body in sores; and from the prostrated condition of the prisoners from Vicksburg, a great many of whom had to be carried, on their arrival here, from the boat to the hospital, and many of whom represented that they had been limited to half and quarter rations of an inferior quality during the siege of Vicksburg. Many died also from wounds received in different engagements. Many, when brought here, were suffering from chronic diarrhoea and other diseases. The general effect of our treatment of the prisoners at this post has resulted in great benefit to their physical condition. In reference to vaccination, being desirous of obtaining the true cause of its bad effects on their system, I inquired of them (the prisoners) the cause of it; they stated that they had been vaccinated by their own men with impure matter.

GEORGE W. AHL,
Captain and A. A. G. and
Commissary of Prisoners.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
U. S. Commissioner.

Lieutenant A. G. WOLF, *sworn, and examined*:—

I am a Lieutenant in charge of prisoners at Fort Delaware; have been here since 23d September, 1862; have had charge of the prisoners about eight months.

The order is that the men shall be sent out every day for air. The barracks are then entirely cleansed out. At one time we turned the prisoners out, and found enough of crackers to have paved the barracks two crackers deep, and they are an average of five hundred feet. They had stowed and concealed them away in various places. As a general thing, when the barracks were cleaned out, there were always a number of rations, bread and meat, found stowed away. We have always found a quantity of blan-

kets and clothing stowed away under the floor during the winter season. We have allowed men two blankets apiece, and when they were delicate, three blankets and an overcoat.

They are allowed to bathe in the river twice a week. We have to take a guard to get some of them to go out to bathe. We issue a regular prisoner's ration of soap; we have found as much as ten pounds secreted in their haversacks.

They had five stoves within five hundred feet during winter, and were warm enough in their barracks.

There has never been an order to fire at any man looking out the windows, and no man has ever been fired at for looking out; there have been five men shot; three killed and two wounded here, since this has been a prison. One killed while in the river making his escape, about one hundred yards from the shore, at night; one killed for attempting to climb over the fence towards the river; one man was wounded—he died since—for committing a nuisance on the bank contrary to rule, and was ordered by the sentry to stop. He called the sentry "a Yankee son of a bitch," and would not stop. The ball wounded two men. The other one said that he deserved all he got. Another was killed accidentally, by the sentry shooting at one who was committing a nuisance, and who would not obey the order. These orders are to prevent nuisances occurring in the barracks, which would be destructive of health and cleanliness. Even with these rules, nuisances are not unfrequently committed.

Special orders No. 157 are the same as those I refer to, and are as follow :

SPECIAL ORDER No. 157.

HEADQUARTERS, FORT DELAWARE,
June 1, 1864.

The officer of the Guard must read and explain these orders to each *relief* of his Guard regularly before having it posted.

I. No sentinel must communicate with nor allow any person to communicate with any of the prisoners, nor permit any of the prisoners to go outside of the limits of their barracks, without the permission of the Commanding General or the officers in charge of the prisoners.

II. It is the duty of the sentinel to prevent the prisoners from *escaping*, or *cutting*, *defacing*, or in any way *damaging any of the Government property*, or from committing any "Nuisance" in or about their barracks, or from using any abusive or insolent LANGUAGE towards them, and from any violation of good order.

Should the sentinel detect any prisoner in violating these instructions, he must order him *three distinct times to halt!* and if the prisoner obeys the order, the sentinel must call for the Corporal of the Guard, and have the prisoner placed in arrest—but *should the prisoner fail to halt, when so ordered, the sentinel must enforce his order by bayonet or ball.*

III. The sentinels are required to exercise the utmost vigilance, and to exact from prisoners a strict compliance with these instructions, and must always be duly impressed with the nature and extent of their responsibility.

By command of BRIG. GEN'L SCHOEPEF.
(Signed) GEO. W. AHL,
Captain and A. A. A. G.

They exist in all prisons.
A. G. WOLF,
Lieutenant and Commissary of Prisoners.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Surgeon H. R. SILLIMAN, sworn and examined:—

I have been in charge here as Surgeon-in-Charge of the books since July, 1863. The condition of the prisoners, upon arriving here, was that generally of men suffering from over-exertion and bad diet; chronic diarrhœa and scurvy prevalent among them; they improved very materially shortly after their arrival here.

The sanitary conditions here were such as to be conducive to their health. Prisoners who arrived here from Vicksburg and the Mississippi Valley were laboring under miasmatic influences, under which a great number of them died. From their condition, I should judge they had been on a diet of salt meat. Some of the men arrived here in a good condition of health. The men from Gettysburg were generally in good health, though they soon broke down, showing the effect of their violent exertions; they rallied again under good food and good clothing. The condition of the men brought here within the last few months, captured in Virginia, has been better than that of those brought here heretofore. A large number of the men had never been vaccinated, and many others imperfectly so. The scars were imperfect, in my judgment. They vaccinated themselves in the barracks with pen-knives, after their arrival here, producing diseases of the blood and skin. In my experience, the proportion of the unvaccinated men, among the prisoners, is far greater than in our own army, for I have never known of an unvaccinated man in our army.

I consider the amount of food and clothing allowed to prisoners here, during the past winter, reasonably sufficient for the preservation of life and health.

I don't know of any man who has suffered from a want of food or clothing, and unable to procure them, on proper representations.

I do know of one man who was brought into the hospital last winter, during a severe spell, severely frost-bitten. I don't know how this occurred. This is the only instance that has come to my knowledge.

The men sent away from here were sometimes sick and sometimes well; they were in general well; and the physical condition of the well men was good. The sick were sent away under special orders, going as sick.

The order was from Surgeon-General Hammond; it was not an order to send away any who could not bear the journey; it was left to my discretion who to send away, and I sent none who I believed would die on the passage; I was careful about that.

I think the treatment of the sick prisoners here is equal to the treatment of our own sick men anywhere.

I expend as much as \$1,700 per month, saved from the surplus rations, on delicacies for the sick.

H. R. SILLIMAN,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. A.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Lieutenant A. G. WOLF, recalled:—

I am acquainted with the case of frost-bite spoken of by Dr. Silliman. The prisoners reported to me that the man was taken with cramps in the barracks; they exposed his person and rubbed him to ease the pain, and found that they could do no good, and then brought him to the hospital in that condition of exposure. I attributed the frost-bite to these circumstances.

A. G. WOLF,
Lieutenant and Commanding Prison.

Attest,
D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

Surgeon Colin ARROTT, sworn and examined:—

I am acting assistant-surgeon at this place; have been here over two years. When I first came here the water used for drinking was rain water; and after I came here the water was brought from the Brandywine, in casks by sloops. I cautioned all the prisoners that came here against drinking the water of the Island, as it was unhealthy. They would frequently persist in doing it, although there was fresh water provided for

them. They did this to save themselves from the trouble of going about a hundred yards for fresh water. They would dig little wells for the water, a few inches deep; I think that water produced sickness, though I frequently cautioned them, and at different times. This was two years ago.

For a year the water has been brought here in large quantities by boats. There are 30,000 gallons of water brought here now a day, besides what rain water is caught. There is now, and always has been, as far as I know, a full supply of water on the Island.

COLIN ARROTT,
Acting Assistant Surgeon.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

I certify that the foregoing testimony, taken at Fort Delaware, June 21st, 1864, was taken and reduced to writing by me, in the presence of the respective witnesses, and by them sworn to and subscribed in my presence, at the time and in the manner set forth.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
U. S. Commissioner.

DAVID'S ISLAND, N. Y.

Testimony taken at De Camp General Hospital, U. S. A., David's Island, June 16th, 1864.

COMMISSIONER PRESENT.—Mr. Wilkins.

Deposition of Augustus Van Cortlandt, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A.

I was on duty in this hospital when the last load of rebel prisoners arrived, during the latter part of July, 1863. Some were lodged in pavilions, and some in tents, which were in excellent order.

The prisoners had not been robbed or deprived of any of their private property, so far as my knowledge extends; on the contrary, the majority of patients under my charge possessed money, brought with them from the South to the hospital, and were never deprived of it.

They came in a filthy, horrible condition. Their dirty garments were removed and burned, and new hospital clothing furnished them at the expense of the United States Government, after they had been thoroughly cleansed and washed.

Their physical condition was bad in the extreme when they arrived; they were run down, and were the worst body of wounded men it has ever been my lot to see.

I had ten tents under my charge, which contained ninety-four rebel patients and

nurses. The tents were twenty-eight by fifteen feet. The pavilions were one hundred and ninety-six feet in length, twenty-three feet in breadth, and twelve feet in height to the plate, and contained not more than eighty patients.

During the ensuing cold weather the prisoners were removed to the pavilions, and had all necessary fuel and warm clothing. I have never heard of any of the prisoners suffering from cold or exposure, so as to require medical treatment, nor of any having been frozen to death.

They were allowed, for exercise and recreation, the whole island inside of the line of sentries, having the same liberty, rations, diet and medical treatment, as the Federal sick and wounded have always had.

No rebel prisoners were ever fired upon, shot, or wounded, when on the Island, from any apprehension of their escaping, or from any other cause.

The supply of drinking water was of a good quality and abundant; and ice was supplied with liberal profusion, and sufficiency of water for washing, with plentiful allowances of soap, as well as combs, for their own private use.

The physical condition of the rebel prisoners, upon leaving the island, was very good, except a few cases of unhealed wounds.

AUG. VAN CORTLANDT, M. D.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,

Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge of Hospital.

Deposition of GEORGE W. EDWARDS, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A.

I was stationed at this hospital when the rebel prisoners arrived, about the middle of July, 1863. They were placed in tents and pavilions, which had just been vacated by Union soldiers to make room for them. The dimension of the tents were twenty-eight feet by fifteen feet; the pavilions were one hundred and ninety-six feet in length, twenty-three feet in breadth, and twelve feet in height to the plate; not sealed over, and with numerous ventilators on the ridges. The tents were arranged to contain ten patients each, the pavilions to contain eighty; the number of patients never exceeded these numbers in either.

The prisoners had not been robbed by our men, as most of them had money, some had gold, greenbacks, and Confederate paper.

They were in rags, barefooted and bare-headed when they came, were frightfully filthy, and covered with vermin. Within three or four hours after their arrival, they had all been stripped of their rags, washed, and after being supplied with clean linen, placed in clean and well-aired beds.

Full suits of clothing, consisting of coats, pants, drawers, shirts, shoes and stockings, were subsequently issued to them by the United States Quartermaster. To distinguish them from our own soldiers, the buttons and six inches of the skirt of the coat were cut off.

Those who remained during the cold weather were abundantly supplied with fuel and warm clothing, and none required medical or surgical treatment in consequence of exposure to the cold; none were frozen to death.

They were allowed to go fishing or clamming, as they pleased, when they first came, till several escaped, when a line of sentinels was placed around the island upon the beach, inside of which they enjoyed all the privileges allowed to the Federal patients in the hospital.

None of the rebels were ever shot at, wounded or killed in any way while upon the island.

They receive medical and surgical treatment in all respects equal to that of Union soldiers. Nine-tenths of them were suffering from wounds. The mortality was not large, most of the deaths occurring from the severity of the wounds. They received the same rations and diet as our own patients.

The paper hereto attached, marked (A),* formed the Diet Table during the time which the rebel prisoners were on the island. They had an abundance of good drinking water, with ice, an unlimited supply for bathing, plenty of soap, towels, combs, &c., &c., for their own comfort and cleanliness.

When the prisoners were removed, they were in excellent bodily condition, though many had not entirely recovered from their wounds; the majority of the prisoners left the island during the month of October, 1863. At one time there were about two thousand five hundred rebel prisoners upon the island.

I have been upon the medical staff of this hospital since its opening, in May, 1862, and it has been occupied by Union patients, both prior and subsequent to its occupation by rebel prisoners. G. W. EDWARDS.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,

Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge of Hospital.

DE CAMP GENERAL HOSPITAL,
DAVID'S ISLAND, NEW YORK,
June 17th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, Acting Assistant Surgeons U. S. A., employed in De Camp General Hospital, depose and say, that we

* The paper (A) here referred to, is the "DIET TABLE FOR GENERAL HOSPITALS, UNITED STATES ARMY."

have heard read the depositions of Augustus Van Cortlandt and George W. Edwards, Acting Assistant Surgeons U. S. A., of this date, and from our personal knowledge and actual experience confirm all that the said affidavits set forth as to the treatment of rebels, sick and wounded, during their confinement in this hospital.

We further depose that we have been members of the Medical Staff in this hospital, during and subsequent to its occupation by the rebel prisoners.

The Medical Staff numbered twenty-three Acting Assistant Surgeons, while the prisoners were on the island.

We would further depose that there were ample provisions of nurses; one nurse to every ten patients in the hospitals; and that the following provisions were made for the calls of nature: each pavilion was furnished with from two to four water-closets, and chairs and bed-pans were furnished for patients unable to reach the water-closet. The tents were furnished with bed-pans and chairs. Ample structures were made upon the beach for those able to walk.

JOHN HOWE, M. D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., further deposes and says, that on or about the first day of August 1863, while attending his duties in Pavilion 14, there was then and there present, the Rev. — Brooks, Alabama Chaplain in the Confederate service, and prisoner of war, who addressed the rebel prisoners and said to them, "Well, boys, keep up your spirits, for you are getting a great deal better treatment here than you would get at home."

JOHN HOWE, M. D.,
Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.
WILLIAM BADGER,
GEORGE BADGER,
A. N. BROCKWAY,
WM. C. PRYER.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge of Hospital.

Deposition of the Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, Chaplain, U. S. A., Minister of Protestant Episcopal Church, Diocese of New York, under Bishop Potter.

Entered upon my duties here July 4, 1862, and have continued here until this time.

In my intercourse with the prisoners, I was guided systematically by the same rules with which I visited Union soldiers. The prisoners were equally well lodged with our own men. I remarked at the time of their arrival how neat and comfortable a provision had been made in the tents and pavilions for their comfort, with an ample supply of beds and bedding.

I met the first transport at Philadelphia,

and returned on the same with them to David's Island. The prisoners were in a most filthy condition, miserably clad, and covered with vermin. Each man received a bath and was immediately furnished with clean clothing, the old clothing being removed and burned. In the prosecution of my duties I was frequently present at their dinners, which were ample, superior, both as respects quantity and quality, to anything I have ever seen in hospital diet. The diet furnished to them was superior even to that of our own patients. This resulted from the fact that many little luxuries were furnished by private donation. There were other comforts and conveniences afforded them beyond those of food, clothing, and shelter.

A library of two thousand volumes, that had been previously used by our own soldiers, was at once thrown open to them, and every facility afforded for the use of the volumes. Being present as librarian, and taking each man's name as he received his book, the library was used by them far more than by our own people. As had been my practice, I went through the tents and pavilions with bibles and prayer books, making the special inquiry to every man, "Are you supplied?" And furnishing books in all cases where they were required.

Religious services were held in the chapel twice every Sunday, and two or three times during the week, at which they were invited to be present, and attended in such numbers that the chapel was always crowded, the capacity of the chapel being three hundred, and some occasions numbers stood at the windows during the entire service.

I was supervisor of the post office, and officially appointed to examine the contents of letters, which were mailed and forwarded on my approval. Paper and envelopes were furnished gratuitously, and post stamps, when needed, were supplied to the extent of one hundred and fifty dollars, to my knowledge, gratuitously. From three to five hundred letters were forwarded daily after the first arrival of prisoners.

The common expression in their letters as to their condition was that "we have everything we need, and could not be better off."

Funeral service was always performed over the dead, using the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church over the remains of the dead. A record was uniformly made of the names, company, and regiment, of the deceased, and date of death. This record was made independently of a formal Hospital register.

ROBERT LOWRY,
Chaplain U. S. A.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND, NEAR SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Testimony taken at Washington, D. C., June 3, 1864.

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.—Mr. Wilkins, Dr. Wallace, Dr. Walden.

Surgeon CHAS. P. WILSON, examined:—

I was Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army. I was stationed at Johnson's Island, three miles from Sandusky, from the last week of October, 1863, to the last week of January, 1864. My duty was to attend to our men guarding the rebel prisoners, and also to attend at the Small-pox Hospital for rebel prisoners, and at the Post Hospital for our garrison; my position enabled me to see the general condition and the general treatment of the prisoners.

There could not be a more healthy or pleasant place than this island. Kelly's Island, a popular place of resort for pleasure and health, is about six miles from this island, and no better for these objects.

The buildings were good; in good order; they were new; say two years old; convenient and comfortable; they might have been better ventilated; the buildings were frame, and lined inside; they had rows of bunks, as in barracks, in three tiers—just the same as our men have in most of our barracks.

The rebel prisoners all had blankets, either their own or furnished by the United States Government, and were generally furnished with clothing by the United States Government—pants, shoes, hats, blouses, and under-clothing and stockings,—until a short time before I left, then these were furnished to those only who actually needed them.

I have several times seen of an afternoon boxes carted in, and these articles distributed from the boxes among the prisoners, according to their wants.

I was there in extremely cold weather, when the supplies were teamed on the ice from the main land to Johnson's Island, a distance of three miles; the prisoners were provided against this severe weather by wood hauled every day for their use in stoves.

I consider that the wood was sufficient for comfortable supply, except for, say two or possibly three days, when the teams were engaged in bringing lumber and provisions for additional troops; during these two or three days the supply of wood was scant, and was the subject of complaint.

No prisoners were frost-bitten or came under medical treatment from cold and exposure, except some who attempted to escape. They all fared as well in this respect as our men do in barracks generally.

The sick men all had ticks filled with

straw as beds; the hospital building for the rebels was lined and plastered.

There was abundant supply of good water from the lake by pipes and pumps; when the pipes froze they could go to the lake, under guard, and supply themselves, bringing it up in suitable vessels; they always had plenty of water to wash themselves and their clothes.

The rations of the prisoners were the same as those furnished to our own soldiers according to regulations.

The prisoners did not consume all their rations, for I know that there was a large prison fund formed from the savings.

During the hours of the day the prisoners were allowed to be in the open air as much as they pleased; there was abundant room for them all to take as much exercise as they required for health; they played games in the open air.

The surgeon in charge treated the sick rebels as he treated our sick; there was no difference at all, except when special articles of diet were sent to our men by their friends.

Some four hundred and sixty rebel privates were sent to some other prison in November; most of them had been on Johnson's Island for some months; when they left, taking them as a whole, their physical condition was excellent.

You could not have found the same number of prisoners anywhere in better condition.

C. P. WILSON,

Surgeon 138th Regiment O. N. G.

Sworn and subscribed before me, at Washington, D. C., this 3d day of June, 1864.

M. H. N. KENDIG,

Notary Public.

Depositions taken at Sandusky, Ohio.

MAJOR T. WOODBRIDGE, M. D., Surgeon in charge, sworn and examined:—

Q. What has been and is now your position in the army of the United States?

A. I am Surgeon of the 128th Regiment O. V. I., and Surgeon in charge of the Depot for Prisoners of War on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio.

Q. How long have you held this position?

A. Since the establishment of the prison. I came to the island in February, 1862. The first prisoners came in April, 1862. I have had medical supervision of the prison from then until now.

Q. What is your opinion of Johnson's Island as to health and salubrity?

A. I believe Johnson's Island to be as favorable to health as the climate of Newport or Saratoga in summer, and as that of

Cincinnati or Dayton in winter. The latitude is about $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ North, longitude $82^{\circ} 42'$ West. Height of lake above tide-water five hundred and sixty-five feet. The island rests upon a bed of Devonian limestone, which rises gradually from the shore to the centre, terminating in a ridge of limestone rock, thus affording complete natural drainage. The water used is principally that of the bay, which comes in fresh constantly from Lake Erie.

Q. What diseases, if any, are peculiar to Johnston's Island or the neighboring islands in Lake Erie?

A. I know of no diseases peculiar to those islands or prevalent in them. Johnson's Island is a small one, containing only about three hundred acres of land, and previous to the establishment of the prison, if I am correctly informed, was not inhabited by more than one family at a time; but the Peninsula, with Kelley's Island and the Put-in-Bay Islands, have been inhabited for between thirty and forty years. I have conversed frequently with some of the oldest citizens of the peninsula and the islands, but have never heard them speak of any liability to diseases, but such as is common to other parts of Ohio.

Q. Is there any truth in the assertion made by rebel authorities that residence on the island for a few months produces in a great number of prisoners dangerous and fatal pulmonary disorders?

A. Not the slightest.

Q. What has been the rate of mortality among the prisoners?

A. In 1862—from April to December inclusive—the number of deaths was thirty-seven. During the year 1863 measles and smallpox were brought into the prison by prisoners sent from Alton and other prisons, and many wounded at the battles of Gettysburg, augmenting our mortality list above what it would otherwise have reached. The number of deaths for 1863 was ninety-seven. This makes, from the time of the first arrival of prisoners in April, 1862, to January 1st, 1864, (twenty-one months,) a mortality list of one hundred and thirty-four, out of an aggregate of six thousand four hundred and ten, received into the prison in that time. As there were exchanges and removals of prisoners, the number in prison never exceeded twenty-seven hundred at any one time.* Many of the prisoners came here with health impaired, by bad diet, exposure, and often by wounds received in battle. The bill of mortality owes little to the climate of the post, when we consider that men

in prison, away from home and friends, are weighed down by anxieties and despondency, thus making the treatment of disease more difficult.

Q. Please state the number of prisoners now at the post?

A. About two thousand three hundred and six.*

Q. Please state the number of deaths during the past two months.

A. In the month of May there were five deaths; in the month of June only one.

Q. What accommodations are provided for the care of the sick?

A. The hospital building is one hundred and twenty-six by thirty feet, with a transverse hall six and a half feet wide in the centre. There are four wards, each forty-eight by thirty feet. There are eighty beds in all, giving to each patient, when the wards are full, seven hundred and twenty cubic feet of atmospheric air. The dispensary is furnished with all the medicines and stimulants furnished to hospitals for our own soldiers, and more than double the quantity is used by prisoners than by the same number of our troops. I have always had the assistance of competent Confederate surgeons, who cheerfully aid by giving their time to this duty. When there are no commissioned surgeons in prison, there are surgeons holding commissions in the line who do this duty. The cooking for the hospital is done by the most experienced and skilful cooks we can find in the prison.

In addition to rations, the sick are furnished with flour, potatoes, corn-meal, milk, butter, eggs, chickens, tea, &c., &c. The bedding is amply sufficient to make each patient comfortable. A pest-house is built outside the prison, to which all cases of smallpox, measles, or other contagions, are removed on first development.

J. WOODBRIDGE,

Surgeon 128th O. V. I.

Subscribed in my presence
and sworn to before
me at Sandusky, Ohio,
this 5th day of July,
1864.

[SEAL.]

HENRY C. BUSH,

Notary Public in and for Erie County, Ohio.

SURGEON EVERTMAN examined:—

Q. What position do you now hold at Depot Prisoners of War?

A. I act as chief medical officer of United States forces and military prison.

Q. How long have you held that position?

A. Since the 17th of May, 1864.

Q. What is your opinion of the general

* The average number of prisoners for the entire of the year 1863 was eleven hundred and fifteen.

* In May, 1864, there were two thousand one hundred and thirty-four, and in June, 1864, two thousand three hundred and nine.

healthfulness and salubrity of Johnson's Island?

A. The general condition of the troops and prisoners of war at this post has been unusually good and healthy. The hospital in the prison, during the past two months, scarcely ever had more than thirty inmates among an aggregate number of two thousand one hundred prisoners of war. The prevailing diseases, during this time, were diarrhœa, acute and chronic; a few cases of dysentery, and a small number of intermittent fever. I consider the island as healthy as any locality I have ever visited.

Q. Have you known any undue tendency to pulmonary disorders on this or the adjoining islands, or any part of the surrounding country?

A. I have not, at least not during the time that I have been stationed here. In the early part of the spring there were some few cases of pneumonia and bronchitis, but not any more so than would be expected even in a climate further south than this.

Q. What proportion of pulmonary complaints furnished in your hospital reports?

A. For the past six months the ratio has been as follows:

	Sick Treated.	Pulmonary Diseases.
January, . . .	64	10
February, . .	66	5
March,	46	7
April,	91	1
May,	62	2
June,	80	5
	—	—
Total, . . .	409	30

Q. What is the appearance of the prisoners generally at this time?

A. Their appearance is very good. The prisoners confined at this depot are all rebel officers, but have very little pride to keep themselves or their quarters clean.

Q. Do the prisoners seem to gain or decline in health after their arrival here?

A. As a general thing their health improves. Most of the prisoners are robust and in good physical condition.

HENRY EVERTMAN,

Surgeon U. S. Vols., Chief Medical Officer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me at Sandusky, Ohio, this 5th day of July, 1864.

[SEAL.] HENRY C. BUSH,
Notary Public in and for Erie County, Ohio.

Deposition taken at Kelley's Island.

GEORGE C. HUNTINGTON examined:

Q. How long have you resided on Kelley's Island?

A. Since the fall of 1838, with the exception of one year, from the fall of 1844

to the fall of 1845. Have been acquainted on the Island since 1835.

Q. What means have you of furnishing a statement of the character of the climate and sanitary condition of Kelley's Island, and the neighboring islands, and the surrounding country?

A. I have been in the habit, during the entire period of my residence on the island, of noting extremes of temperature, and such casual phenomena as would, in my opinion, have any bearing on the general health of the place; and for more than five years past have made three records daily of everything connected with the changes of the weather, in the manner prescribed by, and under the direction of, the Smithsonian Institution.

Q. Please state the latitude, longitude, and height above tide-water, of Kelley's Island; its population, and the general character of the island for salubrity.

A. My place of observation is in latitude 41° 35' 44" N., longitude 82° 42' 32" W. The level of Lake Erie is 565 feet above tide-water, and the island may in some places rise fifty or sixty feet above the level of the lake; but I think the mean height of the island level not vary much from twenty-five feet above the level of the lake. The population, in April last, was six hundred and fifty-one. As to the salubrity of the climate, the matter will be best determined by the statistics given in answer to the next question.

Q. What has been the percentage of mortality, annually, on your island?

A. In answer to this question I give an abstract from the records of the "Cemetery Association." This association was organized in May, 1853, since which time the whole number of interments has been 43

From this deduct, lost from vessels and washed ashore, 4
Died in Nashville, from w'ds in battle, 1—5

Whole number of interments in 11 years, 38

To this add, died here and taken elsewhere for interment, 5

Whole number of deaths in 11 years, 43

From diseases reported as follows:—

Killed by premature blast 1, drowned 2, 3
Old age 3, intemperance 1, dropsy 1, . . 5
Still-born and infants but a few days old, 8
Dysentery and summer complaint, . . . 9
Inflammation of bowels, 3
Diseases affecting respiratory organs, . 5
Throat affection, age 76, age 50, . . . 2
Fevers (one contracted in army hospital), 3
Childbirth 1, congestion of brain 1, . . 2
Fits 1, not specified 2, 3

The average population of the island for this period of eleven years has been, as appears by the returns of the township assessor, 428, which would give an annual mortality of 3.9; but if we deduct casualties 3, still-born and infants, which, although born alive, had not vitality enough fairly to commence the journey of life, 8; and one from disease contracted in hospital in Nashville, 1, it will reduce the number of deaths properly chargeable to disease and old age to thirty-one, or an annual mortality of 2.82 in a population of 428. This would be an annual mortality from all causes of one per cent., and from disease, including old age, an annual mortality of less than seventy-three-hundredths of one per cent. (0.724.) By comparing these results with the tables of mortality in different sections of the country, the salubrity of our climate and the immunity from the ordinary diseases of the country enjoyed by the inhabitants of this island as compared with other localities, may be easily deduced.

Q. What is the distance of Kelley's from Johnson's Island, and is there any difference in the physical or sanitary peculiarities of the two islands?

A. Johnson's Island is about seven miles nearly due south from Kelley's Island, and I am not aware of any natural causes which should make any difference in the salubrity of climate or sanitary condition of the two localities, unless the difference in the water between Sandusky Bay and the open lake (the latter being considered rather more free from impurities) might be considered a difference, so far as it is used for culinary purposes or as a beverage.

Q. Is there any undue tendency to pul-

monary disorders among the inhabitants of these islands?

A. By reference to the answer to a preceding question, it will be seen that the whole number of deaths from diseases affecting the respiratory organs in a period of eleven years, and in a population averaging four hundred and twenty-eight, was but five, and of this number one was a transient person; leaving but four cases in eleven years among those who could be properly called residents.

Q. Has Johnson's Island ever had a bad repute for unhealthiness?

A. I have never heard Johnson's Island called unhealthy.

Q. Have you ever known any very fatal diseases among the inhabitants of Lake Erie?

A. The Asiatic cholera has passed through the lake region as an epidemic four times, I think, since it first made its appearance on this continent in 1832. I am not aware of any other very fatal diseases having prevailed in the lake region since my first acquaintance with it in 1830.

STATE OF OHIO,
Erie County, } s. s.

Before me, the subscriber, a Notary Public in and for the County of Erie and State of Ohio, personally came G. C. Huntington, who, being duly sworn by me according to law, deposes and says that the statements above made are compiled from official and other reliable data, and that they are true according to his knowledge and belief.

GEO. C. HUNTINGTON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
July 4th, A. D. 1864.

[SEAL.] A. S. KELLEY,
Notary Public.

EVIDENCE OF SOLDIERS OF THE REBEL ARMY CONFINED AT UNITED STATES STATIONS.

Testimony taken at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C., taken June 4, 1864.

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT. — Dr. Wallace, Mr. Walden.

WILLIAM H. FERGUSON; 11th Mississippi infantry; twenty-six years old; private in Confederate service three years; health good while in service and up to the time of my capture.

Had walled tents sometimes, and cabins sometimes when in winter quarters.

Always had this kind of covering except while in active service; then we had no tents or cabins. say from first of May till we got into winter quarters.

We commonly carry one blanket.

Could have more if we wanted it.

Could take captured tents and carry and use them if we chose.

We were comfortable as far as body clothing and blankets are concerned; when one coat or pants wears out we can get more from our own quartermasters.

A day's ration is one and one-eighth pounds wheat flour or one and one-fourth pounds corn meal; one and one-fourth pounds beef, fresh (could generally get fresh beef, driving cattle along with us), or half-pound bacon in place of beef; we also drew during the first year of war, coffee, sugar, and rice; second and third years had no coffee; sometimes we could get sugar and rice; since Christmas last we got coffee again.

We always had plenty to eat and sometimes more, while not on campaign; but on campaign, then we always had enough, but none to spare.

Since our capture we get enough grub to keep us from hunger; we don't suffer; we have a full allowance; we are as well treated as your own men.

I was wounded in my right leg just above the ankle; healing kindly now.

Kindly treated by the officers and subordinates since our capture.

I have not been, and never have seen any of our boys, robbed or otherwise ill-treated by the Union men; I have seen and heard some occasional rough talk and swearing at us, but nothing more than that; this was from a few of the privates; not a general rule.

We have had civil talk and argument as a common thing with the Union soldiers on the subject of the war.

I was captured 5th of May, 1864.

Our food in the Confederate army was of good quality.

Our corn meal that we had was very good; we had generally white, sometimes yellow meal; it was bolted or sifted, and of fine grain.

We never had grains of corn or bits of cob in our meal.

WILLIAM H. FERGUSON,

Company D, 11th Mississippi Volunteers.

I have been in the Confederate service two years and six months; was captured on fifth of May, 1864. Was wounded through the right shoulder and chest. I am improving in strength; and I suppose I am gaining flesh now, though I am not as strong or fleshy as when I was captured.

I have been present at the statements made by William H. Ferguson, 11th Mississippi Volunteers; I have heard them all; I substantiate their accuracy from my experience and observation as to our condition in the service, though I was attached to a different corps of the army.

W. O. QUARLES,

Company H, 3d Alabama Regiment, Infantry.

LARKIN A. GRIFFIN, native of South Carolina; home in Florida; belong to 1st South Carolina rifles.

The statement made by William H. Ferguson has been read and shown to me. It agrees with my observation and experience except as noted below. I have been in Confederate service nearly three years; my health was always excellent while in the service; I was well and strong when wounded and captured; captured on 12th May, 1864.

During the winter of 1862 and 1863, we

had full rations of bread, but only half rations of bacon for about three months.

Our corn meal was very finely ground, but the hull was not sifted out.

In a few isolated cases our captured men were directed to leave their knapsacks and haversacks behind them; it was not a general thing at all.

I never saw nor heard our men sworn at or cursed by the Union soldiers.

L. A. GRIFFIN.

I have seen and had read to me the statements made by William H. Ferguson. They are correct as proved by my own experience and observation generally. I have been in the Confederate service three years; my health and strength while in the service was good during the third year; better than before.

We had coffee always, except during 1863, up to about Christmas.

A Union lieutenant once damned me and told me I was not worthy of a place. I replied, "I hoped the Lord would forgive him and make him a better man."

PLEASANT H. REESE,

Company I, 13th Georgia Regiment.

I have seen and had read to me the statements made by William H. Ferguson.

They are correct as proved by my own experience and observation generally. I have been in the Confederate service two years; my health was not very good till this last winter; then it was tolerably good; could do all my duties. Through last summer we did not draw coffee.

JOSEPH F. DAVIDSON,

Company A, 49th Georgia Regiment.

VIRGIL CARROLL, aged twenty-one; artillery, Virginia.

Clothing always good and warm.

Plenty of blankets and good shelter; shelter tents.

Plenty to eat. Rations—coffee, sugar, bacon, meal, occasionally fresh meat, potatoes (Irish), rice, peas, wheat bread.

Always enough; much as we could consume; this especially during the last three months.

Clothing very plentiful.

Fourth year in the army; never suffered for food or clothing.

VIRGIL CARROLL.

I corroborate the above statement of Virgil Carroll. **S. P. TWEDY,**

Company C, 11th Regiment, Virginia.

JOSHUA BARKER, South Carolina, 4th Rifles. I corroborate the above statement of Virgil Carroll. **JOSHUA BARKER.**

C. A. BOWMAN, North Carolina 32d. I corroborate the above statement of Virgil Carroll.

C. A. BOWMAN.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, }
County of Washington, } ss.

Personally appeared before me the within named William H. Ferguson, W. O. Quarles, L. A. Griffin, Pleasant H. Reese, Joseph F. Davidson, Virgil Carroll, S. P. Twedy, Joshua Barker, C. A. Bowman, who, being severally sworn, say that the statements set forth by them are correct and true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

Given under my hand and seal at Washington, D.C., this fourth day of June, A. D. 1864.

M. H. N. KENDIG,
Notary Public.

Testimony taken at De Camp General Hospital, U. S. A., New York, June 17, 1864.

COMMISSIONER PRESENT:—Mr. Wilkins.

Deposition of A. B. BARRON, of Habersham county, Georgia, Co. K, 24th Georgia.

I have served in the Confederate service two years and three days. I arrived at this hospital two days since, and depose as follows:

That I have served in Virginia, and was wounded at Cool Arbor.

I the Confederate service we had no tents in the field, except shelter tents; had one blanket and one oil-cloth, and lay on the ground.

When wounded, had on a good suit and a change of clothes, but was not robbed of money, clothes, or anything which I had when taken captive.

To-morrow being the last day of the week, and the time for a regular supply of clothing, I expect clean clothes. Everything was in a proper state for my reception when I arrived here.

I have been in the Confederate hospitals in the field; there were straw beds and a few sheets.

Rations in our service were bacon, half pound, or one pound of beef; rice, coffee and sugar occasionally; rations of bread were six hard biscuit a day, or half pound of meal or flour a day.

We had a plentiful supply of wood; our people did not suffer from cold.

We had medical attendance and medicines as we had need.

The sick were treated kindly; there was care as to our cleanliness; it was the best; soap, &c., was issued to us; no want of salt.

Since we were captured, we have been treated very well, just as well as your own boys all the time, and we have no fault to find. I was told I could not find it so.

I was a farmer; worked on my father's farm. I expected to be made a conscript, and volunteered in preference.

ALBERT B. BARRON.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge of Hospital.

Deposition of WM. M. FARMER, native of Franklin county, Georgia, Company H, 24th Georgia Regiment. Business, a farmer.

I entered the service of the Confederate States in August, 1861; was wounded and taken prisoner at Cool Arbor.

I had on, when wounded, a waistcoat, pants, drawers, shirt and boots, and not anything was taken away from me by my captors.

I have needed nothing since captured, having been supplied at the landing by the Sanitary Commission. I have had plenty to eat; no difference has been made since my capture between the wounded prisoners and the Federal wounded.

Rations in our service were bacon, half pound, or half pound of beef; rice, coffee and sugar occasionally; rations of bread were six hard biscuit a day, or half pound of meal, or half pound of flour a day. I have always had food enough of this kind, and while in Virginia the same as elsewhere.

In the Confederate service we had good tents in the winter, but on the march we had only blankets, and no shelter.

I was in No. 4 General Hospital, Richmond, during sixteen days, in May 1863; we had there as much as we could eat, with good bedding and sheets as we have here.

We were better off in the hospital than in the field, as we had there coffee, sugar and soft bread.

I have had every comfort and attention since I have been here. The same in all respects as Union soldiers.

WILLIAM M. FARMER.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge of Hospital.

Deposition of DANIEL F. PRINCE, native of Columbus county, North Carolina, Company H, 51st Regiment.

I entered the Confederate service in March, 1862, and arrived here on the 15th of June last. I was wounded at the battle of Cool Arbor; had some extra clothing in a bundle, which was cut loose by a Federal soldier at my request.

I lay in a cross fire, and the Federal soldiers dragged me out of the line of the fire into a ditch.

I was treated mightily kindly.

The Federals dressed my wounds, and carried me to White House Landing, and sent me immediately North with your own boys.

In the Confederate service we always got one pound of beef or half a pound of bacon a day; we had flour or corn bread alternately, one pound of flour, or one and a quarter pounds of corn meal; we had no tea or coffee; we had salt, and a gill of peas or rice a day extra.

We had three full suits of clothes a year, if needed; if more, we drew them and had to pay for them; we had blankets and oil-cloths.

We had tents at stations, but no tents in the field.

We had overcoats in cold weather made of wool.

I have been supplied with everything I have wanted since I came here, and see no difference between my treatment and that of Union soldiers here in the hospital.

his
DANIEL F. ✕ PRINCE.
mark.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge of Hospital.

Deposition of JOSEPH WHICHARD, Pitt County, North Carolina, Company G, 8th Regiment, North Carolina.

I entered the service in September, 1861, and have served in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and at last in Virginia, where I was wounded at Cool Arbor.

I had on at the time, pants, shoes, a shirt, and a pair of drawers; my clothes were cut off by the surgeon in order to dress my wounds, and clean ones were afterwards supplied to me by Union men, both on board the boat and since I have been here.

I have my jacket, and the rest of my property is on the little stand at the head of my bed.

A blanket was taken away from me when wounded, but another has been furnished.

Rations, half a pound bacon, and ten hard biscuits, daily; nothing else to eat; no rice, peas, or corn meal.

Was in the hospital at Wilmington, North Carolina, a year ago last May. The fare was tolerable.

On a march, had an abundance, except for a day or two, when it could not be got.

Have had everything I want, or have asked for, since I have been here.

J. WHICHARD.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. in charge of Hospital.

Deposition of MICHAEL SUTTON, Sampson County, North Carolina, Company B, 51st Regiment.

I have been nearly three years in the Confederate service; this is my second enlistment; I might have been drafted if I had not re-enlisted. I served near Charlestown, South Carolina, and was wounded at Cool Arbor; had some clothes on; no clothes now except what was furnished me by Union men; my own clothes were bloody and had to be thrown away.

I have not been robbed of anything.

Rations for four days, one pound of bacon, and eighteen ounces of corn meal; same weight of flour, but rarely; had rice and peas, half pint of rice, and a short half pint of peas a day. Meal not always good, but lumpy and smelt bad, and then we were rather stinted for food. Since we have been 'round Richmond we have been short; it was enough to live upon "without enough."

Been in hospital in Wilmington, North Carolina; "fare awful hard;" want of food; beds, &c., were clean.

Treated well on board the vessel; the same as Union soldiers; kind and attentive here; fared fine while I have been here; I have not asked for anything but what I have got it.

his
MICHAEL ✕ SUTTON.
mark.

Sworn to before me,

WARREN WEBSTER,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., in charge of hospital.

Testimony taken at Fort Delaware, June 21st, 1864.

COMMISSIONERS PRESENT. — Dr. Wallace, Judge Hare.

GEORGE S. ROLER sworn and examined:—

I am from Virginia; was in the artillery, Ewell's Corps; I am comfortable here; I have just come here last evening; came through Washington, from Spottsylvania Court House, where I was taken prisoner.

Was kindly treated on the way up; had been in the service (Confederate) three months when taken prisoner.

We had plenty of rations from Confederate Government; they issued us meal, some flour, bacon, sugar, coffee and salt; got meat every day, half pound bacon or a pound of beef; one and one-eighth pound of meal a day, which we made ourselves; plenty of coffee and sugar all the winter; we did not suffer for want of food.

Clothing plenty all winter; that was the case of the other men as well as myself; we

all had two blankets—some more; none I think less than two.

GEORGE S. ROLER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

HENRY DANIEL, *sworn and examined* :—

I have been in the Confederate service, infantry, Ewell's corps, for two years; I came here yesterday; taken prisoner at Spottsylvania; am from Georgia.

Had plenty to eat while in the Confederate service; had half pound of bacon, one and one-eighth pounds of flour a day during the winter; in the spring, beef one pound a day; provisions of good quality; besides this had meal, Irish potatoes, peas, coffee, and sugar.

Had clothes enough to keep warm; two blankets, one overcoat; the army at large had them; nothing to complain of in the way of food and clothing.

his
HENRY ~~X~~ DANIEL.
mark.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

WILLIAM SHARP, *sworn and examined* :—

I have been three years in the Confederate service the 9th of next month, in Hill's corps; I am from Georgia; taken prisoner at Spottsylvania.

Treatment was not so good part of the way coming up here; they did not give us anything to eat but four crackers a day till we got to Belle Plain, to the boat; after that we had plenty; the guards that were with us across to Belle Plain did not get it either; the infantry guard that fetched us to Fredericksburg had no more than we; the cavalry brought us, I don't know how they fared.

Rations last winter in the Confederate service pretty good; got one and one-eighth pounds of flour, one-quarter pound of salt pork, when we got sugar and coffee; when we did not get sugar and coffee, had half a pound salt pork; sometimes we drew corn meal and got a pound and a quarter of it; got some potatoes once and a while; some beans occasionally, and some rice.

Clothes were very good last winter; had one blanket to each man; some had two blankets; had overcoats.

Heard no complaints of want of food or clothing, being well clothed and fed.

I was as fat as I ever was in my life, when I was taken at Spottsylvania.

We had tents and cabins built during the winter.

his
WILLIAM ~~X~~ SHARP.
mark.

Sworn to and subscribed before
me, June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

J. S. MOORE, *sworn and examined* :—

I have been in the Confederate service nearly three years. Taken prisoner near Spottsylvania Court House; was treated tolerably well on the way up here; did not get quite enough to eat.

Plenty to eat last winter and spring in the Confederate service; got meal, flour, bacon, a quarter of a pound of bacon a day, and one and one-quarter pounds of meal, sometimes sugar and coffee and potatoes; did not get beans; got no fresh meat last spring. Was in Hill's corps.

Had plenty of clothing; one blanket a piece; overcoats; some had two blankets.

We could not carry more than one blanket a piece; could have had more if we had chosen to carry them.

Sometimes we threw them away.

I came from Mississippi.

Sometimes drew flour, one pound, instead of meal; never got any more bacon than at first; had plenty to eat all the time; generally had coffee on hand all the time; used to have peas last fall; was as well fed, with the exception of coffee, last winter as before.

JOHN S. MOORE.

Sworn to and subscribed before
me, June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

L. S. CREWS, *sworn and examined* :—

I entered the Confederate service last December. I was taken prisoner near Spottsylvania Court House; came from Virginia; in Ewell's corps; well treated coming up here; got more than I could eat, for I was sick; they all got plenty coming up here, as far as I know.

Rations last winter in our own army were tolerable; was on corn meal principally through the winter; got one and one-quarter pound of corn meal a day, half pound of bacon; sometimes molasses and potatoes; some fish, some sugar and coffee; drew a little rice; got no fresh meat; had a little last December; had enough food to satisfy hunger.

The men were clothed tolerably well — all of the men had not blankets; some had thrown them away; it was so with the overcoats. I was conscripted.

his
L. S. ~~X~~ CREWS.
mark.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

R. D. BENEFIELD, sworn and examined:—

Taken prisoner near Spottsylvania; was well treated, as well as could be expected on my way up here.

Got about enough to eat in the Confederate service—one and one-quarter pounds of meal, and one-quarter pound of bacon; got some sugar, some potatoes, rice, and coffee; no beans or peas; some sugar; allowance of bacon the same all the time; I don't recollect drawing any fresh meat; got flour sometimes.

Got tolerable plenty of clothes; all had plenty of blankets; some overcoats.

The men did not suffer, as I know of, from cold; have been in the service since February, 1861. Was in Ewell's corps.

R. D. BENEFIELD,
Company A, 37th Georgia.

Sworn to and subscribed before me,
June 21st, 1864.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

I certify that the foregoing testimony, taken at Fort Delaware, June 21st, 1864, was taken and reduced to writing by me, in the presence of the respective witnesses, and by them sworn to and subscribed in my presence, at the time and in the manner set forth.

D. P. BROWN, JR.,
United States Commissioner.

SUPPLEMENT.

SUFFERINGS OF THE PRISONERS AT ANDERSONVILLE, GA.—MEMORIAL FROM THE PRISONERS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—LETTER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EXCHANGE, TO COLONEL OULD, CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONER.

Account of the sufferings of Union prisoners of war, at Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Georgia.

From the Sanitary Commission Bulletin.

The following statement was drawn up for the Commission, and sworn to by the parties signing it. They were exchanged on the 16th of August, and with three others were appointed by their companions in prison as a deputation to see President Lincoln in their behalf.

Deposition of PRIVATE TRACY:—

I am a private in the 82d New York Regiment of Volunteers, Company G. Was captured with about eight hundred Federal troops, in front of Petersburg, on the 22d of June, 1864. We were kept at Petersburg two days, at Richmond, Belle Isle, three days, then conveyed by rail to Lynchburg. Marched seventy-five miles to Danville, thence by rail to Andersonville, Georgia. At Petersburg we were treated fairly, being under the guard of old soldiers of an Alabama regiment; at Richmond we came under the authority of the notorious and inhuman Major Turner, and the equally notorious Home Guard. Our ration was a pint of beans, four ounces of bread, and three ounces of meat, a day. Another batch of prisoners joining us, we left Richmond sixteen hundred strong.

All blankets, haversacks, canteens, money,

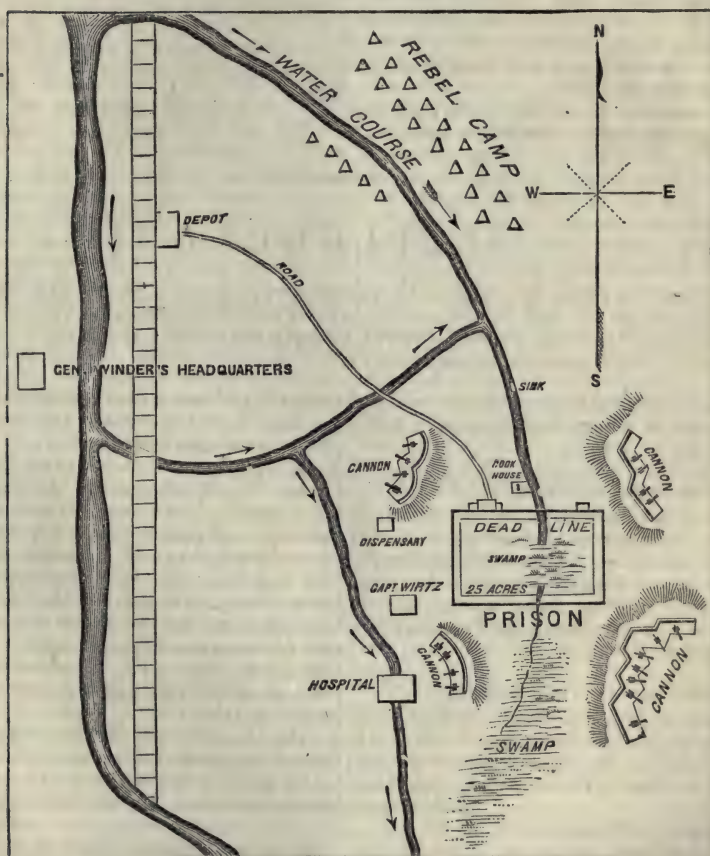
valuables of every kind, extra clothing, and in some cases the last shirt and drawers, had been previously taken from us.

At Lynchburg we were placed under the Home Guard, officered by Major and Captain Moffett. The march to Danville was a weary and painful one of five days, under a torrid sun, many of us falling helpless by the way, and soon filling the empty wagons of our train. On the first day we received a little meat, but the *sum* of our rations for the five days was thirteen crackers! During the six days by rail to Andersonville, meat was given us twice, and the daily ration was four crackers.

On entering the Stockade Prison, we found it crowded with twenty-eight thousand of our fellow-soldiers. By *crowded*, I mean that it was difficult to move in any direction without jostling and being jostled. This prison is an open space, sloping on both sides, originally seventeen acres, now twenty-five acres, in the shape of a parallelogram, without trees or shelter of any kind. The soil is sand over a bottom of clay. The fence is made of upright trunks of trees, about twenty feet high, near the top of which are small platforms, where the guards are stationed. Twenty feet inside and parallel to the fence is a light railing, forming the "dead line," beyond which the projection of a foot or finger is sure to bring the deadly bullet of the sentinel.

Through the ground, at nearly right-angles

PRISON AT ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA.



with the longer sides, runs or rather creeps a stream through an artificial channel, varying from five to six feet in width, the water about ankle deep, and near the middle of the enclosure, spreading out into a swamp of about six acres, filled with refuse wood, stumps and debris of the camp. Before entering this enclosure, the stream, or more properly sewer, passes through the camp of the guards, receiving from this source, and others farther up, a large amount of the vilest material, even the contents of the sink. The water is of a dark color, and an ordinary glass would collect a thick sediment. This was our only drinking and cooking water. It was our custom to filter it as best we could, through our remnants of haversacks, shirts and blouses. Wells had been dug, but the water either proved so productive of diarrhoea, or so limited in quantity that they were of no general use. The cook-house was situated on the stream just outside the stockade, and its refuse of decaying offal was thrown into the water, a greasy coating covering much of the surface. To these was added the daily large amount of base matter from the camp itself. There was a system of policing, but the means was so limited, and so large a number of the men was rendered irresolute and depressed by imprisonment, that the work was very imperfectly done. One side of the swamp was naturally used as a sink, the men usually going out some distance into the water. Under the summer sun this place early became corruption too vile for description, the men breeding disgusting life, so that the surface of the water moved as with a gentle breeze.

The new-comers, on reaching this, would exclaim: "Is this hell?" yet they soon would become callous, and enter unmoved the horrible rottenness. The rebel authorities never removed any filth. There was seldom any visitation by the officers in charge. Two surgeons were at one time sent by President DAVIS to inspect the camp, but a walk through a small section gave them all the information they desired, and we never saw them again.

The guards usually numbered about sixty-four—eight at each end, and twenty-four on a side. On the outside, within three hundred yards, were fortifications, on high ground, overlooking and perfectly commanding us, mounting twenty-four twelve-pound Napoleon Parrotts. We were never permitted to go outside, except at times, in small squads, to gather our firewood. During the building of the cook-house, a few, who were carpenters, were ordered out to assist.

Our only shelter from the sun and rain and night dews was what we could make by stretching over us our coats or scraps of

blankets, which a few had, but generally there was no attempt by day or night to protect ourselves.

The rations consisted of eight ounces of corn bread (the cob being ground with the kernel), and generally sour, two ounces of condemned pork, offensive in appearance and smell. Occasionally, about twice a week, two tablespoonfuls of rice, and in place of the pork the same amount (two tablespoonfuls) of molasses were given us about twice a month.* This ration was brought into camp about four o'clock, P. M., and thrown from the wagons to the ground, the men being arranged in divisions of two hundred and seventy, subdivided into squads of nineties and thirties. It was the custom to consume the whole ration at once, rather than save any for the next day. The distribution being often unequal some would lose the rations altogether. We were allowed no dish or cooking utensil of any kind. On opening the camp in the winter, the first two thousand prisoners were allowed skillets, one to fifty men, but these were soon taken away. To the best of my knowledge, information and belief, our ration was in quality a starving one, it being either too foul to be touched or too raw to be digested.

The cook-house went into operation about May 10th, prior to which we cooked our own rations. It did not prove at all adequate to the work, (thirty thousand is a large town,) so that a large proportion were still obliged to prepare their own food. In addition to the utter inability of many to do this, through debility and sickness, we never had a supply of wood. I have often seen men with a little bag of meal in hand, gathered from several rations, starving to death for want of wood, and in desperation would mix the raw material with water and try to eat it.

The clothing of the men was miserable in the extreme. Very few had shoes of any kind, not two thousand had coats and pants, and those were late comers. More than one-half were indecently exposed, and many were naked.

The usual punishment was to place the men in the stocks, outside, near the Captain's quarters. If a man was missing at roll-call, the squad of ninety to which he belonged was deprived of the ration. The "dead-line" bullet, already referred to, spared no offend-

* Our regular army ration is:

3 lb. Pork or 1½ lbs. Fresh Beef,	
18 ozs. Hard Bread, or 20 ozs. Soft Bread or Flour,	
1-10 lb. Coffee,	
1-6 lb. Sugar,	
1-10 lb. Rice, or	
1-10 lb. Beans or Hominy.	
Vegetables—Fresh or	
Desiccated,	
Molasses,	
Vinegar.	

} Irregularly.

er. One poor fellow, just from Sherman's army — his name was Roberts — was trying to wash his face near the "dead-line" railing, when he slipped on the clayey bottom, and fell with his head just outside the fatal border. We shouted to him, but it was too late — "another guard would have a furlough," the men said. It was a common belief among our men, arising from statements made by the guard, that General WINDER, in command, issued an order that any one of the guard who should shoot a Yankee outside of the "dead-line" should have a month's furlough, but there probably was no truth in this. About two a day were thus shot, some being cases of suicide, brought on by mental depression or physical misery, the poor fellows throwing themselves, or madly rushing outside the "line."

The mental condition of a large portion of the men was melancholy, beginning in despondency and tending to a kind of stolid and idiotic indifference. Many spent much time in arousing and encouraging their fellows, but hundreds were lying about motionless, or stalking vacantly to and fro, quite beyond any help which could be given them within their prison walls. These cases were frequent among those who had been imprisoned but a short time. There were those who were captured at the first Bull Run, July 1861, and had known Belle Isle from the first, yet had preserved their physical and mental health to a wonderful degree. Many were wise and resolute enough to keep themselves occupied — some in cutting bone and wood ornaments, making their knives out of iron hoops — others in manufacturing ink from the rust from these same hoops, and with rude pens sketching or imitating bank notes, or any sample that would involve long and patient execution.

Letters from home very seldom reached us, and few had any means of writing. In the early summer, a large batch of letters — five thousand we were told — arrived, having been accumulating somewhere for many months. These were brought into camp by an officer, under orders to collect ten cents on each — of course most were returned, and we heard no more of them. One of my companions saw among them three from his parents, but he was unable to pay the charge. According to the rules of transmission of letters over the lines, these letters must have already paid ten cents each to the rebel government.

As far as we saw General Winder and Captain Wirtz, the former was kind and considerate in his manners, the latter harsh, though not without kindly feelings.

It is a melancholy and mortifying fact, that some of our trials came from our own

men. At Belle Isle and Andersonville there were among us a gang of desperate men, ready to prey on their fellows. Not only thefts and robberies, but even murders were committed. Affairs became so serious at Camp Sumter that an appeal was made to General Winder, who authorized an arrest and trial by a criminal court. Eighty-six were arrested, and six were hung, beside others who were severely punished. These proceedings effected a marked change for the better.

Some few weeks before being released, I was ordered to act as clerk in the hospital. This consists simply of a few scattered trees and fly tents, and is in charge of Dr. White, an excellent and considerate man, with very limited means, but doing all in his power for his patients. He has twenty-five assistants, besides those detailed to examine for admittance to the hospital. This examination was made in a small stockade attached to the main one, to the inside door of which the sick came or were brought by their comrades, the number to be removed being limited. Lately, in consideration of the rapidly increasing sickness, it was extended to one hundred and fifty daily. That this was too small an allowance is shown by the fact that the deaths within our stockade were from thirty to forty a day. I have seen one hundred and fifty bodies waiting passage to the "dead house," to be buried with those who died in hospital. The average of deaths through the earlier months was thirty a day: at the time I left, the average was over one hundred and thirty, and one day the record showed one hundred and forty-six.

The proportion of deaths from *starvation*, not including those consequent on the diseases originating in the character and limited quantity of food, such as diarrhœa, dysentery and scurvy, I cannot state; but to the best of my knowledge, information and belief, there were scores every month. We could, at any time, point out many for whom such a fate was inevitable, as they lay or feebly walked, mere skeletons, whose emaciation exceeded the examples given in Leslie's Illustrated for June 18, 1864. For example: in some cases the inner edges of the two bones of the arms, between the elbow and the wrist, with the intermediate blood vessels, were plainly visible when held toward the light. The ration, in quantity, was perhaps barely sufficient to sustain life, and the cases of starvation were generally those whose stomachs could not retain what had become entirely indigestible.

For a man to find, on waking, that his comrade by his side was dead, was an occurrence too common to be noted. I have seen death in almost all the forms of the hospital

and battle-field, but the daily scenes in Camp Sumter exceeded in the extremity of misery all my previous experience.

The work of burial is performed by our own men, under guard and orders, twenty-five bodies being placed in a single pit, without head-boards, and the sad duty performed with indecent haste. Sometimes our men were rewarded for this work with a few sticks of fire-wood, and I have known them to quarrel over a dead body for the *job*.

Dr. White is able to give the patients a diet but little better than the prison rations—a little flour porridge, arrow-root, whiskey and wild or hog tomatoes. In the way of medicine, I saw nothing but camphor, whiskey, and a decoction of some kind of bark—white oak, I think. He often expressed his regret that he had not more medicines. The limitation of military orders, under which the surgeon in charge was placed, is shown by the following occurrence: A supposed private, wounded in the thigh, was under treatment in the hospital, when it was discovered that he was a major of a colored regiment. The assistant-surgeon, under whose immediate charge he was, proceeded at once not only to remove him, but to kick him out, and he was returned to the stockade, to shift for himself as well as he could. Dr. White could not or did not attempt to restore him.

After entering on my duties at the hospital, I was occasionally favored with double rations and some wild tomatoes. A few of our men succeeded, in spite of the closest examination of our cloths, in secreting some green-backs, and with those were able to buy useful articles at exorbitant prices:—a tea-cup of flour at one dollar; eggs, three to six dollars a dozen; salt, four dollars a pound; molasses, thirty dollars a gallon; nigger beans, a small, inferior article, (diet of the slaves and pigs, but highly relished by us,) fifty cents a pint. These figures, multiplied by ten, will give very nearly the price in Confederate currency. Though the country abounded in pine and oak, sticks were sold to us at various prices, according to size.

Our men, especially the mechanics, were tempted with the offer of liberty and large wages to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, but it was very rare that their patriotism, even under such a fiery trial, ever gave way. I carry this message from one of my companions to his mother: "My treatment here is killing me, mother, but I die cheerfully for my country."

Some attempts were made to escape, but wholly in vain, for, if the prison walls and guards were passed and the protecting woods reached, the bloodhounds were sure to find us out.

Tunneling was at once attempted on a large scale, but on the afternoon preceding the night fixed on for escape, an officer rode in and announced to us that the plot was discovered, and from our huge pen we could see on the hill above us the regiments just arriving to strengthen the guard. We had been betrayed. It was our belief that spies were kept in the camp, which could very easily be done.

The number in camp when I left was nearly thirty-five thousand, and daily increasing. The number in hospital was about five thousand. I was exchanged at Port Royal Ferry, August 16th.

PRESCOTT TRACY,
Eighty-second Regiment, N. Y. V.

City and County of New York, ss.

H. C. HIGGINSON and S. NOIROT, being duly sworn, say: That the above statement of Prescott Tracy, their fellow-prisoner, agrees with their own knowledge and experience.

H. C. HIGGINSON,
Co. K, Nineteenth Illinois Vols.
SILVESTER NOIROT,
Co. B, Fifth New Jersey Vols.

The Memorial of the Union Prisoners confined at Andersonville, Ga., to the President of the United States.

CONFEDERATE STATES PRISON,
CHARLESTON, S. C., August, 1864.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

The condition of the enlisted men belonging to the Union armies, now prisoners to the Confederate rebel forces, is such that it becomes our duty, and the duty of every commissioned officer, to make known the facts in the case to the Government of the United States, and to use every honorable effort to secure a general exchange of prisoners, thereby relieving thousands of our comrades from the horror now surrounding them.

For some time past there has been a concentration of prisoners from all parts of the rebel territory to the State of Georgia—the commissioned officers being confined at Macon, and the enlisted men at Andersonville. Recent movements of the Union armies under General Sherman have compelled the removal of prisoners to other points, and it is now understood that they will be removed to Savannah, Georgia, and Columbus and Charleston, South Carolina. But no change of this kind holds out any prospect of relief to our poor men. Indeed, as the localities selected are far more unhealthy, there must be an increase rather than a diminution of suffering. Colonel Hill, provost marshal general, Confederate States army, at Atlanta,

stated to one of the undersigned that there were thirty-five thousand prisoners at Andersonville, and by all accounts from the United States soldiers who have been confined there the number is not overstated by him. These thirty-five thousand are confined in a field of some thirty acres, enclosed by a board fence, heavily guarded. About one-third have various kinds of indifferent shelter; but upwards of thirty thousand are wholly without shelter, or even shade of any kind, and are exposed to the storms and rains, which are of almost daily occurrence; the cold dews of the night, and the more terrible effects of the sun striking with almost tropical fierceness upon their unprotected heads. This mass of men jostle and crowd each other up and down the limits of their enclosure, in storms or sun, and others lie down upon the pitiless earth at night with no other covering than the clothing upon their backs, few of them having even a blanket.

Upon entering the prison every man is deliberately stripped of money and other property, and as no clothing or blankets are ever supplied to their prisoners by the rebel authorities, the condition of the apparel of the soldiers, just from an active campaign, can be easily imagined. Thousands are without pants or coats, and hundreds without even a pair of drawers to cover their nakedness.

To these men, as indeed to all prisoners, there is issued three-quarters of a pound of bread or meal, and one-eighth of a pound of meat per day. This is the entire ration, and upon it the prisoner must live or die. The meal is often unsifted and sour, and the meat such as in the North is consigned to the soap-maker. Such are the rations upon which Union soldiers are fed by the rebel authorities, and by which they are barely holding on to life. But to starvation, and exposure to sun and storm, add the sickness which prevails to a most alarming and terrible extent. On an average, one hundred die daily. It is impossible that any Union soldier should know all the facts pertaining to this terrible mortality, as they are not paraded by the rebel authorities. Such statement as the following, made by ———, speaks eloquent testimony. Said he: "Of twelve of us who were captured, six died, four are in the hospital, and I never expect to see them again. There are but two of us left." In 1862, at Montgomery, Alabama, under far more favorable circumstances, the prisoners being protected by sheds, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred were sick from diarrhœa and chills, out of seven hundred. The same per centage would give seven thousand sick at Andersonville. It needs no comment, no efforts at word paint-

ing, to make such a picture stand out boldly in most horrible colors.

Nor is this all. Among the ill-fated of the many who have suffered amputation in consequence of injuries received before capture, sent from rebel hospitals before their wounds were healed, there are eloquent witnesses of the barbarities of which they are victims. If to these facts is added this, that nothing more demoralizes soldiers and develops the evil passions of man than starvation, the terrible condition of Union prisoners at Andersonville can be readily imagined. They are fast losing hope, and becoming utterly reckless of life. Numbers, crazed by their sufferings, wander about in a state of idiocy; others deliberately cross the "dead line," and are remorselessly shot down.

In behalf of these men we most earnestly appeal to the President of the United States. Few of them have been captured except in the front of battle, in the deadly encounter, and only when overpowered by numbers. They constitute as gallant a portion of our armies as carry our banners any where. If released, they would soon return to again do vigorous battle for our cause. We are told that the only obstacle in the way of exchange is the status of enlisted negroes captured from our armies, the United States claiming that the cartel covers all who serve under its flag, and the Confederate States refusing to consider the colored soldiers, heretofore slaves, as prisoners of war.

We beg leave to suggest some facts bearing upon the question of exchange, which we would urge upon this consideration. Is it not consistent with the national honor, without waiving the claim that the negro soldiers shall be treated as prisoners of war, to effect an exchange of the white soldiers? The two classes are treated differently by the enemy. The whites are confined in such prisons as Libby and Andersonville, starved and treated with a barbarism unknown to civilized nations. The blacks, on the contrary, are seldom imprisoned. They are distributed among the citizens, or employed on government works. Under these circumstances they receive enough to eat, and are worked no harder than they have been accustomed to be. They are neither starved or killed off by the pestilence in the dungeons of Richmond and Charleston. It is true they are again made slaves; but their slavery is freedom and happiness compared with the cruel existence imposed upon our gallant men. They are not bereft of hope, as are the white soldiers, dying by piece-meal. Their chances of escape are tenfold greater than those of the white soldiers, and their condition, in all its lights, is tolerable in comparison with that of the pris-

oners of war now languishing in the dens and pens of Secession.

While, therefore, believing the claims of our Government, in matters of exchange, to be just, we are profoundly impressed with the conviction that the circumstances of the two classes of soldiers are so widely different that the Government can honorably consent to an exchange, waiving for a time the established principle justly claimed to be applicable in the case. Let thirty-five thousand suffering, starving, and enlisted men aid this appeal. By prompt and decided action in their behalf, thirty-five thousand heroes will be made happy. For the eighteen hundred commissioned officers now prisoners we urge nothing. Although desirous of returning to our duty, we can bear imprisonment with more fortitude if the enlisted men, whose sufferings we know to be intolerable, were restored to liberty and life.

Letter of Major-General Butler, United States Commissioner of Exchange, to Col. Ould, the Confederate Commissioner.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF
VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA,
IN THE FIELD, August —, 1864.

HON. ROBERT OULD,
Commissioner of Exchange.

SIR:—Your note to Major Mulford, Assistant Agent of Exchange, under date of 10th August, has been referred to me.

You therein state that Major Mulford has several times proposed "to exchange prisoners respectively held by the two belligerents, officer for officer and man for man," and that "the offer has also been made by other officials having charge of matters connected with the exchange of prisoners," and that "this proposal has been heretofore declined by the Confederate authorities." That you now "consent to the above proposition, and agree to deliver to you (Major Mulford) the prisoners held in captivity by the Confederate authorities, provided you agree to deliver an equal number of officers and men. As equal numbers are delivered from time to time, they will be declared exchanged. This proposal is made with the understanding that the officers and men on both sides who have been longest in captivity will be first delivered, where it is practicable."

From a slight ambiguity in your phraseology, but more, perhaps, from the antecedent action of your authorities, and because of your acceptance of it, I am in doubt whether you have stated the proposition with entire accuracy.

It is true, a proposition was made both by Major Mulford and by myself, as Agent of
THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVII.

Exchange, to exchange all prisoners of war taken by either belligerent party, man for man, officer for officer, of equal rank, or their equivalents. It was made by me as early as the first of the winter of 1863-64, and has not been accepted. In May last I forwarded to you a note, desiring to know whether the Confederate authorities intended to treat colored soldiers of the United States army as prisoners of war. To that inquiry no answer has yet been made. To avoid all possible misapprehension or mistake hereafter as to your offer now, will you now say whether you mean by "prisoners held in captivity," colored men, duly enrolled, and mustered into the service of the United States, who have been captured by the Confederate forces; and if your authorities are willing to exchange all soldiers so mustered into the United States army, whether colored or otherwise, and the officers commanding them, man for man, officer for officer?

At the interview which was held between yourself and the Agent of Exchange on the part of the United States, at Fortress Monroe, in March last, you will do me the favor to remember the principal discussion turned upon this very point; you, on behalf of the Confederate Government, claiming the right to hold all negroes, who had heretofore been slaves, and (not emancipated by their masters, enrolled and mustered into the service of the United States, when captured by your forces, not as prisoners of war, but, upon capture to be turned over to their supposed masters or claimants, whoever they might be, to be held by them as slaves.

By the advertisements in your newspapers, calling upon masters to come forward and claim these men so captured, I suppose that your authorities still adhere to that claim—that is to say, that whenever a colored soldier of the United States is captured by you, upon whom any claim can be made by any person residing within the States now in insurrection, such soldier is not to be treated as a prisoner of war, but is to be turned over to his supposed owner or claimant, and put at such labor or service as that owner or claimant may choose, and the officers in command of such soldiers, in the language of a supposed act of the Confederate States, are to be turned over to the Governors of States, upon requisitions, for the purpose of being punished by the laws of such States, for acts done in war in the armies of the United States.

You must be aware that there is still a proclamation by Jefferson Davis, claiming to be Chief Executive of the Confederate States, declaring in substance that all officers of colored troops mustered into the service of the United States were not
1265.

to be treated as prisoners of war, but were to be turned over for punishment to the Governors of States.

I am reciting these public acts from memory, and will be pardoned for not giving the exact words, although I believe I do not vary the substance and effect.

These declarations on the part of those whom you represent yet remain unrepealed, unannulled, unrevoked, and must, therefore, be still supposed to be authoritative.

By your acceptance of our proposition, is the Government of the United States to understand that these several claims, enactments, and proclaimed declarations are to be given up, set aside, revoked, and held for nought by the Confederate authorities, and that you are ready and willing to exchange man for man those colored soldiers of the United States, duly mustered and enrolled as such, who have heretofore been claimed as slaves by the Confederate States, as well as by white soldiers?

If this be so, and you are so willing to exchange these colored men claimed as slaves, and you will so officially inform the Government of the United States, then, as I am instructed, a principal difficulty in effecting exchanges will be removed.

As I informed you personally, in my judgment, it is neither consistent with the policy, dignity, or honor of the United States, upon any consideration, to allow those who, by our laws solemnly enacted, are made soldiers of the Union, and who have been duly enlisted, enrolled and mustered as such soldiers, who have borne arms in behalf of this country, and who have been captured while fighting in vindication of the rights of that country, not to be treated as prisoners of war, and remain unexchanged, and in the service of those who claim them as masters; and I cannot believe that the Government of the United States will ever be found to consent to so gross a wrong.

Pardon me if I misunderstood you in supposing that your acceptance of our proposition does not in good faith mean to include all the soldiers of the Union, and that you still intend, if your acceptance is agreed to, to hold the colored soldiers of the Union unexchanged, and at labor or service, because I am informed that very lately, almost contemporaneously with this offer on your part to exchange prisoners, and which seems to include *all* prisoners of war, the Confederate authorities have made a declaration that the negroes heretofore held to service by owners in the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Missouri are to be treated as prisoners of war, when captured in arms in the service of the United States.

Such declaration that a part of the colored soldiers of the United States were to be prisoners of war, would seem most strongly to imply that others were not to be so treated, or in other words, that the colored men from the insurrectionary States are to be held to labor and returned to their masters, if captured by the Confederate forces while duly enrolled and mustered into, and actually in the armies of the United States.

In the view which the Government of the United States takes of the claim made by you to the persons and services of these negroes, it is not to be supported upon any principle of national and municipal law.

Looking upon these men only as property upon your theory of property in them, we do not see how this claim can be made, certainly not how it can be yielded. It is believed to be a well-settled rule of public international law, and a custom and part of the laws of war, that the capture of movable property vests the title to that property in the captor, and therefore where one belligerent gets into full possession property belonging to the subjects or citizens of the other belligerent, the owner of that property is at once divested of his title, which rests in the belligerent Government capturing and holding such possession. Upon this rule of international law all civilized nations have acted, and by it both belligerents have dealt with all property, save slaves, taken from each other during the present war.

If the Confederate forces capture a number of horses from the United States, the animals are claimed to be, and, as we understand it, become the property of the Confederate authorities.

If the United States capture any movable property in the rebellion, by our regulations and laws, in conformity with international law, and the laws of war, such property is turned over to our Government as its property. Therefore, if we obtain possession of that species of property known to the laws of the insurrectionary States as slaves, why should there be any doubt that that property, like any other, vests in the United States?

If the property in the slave does so vest, then the "*jus disponendi*," the right of disposing of that property, vests in the United States.

Now, the United States have disposed of the property which they have acquired by capture in slaves taken by them, by giving that right of property to the man himself, to the slave, *i. e.* by emancipating him and declaring him free forever, so that if we

have not mistaken the principles of international law and the laws of war, we have no slaves in the armies of the United States. All are free men, being made so in such manner as we have chosen to dispose of our property in them which we acquired by capture.

Slaves being captured by us, and the right of property in them thereby vested in us, that right of property has been disposed of by us by manumitting them, as has always been the acknowledged right of the owner to do to his slave. The manner in which we dispose of our property while it is in our possession certainly cannot be questioned by you.

Nor is the case altered if the property is not actually captured in battle, but comes either voluntarily or involuntarily from the belligerent owner into the possession of the other belligerent.

I take it no one would doubt the right of the United States to a drove of Confederate mules, or a herd of Confederate cattle, which should wander or rush across the Confederate lines into the lines of the United States army. So it seems to me, treating the negro as property merely, if that piece of property passes the Confederate lines, and comes into the lines of the United States, that property is as much lost to its owner in the Confederate States as would be the mule or ox, the property of the resident of the Confederate States, which should fall into our hands.

If, therefore, the privilege of international law and the laws of war used in this discussion are correctly stated, then it would seem that the deduction logically flows therefrom, in natural sequence, that the Confederate States can have no claim upon the negro soldiers captured by them from the armies of the United States, because of the former ownership of them by their citizens or subjects, and only claim such as result, under the laws of war, from their captor merely.

Do the Confederate authorities claim the right to reduce to a state of slavery free men, prisoners of war captured by them? This claim our fathers fought against under Bainbridge and Decatur, when set up by the Barbary Powers on the northern shore of Africa, about the year 1800, and in 1864 their children will hardly yield it upon their own soil.

This point I will not pursue further, because I understand you to repudiate the idea that you will reduce free men to slaves because of capture in war, and that you base the claim of the Confederate authorities to re-enslave our negro soldiers, when captured by you, upon the "*jus post limini*," or that principle of the law of nations which inhab-

ilitates the former owner with his property taken by an enemy, when such property is recovered by the forces of his own country.

Or in other words, you claim that, by the laws of nations and of war, when property of the subjects of one belligerent power, captured by the forces of the other belligerent, is recaptured by the armies of the former owner, then such property is to be restored to its prior possessor, as if it had never been captured, and therefore, under this principle, your authorities propose to restore to their masters the slaves which heretofore belonged to them which you may capture from us.

But this post liminary right under which you claim to act, as understood and defined by all writers on national law, is applicable simply to *immovable property*, and that, too, only after complete resubjugation of that portion of the country in which the property is situated, upon which this right fastens itself. By the laws and customs of war, this right has never been applied to *movable property*.

True it is, I believe, that the Romans attempted to apply it to the case of slaves, but for two thousand years no other nation has attempted to set up this right as ground for treating slaves differently from other property.

But the Romans even refused to re-enslave men captured from opposing belligerents in a civil war, such as ours unhappily is.

Consistently then with any principle of the law of nations, treating slaves as property merely, it would seem to be impossible for the Government of the United States to permit the negroes in their ranks to be re-enslaved when captured, or treated otherwise than as prisoners of war.

I have forborne, sir, in this discussion, to argue the question upon any other or different ground of right than those adopted by your authorities in claiming the negro as property, because I understand that your fabric of opposition to the Government of the United States has the right of property in man as its corner-stone. Of course it would not be profitable in settling a question of exchange of prisoners of war to attempt to argue the question of abandonment of the very corner-stone of their attempted political edifice. Therefore I have admitted all the considerations which should apply to the negro soldier as a man, and dealt with him upon the Confederate theory of property only.

I unite with you most cordially, sir, in desiring a speedy settlement of all these questions, in view of the great suffering endured by our prisoners in the hands of your authorities, of which you so feelingly speak. Let me ask, in view of that suffering, why you have delayed eight months to answer a prop-

osition which by now accepting you admit to be right, just, and humane, allowing that suffering to continue so long? One cannot help thinking, even at the risk of being deemed uncharitable, that the benevolent sympathies of the Confederate authorities have been lately stirred by the depleted condition of their armies, and a desire to get into the field, to affect the present campaign, the hale, hearty, and well-fed prisoners held by the United States in exchange for the half-starved, sick, emaciated, and unserviceable soldier of the United States now languishing in your prisons. The events of this war, if we did not know it before, have taught us that it is not the Northern portion of the American people alone who know how to drive sharp bargains.

The wrongs, indignities, and privations suffered by our soldiers would move me to consent to anything to procure their exchange, except to barter away the honor and faith of the Government of the United States, which has been so solemnly pledged to the colored soldiers in its ranks.

Consistently with national faith and justice we cannot relinquish this position. With your authorities it is a question of property merely. It seems to address itself to you in this form. Will you suffer your soldier, cap-

tured in fighting your battles, to be in confinement for months rather than release him by giving for him that which you call a piece of property, and which we are willing to accept as a man?

You certainly appear to place less value upon your soldier than you do upon your negro. I assure you, much as we of the North are accused of loving property, our citizens would have no difficulty in yielding up any piece of property they have in exchange for one of their brothers or sons languishing in your prisons. Certainly there could be no doubt that they would do so were that piece of property less in value than five thousand dollars in Confederate money, which is believed to be the price of an able-bodied negro in the insurrectionary States.

Trusting that I may receive such a reply to the questions propounded in this note, as will tend to a speedy resumption of the negotiations in a full exchange of all prisoners, and a delivery of them to their respective authorities,

I have the honor to be,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,

Major-General, and Commissioner of Exchange.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS AGAINST THE REBELLION.

There is an almost official confession of the "folly, wickedness, and madness" of the Rebellion, in a speech made by the so-called Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, in Georgia, in January, 1861, before it broke out, and made to prevent it. The whole speech has been often printed since. We have room only for a part.

"When we of the South demanded the slave-trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened in the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850?"

"But do you reply, that in many instances they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individuals and local communities they may have done so, but not by the sanction of government; for that has always been true to Southern interests. Again, gentlemen, look at another fact: When we have asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of Slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more to be added in due time, if you, by this unwise and impolite act, do not destroy this hope, and perhaps by it lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South America and Mexico were; or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation, which may reasonably be expected to follow?"

"But, again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the general government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet, if we remain in it, and are as united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South, as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the Executive department. So of the judges of the Supreme Court, we have had eighteen from the South, and but eleven from the North; although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the Free States, yet a majority of the Court has always been

from the South. This we have required, so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the Legislative branch of government. In choosing the presiding Presidents (*pro tem.*) of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House, we have had twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the Representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a great extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the general government. Attorney-generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the Free States, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world markets for our cotton, tobacco, and sugar, on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher offices of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors, and comptrollers filling the Executive department; the records show for the last fifty years, that of the three thousand thus employed, we have had more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one-third of the white population of the Republic.

"Again, look at another item, and one, be assured, in which we have a great and vital interest; it is that of revenue, or means of supporting government. From official documents, we learn that a fraction over three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of government has uniformly been raised from the North.

"Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in

battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition, — and for what, we ask again? Is it for the overthrow of the American government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of *Right, Justice, and Humanity*? And, as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that *it is the best and freest government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its meas-*

ures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon.

“Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century — in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquillity accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed — is the height of madness, folly, and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote.”

OFFICE OF LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, BOSTON.

Thank God that some, who have read that part of this report which was copied into the *Living Age* a fortnight ago, have submitted their minds to the accumulated proof of the horrible atrocity of the Rebellion, and the fiendish character of its leaders. It is to be hoped that this exposure, so able and so complete, made in such a calm, clear, and Christian spirit, will induce many to lay aside their life-long prejudice against any “interference with Southern institutions,” — a prejudice so rooted as to have lasted even after the *sacred INSTITUTION* had openly made war against their country.

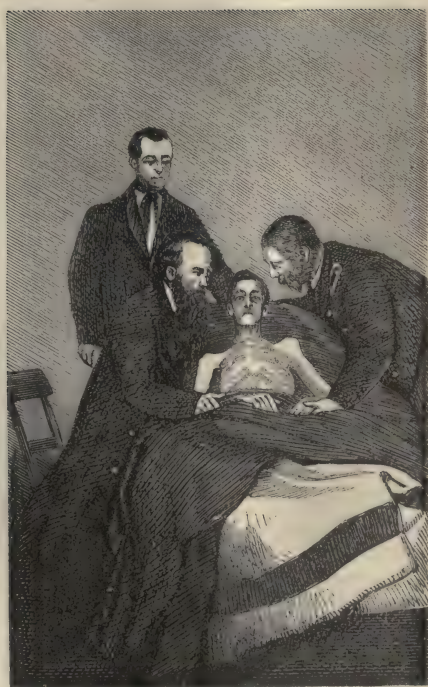
Since the publication of the former part, a subscriber, remitting payment for another year, says, “I am sorry to see *The Living Age* hoist the Black Abolition Flag.” Look again, dear sir, as the mist clears off; it is not *black*: it is “Red, White and Blue;” “’Tis the Star-spangled Banner,” the National Flag upheld by the President, by Congress, and by the nation.

The People of the United States, in the election which has just taken place, have manifested not only their fixed purpose to sustain the Government and nation which our fathers planted, with the blessing of God, but also to uphold the present administration in its slowly-matured determination to root out the *cause* which has placed them in peril.

The manner in which the war has been carried on by the rebels has been worthy of the object for which it was begun; and it is difficult to believe that any patriotic or humane man can hereafter be found acting with their Northern and European sympathizers.

Finally, lift the next leaf, and see some few proofs of the enormous wickedness which these Accessories after the fact have to sanction.





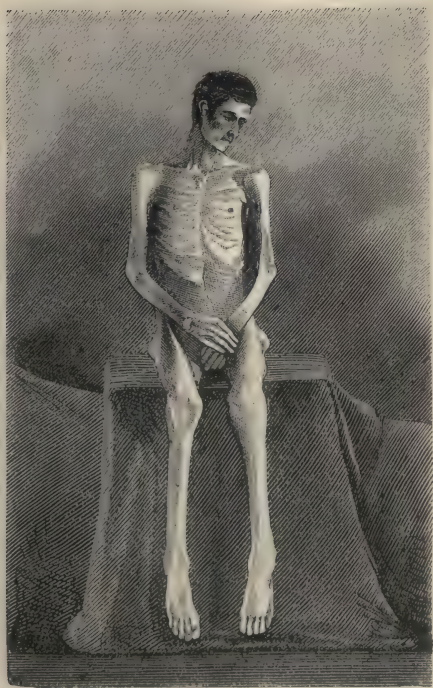
COPIES
OF
PHOTOGRAPHS OF UNION SOLDIERS
AFTER THEIR RETURN FROM
IMPRISONMENT AT BELLE ISLE.

Accurately copied from the Original Photographs taken at United States General Hospital, Division No. 1, Annapolis, Maryland, and now in the possession of the United States Sanitary Commission.









THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1069.—26 November, 1864.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

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BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

AT MORNING.

Brich an, Du Schönes Tageslicht.

BREAK forth, thou beauteous light of day!

Appear in all thy purple splendor!

To Him, the fount of every ray,

My tribute I will with thee render.

Yea, Lord! Lift all my soul and sense,

To praise thy bright beneficence.

Thou hast, with loving hand to guide,

Protected me in need and sorrows;

All danger softly turned aside,

And borne me through to many morrows.

For guardian care through this night's shade,

Be humble thanks devoutly paid.

Now light in me the flame anew,—

The life awaking—spirit-firing;

That I the right path may pursue

To highest life and truth aspiring;

Not halting in myself alone,

But—Christ within me—on and on.

Grant, thou who all things in us dost,

Awakened faith's serene enjoyment;

That through the steady power of Trust,

I may fulfil thy high enjoyment;

Then shall my love-enkindled heart

Share weal or woe, my neighbor's part.

I aim, O Lord! at no high state,

Adopt me; that alone can raise me.

And wealth I cannot richly rate:

'Tis Christ alone supplies and stays me.

But dwell thy Spirit in my breast,

And I can well forego the rest.

My Father? I myself resign

This day anew to thy good pleasure.

Oh! graciously my heart incline

My steps in thy true fear to measure,

Let all my works in thee proceed;

Thy name be hallowed in my deed,

—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

MY SOLDIER.

UPON a hard-won battle-field,

Whose recent blood-stains shook the skies,

By hasty burial half concealed,

With death in his dear eyes,

My soldier lies.

Oh, thought more sharp than bayonet-thrust—

Of blood-drops on his silken hair,

Of his white forehead in the dust,

Of his last gasping prayer,

And I not there!

I know, while his warm life escaped,

And his blue eyes closed shudderingly,

His heart's last fluttering pulses shaped

One yearning wish for me—

Oh, agony!

For I, in cruel ignorance,

While yet his last sigh pained the air,—

I trifled,—sung or laughed, perchance,

With roses in my hair,

All unaware.

In dreams I see him fall again,

When cannons roar and guidons wave—

Then wake to hear the lonesome rain,

Weeping the fallen brave,

Drip on his grave.

Since treason sought our country's heart,

Ah, fairer body never yet

From nobler soul was torn apart;

No braver blood has wet

Her coronet.

No spirit more intense and fine

Strives where her starry banners wave;

No gentler face, beloved, than thine

Sleeps in a soldier's grave—

No heart more brave.

And though his mound I may not trace,

Or weep above his buried head,

The grateful spring shall find the place,

And with her blossoms spread

His quiet bed.

The soul I loved is still alive,

The name I loved is Freedom's boast;

I clasp these helpful truths, and strive

To feel, though great the cost,

Nothing is lost;

Since all of him that erst was dear

Is safe, his life was nobly spent,

And it is well. Oh, draw Thou near,

Light my bewilderment,

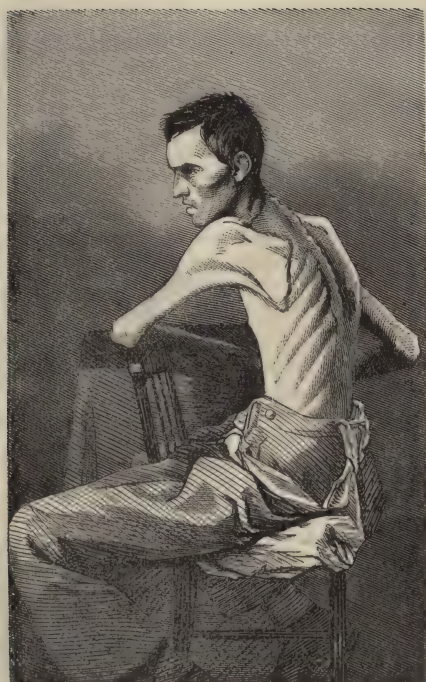
Make me content!

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the
night,All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two-and-thirty years
ago.All along the valley while I walked to-day
The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls
away;For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the
dead,And all along the valley, by rock and cave and
tree,

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.



From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Le Maudit*. Par l'Abbé * * *. Three vols. 8vo. Paris: 1863.
2. *La Religieuse*. Par l'Abbé * * *. Two vols. 8vo. Paris: 1864.

THE principal characters in these novels are interdicted priests: the lives of two men at variance with the hierarchy to which they belonged, and finally proscribed by its power, furnish the Abbé * * * with many scenes and combinations new as yet in fiction. In presenting these views of French society and French clerical life, he necessarily dwells more on the dark than on the bright side of his subject. No class of men are more miserable than interdicted priests, and were a new Dante to describe the circles of our social Inferno, a special place must be reserved in it for the outcasts of the church. With sorrow be it said that their number is considerable in every Catholic country, though the Abbé * * * naturally confines his observations to the French priesthood, whose ruined members congregate for the most part in Paris. These men, deprived of their spiritual functions by absolute authority, are incapacitated from resuming their civil character and existence, and they have to seek in the capital for the bare means of subsistence which are too often denied to them. They are Pariahs even in French society. The descent to this Limbo may be rapid, but many paths lead to the edge of the abyss. Some priests are ruined by flagrant acts of misconduct, some by breaches of ecclesiastical discipline; some have despised things which the church delights to honor; others have held opinions which the church has agreed to condemn. But if the guilty suffer for their misdeeds, innocent victims are also to be found who can blame others and not themselves for their reverses, and say that "an enemy hath done this." For them, however, as for their compeers, there is no redress; their persons are insignificant, their means slender, their position equivocal, and their advocates few; and it may easily be imagined with what concentrated hatred men so circumstanced will regard the power which has thrust them out into the wilderness.

That hatred has at last found a tongue; those wrongs have at last found an expositor; that class has at last found an apologist, and one so ardent that it is almost impossible not to believe that he has himself come into the

same condemnation. Men learn in suffering what they teach in song, and it appeared as if it were "out of the depths" that this voice cried, so loud and so strident, so wild in its cadences, as hoarse with anger and with pain, it has stirred the whole of Catholic Europe. The name of the author of "*Le Maudit*" was instantly in demand; but that name has been as studiously withheld, neither taunts nor sympathy, neither praise nor blame, having as yet tempted him to reveal it. How long will the mystery last? Literary secrets are seldom well kept. The author of the *Waverley* novels did not even wait till all his tales were told, before he ceased to be to the public *vox et præterea nihil*; the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell did not long conceal the three daughters of the rector of Haworth; "Owen Meredith" can hardly be said to be a *nom de plume*, so flimsy is the mask its owner wears; that of "George Eliot" ceased to be impenetrable when "Adam Bede" had made another lady-novelist famous; and Junius alone remains, the riddle of our century as of his own. The Abbé * * * can hardly flatter himself that he is to be a second Junius; the singularity of that exception, the narrow limits within which the doubt lies, the very near certainty which was arrived at in that solitary instance, ought not to encourage any satirist to hope that notoriety and secrecy can at once be his portion; and if the system of religious *espionnage* be as perfect in France as the abbé represents it to be, it is almost incredible that such a book should have been written by a priest still in the exercise of his charge.

That it is not the work of a layman we think we may take on us to aver; for its merits and still more its faults would seem to show that it has not a lay origin. Its enemies themselves found their position untenable when they at first contended that only a secular person could and would have written it, and in the preface to the "*Religieuse*" the "orders" of the writer are placed beyond a doubt. The next resource was to declare that it was written by a "*Maudit*," and that its doctrines were only less scandalous than the life of the writer, prelates and presbyters darkly hinting as they thus spoke that they could, if they chose, supply the name which the abbé had left blank. Here the Ultramontane party had the public with

them, at least in some degree; and in this country, while we read and wondered, we also applauded, in some measure, the nameless abbé, settling in our minds that he was indeed some priest under the ban, whose life might have been blameless, but whose opinions and fate corresponded with those of the Abbé Julio. But what are we to think of his distinct denial given to this hypothesis in the preface to "*La Religieuse*," a hastily written sequel to the first book; in which he declares, not only that he is not an interdicted priest, but that no such person has had anything to do with "*Le Maudit*"? In what diocese, then, does he reside, this over-bold abbé, who has employed his leisure in the composition of such pages—or rather where has he suffered who has so suddenly begun to complain? Who have been his associates? Has he never espoused, in deed as well as word, the cause of those who were ready to perish? Has no hint escaped him till now of the opinions he entertains, of the love he bears to his church, of the scorn with which he regards the tools, and the pity with which he yearns over the victims, of spiritual tyranny? He must have lived with men and for men to have learned so much, and he is a Jesuit of the Jesuits if no sign of passion or of power has escaped him till now. Is he not an object of suspicion to his superiors? Has he never whispered ere this in the ear of bishops, vicars-general and preaching-friars, "*e pur si move!*"? Does he preach down the Immaculate Conception and the intercession of the saints, and exalt faith, hope, and charity, sobriety and order, as virtues transcending the macerations and ecstatic visions of the cloister? Does he confess his penitents as Julio confessed Thérèse? Does he feed his flock as Julio led his at St. Aventin, and is he not thus known to many, at once hated and beloved? In short, if "*Le Maudit*" and "*La Religieuse*" are truly the work of a priest as yet unsuspended, it is by something little short of a miracle that he has not been identified long ago. It is almost incredible that he should not have been betrayed by accident or by surprise, or have been discovered by a servant, and denounced by a petty official, a jealous neighbor, a suspicious diocesan, or a watchful spy.

But while he preserves his incognito, his books obtain a daily increasing celebrity, and

his crime assumes, we may be sure, an ever deeper dye in the eyes of an offended hierarchy. The three volumes of "*Le Maudit*," with their unusual bulk, their ill-omened name, and *san-bénito* binding, seemed an insulting satire on the whole spiritual machinery of France. Ultramontanism, monachism, and sacerdotalism, all have been attacked, and the gauntlet thus thrown down was taken up without delay.

While the literary world exhausted itself in conjectures as to the authorship of the book, and it was ascribed, now to M. Renan, now to the Abbé Guetté, and then to M. Louis Ulbach, only to be disclaimed by them all, the church proceeded to angry and spasmodic action. "*Le Maudit*" (become, as its compiler ironically observes, far more obnoxious than Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*") was denounced from a thousand pulpits; a bishop threatened to suspend every one of his clergy who read it, reserving the intellectual feast for his own stronger digestion; and a cardinal archbishop stigmatized it in the French Senate as one of the most fearful scandals of our age. The civil authorities were requested to take cognizance of an outrage upon laws imperial and divine, while the spiritual directors of families strove to banish it from the libraries of the faithful, and absolution was refused in one diocese to all who should open its polluted and polluting pages.

Yet the thunders and anathemas of priests have not diminished the sale of "*Le Maudit*;" on the contrary, as in the case of some recent theological works in our own country, a different result has been attained, and for the last ten months the interest excited in France by the sufferings of a freethinking abbé is scarcely inferior to that which M. Victor Hugo kindled in behalf of his philanthropic felons.

The unknown author assures the public in a pithy preface that he expected such a reception. This tale was not written, he says, *not* to be read; and he adds that though he is aware that a fanatical camarilla will be horrified by his book, which is neither a history nor yet a political thesis, and which lays no claims to being a work of art, yet he believes that religious and impartial men will have the courage to admit that he serves rather than injures that holy cause which is already compromised by too many pens. So true is this assertion that its truth is the

main cause of the present excitement. "Le Maudit," unlike M. Eugène Sue's voluminous novel, "Le Juif Errant," is not a profane work; on the contrary, its spirit is religious, and its language is always deeply respectful toward the essentials of revealed religion, the true province of faith, and the characters of single-minded and pious persons. But, on the other hand, the writer has spared no class, and favors no denomination. He has traced with an unflinching hand the workings of the whole system. He has not only stigmatized the Jesuits, but he has shown us an inferior clergy illiterate and prejudiced, an unhappy order of men without liberty, and without independence of thought; abjectly subject to the civil power whose stipendiaries they are, and unprotected from the tyranny or obsessions of their spiritual chiefs. The higher orders in the church do not come out of the picture in more favorable colors. Vicars-general are seen intriguing with the Jesuits against their diocesans, bishops swayed between fear and hatred of the Company of Jesus, prelates whose eyes turn to Rome, and who buy the good offices of the reverend fathers, as a means of procuring the hat, and the additional £1,600 a year, which is due to a cardinal and an *ex-officio* senator of France. Add to this the sketch of the preaching friars, as personified by the Père Basile, and the glimpse at the interior of the *Gesù* in "Le Maudit," with the more disgusting episode of the Carmelite Confessor, in "La Religieuse," and it is not difficult to realize the effect of these books on the clerical party. The unknown abbé holds the mirror up to all abuses, and by unmasking hypocrisy has made as many enemies as there are hypocrites in the church. As they accuse him of having written for a speculation, it is interesting to hear the reasons he gives for having chosen the novel as his vehicle. Had he written a treatise, it might have made an ecclesiastical scandal, though not one of any extent. This reformer wished to popularize his subject, almost to dramatize it, and to make the truth live before the eyes of multitudes. He had another object besides publicity or literary success. In advocating reform he pleads that it is the interest of the laity as much as of the clergy; that Christianity, as distinct from theology, mysticism, or formalism, must leaven the laity, if it is to maintain its hold on society; and he demonstrates that a su-

perstitious, greedy, narrow-minded clergy, by their ignorant teaching and ignoble lives, have done and are doing more harm to the faith than a whole century of infidelity, be its teachers Voltaire, Comte, Renan, or About.

A new world without religion will, he believes, be the result, if religious liberty is to be long sacrificed to sacerdotal power, and Christianity kept in the swaddling bands of mediæval Catholicism, too mystical and unreal to meet the exigencies of an age which must be fed with more living food, if faith is to be preserved in the earth. Religious decline will be inseparable, he shows, from moral and social ruin; and

"With such a prospect before us, others may allow theories the most fatal to humanity and the church to be propagated in the world, and be unable, through indifference or weariness of spirit, to meet them with one vigorous protest; but I have not this failing of silence. Had I only faith as a grain of mustard-seed in humanity and in the church, two things which I love with the like love (unless, indeed, it would be better to say at once, with St. Augustine, that they are one and the same thing), that faith, I say, would oblige me again to take my post as an observant sentinel, and again to sound that cry of alarm which has startled so many noble minds."

Just such a watchman was Julio de la Clavière, the curé of St. Aventin, whose career we must follow from his ordination to his death; for some knowledge of the story is requisite before we can appreciate the argument of this curious book.

The scene is laid in Southern France, in the archiepiscopal city of T—— (evidently Toulouse), where an elderly lady, Madame de La Clavière, drags out her days, the victim rather than the dupe of the Jesuits, who have persuaded her to bequeath her money and estates to their society instead of to the Abbé Julio, her nephew, and his sister Louise, her niece and ward. Julio has just taken orders, but he is already suspected by the reverend fathers; his character is frank and independent, and so impatient of deception in all its shapes that they have failed in their endeavors to win him to their order. He becomes more and more unpopular, as it appears that he is a man unlikely to allow himself and his sister to be robbed with impunity. His manners are so pleasing, and

his talents so remarkable, that he is soon recommended to the notice of his metropolitan; he becomes private secretary to the prelate, and would soon have been one of the leading men of T——, had not a stroke of apoplexy removed a patron whose opinion of the Jesuits coincided with his own. The dying archbishop made Julio the depositary not only of his confession of sins, but of his confession of faith, and the young abbé, by publishing this document and becoming, so to say, its sponsor, ruined himself forever in the estimation of the Company of Jesus. He refuses to withdraw the book; it is published and has an extraordinary circulation, and the Jesuits can only revenge themselves by banishing the editor from the household of the new archbishop, and by causing him to be appointed to a very unimportant cure. But here Julio shines as a preacher, and dissuades a young heiress from taking the veil, against the wishes of her parents and at the instigation of the priests. Emboldened by this step, he holds conferences and preaches animated sermons, not only against monastic life, but against the celibacy of the clergy; he denounces the vices of a licentious youth, but proclaims that their correctives are not the vows of the cloister, but the claims of women to be loved and respected as the friends, the partners, and the civilizers of man's life. For promulgating such doctrine as this, he is reprimanded, and being translated to a distant living in the Pyrenees, spends some years at St. Aventin. There his troubles soon recommence. The young parish priest has not been long settled in his new charge before an accident makes him privy to a liaison between a neighboring curate and a beautiful parishioner. Julio's intervention prevents the ruin of Thérèse and the fall of Loubaire; he makes two fast friends for himself, but also lays the foundation of many scandalous reports, and of a disagreeable "inquiry" which the Jesuits oblige his metropolitan to institute into the circumstances of Thérèse's flight and appearance at St. Aventin. This first disaster had some tragical elements in it, and we shall see that it exercised a permanent result, not only on Julio's life, but upon the religious interests he had at heart.

His next adventure had a comical aspect. A Capuchin friar arrives to preach the month of Mary, and to warm the hearts of the villagers

towards the saints, and other intercessors acknowledged by the church. Julio cannot conceal his amusement at the sermons of the monk, and the Père Basile is equally scandalized at the tone of Julio's teaching, which savored of common sense and of the essential truths of revealed religion. The Père Basile, once on the scent, discovers much amiss in the parish, and a devout but ill-natured old lady of the flock has very curious tales to tell him of Julio's life, pursuits, and opinions. To crown all, the friar and the Mere Judas proclaim a miracle, and Julio endeavors from the first to hush up the affair. St. Joseph is supposed to have appeared to a pretty hysterical *protegee* of this over-pious pair. Père Basile maintains that St. Aventin is as likely as La Salette to be the scene of such a manifestation. Julio, apprehending that St. Joseph was as unlikely to appear in the one place as the Madonna in the other, declares that it is a case for exhibiting the mineral tonics, and prescribes quiet for the mind in great danger of becoming permanently diseased. The matter is carried before the higher powers and Julio's diocesan is worked on by the Jesuits to acknowledge the miracle, and reprimand the incredulous priest.

Meantime Julio has other occupation for his thoughts. His aunt, Madame de la Clavière, is dead, and he finds, as he had already suspected, that he and Louise are to inherit nothing but a small annuity out of her fortune, M. Tournichon, a notary of the town, being her sole legatee. This man is a creature of the Jesuits, and is to hand over to them a property which could not have been left to them as a religious corporation; thus the worldly goods of the Dowager de la Clavière assist in building a new college for the society in the city of T——.

Julio determines to dispute the will, and his counsel is no less a person than M. Auguste Verdelon, once a seminarist, now a rising barrister, and an attached friend of his family. M. Verdelon had found, before taking orders, that the yoke of the church was too heavy, both in matters practical and theoretical, and he had slipped the burden from his neck before it was too late. Had he not done so, he would have found his way into the ranks of the "*Maudits*" in far less time than the Abbé Julio, since he had less faith, less patience, less unselfishness, and more ambition. He is attached to Louise de la

Clavière, but, being poor himself, cannot marry her unless she can recover the inheritance due to her from her late aunt. Any reader of novels will understand how exciting is this *cause célèbre*: Julio de la Clavière, for himself and sister, against the Company of Jesus and their stalking horse the legatee Tournichon. The whole town is in a ferment. A friendly manager fans the flames by putting the play of the "Juif Errant" on the boards of his theatre. Rodin, the arch-schemer of that piece, is hissed; the robbed and maltreated heroines are applauded—the papers, both of T— and of the provinces, are full of the cause, and on the following day the trial opens. Verdeleron delivers an able and pointed address; but the Jesuits are too strong for the orphans of la Clavière; they have suborned the old servant Madelette, the most important of the witnesses; the case is lost, and the verdict given against Julio. The Pere Briffard, confessor to the deceased lady of la Clavière, receives the thanks and congratulations of his society, and Julio returns to the tears of Louise and the silence of his parsonage. Verdeleron soon afterwards marries a richer wife.

Julio determines, however, not to let the matter drop, and he is meditating fresh steps, when his sister is spirited away from St. Aventin by the machinations of a lady devotee. This friend is a tool of the Jesuits, and has been sent by them to convince Louise that it is for her sake alone that Julio ruins himself in body, soul, and estate. Louise, convinced that if her interests were no longer at stake, her brother's litigation with the reverend fathers would cease, is weak enough to fall into the trap, and, disappearing from St. Aventin, she leaves Julio no clew to her fate. He pursues her from town to town, from convent to convent; he appeals to the civil power, consults the police, and is angry, anxious, but helpless. At last he hears of her being in Italy, and goes to Rome, seeking her through every hamlet and cloister of the Papal States. His footsteps are dogged by a Jesuit spy, who often succeeds in putting him off the scent, and whom Julio, by some unaccountable stupidity, never suspects. But Louise is at last discovered. Her shrill and sweet soprano is heard rising above the choir of nuns in the convent of Notre Dame de Forcassi, and Julio, maddened with joy, affec-

tion, and surprise, rushes at the *grille*, tears it open, and carries off his sister.

It may be imagined that this is the crowning point of his misdeeds. To have violated the sanctuary, to have abducted a bride of Heaven, to have interfered with her vocation, and to have terrified her companions, are crimes not to be forgiven, least of all in the States of the Church and in the neighborhood of the *Gesù*. Julio is sent to expiate his offence in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where his adventures are less thrilling than the lovers of the horrible might expect, and he is liberated by the stratagem of a friend and the courage of an obliging bandit. It is one of Julio's misfortunes, not only to have his good deeds evil spoken of, but also to get into questionable company, to have more than a fair share of the strange bedfellows of adversity, and to perform acts of justice and mercy under circumstances to which his enemies could, without difficulty, give a very odious color.

After this, his downward career is rapid. He goes to Paris with Louise, takes the low place of a "diacre de l'office," for he is not yet suspended, preaches at St. Eustache, again becomes popular, and is again persecuted by the Jesuits. He retaliates by the allusions and disclosures which appear in the *Catholique Liberal*, a paper of which he obtains the direction, and in this way he is able to give a wider notoriety to his religious and polemical opinions. It may be asked how Julio obtained a subsistence during these months of his life. He worked as a journeyman printer in the Pignal printing-house, where interdicted priests earn their bread and receive half the wages of ordinary artisans. His companions are other outlaws of the church; among them, Loubaire reappears, and there follow in this sacerdotal Bohemia many scenes,—strange in themselves, strange in their antecedents, and strange in the tone in which they are set forth. At last Julio is appointed to another cure; but as parish priest of Melles fresh troubles await him. Louise lived with him; but he discovers in some old family papers that she is not his sister. Julio feels their position to have become equivocal; but he conceals his own struggles, and Louise opportunely dies. He next appears before the public as the author of a pamphlet against the temporal power of the popes, and the cup of his iniquity is full.

He is interdicted, and denounced by a diocesan Synod in the following terms:—

"Cursed is the priest who from the pulpit of truth has taught scandalous doctrines!

"Cursed is he who attacks the temporal power of the Popes of Rome, without which their spiritual power would not be free!

"Cursed is the proud, the heretic, the innovator, the fabricator of scandalous books, the profane person!

"Cursed is he who shall approve the doctrines of Julio, still curate of Melles in the diocese of T——!"

The interdicted abbé is now alone in the world, and at last his strength gives way. The constant intellectual effort, the moral anguish, the harassing thoughts and the bitter experience of the last years of his life, exhaust his frame, and "*Le Maudit*" dies, breathing less of anger towards his enemies than of gratitude to his Maker, and of aspiration for *that* abiding city, where there is no temple made with hands, but where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Here the story of "*Le Maudit*," properly speaking, ended; but the narrative is now continued through the pages of "*La Réligieuse*," where Loubaire and Thérèse succeed to the places which Julio and Louise had left vacant. By the instance of the Jesuits, Christian burial is refused to Julio in the cemetery of Bigorre, and he has to be interred by his two friends, who select a peak of the Pyrenean chain as a resting-place for this pioneer of the church for the future. Loubaire, softened by Julio's presence and example, is also deeply affected by his death, and when he returns to Paris, his associates are no longer the printers of the priestly Bohemia, but the Bishop Laurent and the Abbé Cambiac. Both these men have experiences of their own which made Julio dear to them. The bishop had so far allowed this tenderness towards the "*Maudit*" to appear that it had cost him his bishopric, and the Abbé Cambiac had left the ranks of the Jesuits because, like Passaglia, his righteous soul was vexed by them day by day. Loubaire is cherished by them for Julio's sake, and they devise together plans for diffusing his principles and vindicating his fame.

It is decided that the bishop should write a book, and spread it anonymously over the length and breadth of the land. Under cover of the history of "*L'Eglise Nouvelle*," the

Abbé * * * gives an account of the publication and reception of "*Le Maudit*," and takes occasion to satirize the insolent bigotry of his own Ultramontane critics.

One of the subjects especially urged by these reformers was the training of women in France. They objected to conventual education as unfitted for forming the minds of intelligent wives and mothers; and to secure a change in this respect the bishop, the abbé, and Loubaire open a normal school for governesses. Their coöperator in this work was to be Thérèse.

At the time of Julio's death we saw Thérèse in the garb of a sister of charity, and left her determined to continue in a life of separation from a world she had found too full of snares. She sees an amount of variety in convent life, such as must rarely, we should think, fall to the lot of any postulant, and her vicissitudes are certainly invented (like the misfortunes of Julio) less with a view of forming an interesting or harmonious narrative than to show the workings of the system. From having been a sister of charity, Thérèse enters a convent of St. Agnes. Here her life is embittered by the evil reports which have been circulated about her former life and her friendship with Julio. She has so little aptitude either for flattering her abbess or for mystical devotion, that she leaves Bigorre without regret, and goes as a postulant to a Carmelite house, where she hopes to find peace in a life of greater austerity, and oblivion of the past in more complete seclusion. The Carmelite nuns aim at perfection, and endeavor to attain to it by a discipline as severe as that of the sisterhood in the "*Rue Petit Picpus*," which afforded Victor Hugo a theme for his striking interlude on the monastic life. But Thérèse has been accustomed to mountain air, to cleanliness, and to exercise. The monotony of Carmelite rule is maddening, and the enforced filthiness of dress and person so great that her health gives way. Nor are her distresses all of a bodily nature. The abbess looks on her with an unsympathetic eye, and she falls into disgrace with her confessor, after a series of conversations which are represented as occurring during confession, and which we would fain believe to be over-colored, if not impossible. A doctor whom she consults advises her to leave without waiting for the expiration of her noviciate; and after quit-

ting this den of moral and physical nastiness, she returns to her father's house to recruit her strength and to watch over his last days. All these details we gather from Thérèse's letters to Loubaire; and they are the great blemish of the book. In both these novels there are passages open to criticism, but none that warrant such condemnation as Thérèse's letters. Surely, the narrative might have been cast in some other than the epistolary form. The gross incidents and still grosser innuendoes, which Thérèse repeats, should hardly under any provocation have occupied a woman's pen; but is it conceivable that any woman with a particle of delicacy, we had almost said decency, should have written these details to a man who had once been her lover, and with whom her own relations had been so compromising, so dangerous, and so sad? When our author argues, when he pleads, and when he protests he never offends; he can sometimes handle an equivocal relation, and does handle many a delicate subject, with firmness as well as with modesty; but in inventing situations his taste is far more questionable. He has either graduated in the worst class of French novels, or we must suppose that in constantly touching pitch his own mind has not escaped defilement. The objectionable vulgarity of too many of his pages is a powerful weapon in the hands of his enemies, and it is strange that he does not perceive how it perverts the better tendencies of his book.

In spite of our sympathy for these novels and their author, we feel that he knows nothing of the reserve and sanctity of domestic life; and though the character of Julio is one of angelic purity and spotless virtue, it must be said that those who espoused his cause and opinions fell far short of that standard of moral dignity of which he set so bright an example. Thérèse is not an interesting heroine; she is too dogmatical and too unblushing for our taste, and most alarmingly ready to be a law unto herself. Sometimes, however, she allowed herself to be guided by others. Her father's death left her a wealthy heiress as well as an orphan, and though her first impulse was to go to Paris, and to put her fortune at Loubaire's disposal for pious and polemical purposes, common sense and a friend whisper that she is too young and too beautiful to make such a step reputable or wise. This friend pre-

vails on her to try another religious house where the sisters, instead of living like Trappistes, are devoted to tuition and the care of the poor. The convent of the Sisters of the Nativity promised well; it was newly established, and was under the care of a parish priest distinguished by the absence of religious extravagance. But extravagance soon made its appearance, and Thérèse found that works of practical piety were less grateful to Marie de Saint Trélody, her superior, than works of supererogation and *neuvaines* of prayers to the Immaculate Virgin and St. Agnes. The offices of the ordinary confessor were at a discount, and a monk of Ultramontane and ascetic tendencies preferred before him. Under his auspices the nuns became daily more quarrelsome, and also less edifying in the eyes of a novice thus deeply read in convent life and manners. Innumerable petty jealousies appeared, and all the intrigues consequent on the election of a superior convinced Thérèse that she must abandon her hope of finding a religious house in which, as a sensible woman, she would not be made ultimately both wretched and ashamed. That these and other evils exist in conventual life no person will deny; but the Abbé * * * cannot expect these details to pass for the whole truth. Women have ere this, and will after this, find it possible to lead active, useful, and comparatively happy lives in religious retreats, and some of the best, if not the wisest, of their sex, have obtained very different results from the experiment which answered so ill in the case of Thérèse. Paris was her next point, and there the triumvirate of reformers employed her money and her talents in furthering their schemes. Her especial province as a nursing-mother of "La Nouvelle Eglise" was to canvass the women of the upper and middle classes, and to engage them to renounce the old plan of a conventual education for their daughters, in favor of the governesses and the normal school to which we have before alluded. Fresh instances come daily under Thérèse's notice of the bad effects of consigning the youth of France almost entirely to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, and she works assiduously in the path which Loubaire had marked out for her. Thus, as a bitter opponent of nuns, nunneries, and all their works, ends the career of "La Religieuse" in these two volumes, which are in truth only a continuation

of "Le Maudit." Through all these incidents the Jesuits play their part. Infuriated by the sympathy which the new sect inspires, they writhe under the sense of the intellectual inferiority of their own arguments, and they take counsel together how they may suppress a book which they cannot answer or refute.

The actions and devices of the two parties are woven together, as in the first part of the story, with a slender thread of romance, and the catastrophe is brought about by the murder of Loubaire in a street of the Faubourg St. Germain. His assassin is the Comte de Saint-Hermenegilde, a *roué*, whose madness is partly caused by love for Thérèse, partly by the wish to revenge the Company of Jesus, to which he is devoted, on the man whom he considers to be his and their arch-enemy.

Loubaire is buried beside Julio on the Pyrenean mount, and after life's fitful fever, both sleep well, where the evening sunbeams still linger long after the valley is gray with the shadows of the coming night, and where they again strike in the early morning as heralds of the approaching dawn:—

"Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala, pax sine pace;

Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus, in Syon arce."

So sung Bernard the Cluniac seven hundred years ago, and as painting their portion in life, and their hope in death, his lines might serve as a device for these two martyrs of the Company of Jesus, slain in the nineteenth century.

To give a rapid and perspicuous *précis* of five large octavo volumes is not an easy task; but we have attempted such a sketch of their contents as might enable our readers to apprehend the plan of these curious books. Their composition has, we believe, been a work of conviction, but it has sometimes been one of temper and of haste; and characters have been sacrificed throughout to situations upon which a demonstration could be made or an argument founded.

Some of the *dramatis personæ*—and here perhaps the abbé's work resembles real life—are singularly uninteresting. Louise, for example, abuses the privilege of a heroine to be insipid, and the Archbishop of T——, M. Le Crie, is so faintly portrayed that, unless we were carefully told of all his feelings and peculiarities, his identity would hardly be palpable to the reader. Some of the lighter sketches, on the other hand, are very success-

ful. Mademoiselle de Flamarens, upon whom probably very little pains was bestowed, is thoroughly lifelike, and Madame de Saint-Trélody, the Mother Superior of the Ladies of the Nativity, disagreeably so; her narrow minded, obstinate, cold temper, being as oppressive as the bad air of a Carmelite cell. In short, "Le Maudit" and "La Religieuse" are two portfolios of powerful sketches—their enemies say caricatures—of all the possible trials and situations of a typical curate and of a typical novice, whose principles and opinions run counter to the received order of things, and who find little sympathy and much ill-will in the sacerdotal class. Agreeing, as we must do in the main, with the author's views as to monachism and the abuse of clerical power, it is also necessary to receive his statements with allowance if not with some measure of distrust. He would have better served the cause he has at heart, did he not show so much of a vindictive temper, and thus lay himself open to the charge of exaggeration. Having said this, and having admitted that as these are not mere sensation novels by an author who has had the luck to hit upon fresh fields and pastures which are new, not to say rank, it is only fair that they should stand or fall by other claims, and be judged by other standards than that of literary taste.

The style throughout is very unequal, often nervous and excellent, seldom careful, but never spasmodic. Thus we have to thank the Abbé * * * for sparing us five volumes of periods copied from the fatiguing and melodramatic manner of M. Sue, or inflated with all the bombast of M. Victor Hugo, when French prose "faisait décadence" in his last epic. The conversational parts are, perhaps, those in which the want of finish is the most felt; they sometimes have great merit, and at others they sink below the level which we could have thought possible in an author of so much power. His matter is so varied and so profound, that no extracts would do it justice; but they may give some notion of his manner: we have selected them without any view to dramatic value, and have rather taken passages which, while they give a fair idea of his opinions, also do justice to his capacity as an author at once satirical and grave.

The day before Julio de la Clavière received his ordination, he learned from his

friend Auguste Verdelon the reasons which had determined him not to take orders. Verdelon concluded his argument with these words:—

“The bare idea of finding myself engaged by solemn ties to a corporation which openly declares itself as the antagonist of all forms of social emancipation is unendurable by me. From the day in which I said to myself, Let us leave those honest but blinded men who preach about the light and make the extinguishers under which the light and they are both dying out,—from that day I have been free and happy.”

“Julio listened to his friend with the greatest attention. Many a time had he asked himself what was the explanation of this grave problem, of the flagrant contradiction between the social theories of Christianity, so wide and so emancipative, and the domineering spirit of the clergy. His nature was a liberal one, but it was as gentle as it was intelligent, and he believed that he had found a solution for the problem, by blaming men only for the ambitious tendencies of the clergy ever since the irruption of the barbarians had made them the only intellectual guides of the western world. Less rigorously logical than the inflexible Verdelon, he had said to himself that there was much good to be done inside the limits of the priesthood, and that he might take its vows on himself without abjuring his warm sympathy for the social progress of mankind. He interrupted Verdelon. ‘Are you not making a confusion here? Why blame the whole clerical body for the ambition of some men, whom history shows us in all ages as aspiring to theocratic rule? One must look on the church in its human aspect, and its divine. The first I give over to your anathemas, for *man* defiles everything he touches; but the second is noble, great, and will never perish. . . . It appears to me that it would be better to make haste to enter the priesthood, and to carry back to it much of the spirit it has lost. Our task would be all the greater.’

“My friend, the time for that is not come. Every earnest man who, like you, may wish to effect a reconciliation between modern society and the clergy will break down in the struggle. I love you for your noble aspirations, but I see all the sorrows which they prepare for your future. Your nature is too elevated to allow you to cast in your lot with the violent party which now governs the clergy; and from the day in which you do not join these men in hurling maledictions against the age, and in singing the old anthem of praise of the good old days of the Middle Ages, you will be looked upon with suspicion and thrust out as a pariah.”

“My dear Verdelon, I deplore as you do the fatal antagonism to their times in which part of the clergy have placed themselves, but I do not believe that this is the case with the whole ecclesiastical body. There is an intelligent minority which, faithful to old teaching, has known how to escape the hurtful animus of which you speak. This minority preserves the sacred spark in the church, and constitutes, with all faithful men who daily realize with more and more distinctness the grand doctrine of the gospel, what we may call the *soul* of the church. . . . I regret that you have not my courage, Verdelon.”

“It is too painful to be a part of the official church, and to have to condemn at every moment the spirit by which it is directed. I hope that the mildness of your character, your moderation and conciliatory temper, may render a position more easy for you of which it is impossible not to foresee the risks. If you succeed, you will be a hero. If you fail, you will be a martyr.”

“Already the shadows were deepening in the plain, and a beautiful setting sun presented to the two friends one of those spectacles before which few remain impassive, which the inhabitants of countries not too inland can behold in all their magnificence. The vast and serrated chain of the Pyrenees stretched across the south, like a curtain barred with purple and with gold. T— lay in the middle distance between the spectators and the sun, which lit up the edges of the clouds by which it was half enveloped, the confused mass of the town being crowned by the spires of St. Séverin, and by the high naves of its churches. A whole creation of the fancy might be seen in the fleecy clouds which covered the sky, and the eye might wander forever over the panorama which Nature, so prodigal of her wealth, unrolled at the horizon. . . . As they reached the town, the different groups of seminarists drew together, and it would have been imprudent to have continued their conversation.

“After retiring to his cell, Julio turned over again in his mind the discussion he had had with his friend. How often had he said all this to himself! But the young priest had received from his Maker an almost angelic mind, and if he understood the dangers, he also had a presentiment of triumph. ‘What,’ he would say, ‘is Virtue, if she does not strive? This sacerdotal world upon which I am entering is retrograde and unintelligent. But what then? I may do some good to the poor, the weak, and the neglected of this world. I may be as a providence for some years to any hamlet in which I am settled. No doubt I shall have troubles, contradictions, and trials, but I shall finish my course

on earth,—and it seems to promise me a noble future.”

We have said that Julio was sent to just such an humble cure when, after the death of M. de Flamarens, he was appointed to St. Avenin. Thus he carried out his ideal:—

“I have been installed for a month in my little parsonage. It is small and very poor, but I feel already that I shall soon get accustomed to it. I have simple tastes, and shall be always happy, while a good old woman comes every day to prepare my food and put my humble housekeeping in order. These things settled I am free. What a strange fate has transported me, as by the swirl of a hurricane, from the active, intelligent life of a large town to the humble existence of a poor highland village! But I shall not find fault with Providence. Has not God got a design in everything he does? How stupid of us to forget that he knows best by what paths, steep or easy, our pilgrimage is to be accomplished. I bless thee, O my God!

. . . Then my mountain home is a very beautiful one! I shall like it: I can follow my tastes for natural science, and very interesting studies I shall make. Before two years are over, I shall have a splendid herbal. . . . My first visit has been to the *cure* of Luchon. I found him horribly prejudiced, for in our clerical world it is not enough if victims are stricken, they must also be aspersed. Our archbishop must have been writing to him in his finest style about the tainted sheep over whom he is recommended to keep an eye, lest it should infect the rest of the flock. . . . It is evident that my smallest actions are watched, and that I am placed under the surveillance of the high archiepiscopal police.

. . . My life as a pastor has its consolations. I found ignorance, superstition, and routine among these poor people; but I feel that I may uproot some of it. I am accustoming my poor highlanders to understand me, and they are grateful for the pains I take to speak to them in the plainest words. I only propound one thing to them at a time, and I present that idea over and over again. I teach these men as one would teach children, and see the advantage of this method. . . . Last Thursday there was an official dinner at Luchon. I was there, and so were the whole of the clergy of the canton, and I observed that I was the object of a general and lively curiosity. These reunions are very gay; the jokes have nothing very commendable in them, but they excite plenty of laughter, all vulgar as they are. The dinner lasted three hours, so did the hilarity of my companions, who ate much, drank much, and made noise enough. As the youngest and latest arrival,

I was placed at the bottom of the table near the *cure* of the Valley of the Lys, a little parish like my own. I talked to him, and he struck me as more simple, more true, and less vulgar than the rest of them. Yet, like me, he is a proscribed person. After dinner, we met in the garden, and he made me understand that he was the object of an unenviable supervision. We promised to see each other from time to time. . . . In my botanizing rambles the distance will not seem inconvenient. Besides, I feel that this solitude is killing me, and I feel that I must have a friend.”

This *cure* of the Valley of the Lys is the Loubaire who afterwards plays so important a part in Julio's history both for evil and for good. Is this picture of the country clergy of southern France overdrawn? We fear that there are some districts of the Welsh and Scotch highlands where a gathering of the local incumbents, or of a presbytery, would exhibit similar peculiarities; and if we consider the position of the inferior clergy in France, we can hardly think that Julio's neighbors at St. Avenin were very unlike what he describes them. Their incomes, or rather their stipends,—since a French bishop receives his pay like an admiral, and a French priest receives his like a petty officer,—are slender. The stipends of some incumbents vary from forty-eight to sixty-two pounds; while those of the *desservants* range from thirty-six to forty-eight pounds. These sums are eked out by the parsonage and garden; but they are not likely to tempt any man of birth and education to enter the ministry. It follows, then, that the priesthood must be constantly recruited from the peasant population, and the result upon the moral and intellectual tone of the clergy is what might be expected. It is an object for a peasant proprietor to get his son into the church. The future *seminariste* is not liable to be drawn for the conscription, and a father who objects to sending his children to be made “*chair à poudre*” can put him into a profession which is respectable in his eyes, and which insures him the lifelong possession of a house, a garden, and the forty pounds a year which has become proverbial in our country. We said that the calling and status of a *cure* insured, or rather promised, the lifelong enjoyment of these things; but it is not always so. Not only must the recipient stand well with his spiritual pastors and masters, avoiding the

hidden reefs on which Julio and Loubaire struck, besides the more patent rock of offence which laxity of morals throws in his way, but he is answerable for his conduct to the temporal power also. He must stand well with the local police, with the mayors, and with the heads of the *gens-d'armes* of the district, and he must make himself in all political questions as subservient and unobtrusive as possible. In short, his life is a negation of everything which a gentleman prizes, and an outrage on many of the feelings which a gentleman possesses. Such is the situation (since the Revolution destroyed the revenues, and the Concordat sold the liberties of the Gallican Church) of the humble men who, in Chateaubriand's touching words, have "to console the afflicted, share their mite with the poor, comfort the sick, exhort the dying, bury the dead, and pray for France." It is almost well for them that their antecedents are equally humble, and that their education is of a kind little calculated to turn out a race of Galileos. A lower depth is reached by the friars, and the better are they fitted to act the spy at the bidding of the Jesuits. Thus the preaching friar Don Basile came down to St. Aventin less to edify the parishioners than to report on the young heretic. A scene between Julio and the Capuchin is a good specimen of the Abbé ***'s satirical vein:—

"Julio showed him the chamber which awaited him, and there the friar deposited a cargo of consecrated articles which he had brought with him; he was then offered some refreshments, but excused himself by reason of that breakfast at Luchon which he had not yet digested, adding that he should keep his appetite for dinner. . . . After all arrangements for the friar and his errand had been made, Julio drew into the middle of the room the small table at which he worked, and taking his microscope from a drawer, began to examine the specimens he had just brought home, with a view to classifying them.

" 'We are very rich here, *mon pere*, in mineralogy. The Pyrenees having only risen, like the Apennines, towards the end of the cretaceous period, are found to contain nearly all the rocks of the igneous and sedimentary formations. These mountains, therefore, furnish me with well-nigh the whole history of the successive ages of the earth's crust. I am all the more favorably placed here at St. Aventin, because I am at the centre of the chain. I have only to follow the torrent of l'Arboust, to go up to the lake of Seculejo,

and to reach the peak of Espingo, less distant but more dangerous in their ascent than my mountain, although they have no glaciers, and I find myself on the ridge between France and Spain. . . . This explains to you how we have rocks of all kinds,—the beautiful granites of which the monumental baths of Luchon have been built, with syenites, porphyries, and marbles of all colors. I will show you the result of to-day's exploration,'—and passing each specimen under his lens, he showed them to the monk. 'Here is a granite of a very fine grain. . . . Here a piece of eruptive quartz of the greatest purity; it is from a thick seam which traverses one ridge of the mountain in all its length. Remark, *mon pere*, by the aid of this glass, these little black crystals,—this is peroxide of manganese in a crystallized form. I have one bit of red porphyry as fine as that which the Egyptians used for their sepulchral edifices, their sphinxes, and the statues of their gods. . . . The infiltration of springs charged with carbonates of chalk and the appearance of different acids have occasioned stalagmites in thick masses, which are quarried under the name of marbles; they are all the more remarkable because they are of the richest hues, and very transparent; but I perhaps weary you, *mon pere*, with twaddling in this way.'

" 'Not at all, not at all,' replied the Capuchin, in whose ears these words—orthose, quartz, oxyde, carbonates, and stalagmites—sounded like so many words out of the Babylonian inscriptions. Afterwards he muttered to himself, 'Well, is it astonishing, after this, that these young people who poke their noses into science should become, as St. Augustine says, beasts of pride, and in their pride wish to reform the church? Oh! blessed and holy ignorance, thou art a far better thing!'

" 'But the monk did not wish to be obliged to preserve a silence which might be mistaken for a modest but humiliating avowal that he knew nothing. A Capuchin ought to know everything. He proceeded, therefore, to seek in the remotest lobes of his brain for some faint traces of his studies in Dom Calmet's lectures on the Deluge and the age of the world.

" 'Do you, then,' he said to Julio, 'believe in these successive ages, ascribed by modern science to our globe?'

" 'Yes,' replied Julio, 'because I handle and see them.'

" 'All these are systems, M. le Curé,—nothing but systems.'

" 'Systems, I admit, but if founded on facts from henceforth realities in science.'

" 'But you see all this has been invented by atheists; it is against religion.'

" 'Not at all, *mon pere*; religion is a very

different affair, and far beyond all this. What relation is there between religion and the study of all the phenomena which may have arisen during the cooling of the globe, when it passed from its incandescent state to a temperature suited to the existence of plants and living organisms?

"But still, why not stick to what Moses says? He ascribes all this to the Divine Power in six days. You don't doubt that God could have created all this in the space of one second?"

"Most certainly he could—no doubt of that; but that is not the question. The matter in hand is, to discover if God was pleased to organize the world, with its mineral crust, its vegetables, and its living creatures, in a few days, or through several millions of centuries. . . . The order and province of scientific truths is one thing, and the order of revealed verities is something very distinct from it. The Bible is divine in the matter of revelation; it was not necessary that it should be so in regard to science. . . . Oh! *mon pere*, you and I may believe or not believe in the teaching of modern science, as we think best, but we cannot change by one iota the valuable attainments of science, or deprive it of a step that it has gained."

The curate of St. Aventin could find both labor and amusement in his solitary home, and his days alternated between pastoral labors and such researches as drew upon him the censures of Father Basile. But his mind was too eager, and his necessity for sympathy as well as occupation too great, to make rural life ever truly acceptable to him. For him the life of a great capital, and the intercourse of men of education, was almost a necessity, if his mind was to preserve its sanity and to be saved from preying on itself. Paris was his real home; for the place of preacher at St. Eustache, and the labors of editing his journal, had made life busy and almost hopeful to a priest who desired to labor more abundantly, and to mediate, if possible, between modern society and the sacerdotal party. He wrote thus to a friend, and the letter is characteristic of the Frenchman and of the man:—

"I thought I heard the voice of God bidding me leave the field of religious controversy where I felt that I had suffered loss in defending his cause. Yet it has cost me much, and how poignant are my regrets! I fancied myself settled forever in Paris, in the middle of that phalanx of men whose opinions often clashed, but who were all seekers after truth, all honest and loyal-hearted

amid the flux and reflux of human thoughts. They were noble brothers to me. Graciously did they open their ranks to receive the priest who could and would not yield one of his Christian convictions, but whose words were never bitter against any doctrines, not even against those which ran counter to his belief.

"Men bigoted with Catholicism murmured at my adoption into this great world of European publicity. I was a living protest against their system of polemical hatred, and their appetite for anathemas and persecutions. They have been powerful against me. I was, humanly speaking, the weakest, and between them and me who cared for truth. Now the sacrifice is accomplished. *Consummatum est!* Oh! Paris! Paris! land of liberty and life. Paris! the new Rome, conquering the nations, not by armed legions, but by the peaceful phalanxes of thinkers, artists, and men of letters. Paris! receive in this letter, which one friend will read and then give to the winds, the last farewell of one who has loved thee so well,—of one who was once obscure and unknown, and whom thou hast received as one of thy men of mark and might. I preserve for thee the imperishable love of a son! In the wild, restless motion of our age which carries away men and things, as the tides of ocean roll up the weeds that once lay heaped in her quiet coves, names are soon forgotten. I do not seek for myself any glory which might be won from others who in their search after truth have labored with as much ardor and as much love; but leave me this illusion,—that in the day when this life goes out in solitude, those who once grasped me by the hand, as a pioneer of the future, will sometimes recall my name to the intellectual world which I loved."

A chapter of the second volume gives a sketch of the ecclesiastical world which Julio did not love:—

"The college of the Jesuits was built on the southern side of the town of T—, where, being a vast and imposing structure, it towered as a citadel above the aristocratic quarters of the old capital of Southern France. Its white mass caught the eye as much as the splendid choir of the Cathedral of St. Etienne, with its high roofs and its numberless buttresses. The reverend fathers had had great success; the gifts and subscriptions had amounted to a large sum, and none of the hoped-for successions had slipped past them. They had had the pleasure of seeing expire (duly and fully prepared by the sacraments of the church) both M. Cayron, Madame de Vateil, and M. Legros; and so wise were the precautions they had taken, that in all these instances few people in T— (with the exception of those inquisitive per-

sons who always scent out the most secret transactions) were aware that four or five families had been pillaged, and old relatives in their second childhood robbed, that this luxurious palace might be built for the Jesuits. M. Tournichon had, with equal despatch and method, arranged everything regarding the succession of Madame de la Clavière, and as he had found by experience that religious bodies never err on the side of generosity, he armed himself with his ledger before he presented himself to reckon, as it would be vulgarly called, with the reverend *pere provincial*.

"The porter, well knowing the consideration with which the good fathers regarded the old man, announced him to the *pere provincial* with that smooth, obsequious tone of voice which is peculiar to such pious servitors.

"M. Tournichon, if you please, my reverend father."

"You are welcome, M. Tournichon. Well! you have had a great success here! All the better—we are very much pleased."

"Yes, reverend father. She made a very holy ending, did this good Madame de la Clavière. She had all proper honors, and I have even ordered a tomb."

"Ah! very right. Yes, a tomb . . . it was not very expensive?"

"I ask your pardon, *mon pere*, it was dear; but I made a bargain, and I think I may say that we are out of it for five hundred francs."

"Very good."

"Then, reverend father, I bring you my little account. As I dare say you do not care to fatigue yourself with all the details of this reckoning, you have the sum-total at the end of the columns. I have done as for myself, and as a good administrator for the church, in the matter of a pious legacy."

"Oh! the worthy man! We are very grateful to you. What a pity it is that such good Christians as yourself are rare!"

"I do not deny that I have had some trouble. No less than ten years have I been about this business; and for ten years to play a hand at cards with an old lady whose wits were not the cause of her death, and who often played very ill!"

"Was not amusing, I grant it; but then how meritorious before God!"

"So much pains and perseverance could hardly fail. Shortly before her death she all but changed her mind."

"Indeed!"

"I was obliged to speak very sharply, and the old thing was frightened. I reminded her of her engagements, and threatened her with the vengeance of God which overtakes those who, having got upon the right

path, dare to turn back: and I secured everything at last."

"What a worthy man! God will assuredly recompense the energy with which you have defended his cause."

"Well, by the help of time and monsieur the doctor with his perpetual prescriptions, all has come right; but that rogue of a doctor! he has sent in a horrible bill."

"That bill must be disputed."

"I have done so. I also made him perceive that if he was so exacting, it might bring him into trouble with his supporters, and his long bill of three thousand francs!"

"Three thousand francs! Horrible!"

"Has been tidily reduced by two thirds,—the third demanded with very many excuses."

"Admirable! You are really adroit, M. Tournichon!"

"The old man having then unrolled the valuation of the Clavière succession, pointed meekly and as to a trifle, at the sum of 50,276 francs standing among the expenses, and representing at five per cent. the honorariums, journeys, and other outlays of all sorts of the above-named Tournichon, *minus* which, the all and whole of the above succession was handed over by him in its integrity, to be disposed of by the reverend *pere provincial* at his good pleasure."

"Though this reverend personage had long known how to estimate the disinterestedness of Tournichon, he could not refrain from exclaiming, '50,276 francs! that is rather strong, M. Tournichon.'"

"Only five per cent., my reverend father."

"But we are so poor, my dear M. Tournichon."

"Five per cent., reverend father."

"You should do something for our labors of piety, M. Tournichon."

"I have remembered you in my will, reverend father. I owe too much to the church and the religious orders not to minister to them after my death with a portion of my modest competency; but you understand that I have a daughter."

"Come, come! this must be arranged! We will look at this bill another day; you will then be more accommodating."

"Reverend father, at my age one ought to put one's affairs into order. I require tranquillity of mind. I have done, believe me, more than I would ever do for any but for the men of God."

"Then pointing out the total again to the Jesuit, he made him read,—

"Accepted and verified by us,' adding, 'You will have the goodness to accept and sign this now.'"

"It is dear, very dear. You will not make it less?"

"No; it is impossible, reverend father. It is not five per cent.; and then playing cards for ten years with an old woman for nothing!"

"The reverend father took up a pen, hesitated, looked at it, and then signed. Then putting the voluminous memorandum among his papers, he murmured to himself, 'That good man has fleeced us.'"

"God be with you, reverend father!" answered Tournichon, as, thankful to have had his account settled, he made a profound obeisance to the priest, and departed."

In this way the Jesuits of T—— secured money and dealt with the usurer. Equally pungent are the paragraphs in which the Abbé * * * describes the Jesuits of the capital, when they wanted a review of "*L'Eglise Nouvelle*," and hired a journalist named Pantaléon Laboue. The reverend father prescribes the matter, the manner, and the price of this critique, which is evidently the counterpart of some of the Ultramontane reviews with which the author and his publisher have been favored. Characteristic as the passages are, our space does not allow us to copy them and many others which would seem to ask for admission. We have given, however, extracts enough to show the style and temper of the Abbé * * *, and of the novels in which he has popularized the subject of clerical life and clerical reform in France. The strife between the two parties—between the Absolutists and those who, by timely reforms, wish to make the Catholic Church free, useful, and respected—is patent to the world. Nor is the French Empire the only field on which the same battle is likely to be fought. There are those who think that what is passing in the whole religious world of to-day is but the harbinger of a great approaching change; of the dissolution of that system of mediæval theocracy, which has exercised for a thousand years so great a power over the minds and consciences of men and the fate of nations. Many of the most enlightened minds of this age are filled with a presentiment of an approaching storm; and though we are unable at present to foresee the results of a great ecclesiastical revolution (of which the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy would probably be the signal), yet it is impossible for the most sanguine or the most indifferent to ignore that in every European country a strong religious movement is taking place. It occurs in Protestant kingdoms as

well as under Catholic rule, and it assumes different shapes according to the complexion of the established faiths, the temper of parties, and the attitude which the hierarchy assumes toward the educated laity. In Italy, the impetus is at once religious and political. In Belgium, politics rather than controversies seem to deepen a feeling which is directed less against creeds and dogmas than against measures and men. Not only was the priestly party defeated in the late elections, but it is believed that no cabinet, formed on an Ultramontane basis, could at this moment command the confidence of the nation. In England, the situation is not complicated with any political bias whatever, and the present phase of religious thought appears as a reaction from the two last movements in the Anglican Church against the Evangelical and Tractarian schools. In Scotland, the Established Church, placed between the great Seceding party of 1843 and the Scottish Episcopal body, must consider her interests, and is awakening to the necessity of a liturgical reform. In short, the controversy is world-wide, though it is in Italy chiefly that men see the day approaching. Thus it is that the praise or blame of originality in his views cannot be awarded to the author of "*Le Maudit*." If M. Michelet has for years been the terror of the Jesuits, who wince under that fierce and well-applied lash, the anti-papal movement in Italy has assumed great proportions, and the names of Passaglia and of Liverani are as unwelcome to ecclesiastical ears as the author of the "*Maudit*" could ever wish to become. In that mass of Italian reactionary literature, priestly pens are mostly employed. Mongini is in orders, Monsignore Tiboni pleads for the secularization of the Bible, Reali is a canon, and the disclosures as well as the sentiments of these men are all inimical to priestcraft, if not actually to the priests. This Free Church party has its newspapers, the *Colonna di Fuoco*, edited by Don L. Zuccaro, which might vie with the imaginary journal of Julio, and they have their cheaper publications, which, in the shape of pamphlets and almanacs, command an enormous sale. The "*Almanacco Popolare*" is most vigorous against the Jesuits, and, though it is a contraband article in pious families, eighty thousand copies of this book alone were sold in the year 1862.

Having thrown in his lot with the thinkers and politicians of this school, the Abbé *** has the satisfaction of feeling that in his work of reformation in the Gallican Church he is not without examples or without sympathizers. While an angry camarilla classes him with Renan, men of cool judgment see that his place is with Cavour and with Azeglio, with Passaglia, if not with the earlier reformers. But, as the Free Church of Italy has refused to sympathize with the Waldensian communities, so the Abbé *** shows no leaning to any Protestant Church, and, indeed, he seems inclined to do Protestantism less than justice where he says, "The Reformation has been barren of religious results. By it old Catholicism was overthrown, but it has not made one Christian the more; and in the Reformed churches, quite as much as in the lands of prelates and monks, life is dying out in that state of atonic scepticism which has become the complaint of souls disgusted with the old forms in which the gospel was wrapped during the Middle Ages." A better acquaintance with the shape which religious controversy has assumed in our country would, we think, induce the Abbé *** to alter this sentence, which, however much or little it may apply to the Protestant schools of Germany, is wholly inappropriate to the freedom of inquiry and earnestness of thought which will make this epoch memorable in our own church. There is no doubt but that the long-existing antagonism between the Church of Rome and the Reformed bodies, as well as the narrow peculiarities which sectarians exhibit in every country, have indisposed men like this unknown abbé to claim religious kinship with Protestants, however much they may be satisfied with the intellectual results of our Reformation.

A review of the books before us would be incomplete unless we gave our readers a precise account of the direction which this movement has taken in France, and of the hopes and dreams of its directors. We give the author's own words, where he describes his ideal church of the future, prepared for no separation and no schism, but desiring the work to be begun and carried out by every hearth, as loyally and as effectually as in the temples and by the altar. He has spoken of the contradictions and sufferings experienced by enlightened Catholics, of Lacordaire, of M. de Lammenais, of the brothers Allignol,

of the curate Dagomer, and of others who have combated the Ultramontane and perverse tyranny of the day (contradictions which are not wholly unknown, we may believe, to such men as Count Montalembert, the Prince de Broglie, and Sir John Acton), and yet he encourages Catholics of this calibre to hope :—

"The salvation of the church must come from this party, which, being moderate and full of faith, wise and intelligent, knows that it must not follow in the path of folly, theocracy, and mysticism. . . These are the believers of the church of the future; they are its embryos. They form the elementary church, as the grain of mustard seed has in it the life of the tree which is to come from it, complete in roots, trunk, and branches.

"These are the peaceful initiators of a new order.

"But these are the hard conditions of their apostleship :—

"To remain in the visible church; to belong to her soul, to the best part of her, to her real life. To accept of her worship as it is at present (since worship is transformable in its nature, and may be modified by time, till it return to the simplicity of primitive ages)

"Never to break with Rome or with episcopacy. This is the capital point. Popes and bishops sit in the chair of Peter, as the princes among priests sat in the days of the synagogue in the chair of Moses. They must be loved and respected; for an immense number of these men of the old church are men of virtue, and it is among them that the new church must find her apostles.

"To separate ourselves plainly and openly from the fanatical Ultramontane sect; to unmask its dangerous, anti-evangelical spirit; to break formally with these Pharisees of the latter days, who are the curse of Christian society, because they discredited Christianity, and render it odious to simple people who are not hostile, but indifferent to the grand doctrines of the gospel.

"To stigmatize these hypocrites of the new Law, to show them, like their fathers of the old Law, paying their tithe of mint and cummin, and pursuing with implacable hatred the true worshippers of God,—whited sepulchres wearing their rosaries to be seen of men, and to pass for saints.

"This is the new work. It is great and bold, but it is lawful.

"We will have no schism; for schism is isolation, and a loss of strength.

"No heresies; . . . the one which has to be combated is the substitution of *man* for *God*; when we exaggerate the rights granted by Christ to the head of his church.

"To remain invincible in the orthodox Catholic faith; there lies our strength, and we will dogmatize in nothing. . . . We must be impossible and patient.

"We must disabuse the minds of women. . . . Let them know that religion is great, but that the systems of the men who direct them are narrow and dangerous. Let them be saved from a mysticism which is their death, from puerile practices which take up their time, and from the servile submission which tortures their conscience. Much harm has been unwittingly done in the church by women, and they ought to repair it."

Such is the programme of the Abbé * * *. Is it practicable? and if practicable, what would be its results? Assuredly the influence of such reforms would not be religious only. Were such a transformation to become general, it would make a great political movement again imminent in France. The first effect of such teaching and belief would be to convince every Frenchman and woman that he and she are responsible agents; and the first claim of every responsible being is liberty. The French nation has gone through such singular and repeated changes, and has alternated so between tyranny and license,

that it is impossible to say whether, in appreciating this first truth, it would also lay hold of the greater truth by which it is followed; namely, that a sense of collective responsibility is the surest guarantee of order and support of the laws. Our author has observed a more than marked reticence on this head, as if the political liberties of his country were wholly out of his thoughts. He is discreet, but we cannot believe him to be indifferent or ignorant of the civil and social result if his religious hopes should be realized. To what extent he is ever to be gratified is a grave as well as a curious question, and being himself without data, he must be content to wait for the answer. *That* is hid, he says, and "is the secret of God,"—"but *this*," he adds, "is no secret,—that the human mind will conquer, for it will not let itself be taken in the webs of theocracy; and that *caste* must give way which is now so powerful, and which, with a cunning long unperceived by the masses, has interwoven its personal interests with those of religion. It must perish, but this shall endure, even the truth as revealed in the gospel, which fadeth not away."

The great age of the world is deduced from the age of trees, by Mr. Harland Coultas, lecturer at the Charing Cross Hospital. In an article in the *Popular Science Review*, Mr. Coultas says,—

"There are trees now in England whose great age cannot be doubted,—oaks, which were planted before the time of the Norman invasion, and which are therefore more than eight hundred years old. The yew-trees (*Taxus baccata*) are still older. One still growing at Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, was examined by Penant in 1770, and was then more than twelve hundred years old; and another, in the churchyard of Braburn in Kent, according to the measurement of Evelyn, in 1660, had then attained an age of 2,880 years, and consequently is now more than three thousand years old. Now we know from experience that the same specific forms of herbaceous plants have been continued for several generations. Apply this to ligneous species, such as the oak and the yew, and suppose these old English oaks and yews to have been preceded by only twenty generations of the same

species,—and why should we not?—and you get for the oak form an antiquity of sixteen thousand years. But if our readers hesitate to accept this, then we must remind them of those famous foreign trees, the mammoth pines of California and the Baobab of Africa, which are known to have been in existence for several thousand years. If we limit the number of preceding generations of these trees to only four, then the prior existence of the species must be immediately dated back twelve thousand years for the California pines, and for the Baobab, which is upwards of five thousand years old, twenty thousand years!

"THERE are now," says the *Union*, "in France 6 cardinals, 15 archbishops, 69 bishops, 155 vicars-general, 660 canons, 3,396 cures, 29,680 officiating priests, 10,000 supernumerary ditto, 30,000 seminarists, and 50,000 persons belonging to different religious orders."

PART XI.—CHAPTER XXXII.

THE fatigue of sight-seeing, wound up by a frantic rush to the railway to be in time for the train, which after all was a train quite at leisure, as most passengers are in Italy, was too much for the early budding of Colin's strength, and laid him up for a day or two, as was only natural, an occurrence which had a curious effect upon the little household. To Lauderdale it was a temporary return into those mists of despair which, partly produced by the philosopher's own sad experience, had made him at first come to so abrupt a conclusion touching Colin's chances of life. When he saw him once more prostrated, Lauderdale's patience and courage alike gave way. He became like a man in a sinking ship, who has not composure to await the end which is naturally at hand, but flings himself into the sea to meet it. He talked wildly of going home, and bitterly of the utter privation of comfort to which his invalid was exposed; and his heart was closed for the moment even to the approaches of Alice. "If it hadna been for you!" he said within his clinched teeth, turning away from her, and was not safe to speak to for the moment. But, oddly enough, the effect of Colin's illness upon the others was of an entirely different character. Instead of distressing Meredith and his sister, it produced, by some wonderful subtle action which we do not pretend to explain, an exhilarating effect upon them. It seemed to prove, somehow, to Alice especially, that illness was a general evil distributed over all the world; that it was a usual thing for young men to be reduced to weakness and obliged to be careful of themselves. "Mr. Campbell, you see, is just the same as Arthur. It is a great deal commoner than one thinks," the poor little girl said to Sora Antonia, who had charge of the house; and though her feelings towards Colin were of the most benevolent and even affectionate description, this thought was a sensible consolation to her. Meredith regarded the matter from a different point of view. "I have always hoped that he was one of the chosen," the invalid said, when he heard of Colin's illness; "but I found that God was leaving him alone. We always judge his ways prematurely even when we least intend it. We ought to thank God that our dear friend is feeling his hand, and is

subject to chastisements which may lead him to Christ."

"Callant," said Lauderdale, fiercely, "speak of things ye understand; it's not for you to interfere between a man and his Maker. A soul more like Him of whom you dare to speak never came out of the Almighty's hands. Do you think God is like a restless woman and never can be done meddling?" said Colin's guardian, betrayed out of his usual self-restraint; but his own heart was trembling for his charge, and he had not composure enough to watch over his words. As for the sick man, whose own malady went steadily on without any great pauses or sudden increase, he lifted his dying eyes and addressed himself eagerly, as he was wont, to his usual argument.

"If any man can understand it, I should," said Meredith. "Can I not trace the way by which he has led *me*?—a hard way to flesh and blood. Can I not see how he has driven me from one stronghold after another, leaving me no refuge but in Christ? And, such being the case, can you wonder that I should wish the same discipline to my friend? The only thing I should fear for myself is restoration to health; and are you surprised that I should fear it for him?"

"I am not surprised at anything but my ain idiocy in having any hand in the matter," said Lauderdale, and he went away abruptly to Colin's room with a horrible sense of calamity and helplessness. There was something in the invalid's confident explanation of God's dealings which drove him half frantic, and filled him with an unreasonable panic. Perhaps it was true; perhaps those lightnings in the clouds had been but momentary—a false hope. When, however, with his agitation so painfully compressed and kept under that it produced a morose expression upon his grave face, he went into Colin's room, he found his patient sitting up in bed, with his great-coat over his shoulders, writing with a pencil on the fly-leaf of the book which his faithful attendant had given him to "keep him quiet."

"Never mind," said the disorderly invalid. "I am all right, Lauderdale. Give us pen and ink, like a kind soul. You don't imagine I am ill, surely, because I am lazy after last night?"

"I've given up imagining anything on the

subject," said Colin's grim guardian. "When a man in his senses sets up house with a parcel of lunatics, it's easy to divine what will come of it. Lie down in your bed and keep quiet, and get well again; or else get up," said Lauderdale, giving vent to a sharp, acrid sound, as if he had gnashed his teeth, "and let us be done with it all, and go home."

At this Colin opened his quiet brown eyes, which were as far from being anxious or depressed as could well be conceived, and laughed softly in his companion's face.

"This comes of Meredith's talk, I suppose," he said; "and of course it has been about me, or it would not have riled you. How often have you told me that you understood the state of mind which produced all that? He is very good at the bottom, Lauderdale," said Colin. "There's a good fellow, give me my little writing-case. I want to write it out."

"You want to write what out?" asked Lauderdale. "Some of your nonsense verses? I'll give you no writing-case. Lie down in your bed and keep yourself warm. You're awfu' fond of looking at your ain productions. I've no doubt it's terrible rubbish if a man could read it. Let's see the thing. Do you think a parcel of verses in that halting 'In Memoriam' metre—I'm no saying anything against 'In Memoriam'; but if I set up for a poet, I would make a measure for mysel'—is worth an illness? and the cold of this wretched place is enough to kill any rational man. Bétaly! I wouldna send a dog here, to be perished with cold and hunger. Dd what I tell you, callant, and lie down. It shows an awfu' poverty of invention, that desire to copy everything out."

"Stuff!" said Colin; "you don't suppose it is for myself. I want to give it to somebody," said the young man, with a conscious smile. And to look at him with his countenance all aglow, pleasure and fun and affection brightening the eyes which shone still with the gentle commotion of thoughts terminating in that writing of verses, it was hard to consider him a man whom God for a solemn purpose had weighted with affliction,—as he had appeared in Meredith's eyes. Rather he looked, what he was, one of God's most joyful and gifted creatures; glad without knowing why,—glad because the sweet imaginations of youth had possession of him,

and filled heaven and earth with brave apparitions. Love and curiosity had introduced into the heart of Lauderdale, as far as Colin was concerned, a certain feminine element, and he laughed unsteadily out of a poignant thrill of relief and consolation, as he took the book from his patient's hands.

"He's no a callant that can do without an audience," said Lauderdale; "and, seeing it's poetry that's in question, no doubt it's a female audience that's contemplated. You may spare yourself the trouble, Colin. She's bonnie, and she's good; and I'm no free to say that I don't like her all the better for caring for none of these things; but I see no token that she'll ever get beyond Watts's hymns all her days. You needna trouble your head about writing out things for her."

Upon which Colin reddened a little, and said "stuff!" and made a long grasp at the writing-case; which exertion cost him a fit of coughing. Lauderdale sat in the room gloomily enough all day, asking himself whether the color was hectic that brightened Colin's cheeks, and listening to the sound of his breathing and the ring of his voice with indescribable pangs of anxiety. When evening came, the watcher had considerably more fever than the patient, and turned his eyes abroad over the Campagna, with a gaze which saw nothing glorious in the scene. At that moment the sun going down in grandeur over the misty distance, which was Rome—the wonderful belts and centres of color in the vault of sky which covered in that melancholy waste with its specks of ruin—were nothing in Lauderdale's eyes in comparison with the vision that haunted him of a cosy, homely room in a Scotch farmhouse, full of warm glimmers of firelight and hearth comforts. "He would mend if he were but at home," he said to himself, almost with bitterness, turning his eyes from the landscape without, to which he was indifferent, to the bare white stony walls within. He was so cold sitting there,—he who was well and strong,—that he had put on his great-coat. And it was for this he had brought the youth whom he loved so far away from those "who belonged to him"! Lauderdale thought with a pang of the mistress and what she would say if she could see the comfortless place to which she had sent her boy. Meanwhile, the patient who caused so much anxiety was for his own part very comfortable, and copied out his

verses with a care that made it very apparent he had no intention of coming to a speedy end, either of life or its enjoyments. He had not written anything for a long time, and the exercise was pleasant to him; and when he had finished, he lay back on his pillows, and took the trouble to remark to Lauderdale upon the decorations of the poor, bare, stony chamber which the philosopher was cursing in his heart. "We are before them in some things," said Colin, reflectively; "but they beat us in a great many. See how simply that effect is obtained,—just a line or two of color, and yet nothing could be more perfect in its way." To which observation Lauderdale responded only by an indescribable growl, which provoked the laughter of his unruly patient. The next observation Colin made was, however, received with greater favor; for he asked plaintively if it were not time for dinner,—a question more soothing to Lauderdale's feelings than volumes of remonstrances. He carried Colin's portion into the room when that meal arrived from the Trattoria, scorning female assistance, and arranging everything with that exquisite uncouth tenderness which, perhaps, only a woman could do full justice to; for the fact is that Colin, though ravenously hungry, and fully disposed to approve of the repast, had a momentary thought that to have been served by the little housekeeper herself, had that been possible, would have been ever so much pleasanter. When the darkness had hushed and covered up the Campagna, and stilled all the village sounds, Lauderdale himself, a little flushed from an address he had just been delivering to Meredith, went in and looked at the sleeping face which was so precious to him, and tortured himself once more with questions whether it might be fever which gave color to the young man's cheek. But Colin, notwithstanding his cold, was breathing full, long breaths, with life in every inspiration, and his friend went not un comforted to bed. While Colin lay thus at rest, Meredith had resumed his writing, and was working into his current chapter the conversation which had just taken place. "The worldly man asks if the afflictions of the just are signs of favoritism on God's part," wrote the young author, "and appeals to us whether a happy man is less beloved of his Father than I am who suffer. He virtually contradicts Scripture, and tells

me that the Lord does *not* scourge every one whom he receiveth. But I say, and the Holy Bible says with me, Tremble, O ye who are happy; our troubles are God's tokens of love and mercy to our souls." As he wrote this, the young eyes, which were so soon to close upon life, heightened and expanded with a wonderful glow. His mind was not broad, nor catholic, nor capable of perceiving the manifold diversity of those ways of God which are beyond the comprehension of men. He could not understand how, upon the last and lightest laborer, the Master of the vineyard might bestow the equal hire, and—taking that as the hardest labor which fell to his own share—was bent at least on making up for it by the most supreme compensation. And indeed, it was hard to blame him for claiming, by way of balance to his afflictions, a warmer and closer share in the love of God. At least, that was no vulgar recompense. As for the "worldly man" of Arthur's paragraph, he, too, sat a long while in his chamber, not writing, but pondering,—gazing into the flame of the tall Roman lamp on his table as if some solution of the mysteries in his thoughts were to be found in its smoky light. To identify Lauderdale in this character would have been difficult enough to any one who knew him; yet, to Meredith, he had afforded a perfect example of "carnal reasoning," and the disposition which is according to the flesh and not according to the spirit. This worldly-minded individual sat staring into the lamp, even after his young critic had ceased to write,—revolving things that he could see were about to happen, and things which he dreaded without being able to see; and more than all, wondering over that awful mystery of Providence to which the young invalid gave so easy a solution. "It wouldna be so hard to make out if a man could think he was less loved than his fellows, as they thought langsyne," said Lauderdale to himself, "or more loved, as, twisting certain Scriptures, it's the fashion to say now; but it's awfu' ill to understand such dealings in him that is the Father of all and makes nae favorites. Poor callant! it's like he'll be the first to find the secret out." And as he pondered, he could not restrain a groan over the impending fate which threatened Meredith, and on the complications that were soon to follow. To be sure, he had

nothing particular to do with it, however it might happen; but every kind of Christian tenderness and charity lurked in the heart of the homely Scotch philosopher who stood in Arthur Meredith's last chapter as the impersonation of the worldly man.

Next day Colin reappeared, to the astonishment of the brother and sister. Let us not say to their disappointment; and yet poor little Alice, underneath her congratulations, said to herself with a pang, "He has got well,—they all get well but Arthur;" and when she was aware of the thought, hated herself, and wondered wistfully whether it was because of her wickedness that her prayers for Arthur were not heard. Anxiety and even grief are not the improving influences they are sometimes thought to be,—and it is hard upon human nature to be really thankful for the benefits which God gives to others, passing over one's self. Meredith, who was a sufferer in his own person, could afford to be more generous. He said, "I am glad you are better," with all his heart; and then he added, "The Lord does not mean to leave you alone, Campbell. Though he has spared you, he still continues his warnings. Do not neglect them, I beseech you, my dear friend!"—before he returned to his writing. He was occupied now day and night with his "Voice from the Grave." He was less able to walk, less able to talk, than he had been, and now, as the night came fast in which no man can work, was devoting all his time and all his feeble strength to this last message to the world.

It would have been pitiful enough to any indifferent spectator to note the contrast between the sick man's solemn labor apart and the glow of subdued pleasure in Colin's face as he drew his seat in the evening towards the table which Alice had chosen for herself. The great bare room had so much space and so many tables, and there was so large a stock of lamps among the movables of the house, that each of the party had a corner for himself, to which (with his great-coat on or otherwise) he could retire when he chose. The table of Alice was the central point; and as she sat with the tall, antique lamp throwing its primitive unshaded light upon her, still and graceful with her needlework, the sight of her was like that of a supreme *objet de luxe* in the otherwise bare apartment. Perhaps, under due protection and control, the pres-

ence of womankind, thus calm, thus silent,—letting itself, as the old maxim commanded, be seen and not heard,—is to men of sober mind and middle age—such as Lauderdale, for example—the most agreeable ornament with which a room could be provided. Younger individuals might prefer that the tableau should dissolve, and the impersonation of womankind melt into an ordinary woman. Such at heart was the feeling of Colin. She was very sweet to look at; but if she had descended from her pedestal, and talked a little and laughed a little, and even, perhaps—but the idea of anything like flirtation on the part of Alice Meredith was too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment. However, abstracted and preoccupied as she was, she was still a woman, young and pretty, and Colin's voice softened and his eyes brightened as he drew his chair to the other side of the lamp, and looked across the table at her soft, downcast face. "I have something here I want you to look at," said the young poet, who had been used to Matty Frankland's sympathy and curiosity; "not that it is much worth your while; but Lauderdale told you that writing verses was a weakness of mine," he went on, with a youthful blush and smile. As for Alice, she took the paper he gave her, looking a little frightened, and held it for a moment in her hand.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Campbell; am I to read it?" she said, with puzzled, uncertain looks. Naturally enough she was perplexed and even frightened by such an address; for, as Lauderdale said, her knowledge of poetry was confined to hymns, over which hung an awful shadow from "Paradise Lost." She opened Colin's "copy of verses" timorously as she spoke, and glanced at them, and stumbled at his handwriting, which, like most other people's in these scribbling days, was careless and indistinct. "I am sure it is very pretty," faltered Alice, as she got to the end of the page; and then, more timidly still, "What am I to do with it, Mr. Campbell?" asked the poor girl! When she saw the sudden flush that covered his face, Alice's slumbering faculties were wakened up by the sharp shock of having given pain, which was a fault which she had very seldom consciously committed in the course of her innocent life.

Colin was too much a gentleman to lose his temper; but it is impossible to deny that the effort which he had to make to keep it

was a violent one, and required all his manhood. "Keep it if you like it," he said, with a smile which thinly covered his mortification; "or put it in the fire if you don't." He said this as philosophically as was possible under the circumstances. And then he tried a little conversation by way of proving his perfect composure and command of his feelings, during which poor Alice sat fluttered and uncomfortable and self-conscious as she had never been before. Her work was at an end for that night at least. She held Colin's little poem in her hand, and kept her eyes upon it, and tried with all her might to invent something gracious and complimentary which could be said without offence; for, of course, carefully as he imagined himself to have concealed it, and utterly unconscious of the fact as Lauderdale remained, who was watching them, Alice was as entirely aware of the state of Colin's mind and temper at the moment as he was himself. After a while, he got up and went to Meredith's table by the fire; and the two began to talk, as Alice imagined, of matters much too serious and momentous to leave either at leisure to remark her movements. When she saw them thus occupied, she left the room almost stealthily, carrying with her the tall lamp with its four tongues of flame. She set down her light in her own room, when she reached that sanctuary, and once more read and pored over Colin's poem. There was nothing about love in it, and consequently nothing improper or alarming to Alice. It was all about the Pantheon and its vespers, and the echoes in the dome. But then why did he give it to her?—why did he look so much disturbed when she in her surprise and unreadiness hesitated over it? Such an offering was totally new to Alice; but how could she be expected to understand exactly how it ought to be received? But it is impossible to describe how vexed and mortified she was to find she had failed of what was expected of her, and inflicted pain when she might have given pleasure. She had been rude, and to be rude was criminal in her code of manners; and a flutter of other questions, other curiosities, awoke without any will of her own in the young creature's maiden bosom; for, indeed, she was still very young,—not nineteen,—and so preoccupied by one class of thoughts that her mind had been absolutely barred against all others until now. The end was

that she put Colin's poem, not in her bosom—which, indeed, is an inconvenient receptacle, and one not often chosen nowadays even by young ladies,—but into the private pocket of her writing-case, the very innermost of her sanctuaries. "How clever he is!" Alice thought to herself; "how odd that such things should come into any one's head! and to think I had not even the civility to say that it was beautiful poetry!" Then she went back very humbly into the sitting-room, and served Colin with the last cup of tea, which was the most excellent. "For I know you like strong tea, Mr. Campbell," she said, looking at him with appealing eyes. "It feels quite strange to think that we should know you so well,—you who can write such beautiful poetry,"* she managed

* Miss Matty had been so good an audience that Colin at this time of his life was a little spoiled in respect to his poetry, which, however, after all, he did not consider poetry, but only verses, to amuse himself with. The little poem in question, which he had entitled "*Vespers in the Pantheon*," is, for the satisfaction of his friends, given underneath:—

"What voice is in the mighty dome,
Where the blue eye of heaven looks through,
And where the rain falls, and the dew,
In the old heart of Rome?"

"On the vast area below
Are priests in robes of sullied white,
And humble servitors that light
The altars with a glow—

"Pale tapers in the twilight dim,
Poor humble folks that come to say
Their farewell to departing day,
Their darkling faith in *Him*.

"Who rules imperial Rome the last:
The song is shrill and sad below,
With discords harsh of want and woe
Into the music cast.

"But in the mighty vault that bares
Its open heart into the sky
Vague peals of anthem sounding high
Echo the human prayers.

"Oh, solemn shrine! wherein lie dead
The gods of old, the dreams of men,
What voice is this that wakes again
The echoes overhead,

"Pealing aloft the holiest name—
The lowliest name, Rome's ancient scorn—
Now to earth's furthest boundaries borne,
With fame above all fame?"

"Is it some soul whose mortal days
Had known no better God than Jove,

to say later in the evening. "I have always supposed a poet so different."

"With wings, perhaps?" said Colin, who was not displeased even with this simple testimony.

"Oh, no," said Alice, "that is impossible, you know,—but certainly very different; and it was so very kind to think of giving it to me."

Thus she made her peace with the young man; but it is doubtful how far she promoted her own by so doing. It introduced a new element of wonder and curiosity, if nothing more, into her watching life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"It would be a great satisfaction to me," said Lauderdale, "to have some understanding about their relations. There's few folk so lonely in this world but what they have some kin, be they kind or not. It's awfu' to look at that poor bit thing, and think how forlorn she'll be by and by when"—

"When?" said Colin,—“what do you mean? Meredith is not worse, that I can see. Is *that* what you are thinking of?”

"It's an awfu' gradual descent," said Lauderdale; "nae precipices there, and piti-

Though dimly prescient of a love,
Was worthy higher praise?—

"Some soul that late hath seen the Lord :
Some wistful soul, eager to share
The tender trust of Christian prayer,
Though not by wish or word :—

"By homage inarticulate :
Murmurs and thunders of sweet sound :
And great Amens that circle round
Heaven's liberal open gate?

"Great singer, wert thou one of those
Spirits in prison whom He sought,
Soon as his wondrous work was wrought,
Ending all doubts and woes?

"Alone? or comes there here a throng?
Agrippa—he who built the shrine :
And men who groped for the divine
Through lifetimes hard and long.

"Great Romans! to this vault austere
'Tis meet we should return to tell
Of that which was inscrutable,
That God hath made it clear.

"So we, still bound in mortal pain,
Take courage 'neath the echoing dome,
In the dear heart of this sad Rome,
To give you back—Amen!"

ful to behold; but he's making progress on his way. I'm no mistaken, callant; a man like me has seen such sights before. It looks as if it could go on forever, and nae great difference perceptible from day to day, but the wheels a-turning and the thread spinning off, and nobody can say for certain what moment it may break, like glass, and the spinning come to an end. Ay, it's an awfu' mystery. You may break your heart thinking; but you'll come to no solution. I've tried it as much as most men, and should ken;—but that's no the matter under consideration. I would be glad to know something about their friends."

"I don't suppose they have any friends," said Colin, who had by this time forgotten the suggestion of his English acquaintances. "He would never have brought his sister here with him alone if he had had any one to leave her with,—that is, if he believed, as he says he does, that he was going to die,—which words," said the young man, with a pang of fellow-feeling and natural pity, "are terrible words to say."

"I'm no so sure about either of your propositions," said Lauderdale: "I've very little objection to die, for my part. No to speak of hopes a man has as a Christian,—though I maybe canna see them as clear as that poor callant thinks he does,—it would be an awfu' satisfaction to ken what was the meaning of it all, which is my grand difficulty in this life. And I cannot say I am satisfied, for that matter, that he brought his sister here for want of somebody to leave her with; she's a kind of property that he wouldna like to leave behind. He was not thinking of *her* when they started, but of *himself*; nor can I see that his mind's awakening to any thought of her even now, though he's awfu' anxious, no doubt, about her soul and yours and mine. Whisht! it's temperament, callant. I'm no blaming the poor dying lad. It's hard upon a man if he cannot be permitted to take some bit female creature that belongs to him as far as the grave's mouth. She maun find her way back from there the best way she can. It's human nature, Colin, for a' you look like a glaring lion at me."

"I prefer your ordinary manner of expounding human nature," said Colin. "Don't talk like this; if Miss Meredith is left so really helpless and solitary, at all events, Lauderdale, she can rely on you and me."

"Ay," said the philosopher, shortly; "and grand protectors we would be for the like of her. Two men no her equals in the eye of the world,—I'm no heeding your indignant looks, my freend; I'm a better judge than you of some things,—and one of us no of an age to be over and above trusted. A lad like you can take care of a bit thing like her only in one way; and that's out of the question under present circumstances,—even if either of you were thinking of such vanities, of which I see no sign."

"None whatever," said Colin, with a momentary heat. "She is not in my way; and, besides, she is greatly too much occupied to think of any such vanities, as you say."

"Hallo," said Lauderdale to himself; and he cast a half-amused, suspicious look at his companion, whose face was flushed a little. Colin was thinking only of Alice's want of comprehension and sympathy on the previous night; but the touch of offence and mortification was as evident as if she had been unkind to him in more important particulars.

"Being agreed on that point, it's easier to manage the rest," Lauderdale resumed, with the ghost of a smile; "and I dinna pretend, for my own part, to be a fit guardian for a young leddy. It's a' very well for Telle-machus to wander about the world like this but I'm no qualified to keep watch and ward over the princess. Poor thing!" said the philosopher, "it's awfu' early to begin her troubles; but I would be easy in my mind, comparatively, if we could find out about their friends. She's no so very communicative in that particular; and she has her bit woman's wiles, innocent as she looks. She'll give me no satisfaction, though I'm awfu' cunning in my questions. What was it yon silly woman said about some Meredith of some place? I'm no without suspicions in my own mind."

"What sort of suspicions?" said Colin. "She said Meredith of Maltby. I wrote it down somewhere. There was a row about him in the papers—don't you remember—a few years ago."

"Oh, ay, I remember," said Lauderdale; "one of those that consume widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. The wonder to me is how this callant, if he should happen to be such a man's son, did not take a sickening at religion altogether. That's the consequence in a common mind. It gives

me a higher notion of this poor lad. He has his faults, like most folk I ken," said Lauderdale. "He's awfu' young, which is the chief of all, and it's one that will never mend in his case in this life; but, if he's yon man's son, no to have abandoned a' religion, no to have scorned the very name of preaching and prayer, is a clear token to me that the root of the matter's in him; though he may be a wee unrighteous to his ain flesh and blood,"—the philosopher went on philosophically,—"that's neither here nor there."

"If religion does not make us righteous to our own flesh and blood, what is the good of it?" said Colin. "To care for souls, as you say, but not to care for leaving his sister so helpless and desolate, would be to me as bad as his father's wickedness. Bah! his father!—what am I saying? He is no more his father than the duke is mine. It is only a coincidence of name."

"I'm making no assertions," said Lauderdale. "It may be or it may not be; I'm no saying; but you should aye bear in mind that there's an awfu' difference between practice and theory. To have a good theory—or, if ye like, a grand ideal—o' existence, is about as much as a man can attain to in this world. To put it into full practice is reserved, let us aye hope, for the life to come. However, I wouldna say," said Colin's guardian, changing his tone, "but that kind of practical paradox might run in the blood. Our friend Arthur—poor man!—has no meaning of neglect to his sister. Do no man injustice. Maybe the other had as little intention of cheating them that turned out his victims. An awfu' practical accident like that might be accompanied by a beautiful theory. Just as in the case of his son"—

"Stuff!" said Colin, who thought his friend prosy. "Why will you insist on saying 'his son'? Meredith is not an uncommon name. You might as well say Owen Meredith was his brother."

"There's nothing more likely," said the philosopher, composedly; "brothers aye take different roads, especially when they come out of such a nest."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Colin; "the nest is entirely problematical, and your reasoning is,—Scotch, Scotch to the heart, deductive, and altogether independent of fact. You might as well say, because this is an Italian landscape we are looking at, because

these gray trees are olives, and that plain the Campagna, that it cannot be Prince Charlie who lies down yonder under shelter of that shabby dome. What a sermon it is! I wish I could preach like that when I come to my pulpit; but the burden, I fear, would be,—‘What does it matter? what is the good of laboring and fighting and conquering, winning battles or losing them; Great Hadrian is all dissolved into patches and tatters yonder, and here is Charles Stuart in a stranger’s grave.’ On the whole, it is the man who has failed who has the best of it now. It is odd to think of the perseverance of the race, and how any man ever attempts to do anything. Let us lie down here and dream till we die.”

“It’s awfu’ to be a poet,” said Lauderdale; “the poor callant contemplates more verses. That kind of thing is well enough for bits of laddies at Oxford and Cambridge; but we’ve no Newdigates in our university. Dinna you fash your head about the race. I’m no a man that believes in sermons myself, whether they be from your lips, or from the Campagna. Every man has his own affairs in hand. He’ll pay only a very limited attention either to it or to you; but listen now to what I have got to say.”

What Lauderdale had to say was still upon the subject of which Colin by this time had got tired,—the supposed connection of the brother and sister with the famous, or rather notorious, Meredith of Maltby, who was one of the great leaders of that fashion of swindling so prevalent a few years ago, by means of which directors of banks and joint-stock companies brought so many people to ruin. Of these practitioners Mr. Meredith of Maltby had been one of the most successful. He had passed through one or two disagreeable examinations, it is true, in Insolvent Courts and elsewhere; but he had managed to steer clear of the law, and to retain a comfortable portion of his ill-gotten gains. He was a pious man, who subscribed to all the societies, and had, of course, since these unpleasant accidents occurred, been held up to public admiration by half the newspapers of Great Britain as an instance of the natural effect produced upon the human mind by an assumption of superior piety; and more than one clever leading article, intended to prove that lavish subscriptions to benevolent purposes, and attendance at prayer-

meetings, were the natural evidences of a mind disposed to prey on its fellow-creatures, had been made pointed and emphatic by his name. Lauderdale’s “case” was subtle enough, and showed that he, at least, had not forgotten the hint given in the Pantheon. He told Colin that all his cunning inquiries could elicit no information about the father of the forlorn pair. Their mother was dead, and, as far as she was concerned, Alice was sufficiently communicative; and she had an aunt in India whom Lauderdale knew by heart. “A’ that is so easy to draw out that the other is all the more remarkable,” said the inquisitor; “and it’s awfu’ instructive to see the way she doubles out when I think I’ve got her in a corner,—no saying what’s no true, but fencing like a little Jesuit,—that is, speaking proverbially, and so vouching for my premises, for I ken nothing about Jesuits in my ain person. I would like to be at the bottom of a woman’s notions on such subjects. The way that bit thing will lift up her innocent face, and give me to understand a lee without saying it”—

“Be civil,” interrupted Colin; “a lie is strong language, especially as you have no right whatever to question her so closely.”

“I said nothing about lies,” said Lauderdale; “I say she gives me to understand a lee without saying a word that’s no true, which is not only an awfu’ civil form of expression on my part, but a gift of womanhood that, so far as I ken, is just unparalleled. If it werena instinct, it would be genius. She went so far once as to say, in her bit fine way, that they were not quite happy in a’ their connections: ‘There are some of our friends that Arthur can’t approve of,’ said she, which was enough to make a man laugh, or cry, whichever he might be disposed to. A bonnie judge Authur is, to be believed in like that. But the end of the whole matter is that I’m convinced the hot-headed callant has carried her off from her home without anybody’s knowledge, and that it’s an angry father you and me will have to answer to when we are left her protectors, as you say.”

“I hope I am not afraid to meet anybody when I have justice on my side,” said Colin, loftily. “She is nothing more to me than any other helpless woman; but I will do my best to take care of her against any man whatsoever, if she is trusted to me.”

Lauderdale laughed with mingled exasperation and amusement. "Bravo," he said; "the like of that's grand talking; but I'll have no hand for my part, in aiding and abetting domestic treason. I'm far from easy in my mind on the subject altogether. It's ill to vex a dying man, but it is worse to let a spirit go out of the world with guilt on its head: I'm in an awful difficulty whether to speak to him or no. If you would but come down off your high horse and give me a little assistance. It's a braw business, take it all together. A young woman, both bonnie and good, but abject to what her brother bids her even now when he's living, and us two single men, with nae justification for meddling, and an indignant father, no doubt, to make an account to. It's no a position I admire for my part."

"It was I that drew you into it," said Colin, with some resentment. "After all, they were my friends to begin with. Don't let me bring you into a responsibility which is properly mine."

"Ay, ay," said Lauderdale, calmly, "that's aye the way with you callants. If a man sees a difficulty in anything concerning you, off you fling, and will have no more to do with him. I'm no one to be dismissed in that fashion,—no to say that it would be more becoming to consider the difficulty, like reasonable creatures, and make up our minds how it is to be met."

"I beg your pardon," said Colin, repentant; "only, to be sure, the imprudence, if there was any imprudence, was mine. But it is hard to be talking in this manner, as if all were over, while Meredith lives, poor fellow. Such invalids live forever sometimes. There he is, for a miracle, riding! When summer comes, he may be all right."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, "I make no doubt of that; but no in your way. He'll be better off when summer comes." Meredith turned a corner close upon them as he spoke. He was riding, it is true, but only on a mule, jogging along at a funeral pace, with Alice walking by his side. He smiled when he met them; but the smile was accompanied by a momentary flush, as of shame or pain.

"The last step but one," he said. "I have given up walking forever. I did not think I should ever have come to this; but my spirit is proud, and needs to be mortified. Campbell, come here. It is long since we have had any conversation. I thought God

was dealing with your soul when I last talked to you. Tell me, if you were as far gone as I am,—if you were reduced to *this*,"—and the sick man laid his thin white hand upon the neck of the animal he was riding,—“what consolation would you have to keep you from sinking? It may come sooner than you think.”

"It is not easy to imagine how one would conduct one's self under such circumstances," said Colin; "let us talk of something else. If it were coming,—and it may be, for anything I can tell,—I think I should prefer not to give it too much importance. Look at that low blaze of sunshine, how it catches St. Peter's. These sunsets are like dramas; but nobody plans the grouping beforehand," said the young man, with an involuntary allusion which he was sorry for the next moment, but could not recall.

"That is an unkind speech," said Meredith; "but I forgive you. If I could plan the grouping, as you say, I should like to collect all the world to see me die. Heathens, Papists, Mahometans, Christians of every description,—I would call them to see with what confidence a Christian could traverse the dark valley knowing Him who can sustain, and who has preceded him there."

"Yes, that was Addison's idea; but his was an age when people did things for effect," said Colin; "and everything I have heard makes me believe that people generally die very composedly upon the whole. We who have all possible assurances and consolations are not superior in that respect to the ignorant and stupid,—scarcely even to the wicked. Either people have an infinite confidence in themselves and their good fortune, or else absolute faith in God is a great deal more general than you think it. I should like to believe that last was the case. Pardon me for what I said. You who realize so strongly what you are going to should certainly die, when that time comes, a glorious and joyful death."

At these words a cloud passed over the eager, hectic countenance which Meredith had turned to his friend. "Ah, you don't know," he said, with a sudden depression which Colin had never seen in him before. "Sometimes God sees fit to abandon his servants even in that hour; what, if after preaching to others I should myself be a castaway?" This conversation was going on while Alice talked to

Lauderdale of the housekeeping, and how the man at the Trattoria had charged a scudo too much in the last weekly bill.

"Meredith," said Colin, laying his hand on his friend's arm, and forgetting all the discussion with Lauderdale which had occupied the afternoon, "when you say such words as Father and Saviour, you put some meaning in them; do you not? You don't think it depends upon how you feel to-day or to-morrow whether God will stand by his children or not? I don't believe in the cast-away as you understand it."

"Ah, my dear friend, I am afraid you don't believe in any castaways; don't fall into that deadly error and snare of the devil," said the sick man.

"We must not discuss mysteries," said Colin. "There are men for whom no punishment is bad enough, and whom no amount of mercy seems to benefit. I don't know what is to become of them. For my own part, I prefer not to inquire. But this I *know*, that my father, much less my mother, would not altogether abandon their son for any crime; and does not God love us better than our fathers and our mothers?" said Colin, with a moisture gathering in his brown eyes and brightening his smile. As for Meredith, he snatched his hand away, and pushed forward with a feverish impulse. A sound, half sigh, half groan, burst from him, and Colin could see that this inarticulate complaint had private references of which he knew nothing. Then Lauderdale's suggestion returned to his mind with singular force; but it was not a time to make any inquiries, even if such had been possible. Instinctively, without knowing it, Meredith turned from that subject to the only other which could mutually interest men so unlike each other: and what he said betrayed distinctly enough what had been the tenor of his thoughts.

"*She has no mother,*" said Meredith, with a little wave of his hand towards his sister. "Poor Alice! But I have no doubt God has gracious purposes towards her," he continued, recovering himself. "*This is in the family, and I don't doubt she will follow me soon.*"

It was thus he disposed of the matter which for the strangers, to whose care he was about to leave her, was a matter of so much anxious thought.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AFTER this Meredith's malady made gradual but rapid progress. When Colin and his friend returned from Rome in the evening, after their expeditions there, they imagined themselves to be conscious of a difference in his looks even from the morning. He ceased to move about; he ceased to go out; finally, he ceased to get up from his bed. All these changes were accomplished very gradually, with a heartbreaking regularity of succession. Alice, who was constantly engaged about him, doing every kind of office for him, was fortunately too much occupied to take full recognizance of that remorseless progress of decay; but the two friends who watched it with eyes less urgent than those of love, yet almost more painfully pitiful, could trace all the little advances of the malady. Then there came the time, the last stage of all, when it was necessary to sit up with him all night,—an office which Colin and Lauderdale shared between them, to let the poor little sister have a little reluctant rest. The season had warmed into May, of all seasons the sweetest in Italy. To see the sun shine, it seemed impossible to think that it would not shine forever; and when the window of the sick-room was opened in the early morning, such a breath of life and happiness came in—such a sweet gust of air, wild from the great breadth of the Campagna, breathing of dews and blossoms—as felt to Colin's lips like an elixir of life. But that breathing balm imparted no refreshment to the dying man. He was not suffering much; he was only weary to the bottom of his soul,—languid and yet restless, eager to be moved, yet unable to bear any motion. While little Alice withdrew behind them for a chance moment to shed the tears that kept always gathering, and say a prayer in her heart for her dying brother,—a prayer in which, with a child's simplicity, she still left room for his restoration, and called it possible,—the two others watched with the profoundest interest that which was not only the dying of a friend, but the waning of a life. To see him so individual and characteristic, with all the notable features and even faults of his mind as distinct and apparent as if he had been in the strongest health, and yet so near the end, was the strangest spectacle. What was it the end of? He directed them all from his death-bed, and,

indeed, controlled them all with a will stronger than ever before, securing his own way in face of all their remonstrances, and, indeed, seemed to grow more and more strong, absolute, and important, as he approached the final stage of weakness, which is a sight always wonderful to see. He kept on writing his book, propped up upon pillows, as long as he had strength enough to hold the pen; but when that power, too, failed him, the unyielding soul coerced itself into accepting the pen of another, and dictated the last chapter, at which Alice labored during the day, and which occasionally, to beguile the tedium of the long night-watches, his other attendants were permitted to carry on. The nights grew shorter and shorter as the season advanced, and sometimes it was by the lovely light of the dawning morning, instead of the glimmer of the lamp, that these scattered sentences were written. At other moments, when the patient could not sleep, but was content to rest, wonderful scraps of conversation went on in that chamber of death. Meredith lay gaunt and wasted among his pillows,—his great eyes filling the room, as the spectators sometimes thought; and by his bedside sometimes the gigantic figure of Lauderdale, dimly visible by means of the faint night-light,—sometimes Colin's young softened face and air of tender compassion. It did not occur to any of the three to ask by what right they came together in relations so near and sacred. The sick man's brothers, had he possessed them, could not have watched him with more care, or with less doubt about his right to all their ministrations; but they talked with him as perhaps no brother could have talked,—recognizing the reality of his position, and even discussing it as a matter in which they, too, had the profoundest interest. The room was bare enough, and contained little comfort to English eyes,—uncarpeted, with bare tiles underneath the feet, and scantily furnished with an old sofa, a chair or two, and a table. There were two windows, which looked out upon that Campagna which the dying man was to see no more, nor cared to see. But that great living picture, of no benefit to him, was the only one there; for poor Meredith had himself caused to be taken down from the wall a print of the Madonna, and the little cross with its basin for holy water underneath, which had hung at the head of his bed. He

had even sent away a picture of the Crucifixion,—a bad, yet not unimpressive copy. "I want no outward symbols," said the sick man; "there will be none where I am going," and this was the beginning of one of those strange talks by night.

"It's awfu' difficult to ken," said Lauderdale. "For my part it's a great wonder to me that there has never been any revelation worthy of credit out of that darkness. That poor fellow Dives, in the parable, is the only man I mind of that takes a Christian view of the subject. He would have sent one to tell. The miracle is, that nae man was ever permitted to come."

"Don't say so," said Meredith. "Oh, my dear friend! if you could but know the joy it would give me to bring you to Christ before I die,—to see you accept and receive him. Has not he come to seek and to save?"

"Callant," said the watcher, with a long-drawn breath, "I've longer acquaintance with him than you can have; and if I didna believe in him, I would hang myself, and get to an explanation of all things. If it was not for him, wherefore should I, that have nobody dependent on me, endure the mystery? But that's no answer to my question. He came to put a meaning to the world that has little enough signification without him, but no to answer a' questions that a human spirit can put to heaven and earth. I've heard of bargains made between them that were to die and them that had to live."

"You put it in a strange way, Lauderdale," said the dying man; "most people would say, those who had to die. But what can any one want beyond what is revealed,—Jerusalem the golden? How strange it is to think that a worm like me shall so soon be treading those shining streets, while you,—you whom the world thinks so much better off!"

"Whisht," said Lauderdale, with a husky voice. "Do you no think it would be an awfu' satisfaction to us that stay behind if we could have but a glint of the shining streets you speak of? Many a long day we'll strain our eyes and try hard to see you there; but a' to little purpose. I'm no saying I would not take it on trust for myself, and be content with what God pleased; but it's hard to part with them that belong to us, and ken nothing about them,—where they are, or how they are."

"They are in heaven! If they were children of God, they are with him," said the sick man, anxiously. "Lauderdale, I cannot bear to think that you do not believe,—that perhaps I may not meet you there."

"Maybe no," said the philosopher; "there's the awfu' question. A man might go ranging about the shining streets (as you say) forever, and never find them that belonged to him; or, if there's no geographical limits, there may be others harder to pass. It's awfu' little comfort I can get for my own mind out of shining streets. How am I to picture you to myself, callant, when I take thoughts of you? I have the fancy in my mind to give you messages to friends I have away yonder; but how can I tell if you'll ever see them? It's no a question of believing or not believing. I put little faith in Milton, and none in the good books, from which two sources we draw a great part of our talk about heaven. It's no even to ken if they're happy or no happy that troubles me. I've nae hesitation to speak of in leaving that in God's hand. It's but to have an inkling ever so slight where ye are, and how you are," said Lauderdale, unconsciously changing his pronouns, "and that ye keep thought of us that spend so many thoughts on you."

After this there was a little pause, which fell into the perfect stillness of the night outside, and held the little dim-lighted chamber in the midst of all the darkness, like the picture of a shadowy "interior," with two motionless figures, the living and the dying, painted upon the great gloom of night. Meredith, who, notwithstanding the superior intensity of his own thoughts, had been moved by Lauderdale's,—and who, used as he was to think himself dying, yet perhaps heard himself thus unconsciously reckoned among the dead with a momentary thrill,—was the first to speak.

"In all this I find you too vague," said the patient. "You speak about heaven as if you were uncertain only of its aspect; you have no anxiety about the way to get there. My friend, you are very good to me,—you are excellent, so far as this world goes; I know you are. But, oh, Lauderdale, think! Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Before you speculate about heaven, ask yourself are you sure to get there!"

"Ay," said Lauderdale, vaguely, "it's

maybe a wee like the question of the Sadducees,—I'm no saying; and it's awfu', the dead blank of wisdom and knowledge that's put furth for a response,—no any information to you; nothing but a quenching of your flippant questions and impudent pretensions. No marrying nor giving in marriage there, and the curious fools baffled, but nae light thrown upon the darkness! I'll have to wait like other folk for my answer; but, if it's according to your new nature and faculties,—which surely it must be,—you'll not forget to give us a thought at times. If you feel a wee lonely at the first,—I'm no profane, callant; you're but a man when a's done, or rather a laddie, and you'll surely miss your friends,—dinna forget how long and how often we'll think of you."

"Shall you?" said the dying man. "I have given you nothing but trouble ever since I knew you, and it is more than I deserve. But there is One who is worthy of all your thoughts. When you think of me, oh, love him, my dear friend, and so there will be a bond between us still."

"Ay," said Lauderdale once more. It was a word he used when his voice could not be trusted, and his heart was full. "Ay," he repeated, after a long pause, "I'll no neglect that grand bond. It's a bargain between you and me no to be broken. If ye were free for such an act, it would be awfu' friendly to bring me word how things are," he continued, in a low tone, "though it's folly to ask; for if it had been possible it would have been done before now."

"It is God who must teach and not me," said the dying man. "He has other instruments,—and you must seek him for yourself, and let him reveal his will to you. If you are faithful to God's service, he will relieve you of your doubts," said Arthur, who did not understand his friend's mind, but even at that solemn moment looked at him with a perplexed mixture of disapproval and compassion. And thus the silence fell again like a curtain over the room, and once more it became a picture faintly painted on the darkness, faintly relieved and lighted up by touches of growing light, till at length the morning came in full and fair, finding out, as with a sudden surprise, the ghostly face on the pillow, with its great eyes closed in disturbed sleep, and by the bedside another face scarcely less motionless,—the face of the man

who was no unbeliever, but whose heart longed to know and see what others were content in vague generalities to tell of, and say they believed.

This was one of the conversations held in the dead of night in Meredith's room. Next evening it was Colin, reluctantly permitted by his faithful guardian to share this labor, who took the watcher's place; and then the two young men, who were so near of an age, but whose prospects were so strongly different, talked to each other after a different fashion. Both on the brink of the world, and with incalculable futures before them, it was natural they should discuss the objects and purposes of life, upon which Meredith, who thought himself matured by death, had, as he imagined, so much advantage over his friend, who was not going to die.

"I remember once thinking as you do," said the dying man. "The world looked so beautiful! No man ever loved its vanities and its pomp more than I. I shudder sometimes to think what would become of me if God had left me to myself; but he was more merciful. I see things in their true light now."

"You will have a great advantage over me," said Colin, trying to smile; "for you will always know the nature of my occupations, while yours will be a mystery to me. But we can be friends all the same. As for me, I shall not have many pomps and vanities to distract me,—a poor man's son; and a Scotch minister does not fall in the way of such temptations."

"There are temptations to worldliness in every sphere," said Meredith. "You once spoke eagerly about going to Oxford and taking honors. My dear friend, trust a dying man. There are no honors worth thinking of but the crown and the palm, which Christ bestows on them that love him."

"Yes," said Colin; "but we are not all chosen for these. If I have to live, I must qualify myself the best I can for my work. I should like to be of a little use to Scotland, if that were possible. When I hear the poor people here singing their vespers"—

"Ah, Campbell! one word—let me speak," said his friend. "Alice showed me the poem you had given her. You don't mean it, I know; but let me beg you not to utter such sentiments. You seem to consent to the doc-

trine of purgatory, one of the worst delusions of the Church of Rome. There are no spirits in prison, my dear, dear friend. When I leave you, I shall be with my Saviour. Don't give your countenance to such inventions of the devil."

"That was not what I intended to say," said Colin, who had no heart for argument. "I meant that to see the habit of devotion of all these people, whom we call so ignorant, and to remember how little we have of that among our own people, whom we consider enlightened, goes to my heart. I should like to do a priest's duty."

"Again!" said Meredith. "Dear Campbell, you will be a minister; there is but one great High Priest."

"Yes," said Colin, "most true, and the greatest of all consolations. But yet I believe in priests inferior,—priests who need be nothing more than men. I am not so much for teaching as you are, you know; I have so little to teach any man. With you who are going to the Fount of all knowledge it will be different. I can conceive, I can imagine, how magnificent may be *your* work," the young man said, with his voice faltering, as he laid his warm young hand upon the fingers which were almost dead.

Meredith closed his hand upon that of his friend, and looked at him with his eyes so clear and awful, enlarged and lighted up with the prescience of what was to come. "If you do your work faithfully, it will be the same work," he said. "Our Master alone knows the particulars. If I might have perhaps to supplement and complete what you do on earth!—Ah, but I must not be tempted into vain speculations! Enough that I shall know his will and see him as he is. I desire no more."

"Amen," said Colin; "and when you are in your new career, think of me sometimes, worried and vexed as I know I shall be. We shall not be able to communicate then; but I know now beforehand what I shall have to go through. You don't know Scotland, Meredith. A man who tries any new reformation in the church will have to fight for trifles of detail which are not worth fighting for, and perhaps get both himself and his work degraded in consequence. You will know no such cares. Think of me sometimes when you are doing your work 'with

thunders of acclaim.' I wonder—but you would think it a profanity if I said what I was going to say."

"What was it?" said Meredith, who, indeed, would not have been sorry had his friend uttered a profanity which might give him occasion to speak, for perhaps the last time, "fainfully" to his soul.

"I wonder," said Colin, whose voice was low, "whether our Master, who sees us both, though we cannot see each other, might tell you sometimes what your friend was doing. He, too, is a man. I mean no irreverence, Meredith. There were men for whom, above his tenderness for all, he had a special love. I should like to think it. I can know nothing of you; but then I am less likely to forget you, staying behind in this familiar world."

And the two youths again clasped hands, tears filling the eyes of the living one, but no moisture in the clear orbs of him who was about to die.

"Let us be content to leave it all in his hands," said Meredith. "God bless you, Colin, for your love; but think nothing of me,—think of him who is our first and greatest Friend."

And then again came silence and sleep, and the night throbbed silently round the lighted chamber and the human creatures full of thought, and again took place the perennial transformation, the gradual rising of the morning light, the noiseless entrance of the day, finding out, with surprised and awful looks, the face of the dying. This is how the last nights were spent. Down below in the convent there was a good friar, who watched the light in the window, and pondered much in his mind whether he should not go thither with his crucifix, and save the poor young heretic in spite of himself; but the Frate was well aware that the English resented such interruptions, and did better for Arthur; for he carried the thought of him through all his devotions, and muttered under his breath the absolution, with his eyes fixed upon the lighted window, and prayed, if he had any credit in heaven through the compassionate saints, the Blessed Virgin, and by the aid of Him whose image he held up towards the unseen sufferer, that the sins which God's servant had thus remitted on earth might be, even without the knowledge of the penitent, remitted in heaven. Thus

Colin's belief in priests was justified without his knowing it; and perhaps God judged the intercession of Father Francisco more tenderly than poor Arthur would have done. And with these private proceedings, which the world was unaware of, night after night passed on until the night came which was to have no day.

They had all assembled in the room, in which it seemed before morning so great an event was to happen,—all worn and tired out with watching; the evidences of which appeared upon Colin and Alice, though Lauderdale, more used to exertion, wore his usual aspect. As usual, Meredith lay very solemnly in a kind of pathetic youthful state in his bed,—struggling for every breath, yet never forgetting that he lay there before heaven and earth, a monument, as he said, of God's grace, and an example of how a Christian could die. He called Alice, and the others would have withdrawn; but this he would not permit. "We have no secrets to discuss," he said. "I am not able to say much now. Let my last words be for Christ. Alice, you are the last. We have all died of it. It is not very hard; but you cannot die in peace, as I do, unless you give yourself to Christ. These are my last words to my sister. You may not live long; you have not a moment to spare. Give yourself to Christ, my little Alice, and then your death-bed will be as peaceful as mine."

"Yes," said the docile sister, through her sobs, "I will never, never forget what you have said to me. Oh, Arthur, you are going to them all!"

"I am going to God," said the dying man; "I am going to my Lord and Saviour; that is all I desire to think of now."

And there was a momentary breathless pause. She had his hand in both of hers, and was crying with an utter despair and abandonment to which she had never given herself up before. "Oh, Arthur,—papa!" the poor girl said, under her breath. If they had been less interested, or if the stillness had been a degree less intense, the voice was so low that the two other watchers could not have heard her. But the answer was spoken aloud.

"Tell him I forgive him, Alice. I can say so now. Tell him to repent while there is time. If you wish it, you can tell Colin and Lauderdale; they have been brothers to

us. Come here, all of you," said Meredith. "Hear my last words. Nothing is of any importance but the love of Christ. I have tried everything in the world,—its pleasures and its ambitions—and— But everything except Christ is vanity. Come to him while it is called to-day. And now come and kiss me, Alice; for I am going to die."

"Oh, no, Arthur. Oh, Arthur, do not leave me yet!" cried the poor girl. Lauderdale drew her gently away, and signed to Colin to take the place by the bed. He drew her hand through his arm and led her softly into the great empty *salone*, where there was no light except that of the moon, which came in in broad white bars at the side windows. "Whist! it'll no be yet," said the kind guardian who had taken possession of Alice. No mother or lover could have been tenderer with the little forlorn creature in this hour which was the most terrible of all. He made her walk softly about with him, beguiling her awful suspense a little with that movement. "A little more strength, for his sake," said Lauderdale; "another trial—and then nobody shall stop your tears."

It's for his sake; the last thing you can do for him."

And then the poor little sister gave utterance to a bitter cry. "If he would say something kind for papa, I would not care," she said, smothering her painful sobs; and Lauderdale drew her closer on his arm, supporting and soothing her, and led her about, slowly and noiselessly, in the great empty room, lighted with those broad bars of moonlight, waiting till she had regained a little composure to return to the chamber of death.

Meredith lay silent for some time, with his great eyes gazing into the vacancy before him, and the last thrill of fever in his frame. He thought he was thus coming with all his faculties alert and vivid to a direct conscious encounter with the unknown might of death. "Get the book, Colin," he said, with a voice which yet possessed a certain nervous strength; "it is now the time to write the conclusion;" and he dictated with a steady voice the date of his last postscript: "Frascati, Midnight, May 16th.—The last hour of my life"—

PARIS is at present in possession of thirteen different museums, not counting those at the Louvre and at Versailles. Besides the ancient and modern works of sculpture, these rich collections contain the most miscellaneous objects of mediæval art, as well as of Renaissance paintings, drawings, woodcuts, and engravings, Egyptian, American, Celtic, and Roman antiquities. The collection of the Jardin des Plantes, with its cabinet of comparative anatomy, founded by Cuvier, is not included in the above-mentioned number. All these collections are open to the student, as well as the six large public libraries, of which the Impérial contains one million volumes and eighty thousand manuscripts; besides these, there exists a number of valuable libraries of the different faculties, for the special branches of study, and of scientific institutions, most of which are open to the student; and those few for which a special permission is necessary, grant it without any difficulties. No wonder that Humboldt wrote to a friend in 1827, who had expressed his surprise at the German scholar having made the French capital his abode, "You are surprised at this? I am certain to find here, in one place, what I should have to look for in Germany in thirty-six places, and then very likely in vain."

DESSICCATION OF DEAD BODIES.—At the last sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin, a highly interesting paper was read on the

subject of an embalming process invented by Professor Gorini, who had submitted various dead bodies to the examination of a commission appointed by the Academy for that purpose. Professor Gorini's object was to show: 1. That by this method dead bodies may be preserved for the space of about six months in a state of softness and freshness sufficient to fit them for dissection after the lapse of such a period; so that if a dead body, so preserved, be taken for a subject of study, say three months after death, the dissection may be continued for a couple of months longer, without the operators experiencing the slightest inconvenience from cadaveric exhalations, and, what is still more important, without his having any infection to fear in case of his cutting himself inadvertently during dissection, an accident which has caused the death of many an able practitioner. 2. That at the expiration of six months the same dead bodies begin to be mummified, and after a couple of months longer become completely desiccated and hardened, and may continue in that state for an indefinite number of years, until the operator chooses to dissect them; in which case he has only to put them into water for about a fortnight, when they will re-assume the turgid appearance and softness of dead bodies of recent date, and will be found fit for dissection. 3. That Professor Gorini is able to harden dead bodies with such little alteration in their appearance as to enable persons to identify them.—*Galignani.*

466 TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—IN SICKNESS.

TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—ON HIS
SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

CALM priest of Nature, her maternal hand
Led thee, a reverent child,
To mountain-altars, by the lonely strand,
And through the forest wild.

Haunting her temple, filled with love and awe,
To thy responsive youth
The harmonies of her benignant law
Revealed consoling truth.

Thenceforth, when toiling in the grasp of care
Amid the eager throng,
A votive seer, her greetings thou didst bear,
Her oracles prolog.

The vagrant winds and the far heaving main
Breathed, in thy chastened rhyme,
Their latent music to the soul again,
Above the din of time.

The seasons, at thy call, renewed the spell
That thrilled our better years,
The primal wonder o'er our spirits fell,
And woke the fount of tears.

And Faith's monition, like an organ's strain,
Followed the sea-bird's flight,
The river's bounteous flow, the ripening grain,
And stars' unfathomed light.

In the dank woods and where the meadows gleam,
The lowliest flower that smiled
To wisdom's vigil or to fancy's dream,
Thy gentle thought beguiled.

They win fond glances in the prairies' sweep,
And where the moss-clumps lie,
A welcome find when through the mould they
creep,
A requiem when they die.

Unstained thy song with passion's fitful hues
Or pleasure's reckless breath,
For nature's beauty to thy virgin muse
Was solemnized by death.

O'er life's majestic realm and dread repose,
Entranced with holy calm,
From the rapt soul of boyhood then uprose
The memorable psalm.

And roaming lone beneath the woodland shades,
Thy meditative prayer
In the umbrageous aisles and choral glades
We murmur unaware;

Or track the ages with prophetic cheer,
Lured by thy chant sublime,
Till bigotry and kingcraft disappear
In Freedom's chosen clime,—

While on her ramparts with intrepid mien,
O'er faction's angry sea,

Thy voice proclaims, undaunted and serene,
The watchwords of the free.

Not in vague tones or tricks of verbal art
The pliant and pæan rung;
Thine the clear utterance of an earnest heart,
The limpid Saxon tongue.

Our country's minstrel! in whose crystal verse
With tranquil joy we trace
Her native glories, and the tale rehearse
Of her primeval race,—

Blest are thy laurels, that unchallenged crown
Worn brow and silver hair,
For truth and manhood consecrate renown,
And her pure triumph share!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

IN SICKNESS.

THE sabbath-bells ring out upon the air,
Calling God's children to his house of prayer:
Could I but rise and go and meet him there!

I hear the people pass along the street:
Their rustling garments and their churchyard
feet
Make happy music,—murmurous, low, and sweet.

The breath of summer flowers is in my room,—
The scent of lilies, and the faint perfume
Of crimson pinks and roses all abloom;

And through my open window comes a rush
Of sudden music,—some melodious thrush
Pouring his heart out in one happy gush!

But lovelier far than any bird of spring,
Sweeter than summer's sweetest blossoming,
Thy sacred altars, O my God and King!

Better one day thy holy courts within
Than are a thousand spent in mirthful sin.
Open his gates, that I may enter in!

Nay: these preventing bonds; this lifted rod;
These long, long hours of anguish, leaden-shod!
Let me be still, and know that thou art God.

Oh! teach me—what so slow I am to learn—
That where true spirits for thy presence yearn,
There is thy temple, there thine altars burn.

Believing this, these narrow walls expand
Into cathedral glory, vast and grand,
With fretted dome, and arches overspanned.

Yet need I even these *fancied* signs of thee?
Dear Lord! but enter in, and dwell with me;
Then shall my heart both shrine and temple be.
Fitchburg, Mass. C. A. M.

—*Religious Magazine.*

CHAPTER VII.

WAITING FOR ROSE.

"Not envy sure! for if you gave me
 Leave to take or to refuse
 In earnest, do you think I'd choose
 That sort of new love to enslave me?"

R. BROWNING.

So, instead of going to Belfast, here was Colonel Keith actually taking a lodging and settling himself into it,—nay, even going over to Avonchester on a horse-buying expedition, not merely for the Temples, but for himself.

This time Rachel did think herself sure of Miss Williams's ear in peace, and came down on her with two fat manuscripts upon Human Reeds and Military Society, precluding, however, by bitter complaints of the *Traveller* for never having vouchsafed her an answer, nor having even restored "Curatorcult," though she had written three times, and sent a directed envelope and stamps for the purpose. The paper must be ruined by so discourteous an editor; indeed, she had not been nearly so much interested as usual by the last few numbers. If only she could get her paper back, she should try the *Englishwoman's Journal* or some other paper of more progress than that *Traveller*. "Is it not very hard to feel one's self shut out from the main stream of the work of the world, when one's heart is burning?"

"I think you overrate the satisfaction."

"You can't tell! You are contented with that sort of home peaceful sunshine that I know suffices many. Even intellectual as you are, you can't tell what it is to feel power within, to strain at the leash, and see others in the race."

"I was thinking whether you could not make an acceptable paper on the lace system which you really know so thoroughly."

"The fact is," said Rachel, "it is much more difficult to describe from one's own observation than from other sources."

"But rather more original," said Ermine, quite overcome by the *naïveté* of the confession.

"I don't see that," said Rachel. "It is abstract reasoning from given facts that I aim at, as you will understand when you have heard my 'Human Reeds,' and my other—Dear me, there's your door-bell. I thought that colonel was gone for the day."

"There are other people in the world be-

sides the colonel," Ermine began to say, though she hardly felt as if there were, and at any rate a sense of rescue crossed her. The persons admitted took them equally by surprise, being Conrade Temple and Mr. Keith.

"I thought," said Rachel, as she gave her unwilling hand to the latter, "that you would have been at Avonchester to-day."

"I always get out of the way of horse-dealing. I know no greater bore," he answered.

"Mamma sent me down," Conrade was explaining; "Mr. Keith's uncle found out that he knew Miss Williams,—no that's not it; Miss Williams's uncle found out that Mr. Keith preached a sermon, or something of that sort; so mamma sent me down to show him the way to call upon her; but I need not stay now; need I?"

"After that elegant introduction and lucid explanation, I think you may be excused," returned Alick Keith.

The boy shook Ermine's hand with his soldierly grace, but rather spoiled the effect thereof by his aside, "I wanted to see the toad and the pictures our Miss Williams told me about, but I'll come another time;" and the wink of his black eyes, and significant shrug of his shoulders at Rachel, were irresistible. They all laughed, even Rachel herself, as Ermine, seeing it would be worse to ignore the demonstration, said, "The elements of aunt and boy do not always work together."

"No," said Rachel; "I have never been forgiven for being the first person who tried to keep those boys in order."

"And now," said Ermine, turning to her other visitor, "perhaps I may discover which of us, or of our uncles, preached a sermon."

"Mine, I suspect," returned Mr. Keith. "Your sister and I made out at luncheon that you had known my uncle, Mr. Clare, of Bishops-worthy."

"Mr. Clare! Oh, yes," cried Ermine, eagerly; "he took the duty for one of our curates once for a long vacation. Did you ever hear him speak of Beauchamp?"

"Yes, often; and of Dr. Williams. He will be very much interested to hear of you."

"It was a time I well remember," said Ermine. "He was an Oxford tutor then, and I was about fourteen, just old enough to be delighted to hear clever talk. And his

sermons were memorable; they were the first I ever listened to."

"There are few sermons that it is not an infliction to listen to," began Rachel; but she was not heard or noticed.

"I assure you they are even more striking now in his blindness."

"Blindness! Indeed, I had not heard of that."

Even Rachel listened with interest as the young officer explained that his uncle, whom both he and Miss Williams talked of as a man of note, of whom every one must have heard, had for the last five years been totally blind, but continued to be an active parish priest, visiting regularly, preaching, and taking a share in the service, which he knew by heart. He had, of course, a curate, who lived with him, and took very good care of him.

"No one else?" said Rachel. "I thought your sister lived at Bishopsworthy."

"No, my sister lives, or has lived, at Little Worthy, the next parish, and as unlike it as possible. It has a railroad in it, and the Cockneys have come down on it and 'villafied' it. My aunt, Mrs. Lacy Clare, has lived there ever since my sister has been with her; but now her last daughter is to be married, I fancy she wishes to give up housekeeping."

"And your sister is coming to Lady Temple," said Rachel, in her peculiar affirmative way of asking questions. "She will find it very dull here."

"With all the advantages of Avonchester at hand?" inquired Alick, with a certain gleam under his flaxen eyelashes that convinced Ermine that he said it in mischief. But Rachel drew herself up gravely, and answered,—

"In Lady Temple's situation any such thing would be most inconsistent with good feeling."

"Such as the cathedral?" calmly, not to say sleepily, inquired Alick, to the excessive diversion of Ermine, who saw that Rachel had never been laughed at in her life, and was utterly at a loss what to make of it.

"If you meant the cathedral," she said, a little uncertainly, recollecting the tone in which Mr. Clare had just been spoken of, and thinking that perhaps Miss Keith might be a curatolatress, "I am afraid it is not of much benefit to people living at this distance, and there is not much to be said for the imitation here."

"You will see what my sister says to it."

She only wants training to be the main strength of the Bishopsworthy choir, and perhaps she may find it here."

Rachel was evidently undecided whether chants or marches were Miss Keith's passion, and, perhaps, which propensity would render the young lady the most distasteful to herself. Ermine thought it merciful to divert the attack by mentioning Mr. Clare's love of music, and hoping his curate could gratify it. "No," Mr. Keith said, "it was very unlucky that Mr. Lifford did not know one note from another; so that this vicar could not delude himself into hoping that his playing on his violin was anything but a nuisance to his companion, and in spite of all the curate's persuasions, he only indulged himself therewith on rare occasions." But as Ermine showed surprise at the retention of a companion devoid of this sixth sense, so valuable to the blind, he added, "No one would suit him so well. Mr. Lifford has been with him ever since his sight began to fail, and understands all his ways."

"Yes, that makes a great difference."

"And," pursued the young man, coming to something like life as he talked of his uncle, "though he is not quite all that a companion might be, my uncle says there would be no keeping the living without him, and I do not believe there would, unless my uncle would have me instead."

Ermine laughed and looked interested, not quite knowing what other answer to make. Rachel lifted up her eyebrows in amazement.

"Another advantage," added Alick, who somehow seemed to accept Ermine as one of the family, "is, that he is no impediment to Bessie's living there, for, poor man, he has a wife, but insane."

"Then your sister will live there?" said Rachel. "What an enviable position, to have the control of means of doing good that always falls to the women of a clerical family."

"Tell her so," said the brother, with his odd, suppressed smile.

"What! she does not think so?"

"Now," said Mr. Keith, leaning back, "on my answer depends whether Bessie enters this place with a character for chanting, croquet, or crochet. Which should you like worst, Miss Curtis?"

"I like evasions worst of all," said Rachel, with a flash of something like playful

spirit, though there was too much asperity in it.

"But you see, unfortunately, I don't know," said Alick Keith, slowly. "I have never been able to find out, nor she either. I don't know what may be the effect of example," he added. Ermine wondered whether he were in mischief or earnest, and suspected a little of both.

"I shall be very happy to show Miss Keith any of my ways," said Rachel, with no doubts at all; "but she will find me terribly impeded here. When does she come?"

"Not for a month or six weeks, when the wedding will be over. It is high time she saw something of her respected guardian."

"The colonel?"

"Yes;" then to Ermine, "Every one turns to him with reliance and confidence. I believe no one in the army received so many last charges as he has done, or executes them more fully."

"And," said Ermine, feeling pleasure color her cheek more deeply than was convenient, "you are relations."

"So far away that only a Scotsman would acknowledge the cousinship."

"But do not you call yourself Scotch?" said Ermine, who had for years thought it glorious to do so.

"My grandfather did, I suppose," said Alick; "but our branch of the family has lived and died in the —th Highlanders for so many generations that we don't know what a home is out of it. Our birthplaces—yes, and our graves—are in all parts of the world."

"Were you ever in Scotland?"

"Never; and I dread nothing so much as being quartered there. Just imagine the trouble it would be to go over the pedigree of every Keith I met, and to dine with them all upon haggis and sheep's heads!"

"There's no place I want to see as much as Scotland," said Rachel.

"Oh, yes! young ladies always do."

"It is not for a young-lady reason," said Rachel, bluntly; "I want to understand the principle of diffused education, as there practised. The other places I really should care to see are the Grand Reformatory for the Destitute in Holland, and the Hospital for Cretins in Switzerland."

"Scotch pedants, Dutch thieves, Swiss *goitres*—I will bear your tastes in mind," said Mr. Keith, rising to take leave.

"Really," said Rachel, when he was gone, "if he had not that silly military tone of joking, there might be something tolerable about him if he got into good hands. He seems to have some good notions about his sister. She must be just out of the school-room, at the very turn of life, and I will try to get her into my training and show her a little of the real beauty and usefulness of the career she has before her. How late he has stayed! I am afraid there is no time for the manuscripts."

And though Ermine was too honest to say she was sorry, Rachel did not miss the regret.

Colonel Keith came the next day, and under his arm was a parcel, which was laid in little Rose's arms, and when unrolled, proved to contain a magnificent wax doll, no doubt long the object of unrequited attachment to many a little Avoncestrian, a creature of beauteous and unmeaning face, limpid eyes, hair that could be brushed, and all her visible members waxen, as far as could be seen below the provisional habiliment of pink paper that enveloped her. Little Rose's color became crimson, and she did not utter a word, while her aunt coloring almost as much, laughed and asked where were her thanks.

"Oh!" with a long gasp, "it can't be for me!"

"Do you think it is for your aunt?" said the colonel.

"Oh, thank you! But such a beautiful creature for me!" said Rose, with another gasp, quite oppressed. "Aunt Ermine, how shall I ever make her clothes nice enough?"

"We will see about that, my dear. Now take her into the verandah and introduce her to Violetta."

"Yes;" then pausing and looking into the fixed eyes, "Aunt Ermine, I never saw such a beauty, except that one the little girl left behind on the bench on the esplanade, when Aunt Ailie said I should be coveting if I went on wishing Violetta was like her."

"I remember," said Ermine. "I have heard enough of that *ne plus ultra*, of doll! Indeed, Colin, you have given a great deal of pleasure, where the materials of pleasure are few. No one can guess the delight a doll is to a solitary, imaginative child."

"Thank you," he said, smiling.

"I believe I shall enjoy it as much as Rose," added Ermine, "both for play and as a study. Please turn my chair a little this

way; I want to see the introduction to Violetta. Here comes the beauty, in Rose's own cloak."

Colonel Keith leaned over the back of her chair and silently watched; but the scene was not quite what they expected. Violetta was sitting in her "slantingdicular" position on her chair placed on a bench, and her little mistress knelt down before her, took her in her arms, and began to hug her.

"Violetta, darling, you need not be afraid! There is a new beautiful creature come, and I shall call her Colinette, and we must be very kind to her, because Colonel Keith is so good, and knows your grandpapa; and to tell you a great secret, Violetta, that you must not tell Colinette or anybody, I think he is Aunt Ermine's own true knight."

"Hush!" whispered the colonel, over Ermine's head, as he perceived her about to speak.

"So you must be very good to her, Violetta, and you shall help me make her clothes; but you need not be afraid I ever could love any one half or one quarter as much as you, my own dear child, not if she were ten times as beautiful, and so come and show her to Augustus. She'll never be like you, dear old darling."

"It is a study," said the colonel, as Rose moved off with a doll in either hand,—“a moral that you should take home.”

Ermine shook her head, but smiled, saying, “Tell me does your young cousin know?”—

“Alick Keith? Not from me, and Lady Temple is perfectly to be trusted; but I believe his father knew it was for no worse reason that I was made to exchange. But never mind, Ermine, he is a very good fellow, and what is the use of making a secret of what even Violetta knows?”

There was no debating the point, for her desire of secrecy was prompted by the resolution to leave him unbound, whereas his wish for publicity was with the purpose of binding himself, and Ermine was determined that discussion was above all to be avoided, and that she would, after the first explanation, keep the conversation upon other subjects. So she only answered with another reproving look and smile, and said, “And now I am going to make you useful. The editor of the *Traveller* is travelling, and has left his work to me. I have been keeping some letters for him to answer in his own hand, be-

cause mine betrays womanhood; but I have just heard that he is to stay away six weeks more, and people must be put out of their misery before that. Will you copy a few for me? Here is some paper with the office stamp.”

“What an important woman you are, Ermine!”

“If you had been in England all this time, you would see how easy the step is into literary work; but you must not betray this for the *Traveller's* sake or Ailie's.”

“Your writing is not very womanish,” said the colonel, as she gave him his task. “Or is this yours? It is not like that of those verses on Malvern Hills that you copied out for me, the only thing you ever gave me.”

“I hope it is more to the purpose than it was then, and it has had to learn to write in all sorts of attitudes.”

“What's this?” as he went on with the paper; “your manuscript entitled ‘Curatocult?’ Is that the word? I had taken it for the produce of Miss Curtis's unassisted genius.”

“Have you heard her use it?” said Ermine, disconcerted, having by no means intended to betray Rachel.

“Oh, yes! I heard her declaiming on Sunday about what she knows no more about than Conrade! A detestable, pragmatical, domineering girl! I am thankful that I advised Lady Temple only to take the house for a year. It was right she should see her relations, but she must not be tyrannized over.”

“I don't believe she dislikes it.”

“She dislikes no one! She used to profess a liking for a huge Irishwoman whose husband had risen from the ranks, the most tremendous woman I ever saw, except Miss Curtis.”

“You know they were brought up together like sisters.”

“All the worse; for she has the habit of passive submission. If it were the mother, it would be all right, and I should be thankful to see her in good keeping; but the mother and sister go for nothing, and down comes this girl to battle every suggestion with principles picked up from every catchpenny periodical,—things she does not half understand, and enunciates as if no one had even heard of them before.”

“I believe she seldom meets any one who

has. I mean to whom they are matters of thought. I really do like her vigor and earnestness."

"Don't say so, Ermine! One reason why she is so intolerable to me, is that she is a grotesque caricature of what you used to be."

"You have hit it! I see why I always liked her, besides that it is pleasant to have any sort of visit, and a good scrimmage is refreshing; she is just what I should have been without papa and Edward to keep me down, or the civilizing atmosphere at the park."

"Never."

"No, I was not her equal in energy and beneficence; and I was younger when you came. But I feel for her longing to be up and doing, and her puzzled chafing against constraint and conventionality, though it breaks out in very odd effervescences."

"Extremely generous of you, when you must be bored to death with her interminable talk."

"You don't appreciate the pleasure of variety! Besides, she really interests me, she is so full of vigorous crudities. I believe all that is unpleasing in her arises from her being considered as the clever woman of the family, having no man nearly connected enough to keep her in check, and living in society that does not fairly meet her. I want you to talk to her, and take her in hand."

"Me! I thank you, Ermine! Why, I could not even stand her talking to me about you, though she has the one grace of valuing you."

"Then you ought in common gratitude; for there is no little greatness of soul in patiently coming down to Mackarel Lane to be snubbed by one's cousin's governess's sister!"

"If you will come up to Myrtlewood, you don't know what you may do."

"No, you are to set no more people upon me, though Lady Temple's eyes are very wistful."

"I did not think you would have held out against her."

"Not when I had against you? No, indeed, though I never did see anybody more winning than she is in that meek, submissive gentleness! Alison says she has cheered up and grown like another creature since your arrival."

"And Alexander Keith's. Yes, poor

thing, we have brought something of her own old world, where she was a sort of little queen in her way. It is too much to ask me to have patience with these relations, Ermine. If you could see the change from the petted creature she was with her mother and husband, almost always the first lady in the place, and latterly with a colonial court of her own, and now, ordered about, advised, domineered over, made nobody of, and taking it as meekly and sweetly as if she were grateful for it! I verily believe she is! But she certainly ought to come away."

"I am not so sure of that. It seems to me rather a dangerous responsibility to take her away from her own relations, unless there were any with equal claims."

"They are her only relations, and her husband had none. Still to be under the constant yoke of an overpowering woman with unfixed opinions seems to me an unmitigated evil for her and the boys; and no one's feelings need be hurt by her fixing herself near some public school for her sons' education. However, she is settled for this year, and at the end we may decide."

With which words he again applied himself to Ermine's correspondence, and presently completed the letter, offering to direct the envelope, which she refused, as having one already directed by the author. He rather mischievously begged to see it, that he might judge of the character by the writing; but this she resisted.

However, in four days' time there was a very comical twinkle in his eye, as he informed her that the new number of the *Traveler* was in no favor at the Homestead, "there was such a want of original thought in it." Ermine felt her imprudence in having risked the betrayal; but all she did was to look at him with her full, steady eyes, and a little twist in each corner of her mouth, as she said, "Indeed! Then we had better enliven it with the recollections of a military secretary;" and he was both convinced of what he guessed, and also that she did not think it right to tell him. "But," he said, "there is something in that girl, I perceive, Ermine; she does think for herself, and if she were not so dreadfully earnest that she can't smile, she would be the best company of any of the party."

"I am so glad you think so! I shall be delighted if you will really talk to her, and

help her to argue out some of her crudities. Indeed, she is worth it. But I suppose you will hardly stay here long enough to do her any good."

"What, are you going to order me away?"

"I thought your brother wanted you at home."

"It is all very well to talk of an ancestral home; but when it consists of a tall, slim house, with blank walls and pepper-box turrets, set down on a bleak hillside, and every one gone that made it once a happy place, it is not attractive. Moreover, my only use there would be to be kept as a tame heir, the person whose interference would be most resented, and I don't recognize that duty."

"You are a gentleman at large, with no obvious duty," said Ermine, meditatively.

"What, none?" bending his head, and looking earnestly at her.

"Oh, if you come here out of duty"—she said, archly, and with her merry laugh. "There, is not that a nice occasion for picking a quarrel. And seriously," she continued, "perhaps it might be good for you if we did. I am beginning to fear that I ought not to keep you lingering here without purpose or occupation."

"Fulfil my purpose, and I will find occupation."

"Don't say that."

"This once, Ermine. For one year I shall wait in the hope of convincing you. If you do not change your mind in that time, I shall look for another staff appointment, to last till Rose is ready for me."

The gravity of this conclusion made Ermine laugh. "That's what you learned of your chief," she said.

"There would be less difference in age," he said. "Though I own I should like my widow to be less helpless than poor little Lady Temple. So," he added, with the same face of ridiculous earnest, "if you continue to object to me yourself, you will at least rear her with an especial view to her efficiency in that capacity."

And as Rose at that critical moment looked in at the window, eager to be encouraged to come and show Colinette's successful toilet, he drew her to him with the smile that had won her whole heart, and listening to every little bit of honesty about "my work" and "Aunt Ermine's work," he told her that he knew she was a very managing

domestic character, perfectly equal to the charge of both young ladies.

"Aunt Ermine says I must learn to manage, because some day I shall have to take care of papa."

"Yes," with his eyes on Ermine all the while, "learn to be a useful woman. Who knows if we sha'n't all depend on you by and by?"

"Oh, do let me be useful to you!" cried Rose; "I could hem all your handkerchiefs, and make you a kettle-holder."

Ermine had never esteemed him more highly than when he refrained from all but a droll look, and uttered not one word of the sportive courtship that is so peculiarly unwholesome and undesirable with children. Perhaps she thought her colonel more a gentleman than she had done before, if that were possible; and she took an odd, quaint pleasure in the idea of this match, often, when talking to Alison of her views of life and education, putting them in the form of what would become of Rose as Lady Keith; and Colin kept his promise of making no more references to the future. On moving into his lodgings, the hour for his visits was changed, and unless he went out to dinner, he usually came in the evening, thus attracting less notice, and, moreover, rendering it less easy to lapse into the tender subject, as Alison was then at home, and the conversation was necessarily more general.

The afternoons were spent in Lady Temple's service. Instead of the orthodox dowager britchska and pair, ruled over by a tyrannical coachman, he had provided her with a herd of little animals for harness or saddle, and a young groom, for whom Coombe was answerable. Mrs. Curtis groaned and feared the establishment would look flighty; but for the first time Rachel became the colonel's ally. "The worst despotism practised in England," she said, "is that of coachmen, and it is well that Fanny should be spared. The coachman who lived here when mamma was married answered her request to go a little faster, 'I shall drive my horses as I plazes,' and I really think the present one is rather worse, in deed, though not in word."

Moreover, Rachel smoothed down a little of Mrs. Curtis's uneasiness at Fanny's change of costume at the end of her first year of widowhood, on the ground that Colonel Keith advised her to ride with her sons, and that

this was incompatible with weeds. "And dear Sir Stephen did so dislike the sight of them," she added, in her simple, innocent way, as if she were still dressing to please him.

"On the whole, mother," said Rachel, "unless there is more heart-break than Fanny professes, there's more coquetry in a pretty young thing wearing a cap that says 'Come pity me' than in going about like other people."

"I only wish she could help looking like a girl of seventeen," sighed Mrs. Curtis. "If that colonel were but married; or the other young man! I'm sure she will fall into some scrape, she does not know how, out of sheer innocence."

"Well, mother, you know I always mean to ride with her, and that will be a protection."

"But, my dear, I am not sure about your riding with these gay officers; you never used to do such things."

"At my age, mother, and to take care of Fanny."

And Mrs. Curtis, in her uncertainty whether to sanction the proceedings and qualify them, or to make a protest,—dreadful to herself, and more dreadful to Fanny,—yielded the point when she found herself not backed up by her energetic daughter, and the cavalcade almost daily set forth from Myrtlewood, and was watched with eyes of the greatest vexation, if not by kind Mrs. Curtis, by poor Mr. Touchett, to whom Lady Temple's change of dress had been a grievous shock. He thought her so lovely, so interesting, at first; and now, though it was sacrilege to believe it of so gentle and pensive a face, was not this a return to the world? What had she to do with these officers? How could her aunt permit it? No doubt it was all the work of his great foe, Miss Rachel.

It was true that Rachel heartily enjoyed these rides. Hitherto she had been only allowed to go out under the escort of her tyrant, the coachman, who kept her in very strict discipline. She had not anticipated anything much more lively with Fanny, her boys, and ponies! but Colonel Keith had impressed on Conrade and Francis that they were their mother's prime protectors, and they regarded her bridle-rein as their post, keeping watch over her as if her safety depended on them, and ready to quarrel with

each other if the roads were too narrow for all three to go abreast. And as soon as the colonel had ascertained that she and they were quite sufficient to themselves, and well guarded by Coombe in the rear, he ceased to regard himself as bound to their company; but he and Rachel extended their rides in search of objects of interest. She liked doing the honors of the county, and achieved expeditions which her coachman had hitherto never permitted to her, in search of ruins, camps, churches, and towers. The colonel had a turn for geology, though a wandering life even with an Indian baggage-train had saved him from incurring her contempt for collectors; but he knew by sight the character of the conformations of rocks, and when they had mounted one of the hills that surrounded Avonmouth, discerned by the outline whether granite, gneiss, limestone, or slate formed the grander height beyond, thus leading to schemes of more distant rides to verify the conjectures, which Rachel accepted with the less argument, because sententious dogmatism was not always possible on the back of a skittish black mare.

There was no concealing from herself that she was more interested by this frivolous military society than by any she had ever previously met. The want of comprehension of her pursuits in her mother's limited range of acquaintance had greatly conduced both to her overweening manner and to her general dissatisfaction with the world, and for the first time she was neither succumbed to, giggled at, avoided, nor put down with a grave, prosy reproof. Certainly Alick Keith, as every one called him, nettled her extremely by his murmured irony; but the acuteness of it was diverting in such a mere lad, and showed that if he could only once be roused, he might be capable of better things. There was an excitement in his unexpected manner of seeing things that was engaging as well as provoking; and Rachel never felt content if he were at Myrtlewood without her seeing him, if only because she began to consider him as more dangerous than his elder namesake, and so assured of his position that he did not take any pains to assert it, or to cultivate Lady Temple's good graces; he was simply at home and perfectly at ease with her.

Colonel Keith's tone was different. He was argumentative where his young cousin was sarcastic. He was reading some of the books

over which Rachel had strained her capacities without finding any one with whom to discuss them, since all her friends regarded them as poisonous; and even Ermine Williams, without being shaken in faith, was so haunted and distressed in her lonely and unvaried life by the echo of these shocks to the faith of others, that absolutely as a medical precaution she abstained from dwelling on them. On the other hand, Colin Keith liked to talk and argue out his impressions, and found in Rachel the only person with whom the subjects could be safely broached, and thus she for the first time heard the subjects fairly handled. Hitherto she had never thought that justice was done to the argument except by a portion of the press; that drew conclusions which terrified while they allured her, whereas she appreciated the candor that weighed each argument, distinguishing principle from prejudice, and religious faith from conventional construction, and in this measurement of minds she felt the strength and acuteness of powers superior to her own. He was not one of the men who prefer unintellectual women. Perhaps clever men, of a profession not necessarily requiring constant brain work, are less inclined to rest the mind with empty chatter than those whose intellect is more on the strain. At any rate, though Colonel Keith was attentive and courteous to every one, and always treated Lady Temple as a prime minister might treat a queen, his tendency to conversation with Rachel was becoming marked, and she became increasingly prone to consult him. The interest of this new intercourse quite took out the sting of disappointment, when again Curatocult came back, "declined with thanks." Nay, before making a third attempt, she hazarded a question on his opinion of female authorship, and much to her gratification, and somewhat to her surprise, heard that he thought it often highly useful and valuable.

"That is great candor. Men generally grudge whatever they think their own privilege."

"Many things can often be felt and expressed by an able woman better than by a man, and there is no reason that the utterance of anything worthy to be said should be denied, provided it is worthy to be said."

"Ah! there comes the hit. I wondered if you would get through without it."

"It was not meant as a hit. Men are as apt

to publish what is not worth saying as women can be, and some women are so conscientious as only to put forth what is of weight and value."

"And you are above wanting to silence them by palaver about unfeminine publicity?"

"There is no need of publicity. Much of the best and most wide-spread writing emanates from the most quiet, unsuspected quarters."

"That is the benefit of an anonymous press."

"Yes. The withholding of the name prevents well-mannered people from treating a woman as an authoress, if she do not proclaim herself one; and the difference is great between being known to write and setting up for an authoress."

"Between fact and pretension. But write or not write, there is an instinctive avoidance of an intellectual woman."

"Not always, for the simple manner that goes with real superiority is generally very attractive. The larger and deeper the mind, the more there would be of the genuine humbleness and gentleness that a shallow nature is incapable of. The very word humility presupposes depth."

"I see what you mean," said Rachel. "Gentleness is not feebleness, nor lowness, lowliness. There must be something held back."

"I see it daily," said Colonel Keith; and for a moment he seemed about to add something, but checked himself, and took advantage of an interruption to change the conversation.

"Superior natures lowly and gentle!" said Rachel to herself. "Am I so to him, then, or is he deceiving himself? What is to be done? At my age! Such a contravention of my principles! A soldier, an honorable, a title in prospect, Fanny's major! Intolerable! No, no! My property absorbed in a Scotch earldom, when I want it for so many things! Never. I am sorry for him though. It is hard that a man who can forgive a woman for intellect should be thrown back on poor little Fanny; and it is gratifying—But I am untouched yet, and I will take care of myself. At my age, a woman who loves at all loves with all the gathered force of her nature, and I certainly feel no such passion. No, certainly not; and I am resolved not to

be swept along till I have made up my mind to yield to the force of the torrent. Let us see."

"Grace, my dear," said Mrs. Curtis, in one of her most confidential moments, "is not dear Rachel looking very well? I never saw her dress so well put on."

"Yes, she is looking very handsome," said Grace. "I am glad she has consented to have her hair in that new way; it is very becoming to her."

"I—I don't know that it is all the hair," said the mother, faltering, as if half-ashamed of herself; "but it seemed to me that we need not have been so uneasy about dear Fanny. I think—don't you?—that there may be another attraction. To be sure, it would be at a terrible distance from us; but so good and kind as he is, it would be such a thing for you and Fanny as well"—

Grace gave a great start.

"Yes, my dear," Mrs. Curtis gently prosed on with her speculation, "she would be a dreadful loss to us; but you see, so clever and odd as she is, and with such peculiar ideas, I should be so thankful to see her in the hands of some good, sensible man that would guide her."

"But do you really think it is so, mother?"

"Mind, my dear, it is nothing to build on; but I cannot help being struck, and just thinking to myself. I know you'll not say anything."

Grace felt much distressed after this communication had opened her eyes to certain little touches of softening and consciousness that sat oddly enough on her sister. From the first avowal of Colonel Keith's acquaintance with the Williamses, she had concluded him to be the nameless lover, and had been disappointed that Alison, so far from completing the confidence, had become more reserved than ever, leaving her to wonder whether he were indeed the same, or whether his constancy had survived the change of circumstances. There were no grounds on which to found a caution, yet Grace felt full of discomfort and distrust,—a feeling shared by Alison, who had never forgiven herself for her half confidence, and felt that it would be wiser to tell the rest, but was withheld by knowing that her motive would actuate her sister to a contrary course. That Colin should detach himself from her, love again,

and marry, was what Ermine schooled herself to think fitting; but Alison alternated between indignant jealousy for her sister and the desire to warn Rachel that she might at best win only the reversion of his heart. Ermine was happy and content with his evening visits, and would not take umbrage at the daily rides, nor the reports of the drawing-room warfare, and Alison often wavered between the desire of preparing her and the doubt whether it were not cruel to inflict the present pain of want of confidence. If that were a happy summer to some at Avonmouth, it was a very trying one to those two anxious, yet apparently uninterested, sisters, who were but lookers-on at the game that affected their other selves.

At length, however, came a new feature into the quiet summer life of Avonmouth. Colin looked in on Ermine one morning to announce, with shrugged shoulders, and a face almost making game of himself, that his brother was coming! Lord Keith had been called to London on business, and would extend his journey to come and see what his brother was doing. "This comes of being the youngest of the family," observed Colin, meditatively. "One is never supposed capable of taking care of one's self. With Keith I shall be the gay, extravagant young officer to the end of my days."

"You are not forgiving to your brother," said Ermine.

"You have it in your power to make me so," he said, eagerly.

"Then you would have nothing to forgive," she replied, smiling.

Lady Temple's first thought was a renewal of her ardent wish that Ermine should be at Myrtlewood, and that Mackarel Lane, and the governership should be as much as possible kept out of sight. Even Alison was on her side; not that she was ashamed of either, but she wished that Ermine should see and judge with her own eyes of Colin's conduct, and also eagerly hailed all that showed him still committed to her sister. She was proportionably vexed that he did not think it expedient to harass Ermine with further invitations.

"My brother knows the whole," he said, "and I do not wish to attempt to conceal anything."

"I do not mean to conceal," faltered Fanny, "only I thought it might save a shock—

appearances,—he might think better of it, if ”—

“ You thought only what was kind,” answered the colonel, “ and I thank you for it most warmly ; but this matter does not depend on my brother’s consent, and even if it did, Ermine’s own true position is that which is most honorable to her.”

Having said this, he was forced to console Fanny in her shame at her own kind attempt at this gentle little feminine subterfuge. He gratified her, however, by not interfering with her hospitable instincts of doing honor to and entertaining his brother, for whose sake her first approach to a dinner-party was given,—a very small one, but treated by her and her household as a far more natural occurrence than was any sort of entertainment at the Homestead. She even looked surprised, in her quiet way, at Mrs. Curtis’s proffers of assistance in the *et ceteras*, and gratefully answered for Coombe’s doing the right thing, without troubling herself further. Mrs. Curtis was less easy in her mind ; her housewifely soul questioned the efficiency of her niece’s establishment, and she was moreover persuaded that Lord Keith must be bent on inspecting his brother’s choice, while even Rachel felt as if the toils of fate were being drawn round her, and let Grace embellish her for the dinner-party in an odd sort of mood, sometimes rejecting her attempts at decoration, sometimes vouchsafing a glance at the glass, chiefly to judge whether her looks were really as repellently practical and intellectual as she had been in the habit of supposing. The wreath of white roses, which she wore for the first time, certainly had a pleasing and softening effect, and she was conscious that she had never looked so well, then was vexed at the solicitude with which her mother looked her over, and fairly blushed with annoyance at the good lady’s evident satisfaction.

But after all, Rachel at her best could not have competed with the grace of the quiet little figure that received them, the rich black silk giving dignity to the slender form, and a sort of compromise between veil and cap sheltering the delicate, fair face ; and with a son on each side, Fanny looked so touchingly proud and well supported, and the boys were so exultant and admiring at seeing her thus dressed, that it was a very pretty sight, and struck her first guest, Mr. Touchett, quite

dumb with admiration. Colonel Hammond, the two Keiths, and their young kinsman completed the party. Lord Keith was best described by the said young kinsman’s words, “ a long-backed Scotchman.” He was so intensely Scottish that he made his brother look and sound the same, whereas ordinarily neither air nor accent would have shown the colonel’s nation, and there was no definable likeness between them, except, perhaps, the baldness of the forehead ; but the remains of Lord Keith’s hair were silvered red, whereas Colin’s thick beard and scanty hair were dark brown, and with a far larger admixture of hoar-frost, though he was the younger by twenty years, and his brother’s appearance gave the impression of a far greater age than fifty-eight ; there was the stoop of rheumatism, and a worn, thin look on the face, with its high cheek-bones, narrow lips, and cold eyes, by no means winning. On the other hand, he was the most finished gentleman that Grace and Rachel had ever encountered ; he had all the gallant polish of manner that the old Scottish nobility inherited from the French of the old *régime*,—a manner that, though Colin possessed all its essentials, had been in some degree rubbed off in the frankness of his military life, but which the old nobleman retained in its full perfection. Mrs. Curtis admired it extremely as a specimen of the “ old school ” which she had never ceased to mourn for ; and Rachel felt as if it took her breath away by the likeness to Louis XIV. ; but, strange to say, Lady Temple acted as if she were quite in her element. It might be that the old man’s courtesy brought back to her something of the tender chivalry of her soldier husband, and that a sort of filial friendliness had become natural to her with an elderly man ; for she responded at once, and devoted herself to pleasing and entertaining him. Their civilities were something quite amusing to watch, and in the evening, with a complete perception of his tastes, she got up a rubber for him.

“ Can you bear it ? You will not like to play ? ” murmured the colonel to her, as he rung for the cards, recollecting the many evenings of whist with her mother and Sir Stephen.

“ Oh, I don’t mind ! I like anything like old times, and my aunt does not like playing ”—

No, for Mrs. Curtis had grown up in a

family where cards were disapproved, and she felt it a sad fall in Fanny to be playing with all the skill of her long training, and receiving grand compliments from Lord Keith on joint victories over the two colonels. It was a distasteful game to all but the players; for Rachel felt slightly hurt at the colonel's defection, and Mr. Touchett, with somewhat of Mrs. Curtis's feeling that it was a backsliding in Lady Temple, suddenly grew absent in a conversation that he was holding with young Mr. Keith, upon—of all subjects in the world—lending library books, and finally repaired to the piano, where Grace was playing her mother's favorite music, in hopes of distracting her mind from Fanny's enormity; and there he stood, mechanically thanking Miss Curtis, but all the time turning a melancholy eye upon the game. Alick Keith meanwhile sat himself down near Rachel and her mother, close to an open window, for it was so warm that even Mrs. Curtis enjoyed the air; and whether it was that watching the colonel had made Rachel's discourses somewhat less ready than usual, he actually obtained an interval in which to speak! He was going the next day to Bishopsworthy, there to attend his cousin's wedding, and at the end of a fortnight to bring his sister for her visit to Lady Temple. This sister was evidently his great care, and it needed but little leading to make him tell a good deal about her. She had, it seemed, been sent home from the Cape at about ten years old, when the regiment went to India, and her brother, who had been at school, then saw her for a short time before going out to join the regiment.

"Why," said Rachel, recovering her usual manner, "you have not been ten years in the army!"

"I had my commission at sixteen," he answered.

"You are not six-and-twenty!" she exclaimed.

"You are as right as usual," was the reply, with his odd little smile; "at least till the first of August."

"My dear!" said her mother, more alive than Rachel to his amusement at her daughter's knowing his age better than he did himself, but adding, politely, "You are hardly come to the time of life for liking to hear that your looks deceived us."

"Boys are tolerated," he said, with a quick

glance at Rachel: but at that moment something many-legged and tickling flitted into the light, and dashed over her face. Mrs. Curtis was by no means a strong-minded woman in the matter of moths and crane-flies, disliking almost equally their sudden personal attentions and suicidal propensities, and Rachel dutifully started up at once to give chase to the father-long-legs, and put it out of window before it had succeeded in deranging her mother's equanimity either by bouncing into her face, or suspending itself by two or three legs in the wax of the candle. Mr. Keith seconded her efforts; but the insect was both lively and cunning, eluding them with a dexterity wonderful in such an apparently overlimbed creature, until at last it kindly rested for a moment with its wooden peg of a body sloping and most of its threadlike members prone upon a newspaper, where Rachel descended on it with her pocket-handkerchief, and Mr. Keith tried to enclose it with his hands at the same moment. To have crushed the fly would have been melancholy; to have come down on the young soldier's fingers, awkward; but Rachel did what was even more shocking,—her hands did descend on what should have been fingers, but they gave way under her,—she felt only the leather of the glove between her and the newspaper. She jumped and very nearly cried out, looking up with an astonishment and horror only half reassured by his extremely amused smile. "I beg your pardon; I'm so sorry,"—she gasped, confused.

"Inferior animals can dispense with a member more or less," he replied, giving her the other corner of the paper, on which they bore their capture to the window, and shook it till it took wing, with various legs streaming behind it. "That venerable animal is apparently indifferent to having left a third of two legs behind him," and as he spoke, he removed the already half-drawn-off left-hand glove, and let Rachel see for a moment that it had only covered the thumb, forefinger, two joints of the middle, and one of the third; the little finger was gone, and the whole hand much scarred. She was still so much scared that she gasped out the first question she had ever asked him:—

"Where?"—

"Not under the handkerchief," he answered, picking it up as if he thought she wanted convincing. "At Delhi, I imagine."

At that moment, Grace, as an act of general beneficence certainly pleasing to her mother, began to sing. It was a stop to all conversation, for Mrs. Curtis particularly disliked talking during singing, and Rachel had to digest her discoveries at her leisure, as soon as she could collect herself after the unnatural and strangely lasting sensation of the solid giving way. So Grace was right; he was no boy, but really older than Fanny, the companion of her childhood; and who probably would have married her, had not the general come in the way. Here was, no doubt, the real enemy, while they had all been thinking of Colonel Keith. A man only now expecting his company. It would sound more absurd. Yet Rachel was not wont to think how things would sound. And this fresh intense dislike provoked her. Was it the unsuitability of the young widow remarrying? "Surely, surely, it must not be that womanhood in its contemptible side is still so strong that I want to keep all for myself! Shame! And this may be the true life love, suppressed, now able to revive! I have no right to be disgusted; I will watch minutely, and judge if he will be a good guide and father to the boys, though it may save the colonel trouble. Pish, what have I to do with either? Why should I think about them? Yet I must care for Fanny; I must dislike to see her lower herself even in the eyes of the world. Would it really be lowering herself? I cannot tell; I must think it out. I wish that game was over, or that Grace would let one speak."

But songs and whist both lasted till the evening was ended by Lady Temple coming up to the curate with her winnings and her pretty smile, "Please, Mr. Touchett, let this go towards some treat for the school-children. I should not like to give it in any serious way, you know, but just for some little pleasure for them."

If she had done it on purpose, she could not better have freshly riveted his chains. That pensive simplicity, with the smile of heartfelt satisfaction at giving pleasure to anybody, was more and more engaging as her spirits recovered their tone, and the most unsatisfactory consideration which Rachel carried away that evening was that Alexander Keith being really somewhat the senior, if the improvement in Fanny's spirits were really owing to his presence, the objec-

tion on the score of age would not hold. But, thought Rachel, Colonel Keith being her own, what united power they should have over Fanny. Pooh, she had by no means resigned herself to have him, though for Fanny's sake it might be well, and 'was there not a foolish prejudice in favor of married women, that impeded the usefulness of single ones? However, if the stiff, dry old man approved of her for her fortune's sake, that would be quite reason enough for repugnance.

The stiff old man was the pink of courtesy, and paid his respects in due order to his brother's friends the next day, Colin attending in his old aide-de-camp fashion; indeed, it was curious to see them together. The old peer was not at all ungracious to his brother; indeed, Colin had been agreeably surprised by an amount of warmth and brotherliness that he had never experienced from him before, as if old age had brought a disposition to cling to the remnant of the once inconveniently large family, and make much of the last survivor, formerly an undesirable youngest favorite, looked on with jealous eyes and thwarted and retaliated on for former petting, as soon as the reins of government fell from the hands of the aged father. Now, the elder brother was kind almost to patronizing, though evidently persuaded that Colin was a gay, careless youth, with no harm in him, but needing to be looked after; and as to the Cape, India, and Australia being a larger portion of the world than Gowanbrae, Edinburgh, and London, his lordship would be incredulous to the day of his death.

He paid his formal and gracious visits at Myrtlewood and the Homestead, and then supposed that his brother would wish him to call upon "these unfortunate ladies." Colin certainly would have been vexed if he had openly slighted them; but Alison, whom the brothers overtook on their way into Mackarel Lane, did not think the colonel looked in the most felicitous frame of mind, and thought the most charitable construction might be that he shared her wishes that she could be a few minutes in advance, to secure that neither Rose's sports nor Colinette's toilet were very prominent.

All was right, however; Ermine's taste for the fitness of things had trained Rose into keeping the little parlor never in stiff array, but also never in a state to be ashamed of, and

she herself was sitting in the shade in the garden, whither, after the first introduction, Colin and Rose brought seats; and the call, on the whole, went off extremely well. Ermine never let any one be condescending to her, and conducted the conversation with her usual graceful good breeding, while the colonel, with Rose on his knee, half talked to the child, half listened and watched.

As soon as he had deposited his brother at the hotel, he came back again, and in answer to Ermine's "Well," he demanded, "What she thought of his brother, and if he were what she expected."

"Very much, only older and feebler. And did he communicate his views of Mackarel Lane? I saw him regarding me as a species of mermaid or siren, evidently thinking it a great shame that I have not a burned face. If he had only known about Rose!"

"The worst of it is that he wants me to go home with him, and I am afraid I must do so; for now that he and I are the last in the entail, there is opportunity of making an arrangement about the property for which he is very anxious."

"Well, you know, I have long thought it would be very good for you."

"And when I am there, I shall have to visit every one in the family;" and he looked into her eyes to see if she would let them show concern; but she kept up their brave sparkle as she still said, "You *know* you ought."

"Then you deliver me up to Keith's tender mercies till"—

"Till you have done your duty—and forgiven him."

"Remember, Ermine, I can't spend a winter in Scotland. A cold always makes the ball remind me of its presence in my chest, and I was told that if I spent a winter at home, it must be on the Devonshire coast."

"That ball is sufficient justification for ourselves, I allow," she said, that one little word *our* making up for all that had gone before.

"And meantime you will write to me—about Rose's education."

"To be sure, or what would be the use of growing old?"

Alison felt savage all through this interview. That perfect understanding and the playful fiction about waiting for Rose left him a great deal too free. Ermine might almost be supposed to want to get rid of him, and even when he took leave, she only remained for a few minutes leaning her cheek on her hand, and scarcely indulged in a sigh before asking to be wheeled into the house again, nor would she make any remark, save "It has been too bright a summer to last forever."

It would be very wrong to wish him to stay dangling here. Let what will happen, he is himself."

It sounded far too like a deliberate resignation of him, and persuasion that if he went, he would not return to be all he had been. However, the departure was not immediate, Lord Keith had taken a fancy to the place and scenery, and wished to see all the lions of the neighborhood, so that there were various expeditions in the carriages or on horseback, in which he displayed his grand courtesy to Lady Temple, and Rachel enjoyed the colonel's conversation, and would have enjoyed it still more if she had not been tracing a meaning in every attention that he paid her, and considering whether she was committing herself by receiving it. She was glad he was going away, that she might have time to face the subject, and make up her mind; for she was convinced that the object of his journey was to make himself certain of his prospects. When he said that he should return for the winter, and that he had too much to leave at Avonmouth to stay long away from it, there must be a meaning in his words.

Ermine had one more visit from Lord Keith, and this time he came alone. He was in his most gracious and courteous mood, and sat talking of indifferent things for some time,—of his aunt, Lady Alison, and of Beauchamp in the old time, so that Ermine enjoyed the renewal of old associations and names belonging to a world unlike her present one. Then he came to Colin, his looks and his health, and his own desire to see him quit the army.

Ermine assented to his health being hardly fit for the army, and restrained the rising indignation as she recollected what a difference the best surgical advice might have made ten years ago.

And then Lord Keith said a man could hardly be expected to settle down without marrying. He wished earnestly to see his brother married, but unfortunately, charges on his estate would prevent him from doing anything for him; and, in fact, he did not see any possibility of his—of his marrying, except a person with some means.

"I understand," said Ermine, looking straight before her and her color mounting.

"I was sure that a person of your great good sense would do so," said Lord Keith. "I assure you no one can be more sensible than myself of the extreme forbearance, discretion, and regard for my brother's true welfare that has been shown here."

Ermine bowed. He did not know that the vivid carmine that made her look so handsome was not caused by gratification at his praise, but by the struggle to brook it patiently.

"And now, knowing the influence over him that, most deservedly, you must always

possess, I am induced to hope that, as his sincere friend, you will exert it in favor of the more prudent counsels."

"I have no influence over his judgment," said Ermine a little proudly.

"I mean," said Lord Keith, forced to much closer quarters,—“you will excuse me for speaking thus openly—that in the state of the case, with so much depending on his making a satisfactory choice, I feel convinced, with every regret, that you will feel it to be for his true welfare—as indeed I infer that you have already endeavored to show him—to make a new beginning and to look on the past as past.”

There was something in the insinuating tone of this speech, increased as it was by the modulation of his Scottish voice, that irritated his hearer unspeakably, all the more because it was the very thing she had been doing.

"Colonel Keith must judge for himself," she said, with a cold manner but a burning heart.

"I—I understand," said Lord Keith, "that you had most honorably, most consistently, made him aware that—that what once might have been desirable has unhappily become impossible."

"Well," said Ermine.

"And thus," he proceeded, "that the sincere friendship with which you still regard him would prevent any encouragement to continue an attachment, unhappily now hopeless and obstructive to his prospects."

Ermine's eyes flashed at the dictation.

"Lord Keith," she said, "I have never sought your brother's visits nor striven to prolong them; but if he finds pleasure in them after a life of disappointment and trouble, I cannot refuse nor discourage them."

"I am aware," said Lord Keith, rising as if to go, "that I have trespassed long on your time, and made a suggestion only warranted by the generosity with which you have hitherto acted."

"One may be generous of one's own, not of other people's," said Ermine.

He looked at her puzzled, then said, "Perhaps it will be best to speak categorically, Miss Williams. Let it be distinctly understood that my brother Colin, in paying his addresses to you, is necessarily without my sanction or future assistance."

"It might not be necessary, my lord. Good-morning;" and her courteous bow was an absolute dismissal.

But when Alison came home, she found her more depressed than she had allowed herself to be for years, and on asking what was the matter, was answered,—

"Pride and perverseness, Ailie!" then,

in reply to the eager exclamation, "I believe he was justified in all he said. But, Ailie, I have preached to Colin more than I had a right to do about forgiving his brother. I did not know how provoking he can be! I did not think it was still in me to fly out as I did?"

"He had no business to come here interfering and tormenting you," said Alison, hotly.

"I dare say he thought he had! But one could not think of that when it came to threatening me with his giving no help to Colin if— There was no resisting telling him how little we cared!"

"You have not offended him so that he will keep Colin away?"

"The more he tried, the more Colin would come! No, I am not sorry for having offended him. I don't mind *him*; but, Ailie, how little one knows! All the angry and bitter feelings that I thought burned out forever, when I lay waiting for death, are stirred up as hotly, as they were long ago! The old self is here as strong as ever! Ailie, don't tell Colin about this; but to-morrow is a saint's day, and would you see Mr. Touchett, and try to arrange for me to go to the early service. I think then I might better be helped to conquer this."

"But, Ermine, how can you? Eight o'clock, you know."

"Yes, dearest, it will give you a great deal of trouble, but you never mind that, you know; and I am so much stronger than I used to be that you need not fear. Besides, I want help so much! And it is the day Colin goes away!"

Alison obeyed, as she always obeyed, her sister; and Lord Keith, taking his constitutional turn before breakfast on the esplanade, was met by what he so little expected to encounter that he had not time to get out of the way,—a Bath chair, with Alison walking on one side, his brother on the other. He bowed coldly; but Ermine held out her hand, and he was obliged to come near.

"I am glad to have met you!" she said.

"I am glad to see you out so early," he answered, confused.

"This is an exception," she said, smiling and really looking beautiful. "Good-by; I have thought over what passed yesterday, and I believe we are more agreed than perhaps I gave you reason to think."

There was a queenly air of dignified exchange of pardon in her manner of giving her hand and bending her head as she again said "Good-by," and signed to her driver to move on.

Lord Keith could only say "Good-by;" then, looking after her, muttered, "After all, that is a remarkable woman."

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1070.—3 December, 1864.

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and
faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full
play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river, flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;—
What was done—what to do—a glance told him
both;
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there
because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was
gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said in letters bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

PASSING AWAY.

O RIVER of Time! how ceaselessly
Thou flowest on to the boundless sea!
Whether upon thy sunny tide
The sweet spring blossoms drop and glide,
Or whether the dreary snow-flakes only
Fall in the winter cold and lonely—
Whether we wake or whether we sleep,
Thou hastest on to Eternity's deep.

'Twas long ago, in my life's sweet May,
My childhood silently floated away;
I hear the noon-bells distantly chime,
And youth glides by on the stream of time.
My days, though sunny or overcast,
Are stealing away to the changeless past:
But I mark their flight with a smile of cheer,
And not with a sigh or a failing tear.

So often, so sadly, the people say,
"Passing away! still passing away!"
That the words have borrowed a pensive tone
And a shade of sadness not their own;
And I fain would reclaim the notes again
From their minor key on the lips of men,
And make the refrain of my gladdest lay,
"Passing away! ever passing away!"

For what is the transcient? and what will last?
What maketh its grave in the growing past?
And what lives on in the deathless spheres,
Where nought corrupts by the rust of years?
Does Time, who gathers our fairest flowers,
Destroy no weeds in this world of ours?
What rises victorious o'er dull decay?
And what is that which is passing away?

Our time is flying. The years sweep by
Like flitting clouds in a breezy sky.
But time is a drop of the boundless sea
Of an infinite eternity.
As our seas are spanned by the arching skies,
'Neath the presence of God that ocean lies,
And though tides may fall in life's shallow bay,
Eternity's deep is not ebbing away.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern.* From the German of Frederick Schlegel.
2. *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.* 3d Edition. Edinburgh, 1819.
3. *Valerius: a Roman Story.* Edinburgh, 1842.
4. *Reginald Dalton.* Edinburgh, 1842.
5. *Some Passages in the Life of the Rev. Adam Blair, and History of Mathew Wald.* Edinburgh, 1843.
6. *The Life of Robert Burns.* 5th ed. London, 1847.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART was born in the manse or parsonage-house of Cambusnethan, on the 14th of July, 1794. His father, the minister of the parish, came of a good stock, being a younger son of William Lockhart, Esq., of Birkhill, in Lanarkshire. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. John Gibson, minister of St. Cuthbert's, in Edinburgh, who married one of the Miss Erskines of Cardross. The father of the subject of our present sketch was twice married. By his first wife, as well as by his second, he had a family; but of the children of the first marriage only one, the late Laird of Milton-Lockhart, and member for the county, attained to mature age; and of the children of the second marriage, John Gibson was the eldest.

Lockhart appears from his birth to have been a delicate child. Had his first decade been spent amid the bracing air of his native place, this delicacy of constitution might, perhaps, have been overcome; but he had scarcely attained his second year when his father became minister of the College Kirk, in Glasgow; and the close atmosphere of a town, already beginning to be one of the chief seats of Scottish manufacture, could hardly fail to affect the little fellow injuriously. Be this as it may, the fact is certain that Lockhart as a boy was singularly open to the influences of contagion. To some juvenile illness he used to attribute the partial deafness under which he ever afterwards labored.

His early education was conducted through that series of day-schools at which it was customary, in the beginning of the present century, for Scottish children of his condition in life to attend. When a mere child, from four to six years old, he toddled to the English school, as it was called, and to the writing-school,—the former being a seminary in which

reading and spelling were exclusively taught; the latter, the great hotbed—to girls and boys alike—of writing, geography, and arithmetic. His first remove was into the High School, where the elements of Latin and Greek were taught by competent masters; and, finally, at the age of twelve, or something under it, he put on the red-frieze gown, and became a matriculated member of the College and University of Glasgow. He is described by his contemporaries, some of whom still survive, as having been a clever, though by no means an industrious, boy. He contrived, indeed, in spite of frequent absences, occasioned by illness, to keep his place at the head of his class; yet how this was done, nobody was ever able to discover. "I really don't know how he contrived it," writes one who sat on the same form with him at the High School; "but he always kept his place as dux. He never seemed to learn anything when the class was sitting down; and on returning after one of his illnesses, he went of course to the bottom; but we had not been five minutes up when he began to take places, and he invariably succeeded, sometimes before the class was dismissed at noon, in getting to the top of it again."

The secret of Lockhart's success at school—the secret, indeed, of all his successes through life—lay in this, that he possessed in no common degree the power of concentrating his thoughts, and keeping them steadily fixed upon the subject to which they were from time to time directed. His lessons thus gave him very little trouble; and, having conquered these, he was not unapt, for mere amusement's sake, to follow up to its legitimate conclusion the argument to which they had introduced him. It may be almost said of him, indeed, that he never knew what it was to be absolutely idle. His reading, like that of clever children in general, was, to be sure, miscellaneous enough; for whatever came in his way he devoured. But whatever he had once devoured he never forgot. This was an advantage over other boys which he owed in part at least to nature. His memory was retentive in the extreme, and continued so through life. Like Lord Macaulay and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Lockhart, in the maturity of his days, seldom thought it necessary to verify a quotation of which he desired to make use. In like manner, as a child, he seemed always ready to draw from

the little store of knowledge which he had accumulated, and to turn it to account at a moment's notice. Hence the slight interruption to his onward progress which illness itself occasioned. When the sick boy could not read, he could think; and his thoughts appear to have ranged themselves in such order, that as soon as the opportunity offered of resuming his studies, he did so, having forgotten nothing. He was never, therefore, at a loss where to begin, and in what order to go forward.

The clever child, the gifted boy, had, however, a character of his own, and, in essentials at least, it continued unchanged throughout the whole of his not very protracted existence. Full of fun, overflowing with humor, he was yet averse to rough sports, and hated quarrelling. An intense perception of the ludicrous made him a capital caricaturist. The same exuberance of animal spirits rendered him incapable of stifling a jest, even if thereby he was sure to make a lasting enemy. In all this there was not one spark of malice; it was the mere outpouring of glee, which could not be restrained, of which it was never the object to inflict a wound, and which sometimes could not even see the wound after it had been inflicted. At the same time the humorous, gleeful, merry boy was proud and reserved. A natural disposition more than commonly affectionate he kept under perpetual restraint, considering it unmanly to make any violent display either of joy or of sorrow. The effort necessary to accomplish this often cost him dear, and on one occasion had well-nigh proved fatal to him. He was very much attached to a younger brother and sister, particularly to the latter, both of whom died within a few days of each other. John would not weep as the rest of the family did, nor in any other way make a display of his feelings, and the consequence was that he became so ill as seriously to alarm, not his parents only, but his medical attendants.

From this illness, which sowed the seeds of what appeared for a while to be consumption, John recovered very slowly. He was removed for change of air to the seaside, and ceased, as a matter of course, to take his accustomed place in the High School; but his education suffered thereby no interruption. Dr. Lockhart, himself a good classical scholar, took the boy in hand, and the progress which

he made under such tender guidance proved most satisfactory. The result was, that when the invalid regained his strength, it was considered unnecessary to send him back to school, and he was entered at college, though still under twelve years of age.

Of his appearance and manner at this period of life, and of the place which he took in the society to which it introduced him, one of his early friends, Dr. Rainy, Professor of Forensic Medicine in the University of Glasgow, gives the following graphic account:—

"I became acquainted with John Lockhart in 1805: he was then about twelve. He had just recovered from a protracted illness, was of small size, thin and pale, with delicate, rather feminine features, but with sharp, bright eyes, and altogether a very expressive countenance. Like most boys of his age at that period, he was rather slovenly in his dress, and ridiculed any of his companions who devoted much attention to his personal appearance. As he was rather delicate, he seldom engaged in the games and athletic exercises with which the students generally amused themselves. He preferred taking a quiet walk with some congenial companion in the college garden. He was well informed for a boy of his age; had a decided fondness for poetry; had remarkable conversational powers, and expressed his views with great fluency and distinctness. His most marked peculiarity was a strong sense—I may say a morbidly strong sense—of the ludicrous. Anything odd in appearance, language, or conduct, struck him forcibly, and was depicted by him with great humor, though often with some exaggeration and a good deal of sarcasm. It made little difference to him whether the object of his ridicule was a stranger, an intimate friend, or a near relative. Any one was fair game if he showed any ludicrous peculiarity of manner or deportment. At the same time, I do not think that there ever was anything ill-natured in the spirit of his remarks; in fact, he seemed unconscious that his remarks might give pain to others.

"He attended the junior Latin in 1805-6, and the senior Latin and junior Greek in 1806-7. His appearances at the oral examinations were always highly respectable—I think, rather in consequence of his ability than his assiduity; for he did not appear to me to exert himself to sustain a prominent position in the class. He occasionally got into discredit with the professor, from talking to his neighbors, and especially for sketching caricatures, of which the professor himself was frequently the subject. On some of

these occasions the sketch was noticed by the professor, and had to be handed up for his inspection.

"At the close of the session 1805-6, two prizes were given to the junior Latin class. They were adjudged by the votes of the students to the two students who were considered most meritorious. Lockhart expected a majority of votes for the second prize. He was disappointed, and felt it keenly, much more so than I expected; for up to this period I thought him rather indifferent to honorary distinctions. Several of his supporters were also disappointed at this result, and having met together, determined to present him with some testimonial as an expression of their opinion of his merits, as well as their personal attachment to him. Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' had been recently published. It was one of Lockhart's special favorites; we therefore got a copy elegantly bound in red morocco, with a view of presenting it to him. It occurred to some of us, however, that it would be much more gratifying to Lockhart if it were handed to him by the professor at the annual distribution of prizes in the Common Hall, on the first of May. I was deputed to wait on the Professor (Richardson) to ask his concurrence. The proposal met with his cordial approbation. Accordingly, after the other prizes were handed to the successful competitors, the professor stated that he had been asked by a number of the students to present to 'Johannes Lockhart' a prize, which they had themselves provided. He then produced the splendid volume, and with some very complimentary observations, and amidst the acclamations of the crowded assembly, presented it to Lockhart, who up to that moment knew nothing of the intended gift. As you may easily suppose, he was deeply affected. This little incident will show you that amongst his fellow-students Lockhart was not only respected, but loved.

"After 1808 I had very little intercourse with Lockhart. He went to Oxford, and I commenced the study of medicine. We met accidentally the summer before his death and had a long walk together. I should not have known him if he had not stopped and asked my name, for we had not seen one another for forty years."

Thus far Dr. Rainy. The Rev. Dr. Smith, of Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh, writes a little more at length, and continues the picture in the following terms:—

"My acquaintance with Lockhart began in October, 1806. My father, the late Rev. Dr. Smith, of Galston, had brought me, then between thirteen and fourteen, into Glasgow,

to enter the Latin and Greek classes at college, taught by Professors Richardson and Young.

"Dr. Lockhart, of the College Kirk, and my father were well acquainted, and in the course of the first few days after getting into town we dined at his house in Charlotte Street, then at the northwest corner of the Glasgow Green, where I became acquainted with Lockhart and his brother, now of Milton-Lockhart, in Lanarkshire.

"At the distance of upwards of fifty-six years, though my intercourse with him was daily for I think two sessions, I am unable to recall many particulars worthy of being recorded, and I speak rather of impressions made upon my mind than of facts.

"The 10th of October, 1806, however, was a memorable day to both of us, for that day we took our seat on the same form, which, with three companions, we occupied till the end of the session. The manner in which this was brought about made an impression upon me which I cannot forget. I had been creeping about the Professor's court and the inner court, under the guardianship of old Zachary Boyd,* not recognized by a single acquaintance and not in the happiest frame of mind, but envying the boisterous fun and frolic of the boys, who were castigating each other with the sleeves of their gowns, when we were summoned by the big bell into our different class-rooms. Ours was the old common hall where Professor Richardson taught his classes, and spying on one of the cross-benches nearly opposite the pulpit my friends Lockhart and Willie Cooper, late Professor of Natural History in the college, I made for it, in the idea that my feeling of solitariness would be somewhat alleviated by their society. My modest attempt to join them, however, was somewhat roughly resisted by Harry Rainy, the present excellent Professor of Forensic Medicine in the University, who guarded the only entrance to the bench with a determination which I was in no humor to resist. No one, not even the son of a baillie or a merchant prince, would he allow to get in, and I should have retired at once, had not my friends whispered something in his ear which operated like a charm. Then I was instantly and warmly welcomed. They had resolved that no one but a minister's son should be allowed to sit on that bench, and from that day five of us occupied it till the end of the session.

"It was in this way that I got admission into their valued society, and soon were we actuated with the spirit of brotherhood, which continued unbroken and unruffled till the end of the session.

* The college porter.

"The occupants of that bench, however, were supposed to regard each other as rather a better lot than some of their fellow-students around them, and we did not wish this to appear merely in our habiliments or in the species of clanship to which I have just referred, but by attention to the actual work of the class; and I believe that, taken as a whole, there was not a better in the hall that session. It is true that this gave Lockhart apparently no trouble, for he was as frequently employed with his pencil in sketching some oddity, or making a caricature of some group that struck his fancy at the time, as in taking notes; but never once, that I remember, was he found fault with either for inattention or for want of preparation. We were in the habit then of using our pencils freely, and while the worthy professor thought we were thus riveting in our memories his critical remarks upon the classics or upon Roman antiquities, I believe that not unfrequently was Lockhart sketching, with great apparent gravity, something ludicrous for our amusement afterwards. I have, for example, a sketch of Professor Young, drawn by Lockhart, in 1806, upon the fly-leaf opposite the title-page of my *Livy*, which, though not remarkably like, is nevertheless much prized by me.

"Lockhart was not in the habit of mingling in the skirmishes in the college garden, on the classic banks of the Molendina, partly because they often led to strife, which he hated, and partly because he did not relish the society of the "roughs," who chiefly engaged in them. But any piece of ludicrous poetry, or stanza from "*blind Alick's Homeric songs*," about some Gallowgate hero in the great French war, picked up near the Tontine, had peculiar charms for him, and lost nothing from his ludicrous recital of them.

"He was full of fun and frolic, and ready for anything that would promote harmless merriment. It was not till he joined the logic class, being at that time little more than thirteen years old, if, indeed, so much, then taught by that excellent man Professor Jardine, that Lockhart so much and so suddenly outstripped his companions; and I remember well our astonishment when we heard the amount of Greek which he *professed* at the black-stone examination. It used to be thought a *profession* of reasonable amount when a student intimated his willingness to translate and be examined critically on Anacreon, two or three of Lucian's dialogues, extracts from Epictetus, Bion, and Moschus, and perhaps a book or two of Homer. But, if I mistake not, he *professed* the whole '*Iliad*' and '*Odyssey*,' and I know not how much besides. And we marvelled how a

stripling of his years and habits—habits which we regarded as the reverse of studious—could ever have found time or ever have taken the trouble to read so much, and make himself master of it besides. Whether he had then the promise of the Snell exhibition at Oxford, or was only aiming at it, I don't know; but it could not be doubted for a moment that by his talents and acquirements he deserved it."

The following account of the two classical professors, written by Lockhart himself, shows that he enjoyed great advantages at this stage of his education:—

"John Young, the Greek professor, as a classical scholar unrivalled in Scotland, was, besides a master of Italian literature and of music, an enthusiast in poetry. Nor has any teacher possessed above him the art to inspire juvenile auditors with his own delight in the visions of genius, as well as in the anatomy of their records to the minutest tint and refinement of word and syntax. Richardson, Professor of Humanity (i. e. Latin), though neither a genius nor a masculine scholar, like Young was a man of taste and acquirement, enjoying much local reputation as one of Mackenzie's coadjutors in the "*Mirror*," and author of some essays on the characters of Shakspeare, besides a volume of poems, this last long dead and buried." *

Reference is made in the communications of Dr. Smith to certain customs which prevailed in Glasgow College, and to the peculiar phraseology in which they are described. For example, students, on a particular occasion, *profess*, or, as Oxford men would term it, *take up*, certain books in which they challenge examination. The examination is conducted in a hall, where stands an old chair, the seat of which is of black marble,—the same, according to tradition, on which George Buchanan once sat.† The student to be examined is placed on that chair, whence the ordeal to which he is subjected receives indifferently the name of his "*profession*" and his *black-stone examination*. The following anecdote of Lockhart, in connection with his

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxv., p. 37-40 : Art. on Beattie's "*Life of Thomas Campbell*."

† The truth we believe to be that George Buchanan had nothing to do with the chair, or with the examination; but that the stone had been sent, as was the custom, along with some old charter, by way of "*infestment*" or symbolical delivery of possession of the property thereby granted to the college, and that it was placed in the latter part of the last century in the unwieldy chair now called the Blackstone Chair.

black-stone examination, we have received from his brother, the Rev. Dr. Lawrence Lockhart, who, in consequence of John's death, succeeded, on the demise of William Lockhart, to the Milton-Lockhart estate :—

“During the summer vacation preceding his entrance into the logic class, John read a great deal, but had not been pointedly preparing for the *black-stone* examination. On returning to college, however, he discovered that a fellow-student, older than himself, who had been three sessions at Greek, while he had been only two, had come up with a *stunning profession*, as it was called; and ascertaining the books his rival was to *profess*, he never rested till he had mastered the identical amount, and on the day of trial, amid many plaudits, he carried away the prize. In after-years John used to say, ‘It was a shabby trick I played; for if the lad had known I was going to compete with him, he might have got up a much larger *profession* and carried off the prize.’ On my mentioning this to a brother of the conquered youth, long since dead, the answer was, ‘It was quite fair; we never blamed your brother for it.’ John, on my telling him this, was much delighted.”

Lockhart's display of learning on the occasion just referred to was quite unprecedented. He not only construed his authors fluently, but answered with such accuracy every question put to him that the attention of the examiners was fixed upon him. It proved to be the turning-point likewise in his fortunes. “His appearance at the *black-stone*, and general eminence,” says Dr. Lockhart, “led to his being offered, quite unexpectedly, through Professor Mylne, one of the Snell exhibitions to Oxford, which had just fallen vacant. After some hesitation, on account of his youth, the offer was accepted. You know the result.”

Lockhart had not yet completed his fifteenth year when he was entered a commoner at Balliol College. He arrived at Oxford in the same boyish costume—the round jacket and trousers—which he had been accustomed to wear in Glasgow; and was thus introduced to the master, Dr. Parsons, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, to the college tutors, and to his future companions. One of these, who has attained high eminence as a scientific lawyer, and with whom he lived to the last on terms of the closest intimacy and friendship,—Mr. Christie,—thus describes him :—

“I first saw our common friend, John Lock-

hart, at Balliol College, in, I think, the year 1806, I being his senior at the college by one year, and two years his senior in age. But we were both boys; for I, the elder of the two, had not completed my seventeenth year. At that age we are not critical observers of character; we judge of those with whom we associate by the pleasure we take in their companionship, and look no further. But I recollect that Lockhart was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar when he came to college, and immediately made his general talents felt by his tutor and by his companions. His most remarkable characteristic, however, was the exuberant animal spirits which found vent in constant flashes of merriment, in season and out of season, brightened and pointed with wit and satire, at once droll and tormenting. Even a lecture-room was not exempt from these irrepressible sallies, and our tutor, who was formal and wished to be grave, but had not the gift of gravity, never felt safe or at ease in the presence of his mercurial pupil.

“Lockhart with great readiness comprehended the habits and tone of the new society in which he was placed, and was not for a moment wanting in any of its requirements; but this adaptive power never interfered with the marked individuality of his own character and bearing. He was at once a favorite and formidable; his tongue and his pen were alike ready, and both employed for merriment and keen satire. In those days he was an incessant caricaturist; his papers, his books, and the walls of his rooms were covered with portraits of his friends and himself,—so like as to be unmistakable, with an exaggeration of any peculiarity so droll and so provoking as to make the picture anything but flattering to the self-love of its subject. This propensity was so strong in him that I was surprised when in after-life he repressed it at once and forever. In the last thirty years of his life, I do not think he ever drew a caricature. In those days,—I mean in college days,—he was a frequent writer of verses, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in English, and not unfrequently in both. Though Lockhart partook with thorough relish of all the pleasures and amusements of an undergraduate, he was far from neglecting the proper business of the place. He was always a diligent reader,—made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Greek Theatre, Homer, Pindar, Herodotus, and Thucydides. I mention these, because his diligent and careful study of them fell under my own personal knowledge,—not as stating the limits of his acquaintance with Greek literature. He was, in fact, an excellent classical scholar, and also read French, Italian, and Spanish in the days of which I now speak: German was a lat-

er acquisition. He was curious in classical and also in British antiquities, and much attached to heraldic and genealogical questions. I think his first publication was an article on heraldry in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia.' County histories were favorite reading with him. I remember his telling me of his being placed at dinner by an American lady, who explained to him that her husband (a gentleman of good position in the States) was descended from an ancient Scotch family of great distinction. 'Little,' said he, 'did the worthy lady suspect that I was a good enough Scotch genealogist to know that her husband's name was never borne by any gentleman's family in Scotland.'

"But though Lockhart was an excellent scholar and a man of great and various knowledge, he was not, I apprehend, what would be called 'a learned man.' We had only one learned man in our (in those days) small college: I mean the late Sir William Hamilton. He was already pursuing those studies which ultimately gave him a high place among those who dwell in the higher regions of learned speculation.

"Those who never knew Lockhart personally, or knew him but slightly, will never appreciate him justly. He had a sort of magnanimous carelessness, which allowed him to say things and to write things which gave a handle to those who were indisposed to him. Those only who knew him intimately could understand what the man really was. If his best friend or his nearest relation had been mortified in his self-love by anything touching his vanity, it is not to be denied that Lockhart was not the man to heal the wound. If resorted to for sympathy, he would most probably make it smart afresh by a thousand unpleasing gibes. But had any real sorrow or anxiety come upon you, such as the loss or sickness of those dear to you, or any calamity touching the fortunes or life of yourself or your family, John Lockhart was, of all men, he to whom you might most safely resort for sympathy and consolation,—for help, if within his power to give it.

"The love of children was stronger in Lockhart than I have ever known it in any other man; it was womanly love. He delighted to dandle and play with an infant in arms. It was an early characteristic, and he never lost it. A little girl of four or five years of age, the child of one of the college servants, used to be his companion in his rooms for hours at a time, and when in after-years he heard of ill having befallen her, I remember that he was deeply moved. I never saw so happy a father as he was while dancing his first-born child in his arms. His first sorrow in life was the breaking of the health and ultimate death of this child, the Hugh Littlejohn of the

'Tales of a Grandfather.' It was from that time that an expression of deep melancholy not unfrequently overspread his face, and in his later years habitually settled there.

"As a member of society, Lockhart was an exact observer of all its requirements. He always kept his engagements, and was always punctual as to time. He dressed well and carefully, but never too well. His manners were good,—perfectly calm, manly, and self-relying, without the slightest obtrusiveness, arrogance, or attempt at display. His conversation was excellent, piquant, and to the purpose; but he never sought more than his share, and readily gave way to more ambitious talkers. He was wholly without pedantries; but his extensive knowledge often enabled him to settle doubtful questions and to give the matter in hand a new aspect. This was always done briefly and quietly; but in a *lôte-a-lôte*, or with a few friends, literature was, I think, his favorite topic, and his conversation on books or literary subjects was always singularly agreeable. He was never a rich man, and had a strong sense of the duty of prudence in money matters, and was at all times anxiously careful to keep his own expenses within his means; yet, in proportion to his means, he was the largest giver, both in the shape of avowed gifts and of loans,—the non-payment of which was a moral certainty,—that I have ever known."

To this sketch, admirable as far as it goes, a few, and only a few not very important additions may be made.

There was a brief space in his academical career when Lockhart seemed more disposed than prudence warranted to fall into habits which clever men with moderate means will do well to avoid. He hunted frequently, besides becoming a member of a boat club, a much less perilous amusement. Sir William Hamilton observed this with regret; and partly through his own judicious counsel, partly by communicating in a wise and friendly spirit with the young man's father, he succeeded in diverting Lockhart from pursuits which might have spoiled such a nature as his. In other respects Lockhart ran the common course of college life, getting into scapes like undergraduates in general, and getting out of them again with a tact peculiar to himself. Our correspondent has spoken of the sort of terror with which Mr. Lockhart's tutor contemplated his mercurial pupil; and that he had some reason to be afraid of him may be gathered from the following anecdote: The

gentleman in question was an accurate classical scholar, and even for his day a superior man; but his literary acquirements were moderate. It was his pleasure, however, to be regarded by his pupils as a man of extensive erudition; and when lecturing on the Greek Testament, he would pause from time to time to point out what he considered to be Hebraisms in the style of one or other of the evangelists. Lockhart, who mistrusted his tutor's acquaintance with Hebrew, and who, in his own thirst for knowledge, had already mastered the Hebrew alphabet, ventured upon the following bold trick. One day, to the great surprise and apparent delight of the tutor, he handed in, instead of a Latin exercise, a paper covered with Hebrew characters. He was complimented on his acquirements, and desired to persevere; which he did for several days, till at last the tutor, to whom the glory of the college was everything, unable any longer to restrain his delight, carried a bundle of these exercises to Dr. Parsons. The doctor (who was really a good Hebrew scholar) read, or appeared to read, Lockhart's essays, the tutor dilating all the while on what might be expected from such an extraordinary young man, when the form of the master's visage suddenly changed, and, after vainly attempting to look grave, he burst into a roar of laughter. Lockhart had written in the Hebrew character, but in the English language, a series of good-natured lampoons upon his tutor, for each of which, as he handed it in, he had received the public thanks of the person lampooned. We need scarcely add that Hebrew exercises were thenceforth discouraged, though nothing was said to make Lockhart or the class aware that the real merits of these particular specimens had been discovered. Lockhart wrote Latin with great facility and elegance. His skill in this respect was sometimes exercised on impositions to which, for boyish pranks (never once for any grave offence), he was subjected. Upon one of these occasions he and others found themselves confined to college till one of the longest papers in the *Spectator* should have been rendered into Latin. Lockhart, without missing a single lecture, gave in his imposition a little after noon, and took his walk, and was back a free man to dinner at what was then the usual hour, four o'clock.

It was about this time that Lockhart began

the study of the Spanish language, of which he never ceased to be a passionate admirer. His English version of some of their most popular ballads shows likewise how he could enter into the chivalrous character of the Spaniards themselves, whose resistance to the power of the first Napoleon was then at its height, and interested him greatly. Like many of his contemporaries, destined as well as himself for peaceful pursuits, Lockhart yearned to go out and join the patriots in their struggle. Unlike some of them, however, he was restrained by the known wishes of his father from indulging that inclination. At the same time a memorandum, kindly supplied by his brother, shows that he endeavored to make a compromise between his own wishes and what he accepted as a duty. He offered to take orders in the Church of England, provided Dr. Lockhart would consent to his joining Lord Wellington's army as a chaplain. But the doctor, whose eldest son was then serving with his regiment in India, wholly condemned the romantic scheme; and John, abandoning all idea of fighting for the Spaniards, resigned himself, not perhaps without a murmur, to his fate.

The same distaste for rough play which had distinguished Lockhart when a student at Glasgow College, remained with him throughout the whole of his Oxford career. Genial he was, and light-hearted,—glad to receive his friends in his own rooms, or to visit them in theirs; and though gifted with no genius for music, exceedingly fond of simple ballads, which some of his friends sung with skill and taste. But boxing, single-stick, fencing, etc., though they were then much in vogue, he never approached.* His great delight of all in the way of relaxation was a quiet row on the river, and a fish dinner at Godstow. Of the knot of intimate associates who used to join him in these excursions, originally very small, probably few now survive; but there is not one

* Neither did he ever become a sportsman. In an article on the life of one who was eminent in that capacity as well as in others, Sir Powell Buxton, Lockhart thus expresses himself (*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxiii. p. 143): "We are less surprised than distressed to see a child blowing up a frog or impaling a butterfly; but of all this world's wonders none is to us more incomprehensible than the fact that there have been deep philosophers, solemn divines, nay, tender, thoughtful, meditative poets, who could wander from morn to dewy eve among woods and waters, torturing fish and massacring birds."

among them, we will venture to say, who fails to look back at this moment with melancholy pleasure on the brilliant wit, the merry song, and from time to time the grave and interesting discussion, which on such occasions gave to the sanded parlor of the village ale-house the air of the *Palæstra* at Tusculum, or the *Amaltheum* of Cumæ.

Lockhart went up into the schools in the Easter term of 1813, before he had completed his nineteenth year; and, notwithstanding that he with unparalleled audacity devoted part of his time to caricaturing the examining masters, came out in the first class in classics. For mathematics he never had the smallest taste. The name which stood next to his in the alphabetical arrangement of the first class was like his own destined to become celebrated. It was that of Dr. Milman, the present Dean of St. Paul's,—his friend through life. Can anything stronger be said in his favor than that he gained and kept the friendship of such men? Lockhart's success gave great satisfaction, not only to his personal friends, but to the master and the tutor of the college. The latter, a man of most kindly and amiable disposition, forgot, in a triumph which he accepted as reflecting honor upon himself, whatever soreness the little incident of the Hebrew exercises might have occasioned. He wrote to Lockhart's father a letter of congratulation, in terms so warm and generous that they gladdened the old man's heart.

Having obtained from Oxford all that she was likely to give,—for even in Balliol, fellowships were not in those days as they are now, open to competition,—Lockhart quitted college, and turned his attention to the study of Scottish law. This imposed upon him the necessity of residing for a certain portion of the year in Edinburgh; and there he accordingly settled himself in bachelor's lodgings, though not till he had indulged a desire which had long been present with him, of visiting Germany and becoming personally acquainted with Goethe. For already he was so far master of the German language that he could appreciate the merits of that band of poets and scholars who, in a single generation, had won for the literature of their country the high place which it still holds among the nations of Europe; and among that band there was none whom he more passionately admired than Goethe. The noteworthy

point in the adventure is, however, this: Lockhart wished to visit Germany, but the means were wanting. He could not afford the outlay incident to what was then a toilsome and expensive journey. But his reputation as a scholar had preceded him to Edinburgh; the article on Heraldry, elsewhere referred to, showed that he could write, and Mr. Blackwood, already rising into eminence as a shrewd and enterprising publisher, accepted without hesitation his proposal to translate into English Frederick Schlegel's *Lectures on the Study of History*. Before a line of the translation had been written, the sum agreed upon as the price of the copy-right was handed over to Lockhart. Though seldom communicative on such subjects, he more than once alluded to the circumstance in after-life, and always in the same terms. "It was a generous act on Ebony's* part, and a bold one too; for he had only my word for it that I had any acquaintance at all with the German language." Mr. Blackwood knew, however, what he was about. His sagacity showed him that in Lockhart's hands he was perfectly safe; and Lockhart and he became fast friends, and so continued ever after.

The translation of Schlegel's *Lectures*, of which the merits have long been recognized, was, we believe, the first of Lockhart's avowed works. It did not come out, however, till after his connection with the friendly bookseller had by other means been confirmed. Meanwhile he paid his visit to Germany, saw and conversed with Goethe in Weimar, traversed France, and what was then the Kingdom of the Netherlands, and returned to Edinburgh. There in 1816 he became an advocate, or, as we in the South should express ourselves, was called to the bar; and day by day in session-time duly showed himself in the Parliament House. But Lockhart had no friends in those days among the writers or attorneys, and few briefs came in. We doubt whether his own tastes ever led him in reality to desire that they should come in. Full of knowledge as he was, and in conversation powerful as well as brilliant, he never shone as a public speaker. Indeed, he was perhaps too conscious of his own shortcomings in that respect. Naturally, therefore, he betook himself to literature, where his great strength lay; and if at the outset he made personal

*A play upon Mr. Blackwood's name.

enemies by the trenchant style in which he delivered his opinions, it must not be forgotten that he only followed in this respect the example set him by older and more experienced critics.

We have no wish to revive feelings long dead by telling over again the rise and progress of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mrs. Gordon, in her otherwise creditable memoir of Professor Wilson, has shown (as we had occasion to observe in commenting upon that piece of biography *) how impossible it is, even at the distance of well-nigh fifty years, to tread upon ground so delicate without wounding where there could be no desire to wound. But in justice to Lockhart, we must be permitted to observe, that in helping to establish that able periodical, he not only obeyed an impulse natural to a young man entertaining his views in politics and in letters, but adapted himself in his manner of doing so to the taste and temper of the age. Whig literature was not, in 1817, what it has since become. Nor was it through the press exclusively that the party, as it existed in Edinburgh, claimed to monopolize, sixty years ago, the genius and talent of the land. Men of the present generation need not look further than Henry Cockburn's Memorials of his own Times to see with what rare self-complacency a knot of Whig lawyers and professors regarded themselves, and required others to regard them, as the salt of the earth. Sir Walter Scott is indeed mentioned by our worthy gossip as "a good storyteller;" and his gayety, simplicity, and kindness of heart are admitted; but the only conversationalists in Edinburgh were Jeffrey and his clique. Even in the region of law, we are told, the Tories, being unable to find among themselves any one qualified to sit upon the bench, were forced, against their will, to make the Whig Gillies a judge. "The whole official power of government," it seems, "was on one side,—nearly the whole talent and popularity on the other; and the principles espoused by each admitted of no reconciliation. The Tories could boast of some adherents of talent, and of many of great worth; but their political influence now depended entirely on office. With the exception of Scott, I cannot recollect almost a single individual taking at this time a charge of public opinion, and of personal weight,

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. cxiii.

who was not a Whig." Put this into intelligible English, and it will read well enough. It is at least very harmless in the year of grace 1864; but the visible assumption, brought day after day under the notice of young and ardent spirits, led, as might be expected, in 1817, to resistance.

"The best table-talk of Edinburgh," says Lockhart in his "Life of Scott," "was, and probably still is, in a very great measure made up of brilliant disquisition, such as might be transferred without alteration to a professor's note-book, or the pages of a critical review, and of sharp word-catchings, ingenious thrusting and parrying of dialectics, and all the quips and quiddities of bar-pleading. It was the talk of a society to which lawyers and lecturers had for at least a hundred years given the tone." Two incidents alone saved Edinburgh from falling into the condition of a mere country town. In the first place, it was still the chief seat of judicature in Scotland, where, since the establishment of Presbyterianism, the law has taken rank at the head of the liberal professions. In the next place, the university stood deservedly high as a school not so much of learning as of physical and metaphysical science. Now such a state of things could not fail to bring about at Edinburgh the concentration of social influence in the hands which actually wielded it. It was not the position of his name on the peerage-roll, nor the weight of his purse, nor the extent of his acres, which secured for a stranger access within the charmed circle in that city. A reputation, more or less deserved, in arms, arts, or letters, did more for him than any other recommendation could effect; and if to his fame in these respects was added the suspicion that he entertained what were called liberal views in politics and religion, there was not a philosopher's door in the old town or in the new but opened to him of its own accord.

Such was Edinburgh society during the latter half of the eighteenth century,—very philosophical, very argumentative, prone to entertain and to express doubts on all subjects, and especially dissatisfied with the established order of things in Church and State. But society so constituted never fails, sooner or later, to act aggressively against the principles which it began by distrusting. The *Edinburgh Review* (established in 1802) grad-

ually became the organ of the Liberal party. The triumph of Whig views, both of men and things, seemed to be complete, and Edinburgh became, not for Scotland only, but for the whole empire, the centre of liberalism.

Six years after the first appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly Review* (in the establishment of which Sir Walter Scott took a leading part) proved that the resources of learning and genius were,—in England, at all events,—at least, as accessible to the Tory party as to their antagonists. But while the *Edinburgh Review* continued to have a considerable hold on the Scottish mind, the Tories of Scotland did not possess a single local periodical through the columns of which their own opinions might be defended; and—which is the strangest incident of all—it seems never to have occurred to them that it might be judicious to establish one. The battle which they fought was therefore fought at great disadvantage. There is a pride of intellect, the appeal to which is of far more force, especially among the young, in creating or confirming opinion than considerations of mere personal interest; and the political party which overlooks that fact, or refuses to be guided by it, never fails in the end to suffer for its stolidity. To that pride of intellect the Whigs had appealed, and appealed with undeniable success. Had they only known how to deal wisely by this advantage in maintaining a tone of moderation, and of something like candor in dealing with their opponents, their success might have been even more complete, and certainly more enduring than it was. But they fell into the snare which is laid for all who make an early start in the race of life; they lost their own heads, and they brought about a strong reaction. There had been started in April, 1817, a monthly magazine, of which Mr. Blackwood was the publisher and chief proprietor. It was conducted by gentlemen of undeniable personal worth, but of dull intellect, and it dragged on for a while a sickly existence, after the manner of Scotch magazines in general. If it had any political leaning at all, it leaned toward the views of the dominant literary faction; but its staple commodities were heraldry, tales, and biographical sketches, put forth in a style of no point or brilliancy. Few people read it at all, fewer still spoke about it after they had done so. So

ran the first six numbers;—but on the appearance of the seventh, people suddenly opened their eyes. Three sharp papers, pregnant with literary heresy, were among the articles in that number. One presumed to dispute the dicta of the *Edinburgh Review* on what was then a great colonial question; another quizzed the gentlemen who had heretofore been accepted as the founders of the magazine; and a third assailed, in terms of unmeasured censure, certain poets of the school called Cockney, whom the *Edinburgh* had taken under its special protection. Besides these there was the opening article, a vigorous and severe critique on Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," with a set of witty verses,—notes, as they were called,—to correspondents, the like of which we will venture to say never confronted the title-page of any work. If a shell had exploded in Prince's Street, the effect would have been less startling to the multitude. The Edinburgh Whigs, who thought nothing scandalous that was written on their own side, and had been highly delighted with the "Two-penny Postbag," and other productions of the same pen, which, however brilliant, were certainly not distinguished by decorum or by abstinence from personal attacks, stood perfectly aghast when that seventh number of *Blackwood's Magazine* was set before them. They felt that rebellion was begun. The Tories, and especially the younger members of that party, shrieked with laughter as they read, and pretended to censure. Neutrals, if any neutrals there were, chuckled over the prospect of more fun in reserve, and verily they were not disappointed. How Blackwood continued from month to month to startle, scandalize, and keep Edinburgh society in a roar, and also, we must add, to delight and instruct its readers, it is unnecessary for us to say. Among its early contributors, with the exception, perhaps, of Professor Wilson, there was none who wrote more frequently than John Lockhart, or upon a greater variety of subjects. He might have said in after-life, and said in good company—

"me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juvenia
Ferror; et in celeres iambos
Misit parentem."

Unfortunately for himself, those among his contributions which inflicted pain upon individuals, as they made the greatest noise at

the time, so they are still the most pertinaciously remembered. But the editor, whose privilege it may one day be to exhibit Lockhart as he was in the dawn of his literary reputation, will best do so by reproducing portions from such scholarly papers as "The Greek Drama," the "Horse Germanice" with snatches of songs, such as "The Lament for Captain Paton," or "The Clydesdale Yeoman's Return," and a stanza here and there taken from the extravaganza "The Mad Banker of Amsterdam." It is in these and in his hearty criticisms upon Wordsworth, Coleridge, Bowles, and Sir Walter Scott, that Lockhart comes forth in his true colors. How full of manly geniality and of spirit (less discernible in the originals) are the Spanish Ballads, most of which appeared in *Blackwood* about this time! * Their bold movement and fine rhythm, unless we mistake, have given valuable hints to more modern poets. We extract, as a specimen, two verses from the "Song for the Morning of St. John the Baptist:"—

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is
calm and cool,
And the violet blue far down ye'll view, reflected
in the pool;
The violets and the roses, and the jasmines all
together,
We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the
strong and lovely wether.

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll
gather myrtle boughs,
And we shall learn from the dew of the fern,
if our lads will keep their vows;
If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill,
and the dew hangs sweet on the flowers,
Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are
true, and the Baptist's blessing is ours."

Lockhart soon found himself courted and flattered by the chiefs of the Tory party in Edinburgh and in Scotland generally. The Whigs, on the other hand, abhorred him, and abhorred with the greater intensity that hatred with them was not a little tempered by fear.

Among the many acquaintances to which his literary reputation introduced him, there was none which Lockhart valued more highly than that of Sir Walter Scott. His own account of that which may be called the turning-point in his existence is too characteristic to be omitted here:—

"It was during the sitting of the General

* They were published in a collected form in 1823.

Assembly of the Kirk in May, 1818, that I first had the honor of meeting him in private society. The party was not a large one, at the house of a much-valued common friend, Mr. Home Drummond, of Blair Drummond, the grandson of Lord Kames. Mr. Scott, ever apt to consider too favorably the literary efforts of others, and more especially of very young persons, received me, when I was presented to him, with a cordiality which I had not been prepared to expect from one filling a station so exalted. This, however, is the same story that every individual who ever met him under similar circumstances has had to tell. When the ladies retired from the dinner-table, I happened to sit next him, and he, having heard that I had lately returned from a tour in Germany, made that country and its recent literature the subject of some conversation. In the course of it I told him that when, on reaching the inn at Weimar, I asked the waiter whether Goethe was then in the town, the man stared, as if he had not heard the name before; and that on my repeating the question, adding, 'Goethe, der grosse Dichter' (the great poet), he shook his head as doubtfully as before, until the landlady solved our difficulties by suggesting that perhaps the traveller might mean the Herr Geheim-Rath (Privy Councillor) Von Goethe. Scott seemed amused at this, and said, 'I hope you will come one of these days and see me at Abbotsford, and when you reach Selkirk or Melrose, be sure you ask even the landlady for nobody but the Sheriff.'"

The acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into friendship. Lockhart visited Mr. Scott frequently, both at Abbotsford and at his house in Edinburgh, and came ere long to be treated as a son. The results are well known. Between Mr. Scott's eldest daughter, Sophia, and the handsome and gifted young man so introduced to her, an attachment soon matured itself; and on the 29th of April, 1820, the young people were married, *more Scotico*, in the evening, and in the drawing-room at Abbotsford.

* Well pleased with the match,—which in a worldly point of view was certainly not a great one,—Scott fitted up for his daughter and her husband the cottage of Chiefswood, on his own estate; and thither, after spending the winter-months in Edinburgh, they usually repaired as soon as summer set in. It was as charming a residence for the young couple who took possession of it as could well be imagined. Standing within easy distance of half a dozen country-houses of which the oc-

cupants were personal friends both of Lockhart and of Sir Walter, it brought continually together those who delighted in each other's society, and afforded not unfrequently to Sir Walter a place of retreat from company which oppressed him at home. But Lockhart himself shall describe, as he alone could do, both the joy experienced by all who shared in it when this intercourse was in its prime, and the deep shadow which fell upon those who survived its dissolution. After telling how Scott saved as many of the creepers which used to cluster round the porch at Abbotsford as seemed likely to bear removal, and planted them with his own hands about a somewhat similar porch erected expressly for their reception at his daughter Sophia's little cottage of Chiefswood, Lockhart goes on to say :—

“ There my wife and I spent the summer and autumn of 1821, the first of several seasons, which will ever dwell in my memory as the happiest of my life. We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant society, yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new-comers entailed upon all the family except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open housekeeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applauses of learned dulness, the vapid raptures of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horse-leech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate, and craving the indulgence of his guests overnight, appeared at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of reveillée under our windows, were the signals that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to take his ‘ease in his inn.’ On descending, he was to be found with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe for himself, and listening to Tom Purday's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room upstairs and write a chapter of the ‘Pirate,’ and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join

Purday wherever the foresters were at work, and sometimes to labor among them as strenuously as John Swansdown himself, until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body toward evening; and surely, he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment. He used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the brae ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced; this primitive process being, he said, one he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and, in his opinion, far superior in its results to any application of ice. And in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing. Mr. Rose used to amuse himself with likening the scene and the party to the closing act of one of those little French dramas, where M. Le Comte and Mme. La Comtesse appear feasting at a village bridal under the trees. But, in truth, our M. Le Comte was only trying to live over again for a few simple hours his own old life of Lasswade.

“ When circumstances permitted, he usually spent one evening at least in the week at our little cottage, and almost as frequently he did the like with the Fergusons, to whose table he could bring chance visitors when he pleased, with equal freedom as to his daughter's. Indeed, it seemed to be much a matter of chance any fine day, when there had been no alarming invasion of the Southron, whether but the three families, which in fact made one, should dine at Abbotsford, Huntley Burn, or at Chiefswood. And at none of them was the party considered quite complete unless it included also Mr. Laidlaw. Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle,—as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices forever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write. With three exceptions they are all gone. Even since the last of these volumes was finished, she whom I may now sadly record as next to Sir Walter himself the chief ornament and delight at all those simple meetings,—she to whose love I owed my own place in them, Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who, in countenance, mind, and manners most resembled himself, and who, indeed, was as like him in all things as a

gentle, innocent woman can ever be to a great man deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life,—she, too, is no more; and in the very hour that saw her laid in her grave,* the only other female survivor, her dearest friend, Margaret Ferguson, breathed her last also. But enough, and more than I intended."

Enough,—at least for the present. It is the old story, often told, and to be told again by and by, in reference to Lockhart himself. Meanwhile, we resume the thread of our narrative, which we shall endeavor to make as brief as the importance of the subject will allow.

For five years and a half Lockhart divided his time pretty regularly between Edinburgh and Chiefswood. Two children were born to him there: the eldest, John Hugh, the same "Hugh Littlejohn" to whom his grandfather addressed the charming letters on the History of Scotland; the second, Charlotte, the idol of her father's affections, and the only one who survived him. His youngest, Walter, was born at Brighton, after his connection with Scotland, as a place of residence, had been severed. Poor little John was a sickly child from his cradle. He became on that account doubly an object of interest and tenderness to his father, who never appeared so happy as when fondling the infant in his arms, unless it were at a subsequent period in trying to amuse and instruct the boy. Alas! neither a father's care nor a mother's devotion sufficed to keep alive a spark so feeble as flickered in the bosom of that child. He lingered on, physically all but helpless,—intellectually and morally precocious to a degree,—till he reached his tenth year; and then, to the inexpressible grief both of his parents and his grandfather, "he fell on sleep."

Beside contributing largely to *Blackwood's Magazine*, Lockhart undertook and executed, in the interval between 1818 and 1825, a very large amount of literary labor. The propri-

* In another place he says (chap. 84), "The clergyman who read the funeral service over her was her father's friend, and hers and mine,—the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, one of the prebendaries of Westminster; and a little incident, which he happened to observe during the prayers, suggested to him some verses which he transmitted to me the morning after, and which the reader will not, I believe, consider altogether misplaced in the last page of these Memoirs of her father." These beautiful verses are too well known to need to be here transcribed.

etors of the "Edinburgh Annual Register" engaged him, on Scott's declining the task, to write the historical portions of their work. It was an undertaking which demanded rather accuracy and care than any other qualifications, and both were bestowed upon it. But "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," which appeared in 1819, was more in his line; as were the novels which followed in quick succession,—"Valerius, a Roman Story," "Reginald Dalton," "Some Passages in the Life of Mr. Adam Blair," and "The History of Mathew Wald." Of "Peter's Letters," it may suffice to say (we write for the benefit of the present generation) that, like Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," and Southey's "Letters of Don Velasquez Espriella," they profess to give the impressions made upon a foreigner by what he saw of men and things during a brief sojourn in a country which was strange to him. The supposed author was one Dr. Morris, a Welsh physician, whose work was first introduced to public notice by a critique in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and by and by a second edition came out, the first never having had any existence except in the teeming fancy of the author. But more remains to be told. The second edition made its appearance, under the double protection of a ludicrous dedication to the then Bishop of St. David's and a still more laughable epistle liminary to Mr. Davies, one of the partners of the well-known house of Cadell and Davies, in the Strand. The book, which was probably suggested by the Scotch chapters of "Humphry Clinker," gave a full and familiar (many thought too familiar) account of the living celebrities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. But why the good people of Edinburgh should have been so excessively angry with it and with its author it would be difficult to explain. Looking at the performance after an interval of forty-five years, we can discover no single expression which ought to have rankled in the most sensitive of Scottish minds. The manners of the age are delineated, lightly, perhaps, but surely not untruly,—the ludicrous preponderating in all cases, whether individuals sit for their portraits, or the General Assembly passes under review. But when the worst is said that can be said of such a performance, it seems impossible to treat it as anything more serious than a very clever and sagacious though perhaps somewhat lengthy jeu

d'esprit.* Sir Walter Scott, we suspect, was right in the estimate which he took of the matter. The book, he said to Lockhart one day, gave offence because "few men—and, least of all, Scotchmen—can bear the actual truth in conversation, or in that which approaches nearest to conversation,—a work like the doctor's, published within the circle to which it refers;" for "the doctor, certainly, *rem acu tetigit*. His scalpel was not idle; though his lenient hand cut sharp and clean, and poured balm into the wound." Lockhart was barely twenty-five when the celebrated "Letters" made their appearance, and at twenty-five men say and do many things which at thirty-five they would either not say and do at all, or say and do differently. We transcribe the account which he thought proper to give himself in "Peter's Letters":—"

"It was on this occasion that I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with Mr. Lockhart, who, as well as Mr. Wilson, is supposed to be one of the principal supporters of this magazine, and so of judging for myself concerning an individual who seems to have cared very little how many enemies he raised up among those who were not personally acquainted with him. Owing to the satirical vein of some of the writings ascribed to his pen, most persons whom I have heard speak of him seem to have been impressed with the notion that the bias of his character inclined towards an unrelenting subversion of the pretensions of others. But I soon perceived that here was another instance of the incompetency of the crowd to form any rational opinion about persons of whom they see only partial glimpses, and hear only distorted representations. I was not long in his company ere I was convinced that those elements which form the basis of his mind could never find their satisfaction in mere satire, and that if the exercise of penetration had afforded no higher pleasure, nor led to any more desirable result than

that of detecting error, or exposing absurdity, there is no person who would sooner have felt an inclination to abandon it in despondency and disgust. At the same time, a strong and ever-wakeful perception of the ludicrous is certainly a prominent feature in his composition, and his flow of animal spirits enables him to enjoy it keenly, and to invent with success. I have seen, however, very few persons whose minds are so much alive and awake throughout every corner, and who are so much in the habit of trying and judging everything by the united tact of so many qualities and feelings all at once. But one meets with abundance of individuals every day, who show in conversation a greater facility of expression, and a more constant activity of speculative acuteness. I never saw Mr. Lockhart very much engrossed with the desire of finding language to convey any relation of ideas that had occurred to him, or so enthusiastically engaged in tracing its consequences as to forget everything else. In regard to facility of expression, I do not know whether the study of languages, which is a favorite one with him,—indeed, I am told he understands a good deal of almost all the modern languages, and is well skilled in the ancient ones,—I know not whether this study has any tendency to increase such facility, although there is no question it must help to improve the mind in many important particulars, by varying our modes of perception.

"His features are regular, and quite definite in their outlines; his forehead is well advanced, and largest, I think, in the region of observation and perception. Although an Oxonian, and early imbued with an admiration for the works of the Stagyrte, he seems rather to incline, in philosophy, to the high Platonic side of the question, and to lay a great deal of stress on the investigation and cultivation of the impersonal sentiments of the human mind,—ideas which his acquaintance with German literature and philosophy has probably much contributed to strengthen. Under the influence of that mode of thinking, a turn for pleasantry rather inclines to exercise itself in a light and good-humored play of fancy upon the incongruities and absurd relations which are so continually presenting themselves in the external aspect of the world, than to gratify a sardonic bitterness in exulting over them, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit in regarding them with a cherished and pampered feeling of delighted disapprobation, like that of Swift. But Mr. Lockhart is a very young person, and I would hope may soon find that there are much better things in literature than satire, let it be as good-humored as you will. Indeed, his friend Wastle tells me he already professes

* The passage in the book which caused, perhaps, the greatest annoyance was that in which the pseudo-Morris represents himself as having been invited to dine with Mr. Jeffrey at Craigerook, and as having witnessed before dinner a leaping-match in the garden, in which Jeffrey and his circle of lawyer and philosopher guests took part; and he gravely discriminates and comments upon the performances of each. This sportive description was deeply resented by the Whig dignitaries, to whom the sensation of being quizzed was entirely new. Indeed, Lord Cockburn thought it necessary to assure his readers, thirty years afterwards, that no such athletic exertions had ever taken place.

himself heartily sick of it, and has begun to write, of late, in a quite opposite key."

"Valerius, a Roman Story," is beautifully written; stately and grave in style as becomes the subject, describing life and manners in the ancient capital of the world as only a scholar brimming over with knowledge could do. Everybody admitted, when it first came out, that the book was perfect in its way, and no one, we presume, will now dispute the justice of the verdict. Yet "Valerius," considered as a literary speculation, did nothing for the publisher, and very little to enhance the reputation of the author. The truth is, that "Valerius" belongs to that class of novels which scholars hardly care to take up, and which mere readers of fiction cannot appreciate. There is little story in it, properly so called, and what there is touches but indifferently modern tastes and sympathies. The loves of Sextus and Sempronia interest nobody; even Valerius and Athanasia take scarcely any hold upon us; and Dromo the slave and the pedagogues Xerophrates and Parmeno are considerable bores. Still the general effect is grand. The scene in the dungeon where Tisias is confined, the combat of the gladiators, and the execution of the Christian martyr, are masterpieces of word-painting. We feel that there was great originality in the conception of the whole plot, and the skill displayed in working it out is extraordinary. Yet the results undeniably disappoint us. We soon weary of pageants, however gorgeous, which neither excite our feelings nor appeal to our memories.

As the machinery of "Valerius" had been made use of to exhibit the author's acquaintance with Roman manners and customs in the reign of Trajan, so it appears as if in "Reginald Dalton" Lockhart's chief aim had been to describe undergraduate life as it was at Oxford during the earlier terms of his own academical career. If such were really his intention, he succeeded with just as much of exaggeration as was necessary to throw an air of romance over very commonplace incidents, but with an adherence to truth and a manliness of expression contrasting forcibly with other works to which we need not specially refer. To be sure, Lockhart was more favorably circumstanced in some respects than "Tom Brown" himself, the most successful of his followers. For the last

thirty years there have been no such Town and Gown rows as are described in "Reginald Dalton"; and the melancholy tutor and the Romish ecclesiastic are things of the past. Well do we remember them both; the former in his secluded rooms over the gateway of Balliol College,—the eccentric, generous, shy, and most learned Oxford Don,—the latter an admirable specimen of an extinct race,—the gentleman-priest of a church still virtually in the shade, as liberal as he was honest, as sociable as he was sincere. Even of "Reginald Dalton," however, we are constrained to admit that the conception is superior to the execution. Admirable bits occur here and there, some even of surpassing beauty; but, taken as a whole, it falls undeniably short of what the talents and genius of the author might have justified us in expecting. Lockhart's strength did not lie in the direction of novel-writing. He could tell a story admirably; he could not write a novel. In corroboration of this assumption, we may observe that the tales which followed "Reginald Dalton" come as near to perfection as works of the sort can well do. But then they are composed upon a plan essentially different from that either of "Valerius" or of "Reginald Dalton." They are tales of passion, told vigorously yet simply, and with little or no effort at dramatic effect. "Adam Blair" shows how remorse for one great sin committed acts upon a generous nature; and, losing its bitterness as sacrifices are made for conscience' sake, leads to repentance and to rest. "'Adam Blair,'" says a very discerning critic in the Biographical Sketch prefixed to the illustrated edition of the "Spanish Ballads" (London, 1856), "was a strange, bold experiment to carry human passion, not, as in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' into the family, but into the very heart of the pious occupant of a Presbyterian manse." The kirk stood aghast. We remember that on the Scotch side of the Tweed clerical countenances looked grave. We remember, also, a true story of a very pious English bishop being caught in his carriage in a flood of tears: he was reading "Adam Blair." "Mathew Wald" describes the downward progress of a character essentially selfish, which, though not unrelieved by better impulses, becomes continually more and more unrestrained till it sinks into madness. There is prodigious power in both stories,—great

vigor of narrative, great beauty of expression, great depth of pathos; but they are not the productions of a man whom nature designed to take his place in the foremost rank of the masters of fiction.

In 1826 a vacancy occurred in the management of the *Quarterly Review*, and it was proposed to Lockhart that he should fill it. Several reasons, more or less weighty, combined to make the arrangement agreeable to him. In the first place, there were no particular ties of property—for, though presumptive heir to Milton Lockhart, he was only the laird's brother—or of profession—for that he had virtually abandoned—to bind him to Scotland. In the next place, he had become sensible that party warfare, as it prevailed in Edinburgh, was conducted on both sides with far too much bitterness. It was easier, however, circumstanced as he was, to feel this than to withdraw—while still on the spot—from the arena in which he had so long played a prominent part. Hence whatever measure of regret might attend the prospect of removing himself from tried friends and from the society of Chiefswood and of Abbotsford was more than compensated by the reflection that here was the very opportunity which of all others he could have most desired of gently severing a connection which had become painful to him. Still it was not without real distress of mind that he found himself the guest of a circle of admirers who, on the 4th of December, gave him a farewell dinner in the Assembly Rooms; and on rising to return thanks for the toast of the evening, even his firmness in resisting the display of feeling was sorely tested. "You know very well," was one of his expressions, "that I am no speaker; for if I had been, there would have been no occasion for this parting."

On his arrival in London, Lockhart established himself in a furnished house in Pall Mall, and assumed at once the duties of his new office. He subsequently removed to Sussex Place, Regent's Park, where he continued to reside till within a year or two of his death. How the *Quarterly Review* fared under his management it is for others rather than for us to tell. But this much we may venture to say without fear of contradiction,—that men of eminence in literature, art, or politics, had never, at any period of the *Review's* existence, greater pleasure in

coöperating with it than when it was under Lockhart's direction.

The management of a publication which is pledged to make its appearance at fixed intervals of time, and which claims to take part in forming public taste and directing public opinion on points of the greatest importance to the moral and intellectual well-being of society, is a charge of the onerous nature of which only they who have had some practical acquaintance with the work can form a conception. The editor has not only to master the spirit and temper of the age, keeping himself *au courant* for that purpose with the literature, the science, and the politics of the whole civilized world, but he must sit in judgment on the labors of others; often far less painfully upon books which it is his legitimate province to criticise than upon articles sent to him for insertion. Every one who has had an opportunity of knowing how Lockhart treated the essays which it was his function to introduce to the public, will remember the exquisite skill with which he could by a few touches add grace and point to the best-written papers,—how he could throw off superfluous matter, develop a half-expressed thought, disentangle a complicated sentence, and give life and spirit to the solid sense of a heavy article, as the sculptor animates the shapeless stone. As Lockhart himself says of Jeffrey: *—

"He was excellent in beautifying the productions of his 'journeymen,'—an art, Scott said, of the last importance to an editor. The biographer intimates that he effected this end by slight omissions and delicate touches; while the artist states, on the contrary, 'that he was more given to dash out and substitute by wholesale than to interweave graces or lace seams.' We have little doubt that Cockburn judges by his own experience,—none that Jeffrey employed both methods according to his mood and the necessity of the occasion. In any case of need, being fertile in metaphors, and rapid in discovering pertinent applications for his varied stores, he could dot at will a dark expanse of heather with gay tufts of flowers."

But here again a rock lies ahead. Writers are apt to be sensitively tenacious of their own opinions and of their own manner of expressing them; and to touch one or the other, be it ever so gently, is apt to stir up wrath. Southey endured the curtailments

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxi. p. 127.

of Lockhart's predecessor, Gifford, but was not content to endure them; for he made them the subject of many tart and some fiery reflections in his correspondence with his intimates, which came afterwards to be published. The concluding part of Lockhart's observations on this subject is worthy of consideration: *—

"Gifford's curtailments of Southey's articles were, we have no doubt, judicious. It may be possible that he now and then altered for the worse phrases which Southey had deliberately pondered and trimmed; he was obliged to decide, perhaps, in a moment. The correspondence, however, points out but one case in which this was clearly so; and we firmly believe that on the whole, even as to mere words, Southey, like the rest, owed a great deal to that sharp superintendent, who after all bore the responsibility. The amusing point as to the laureate is, that he seems to have pretty nearly made up his mind to accept the helm whenever Gifford should resign it; and in anticipation of being invited to do so, which he never was, communicates to the same schoolmaster, who had so long sympathized with his sufferings under the editorial pruning and paring, his own views and plans for a system of administration identical with the old gentleman's. He groans over the expenditure of time which he must anticipate, '*in correcting communications when there was anything erroneous, imprudent, or inconsistent with those coherent opinions which the Journal should have maintained under my care,*' etc., etc. (vol. v. 127)."

Of course, it is not to be supposed that the editor and the contributor can always concur as to the value of the alterations. The latter will be prone to complain that his "brain-children" (to use the expression of old Sir Thomas Urquhart) have been changed at nurse. Nevertheless, where each of the parties at issue makes a proper allowance for the situation of the other, there may be momentary indignation, perhaps a brief estrangement on the one hand and a passing regret on the other; but there can be no personal or enduring difference. The following account of a little affair of this sort, in which Earl Stanhope (then Lord Mahon) and Lockhart were the actors, with which the noble earl has kindly supplied us, appears to us so characteristic that we cannot resist the temptation to insert it at length.

Speaking of the commencement of their acquaintance in 1829, Earl Stanhope says,—

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxviii. p. 233: Art. on "Life and Letters of Southey."

"It was not long ere my friendship with Mr. Lockhart engaged me, nothing loath, as a writer in the *Quarterly Review*. I contributed an article on the French Revolution, in reply to a new theory which Mr. Macaulay had just before, in another review, propounded. But when my article was finished, my friend in Sussex Place, without apprising me, placed it in Mr. Croker's hands and left him at liberty to add some further observations. Mr. Croker, as is well known, did not allow to lie dormant his great power of caustic wit. No man knew better how to enliven a dry and difficult subject by the pungency of personal allusion; and no man was more fully aware of his own abilities in that respect. I remember, for example, a series of private notes from him to Sir Robert Peel, in the autumn of 1841, when Mr. Croker was assiduously employed in the composition of a stinging article against the Whigs,—in which he declares himself so hard at work, that he must for the present decline all dinner engagements, and he adds as a P. S., 'I am as busy as a wasp.'

"Mr. Croker, then, being in full possession of my unfortunate proofs, proceeded to embody with them some comments by himself on a former publication by Lord John Russell. With the whole so amended, if amended I must call it, the *Quarterly* came out in 1833. But when on its appearance I saw how my handiwork had been dealt with, I was much annoyed and displeased. The disparaging remarks on Lord John Russell seemed to me open to objection in their tone and temper, and did not accord with my feeling of respect for that eminent man. I did not wish to be considered as their author, in case the entire article were ascribed to me. Accordingly, I published, as a separate essay, the article as it stood at first, declaring at the same time to Mr. Murray that I would never—no, never—write again for his review. It is worthy of note, I think, as showing how high the character of Mr. Lockhart stood among his friends, that although I chafed, possibly more than I ought, at the treatment of my bantling in the *Quarterly*, I did not, even at the moment, impute any want of kindness or consideration for me to the editor. It was only, as I was convinced, that he had seen the matter in a different, perhaps, as the public might think, in a juster, view. It was only that he could not find it in his heart to refuse the good things—for good things they were undoubtedly—that Mr. Croker tendered: it was only that, in a survey of his writers, he preferred the veteran* to the debutant. Our personal friend—

* Mr. Croker had written a series of articles on the French Revolution, and knew more of its history than any man living.

ship was not at all affected. We continued to meet and to confer, as often and with the same cordial feeling as before."

One point more we must mention regarding Lockhart's management of the review. It is impossible to say too much of his punctuality in all things concerning contributors. The post was not more sure to bring the immediate letter of acknowledgment and courteous encouragement and commendation than Lockhart was to write it. He was a rare instance of a man utterly unconventional, yet scrupulously attentive, in all such matters. He was an admirable man of business, and he was so simply because he knew, what men of genius are apt to forget, that this is one of the most sure and effective forms of showing kindness.

Throughout not fewer than twenty-eight years, Lockhart devoted a large share of his attention and his great abilities to the management of the *Quarterly Review*. His, however, was a mind which no amount of labor seemed capable of oppressing. He had time for many papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, written to help Wilson. He found leisure to compile by far the most charming biography of Burns which has yet been written; and to assume the superintendence of an enterprise, on which the late Mr. Murray had determined to embark. We allude to the publication of the Family Library,—one of the earliest of those schemes which, by rendering books cheaper than they had previously been, aimed at spreading over a larger surface the humanizing influence of letters; while at the same time they made up by increase of circulation what might be lost to the publisher of the profits upon each particular copy.* The success which attended this praiseworthy effort was for a while remarkable. The series opened, in 1829, with the Life of Napoleon, from Lockhart's pen, and was carried on with works upon various subjects by many of the ablest and most popular writers of the day. But it is in the

nature of things that no serial work can last very long, and the Family Library came to an end, though not before it had stocked the shelves of many persons of moderate means with some of the most valuable and interesting treatises which have appeared in the nineteenth century.

The latest and greatest of all Lockhart's separate works was the Life of Sir Walter Scott. It gave full occupation to his spare time for several years. It was published in successive volumes, the last of which made its appearance in 1838. Reasons which must be obvious to all have heretofore restrained us from entering upon a critical examination of that performance; nor do we propose to do so upon this occasion. It is, we presume, no secret that, from this, the most labored and successful of all his literary efforts, Lockhart personally derived no pecuniary advantage, though his children had a prospect—the second Sir Walter Scott being married and childless—of succeeding to the Abbotsford estate if cleared of debt. He handed over the profits of the undertaking to Sir Walter's creditors. Such was the man. Never rich,—almost always treading upon the border-line of pecuniary independence,—he valued self-respect far before material comforts, and was sensitively alive to the honor of all connected with him. His devotion to Sir Walter was that of a true-hearted son to a father. Though little satisfied with the manner in which Scott had managed his own affairs, Lockhart could not bear that on the memory of so good and great a man the shadow of a stain should rest, and gave, in consequence, years of labor, with the profits thence arising, in payment of debts for which he was not responsible.

We have alluded elsewhere to Lockhart's genial disposition, and to his manners, quiet, unobtrusive, and self-reliant. Those who met him but rarely, and knew him little, were not unapt to consider him cold. Some even felt themselves repelled from him altogether by terror of a sarcasm, for tokens of which they were constantly on the look-out; and as his manly figure was eminently stiff, those who were afraid of him saw little more than an unbending back. But this was a great mistake. In mixed companies, especially if composed mainly of persons for whom he had little regard, Lockhart was apt enough to maintain a somewhat stately reserve.

* The origin of this system of publishing is a matter of some interest. We may mention that, according to our information, the late Mr. Murray, as far back as 1825, had printed but not published a cheap series of modern voyages; one volume of which—given to Captain Basil Hall, and by him shown to Mr. Constable—suggested to the latter the idea of his Miscellany, which appeared in 1827, headed by Captain Hall's own Voyages, a short time before Mr. Murray's Series was actually published.

Wherever he felt that he was among men and women between whom and himself no such barrier was interposed, he became the most agreeable of companions. It is worthy of remark, likewise, that he asserted a power over society which is not generally conceded to men having only their personal merits to rely upon. Unlike many other persons of both sexes eminent in literature and the arts, he was never, in any sense of the term, the lion of a season, or of two seasons, or of more. He kept his place to the last. His sentiments on this subject may be gleaned from his remarks on the morbid feelings which made Campbell the poet shrink from general society :—

“There was no reason why he should not have set his rest on old equal friendships,—no man but a fool ever does not; there was no reason why he should not have been kind and attentive to persons vastly his inferiors who had any sort of claim upon him,—no man with a heart like his could have been otherwise. But he might have done and been all this, and yet enjoyed in moderation—and, as a student and artist, profited largely by enjoying—the calm contemplation of that grand spectacle denominated the upper world. It is infinitely the best of theatres, the acting incomparably the first, the actresses the prettiest.”*

No charge could, however, be more ungenerous or unjust than that Lockhart forgot, amid the blandishments of fashionable life, the claims of old friendships, or even of ties less sacred. A welcome guest at the tables and in the country houses of the great, he was never so completely himself as when, surrounded, at his own or at some other board, by the companions of his earlier years, he could throw aside the very semblance of restraint, and live for the enjoyment of the hour. We do not attempt to enumerate the more familiar friends of one so generally known, still less to classify them according to their several degrees of intimacy. Some have already been mentioned, and there occur to us the names—as of intimate associates—of Broderip, Sir R. Murchison, Sir John MacNeill, Baron Alderson, and William Stewart Rose. But without underrating his regard for many kind and distinguished friends who shared his esteem, our own memory leads us back in particular to evenings spent in Curzon Street, in Halfmoon

Street, in Upper Berkeley Street, and in Chelsea Hospital, with Lockhart, Peter Robertson, Adam Ferguson, Dr. Hume, and others, over whom the grave has closed. What outpourings of wit! What bursts of merriment! What exuberance of fun! Or, almost better still, when in Sussex Place were gathered together Robert Hay, Theodore Hook, Robert Ferguson, John Murray the elder, William Best, John Stuart, Jonathan Christie, and Henry Ellis. Nor was he less charming among women, provided they were capable of appreciating an intellect of the order to which his belonged. Such a one was Lady Salisbury, the first wife of the present marquis, one of the most gifted as well as most excellent of her sex, whose manifold accomplishments of mind and most attractive conversation could be regarded only as the external gilding of a character not less truthful than it was generous. Such, too, were the accomplished and able Duchess Countess of Sutherland; Lady Louisa Stuart, that mine of curious recollections; Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the accomplished daughter of an accomplished father; Lady Davy; Miss Rogers, the poet's sister; Miss Edgeworth and Lady Dacre; and in closer intimacy still, the Misses Alexander, Lockhart's near neighbors in Regent's Park, and friends of long years' standing. Of others who still live to adorn society, it might perhaps be invidious to speak; but to the list of those departed from among us may be added the names of Miss Yates, gentle, intelligent, and stone-blind,—the daughter of the first partner of the first Sir Robert Peel,—to whose hospitable mansion (Fairlawn, near Hadlow, in Kent) when sad and weary he often retired for refreshment; and of Mrs. Hughes, the kind, warm-hearted, and highly-gifted grandmother of one not unworthy to bear her name, though better known to the world as “Tom Brown.” With Mrs. Hughes, indeed, his intimacy was very close, and his correspondence frequent, familiar, and unrestrained. The good old lady was in the habit of keeping his breakfast-table supplied with pig's face and other delicacies, the receipt of which was on every separate occasion acknowledged in a letter as full of wit as of thanks. Indeed, we may mention in passing that of all the letter-writers with whom it has been our fortune in life to become acquainted, Lockhart was beyond comparison

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxv. p. 64.

the most delightful. He never, like the wits of a former age, or their imitators in the present, wrote for effect. The characters inscribed upon his paper, in a graceful but singularly rapid hand, expressed, without premeditation or the slightest effort at arrangement, every thought as it occurred to him at the moment. You felt, while your eye ran over the pages, that you were conversing with the man himself; you could see the smile which lighted up his countenance as particular sentences rounded themselves off. You could hear the half-uttered chuckle, which chorused the summing up of each gibe, or joke, or ludicrous couplet, as it escaped him. Take the following, in which, while thanking Mrs. Hughes for her ordinary gift, he refers to the conclusion of his own great work, the *Life of Sir Walter* :—

“MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,—You must be thinking me the greatest brute, but I really have meant every day to write to you, and no wonder, since your idea is regularly called up whenever I enter the breakfast-room by that amiable emblem of your kindness. By the by, I hope Charles Scott was a better boy, and in due time acknowledged the receipt of his New Year’s gift.

“I have now done with the ‘*Life*,’ and hope Volume 7 may not on the whole disappoint you. But you can’t expect such a thing as the *Diary of 1826* over again; for no such things as ruin and death again occurred to call out the spirit of the deep places. You will see him, however, contemplating his own death as calmly as *Hero* ever did, and you will see other circumstances of interest, among the rest, goodness surviving greatness.

“Confound your old dowagers of Wales! How and why should I believe them more than the gossip—whoever it was—that told us the story in 1825? Was the story more likely to be invented or to be denied? And after all, may not their candid remembrance, if sifted, come to a confession that I only put the breeches on the wrong damsel? Lady E. B., *an. atat.* 42, would have made a nice Newmarket-looking groom I dare say. Miss P. would have done better for a coachman—a respectable married man—no objection to make himself generally useful. Again I say, d—these tabbies. Their squeamishness is hypocrisy and cant. Was I not to give one sketch of blue-stockings in the life of a man who suffered so much under it? and could I have found the weed in such efflorescence elsewhere?”

Pleased as he was with society, and courted

by it in no ordinary degree, Lockhart’s true happiness lay within the domestic circle. Mrs. Lockhart was the *beau ideal* of a poet’s daughter and a poet’s wife. Proud of her father, more proud perhaps of her husband, she was frank, open, playful, and affectionate, possessing the tact and talent which at once made sunshine in the house, and attracted toward herself no small share of the favor with which Lockhart was regarded. In her and in his children he may be said to have been wrapped up, yet therein lay the root of all his sorrows. His first heavy affliction came upon him by the death of his eldest son in 1831. The boy, as has been mentioned, was sickly from his birth, and became, perhaps, partly on that account, the dearest of all his children to Lockhart; so that when the event befell at last, to which others looked forward with something like satisfaction, Lockhart staggered under it. Now, however, as in early life, he put a violent restraint upon himself, and made no other display of feeling than is indicated in such an announcement as this: “God has at length granted a gentle ending to all poor Johnny’s sufferings. Your kindness to him we shall never forget.” Yet how much of anguish do not these brief sentences express! A more enduring, if not a more poignant, grief may be found set forth a few years later in the letters which made his friends at a distance aware that the wife of his youth had been taken from him. The following is a very characteristic letter from a man who never made a show of his own suffering :—

“MILTON LOCKHART, LANARK, }
July 14, 1837. }

“MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,—Many thanks for all your kindness. I retreated as soon as I could to this sequestered place, where I have nobody to see but my brother and my children, and am trying to do as well as I can. As yet, it seems to me as if life were all over; yet I know it is my duty to struggle, and I do so, to recover the capacity of resuming the tasks of this world, and I hope to be in London and occupied again in the usual way before the winter sets in. Walter and Charlotte are both as well as possible, and already as happy with their ponies and fishing-rods as children ever were. I am their tutor, and find this a soothing employment for a couple of hours or so every morning.”

To common acquaintances he seemed, after the death of his wife, to be pretty much what he had ever been. His intimate and

familiar friends alone knew how deep the arrow had penetrated. He was greatly sustained, however, in this strife with unavailing regrets, by the intense love with which he regarded his now motherless children. Charlotte and Walter became henceforth everything to him. An admirable governess was, provided for the former,—a kind, sensible, and well-instructed elderly lady. The latter was sent to King's College School, in order that his father might have the happiness of seeing him daily, might read with him in the evenings, and prepare him for the work of each successive day. A letter to Lady Gifford (widow of Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls), one of those gifted women who understood Lockhart and were not unworthy of his friendship, describes more correctly than we could do how he ordered his daily tasks under the circumstances. Time had, in 1841, softened down his griefs; he was living again, as he always lived, for duty.

"Sept. 1, 1841.

"MY DEAR LADY GIFFORD,—I spent four or five weeks with Walter at Rokeby, and then, on returning to town, had such poor accounts of Charlotte that I went to Boulogne, where, however, I found her quite recovered; and I believe there had been nothing worse than a fit of nervousness, anxiety, and general low spirits, which they say is not uncommon to girls at her time of life. At all events, she was homesick, and so she is now here with me, and looking at least as well and as strong as I ever saw her. Walter has resumed his place at school, and we are going on in the usual style, or rather what ought to be; for certainly the quiet and complete cessation from all company are rather a contrast to the doings of the late season, as far as I was myself concerned. For a little I must attend to the *Quarterly Review*, but by and by I shall make a run to see you, and bring one or both of them with me. Charlotte will probably be the better for a few more escapades before the approach of winter. My brother remained with us till yesterday, and then set off for Lanarkshire, where I suppose he may safely rusticate for a month at least. It is not supposed that parliament will meet again for business till about the end of the month, and then I hear there will be a sitting of a fortnight merely to pass a vote of credit, and renew *pro tempore* the poor-bill, which expires at Christmas. *The Post* will tell you all I could, and more, about ministerial arrangements. It does not much signify how minor places are distributed except to the people themselves, and

there is no doubt as to the holding of the great ones. I am, however, desirous that my old friends Robert Hay and Henry Ellis may be contented. They are both here on the alert, and I fancy both likely to get handsome appointments either as diplomatists or colonial governors. Here, too, is another good friend, Sir Howard Douglas, who has given such high satisfaction in the Ionian Islands that I rather expect to see him gazetted for Canada, *vice* Poulet Thomson, *alias* Sydenham. As I told you of old, I have not the least notion of their thinking of me in any shape or way: and now that ambition, and, I hope, vanity are pretty well extinguished in me, I consider all these things with a placidity which I could not always command in former days,—in short, with the sincere feeling that I have very slender claims, if any at all, upon any of the distributing powers, and with every disposition to compassionate the difficulty they must be hourly subjected to by the clamorousness of younger and more submissive party men in various walks.

"Poor Theodore will trouble them no more. What a bright light burned out by madness before its time! I dined in his company the day before I left town for Yorkshire, and his appearance was so terribly changed that I did not hope he could outlive many weeks.

"With all his faults, Hook was a very warm-hearted fellow, and few men had more friends. I fancy he had no enemy in the world except himself and his bottle."

Lockhart had long and efficiently coöperated with the Conservative party, and in very trying times; but the only public appointment he ever held was that of Auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which was conferred upon him in 1843 by his personal friend, Lord Granville Somerset, Chancellor of the Duchy,—an office of, we believe, four hundred pounds a year. He never complained of any neglect, as far as we know, nor brought any pretensions of his own either directly or indirectly before the heads of the party.

Of Lockhart's exceeding fondness for children, generally, mention has more than once been made; and his letters show how entirely his heart was filled with the love of his own son and daughter. She was the brightest, merriest, and most affectionate of creatures; and her marriage, in 1847, to Mr. James Hope, now Mr. Hope Scott, met with his entire approval. He was satisfied that in giving her to Mr. Hope he intrusted his chief earthly

treasure to a tender guardian, and strove in that reflection to overshadow the thought that he must himself henceforth be to her an object of secondary interest only. She never caused him, voluntarily, one moment's pain. Nevertheless, it must not be concealed that the secession of Mr. and Mrs. Hope Scott to the Roman Catholic faith greatly distressed Lockhart, although he did full justice to the upright and conscientious motives by which they were actuated.

The conduct of his son was for a series of years a source of disappointment to him, and an estrangement took place, for which the father was in no degree blamable; but he was reconciled to his son shortly before the death of the latter, an event which left Lockhart almost solitary, and embittered the rest of his days.

By this time the state of his health had begun to excite the anxious fears of his friends. He withdrew almost entirely from society,—from the society of all, at least, except a very few persons; and, either because he had ceased to relish other food, or from a mistaken idea that abstinence was good for him, he hardly tasted anything for a while except tea and bread-and-butter. Dr. Ferguson, one of the oldest and most devoted of his friends, described him as reduced by this process to the condition of a parish pauper, and immediately ordered a more generous diet. The prescription appeared for a while to be efficacious, and Lockhart revived, as the taper revives, or seems to revive, when it is burning into the socket. Once more his hospitalities were dispensed to three or four friends at a time, and once more, from beneath the superincumbent weight of mental and bodily suffering, flashes of the old humor would break out. It is worthy of remark, however, that his more sustained conversation, especially when *tête-à-tête* with one to whom he freely opened his mind had assumed by this time a tone of settled earnestness. A clergyman with whom he had lived in constant intimacy from his Oxford days was in the frequent habit between 1851 and 1853, of calling upon Lockhart in Sussex Place, and taking short walks with him, especially in the afternoon of Sunday, in Regent's Park or through the Zoological Gardens. With whatever topic their colloquy might begin, it invariably fell off, so to speak, of its own accord, into discussions upon the character and

teaching of the Saviour; upon the influence exercised by both over the opinions and habits of mankind; upon the light thrown by them on man's future state and present destiny; and the points both of similitude and its opposite between the philosophy of Greece in its best days and the religion of Christ. Lockhart was never so charming as in these discussions. It was evident that the subject filled his whole mind; for the views which he enunciated were large and broad and most reverential,—free at once from the bigoted dogmatism which passes current in certain circles for religion—*κατ' ἔξοχον*, and from the loose, unmeaning jargon which is too often accepted as rational Christianity, though between it and the dictates of reason, properly so called, there is very little in common.

Lockhart appears to have been perfectly aware, in the interval of which we are now speaking, that his days were numbered. His hair, which continued black and glossy long after the term usually fixed by Nature for change, had become suddenly gray; his sight failed him; and his figure, always slight, became attenuated. Yet he never, in speech or manner, exhibited the slightest impatience or apprehension under the circumstances. He moved likewise from place to place in search of that health which he certainly did not expect to overtake, and wherever he went seemed to be more taken up about the affairs of other people than his own. Two letters addressed by him at this time to Lady Eastlake, formerly Miss Rigby, show how unchangeable was his interest in the fortunes of his friends, however widely they might be separated from him by time and space:—

SUSSEX PLACE, Feb. 28, 1850.

“One object I had in calling yesterday was to request of your kindness, if you receive any accounts from Edinburgh about poor Miss Allan, that you would impart to me as much as might seem proper. I fear her health has been such for some time as to render her situation under a great domestic affliction more peculiarly trying. I fear, also, that Sir William may not have been able to leave her so provided with worldly means as he would have wished to do. If you can resolve me on one or both of these points, I shall be very grateful.”

Sir William Allan was one of the Edinburgh friends of whom Lockhart never lost sight. Professor Wilson was another:—

"S. P., November 8, 1851.

"I am afraid your dream was not far out. I have been very unwell indeed, and am under a regimen which keeps me terribly depressed; but I hope it is to restore me somewhat by and by.

"When in Edinburgh two or three weeks ago, I saw Wilson once, and we being both invalids, the meeting was anything but a cheering one. In fact, I was greatly distressed with his appearance, but more with what Dr. Burt and Sir J. MacNeill said to me about him. I think they concur in conjecturing, from the increasing severity of his attacks and irritability of his temper, no very extended limit for life. The second time that I called, his servant said he was up, but would not see any one that day, not probably even Mr. Ayton. There could hardly be an older or dearer friend likely to call than myself beyond his family, and his servant and I are old acquaintances. Dr. Burt, whom I was consulting professionally, sees him daily, and finds him a most unmanageable patient. He warned me that morning that I need not go to the house; but I would try.

"I left Charlotte very well indeed. Let me hope it is not health that sends you to Brighton, but only a pardonable enthusiasm for Mr. Rogers."

The labor of conducting the *Quarterly Review* became at last too much for Lockhart. Mr. Murray was urgent that he should continue in nominal management of the work, and generously proposed to defray the expense of a provisional arrangement till it could be seen whether vigor of body and mind were likely to return; but to this proposal Lockhart would not accede. He felt that for him there was no prospect of returning health; and if to his mind the idea did not occur, it certainly did to the minds of others, that he ought to have been raised long ago above the necessity of either dying in harness, or owing escape from incessant toil to the generosity of private friends. He resigned the management of the *Review* in the spring of 1853, and began immediately to look out for a small house, into which, with an income much reduced, he might eventually retire. Yet the old manly spirit never waned. We subjoin a letter to Earl Stanhope, then Lord Mahon, which fully justifies this statement:—

"S. P., July 19, 1853.

"Thanks for your most kind invitation. I came up last night from Brighton, where I

had been reposing myself for some ten or twelve days with my daughter and hers; and I think I have really profited somewhat by the sea-air, certainly by the repose. You are not aware how completely my physique has, or rather had, given way. But, under advice of Dr. Ferguson and Sir B. Brodie, I some time ago withdrew, for the present at least, from my post on the *Quarterly Review*, and I rather think the retirement will be final. At present I am, though not so ill as I was, altogether unfit for a visit, even to yours and Lord Stanhope's most benevolent circle; but perhaps, ere you and Lady M. start for the Continent, I may be so far amended as to hazard an offer in that tempting direction.

"My plans are like my health, uncertain; but I mean, if I can, to be at Rome for the winter with Robert Hay, who has room for me in his establishment there. I am not sure whether he is now with Lord Stratford at Stamboul, or still, as he was when I last heard indirectly from him, on board our fleet in the 'Greek waters;' but I take it he will come to England ere long and fulfil his old plan of returning to his Pincian Mount in October, via Vienna, Trieste, and Ancona; in which case I hope to be his fellow-traveller, as well as afterward his lodger.

"I heard this at Brighton from my old friend Charles Townsend, 'the peerless parson' of W. S. Rose's innumerable *jeux d'esprit, d'autrefois*. It may not be new to you, but it was to me. Mr. Moxon having collected Wordsworth's sonnets into a volume, old Rogers counted the contents, and wrote on the fly-leaf as here below. And if this was, as the parson said, recent, I think the scrap very fair for a bard and banker, *à l'aveu* 91:—

"Five hundred sonnets! what a many!
£2, if each be worth a penny.

"S. R."

There was no need for Lockhart to change his place of residence in London. As the summer wore away, his health went with it, and the project of spending the winter at Rome was pressed upon him as the best and perhaps the only chance of staying the progress of this manifest decay. His friend Lady Bell has described the preparations for that journey in terms at once so simple and so touching that our readers, we suspect, will greatly prefer her account of the matter, brief as it is, to any which we could give:—

"In the year 1853 his health sank so rapidly that his friends persuaded him to try the effect of a winter in Italy. He came to Scotland to bid adieu, and I met him at Ab-

botsford on the 23d of September, his first return there since the death of his son Walter. In the morning, Mr. Hope Scott asked me to go with Charlotte to meet her father at Melrose station. It was an anxious expectation, and she had to control her agitation when he arrived looking so very ill. His brother Robert and cousin Kate, both devoted to him, came with him.

"They who remember Lockhart, and have read of the bright days of Abbotsford, Chiefswood, or Huntley Burn, may imagine him returning after so many changes, and so feeble that he needed help at ever step.

"He met his daughter and got into the carriage with a grave and wearied look. As we drove along, he said nothing, but was stretching his long, thin form to look on his old homes that we passed, I thought he had not long to live: it was a sad drive,

"In the evening he was better, and when warm and snug in his arm-chair, the old dry humor and amusing anecdotes came forth. He spoke very affectionately of old friends, especially of John Richardson, Charles Bell, and Robert Ferguson.

"Next day he was cheerful, and seemed to wish that I should leave him with happier impressions than when we met. He talked of Italy, and showed us slippers and cuffs and comforters which had been sent to him. Of course no allusion was made to the thoughts which were then filling our hearts."

To Italy accordingly he went. When there, he took, notwithstanding his wretched health and depressed spirits, a keen interest in Etruscan antiquities, and it is a remarkable fact that for two hours every day he read Dante with Signor Lucentini. He was previously a good Italian scholar and well read in Italian literature, but it was to be able to master the difficulties of Dante that he called in the help of one whose ability to aid him was known to surpass that of all the commentators. Lucentini always kindled into enthusiasm when he spoke of him, saying often, "I never had such a pupil,—one who put me so much to my mettle." Every assertion in explanation of a difficulty occurring in the text was discussed, and never was it accepted until the fullest proof had been demanded and obtained. In this way there were daily and often fiery discussions, which would detain Lucentini as many more hours. If in the course of them the invalid had been irritated to use strong language, this was uniformly followed next day by the *amende*, "Do forgive me, Lucentini, I was so poorly and was suffering so much yesterday."

We approach now the last scene of all, over which it is best not to linger. Lockhart returned from Italy in the summer of 1854, apparently better, but in reality bringing with him the seeds of early dissolution. He again visited Abbotsford, and proceeded thence to Milton-Lockhart, the seat of his brother William. There a paralytic affection came on, from which he never recovered. He was removed to Abbotsford, that he might be under the tender care of his daughter and her husband; and there, after lingering several weeks, sometimes scarcely conscious of what was passing around him, sometimes apparently as much alive as ever to the conventionalities of life, he quietly expired in the month of December, 1854, without, we have reason to believe, much suffering, and with a settled faith in God's mercy through Christ and in perfect charity with all men. He died in a small room next adjoining that in which Sir Walter Scott had breathed his last,—a scene feelingly described by Lockhart himself.* Little bequests to his friends of various tokens of regard evinced the kindness of his heart, and were highly prized by all who received them.

We shall not trust ourselves elaborately to paint the moral and intellectual character of one over whom the heart yearns with the deepest and most affectionate regret. How, indeed, can we make a character seem attractive which sacrificed nothing either to vanity or to impulse, and whose feeling lay so far from the surface? The world neither knew Lockhart's real worth, nor appreciated him to the full measure of what it did know. His failings, if so we must call them, lay entirely within view; his noble and generous qualities were visible only to such as took the trouble to pierce the crust of reserve with which on common occasions he was apt to surround himself. There never lived a man more high-minded and truthful;—more willing to make sacrifices for the benefit of others,—more faithful to old ties of friendship and affection, more ready to help even strangers in their hour of need. Those who knew

* "It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ears, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."—*Life of Scott*, ch. 83.

him best loved him best,—a sure proof that he was deserving of their love.

He was, as we have already mentioned, generous beyond his means, especially to poor authors, and ever sympathized with real distress. And yet his life had great disappointments, such as might have made a coarser nature soured and selfish. Need we recapitulate the wreck of the brilliant hopes which his connection with Sir Walter Scott might suggest,—the setting of that sun in clouds and sorrow, the loss of a partner who would have brightened any destiny, the death of his children, the failure of health, the neglect and indifference of political allies? Yet the manly spirit never sunk; the sense of earthly duty remained unimpaired; there was but a more anxious and continued regard to the life that was to come.

His intellect exercised for many years an acknowledged, and, we think, a most salutary, influence over the literary tastes of a great nation. *This* was the way in which his genius made itself felt. Nor could we recall, in his generation, a mind fitter for the work. He was early trained to the study of the noblest writings of Greece and Rome; familiar, through his own tastes, with the literature of all the great nations of Europe, thoroughly read in the theory and science of language; but his home and his strength lay in our own literature and our own tongue. There, his knowledge, his taste, and his intuitive tact were unrivalled. No man could have produced so good an English dictionary or an edition of some great English classic; no man could judge better of the compositions of others, or could write in purer style himself. He was not only critic but author, and had imagination as well as judgment; he was kind and considerate towards unpretending merit, ready to recognize and welcome real talent in friend or foe, and severe only where presumption went hand in hand with ignorance. Of his contributions to this journal we do not speak at present. They were upwards of one hundred in number, and devoted to a great variety of subjects, such as only a versatile and powerful mind could have treated with success. He could write on Greek literature,—on the origin of the Latin language,—on novels,—on any subject, from poetry to dry-rot; but his biographical articles bear the palm. Many of them contain the liveliest and truest sketches that

exist, of the characters to which they are devoted, with many a wise and eloquent discussion of points of social morality, and here and there an amusing half-involuntary revelation of Lockhart's own opinions and experiences. Some of his shorter and more fragmentary productions appeal so directly to our hearts and understandings that we accept them without hesitation as the productions of a man of striking ability. Take, for example, his well-known delineation of Theodore Hook. We are not acquainted with anything of the kind in any language ancient or modern, which holds the reader's attention with a more iron grasp, whether to his entertainment or his agony.

Of his great work, the "Life of Scott," though thrown off in the scanty leisure of a too busy life and interrupted by the saddest of sorrows, it is not too much to say there are very few pieces of biography in the language worthy to be compared with it.

Of his poetry we subjoin one truly pathetic fragment, for the appearance of which last year in the *Scotsman* newspaper the public was indebted to an intimate and valued acquaintance of Lockhart's, the Honorable Mrs. Norton:—

"When youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave.
Be constant to the dead,—
The dead cannot deceive.

"Sweet modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May,—

"No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom.
Fond hope and vision vain,
Ungrateful to the tomb

"But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more,—

"Beyond the sphere of time
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

"That creed I fain would keep;
That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so."

He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey. A monument erected by a few of the most intimate of his surviving friends marks the spot where he lies, at the feet of his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott.

THE SHOT THAT FREED THE FLAG.

[In the naval action of Cherbourg fought Sunday, June 19, 1864, between the United States sloop of war "Kearsarge" and the Confederate cruiser "Alabama," the battle-flag of the former vessel was not unfurled until nearly the close of the engagement, when the rope by which it was confined was cut by a shot from the rebel ship, and the "Stars and Stripes" floated proudly in the breeze.]

FIERCE roars the fight, but still made fast,
Close to the brave ship's towering mast,
Nor to the passing breezes cast,
The battle-flag hangs listlessly.

A rebel shot has cut the string;
Hark! how the wild cheers upward ring,
And back across the waters fling
Defiance to the enemy;

While far above the battle's tide
The Union flag unfolded wide
Expands, as though in power and pride
'Twould hail the coming victory.

'Tis thus Rebellion's onslaught fell
Hath furthered Freedom's cause so well,
And left for History's page to tell
A land new-born to liberty.

Awhile in fettered sloth remained
The Union,—its honor stained,
And, to the anguished negro chained,
The soul of Northern Chivalry.

The gun that Sumter's echoes woke
Released the slave, his fetters broke;
While Freedom's rallying spirit spoke
Of new and holier destiny.

Each voice gave forth the patriot word
As on the hurrying legions poured,
While in free air above them soared
The flag of glorious memory.

Long may that spangled banner fly,
Bearing aloft, 'mid sea and sky,
The signal dear to freeman's eye,—
"Undying hate to Slavery."

London, England, July, 1864. A. H. D.

THE PRETTY MACHINE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

You may see them at work any time of the day,
Oh! what dainty perfection their movements display;

There's a rustling and swaying as onward they sweep,

And the dirt of the pavement before them they heap;

It's the finest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

They are simple in shape, they are easy to move,
And the walk of a city they vastly improve,
You may have them of silk or barege or de-laine,

You may have them trimmed gayly, or have them quite plain.

It's the neatest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

There are some who declare they demand too much room,

There are some who prefer, too, the old style of broom,

But all these are old fogies who always cry down
Every bright innovation with anger and frown;
It's the nicest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

In what delicate folds round the owners they flow!
In what shimmering slopes to the pavement they go!

Where's the use of contractors for cleaning the street,

When the job's neatly done by the fairies we meet!

It's the rarest invention that ever was seen,
This pretty, new-fangled street-sweeping machine.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SHADOWS.

BY ISABELLA LAW.

When the children are hushed in the nursery,
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,
And the night-wind is murmuring secrets
Apart to the listening leaves;
Then I open the inner chamber
That was closed from the dust of day,
And gently undraw the curtain
Where my holiest treasures lay.

Sweet spirits that may not slumber;
Cool shadows from lights now gone;
And the echo of voices sounding,
All sounding for me alone.
And, blending among the others,
One echo is softer yet;
One shadow is cooler, deeper;
And my dimming eyes grow wet.

For the image I gaze on longest
Is the image that blessed my youth;
The angel that lit my journey
With her lamp of love and truth.
We travelled life's way together
A little while side by side;
And when I grew faint or weary,
That light was my strength and guide

And dearer it grew—how dearer!
Till I watched it wane and fade;
And my angel said, as we parted,
"Be patient, be not afraid."
And when I am sick and weary
With the heat and the dust of the day,
How the sense of her words comes o'er me,—
Her words ere she went away!

And I ask for a patient wisdom,
As I journey the way alone;
Till I tread on the golden threshold
Of the heaven where she is gone.
When the children are hushed in the nursery,
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,
And the night-wind is murmuring secrets
Apart to the listening leaves.

—*Winter Weavings.*

CHAPTER VIII.

WOMAN'S MISSION DISCOVERED.

"But oh, unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
To the fair maid of Lora."

LORD OF THE ISLES.

"ONLY nerves," said Alison Williams, whenever she was pushed hard as to why her sister continued unwell, and her own looks betrayed an anxiety that her words would not confess. Rachel, after a visit on the first day, was of the same opinion, and prescribed globules and enlivenment; but after a personal administration of the latter in the shape of a discussion of Lord Keith, she never called in the morning without hearing that Miss Williams was not up, nor in the afternoon without Alison's meeting her, and being very sorry, but really she thought it better for her sister to be quite quiet.

In fact, Alison was not seriously uneasy about Ermine's health; for these nervous attacks were not without precedent, as the revenge for all excitement of the sensitive mind upon the much-tried constitution. The reaction must pass off in time, and calm and patience would assist in restoring her; but the interview with Lord Keith had been a revelation to her that her affection was not the calm, chastened, mortified, almost dead thing of the past that she had tried to believe it, but a young, living, active feeling, as vivid and as little able to brook interference as when the first harsh letter from Gow-anbrae had fallen like a thunderbolt on the bright hopes of youth. She looked back at some verses that she had written, when first perceiving that life was to be her portion, where her own intended feelings were ascribed to a maiden who had taken the veil believing her crusader slain, but who saw him return and lead a recluse life, with the light in her ocell for his guiding star. She smiled sadly to find how far the imaginings of four-and-twenty transcended the powers of four-and-thirty; and how the heart that had deemed itself able to resign was chafed at the appearance of compulsion. She felt that the right was the same as ever; but it was an increased struggle to maintain the resolute abstinence from all that could bind Colin to her, at the moment when he was most likely to be detached, and it was a struggle rendered the more trying by the monotony of a life scarcely varied except by the brainwork, which she was often obliged to relinquish.

Nothing, however, here assisted her so much as Lady Temple's new pony-carriage, which, by Fanny's desire, had been built low enough to permit of her being easily lifted into it. Inert, and almost afraid of change, Ermine was hard to persuade; but Alison, guessing at the benefit, was against her, and Fanny's wistful eyes and caressing voice were not to be gainsaid; so Ermine suffered herself to be placed on the broad, easy seat, and driven about the lanes, enjoying most intensely the new scenes, the peeps of sea, the distant moors, the cottages with their glowing orchards, the sloping harvest-fields, the variety that was an absolute healing to the worn spirits, and moreover, that quiet conversation with Lady Temple, often about the boys, but more often about Colonel Keith.

Not only Ermine, but other inhabitants of Avonmouth, found the world more flat in his absence. Rachel's interest was lessened in her readings after she had lost the pleasure of discussion, and she asked herself many times whether the tedium were indeed from love, or if it were simply from the absence of an agreeable companion. "I will try myself," she said to herself; "if I am heartily interested in my occupations by the end of next week, then I shall believe myself my own woman!"

But in going back to her occupations, she was more than ordinarily sensible of their unsatisfactoriness. One change had come over her in the last few months: she did not so much long for a wider field as for power to do the few things within her reach more thoroughly. Her late discussions had, as it were, opened a second eye, that saw two sides of questions that she had hitherto thought had only one, and she was restless and undecided between them, longing for some impulse from within or without, and hoping, for her own dignity and consistency's sake, that it was not only Colonel Keith's presence which had rendered this summer the richest in her life.

A test was coming for her, she thought, in the person of Miss Keith. Judging by the brother, Rachel expected a tall, fair, dreamy blonde, requiring to be taught a true appreciation of life and its duties, and whether the training of this young girl would again afford her food for eagerness and energy, would, as she said to herself, show whether her affections were still her own. More-

over, there was the great duty of deciding whether the brother were worthy of Fanny!

It chanced to be convenient that Rachel should go to Avonchester on the day of the arrival, and call at the station for the traveller. She recollected how, five months previously, she had there greeted Fanny, and seen the bearded apparition since regarded with so much jealousy, and now with such a strangely-mixed feeling. This being a far more indifferent errand, she did not go on the platform, but sat in the carriage reading the report of the Social Science Congress, until the travellers began to emerge, and Captain Keith (for he had had his promotion) came up to her with a young lady who looked by no means like his sister. She was somewhat tall, and in that matter alone realized Rachel's anticipations; for she was black-eyed, and her dark hair was *crépe* and turned back from a face of the plump contour, and slightly rosy complexion that suggested the patches of the last century; as indeed Nature herself seemed to have thought when planting near the corner of the mouth a little brown mole, that added somehow to the piquancy of the face, not exactly pretty, but decidedly attractive, under the little round hat, and in the point device, though simple and plainly colored, travelling-dress.

"Will you allow me a seat?" asked Captain Keith, when he had disposed of his sister's goods, and on Rachel's assent, he placed himself on the back seat in his lazy manner.

"If you were good for anything you would sit outside and smoke," said his sister.

"If privacy is required for swearing an eternal friendship, I can go to sleep instead," he returned, closing his eyes.

"Quite the reverse," quoth Bessie Keith; "he has prepared me to hate you all, Miss Curtis."

"On the mutual aversion principle," murmured the brother.

"Don't you flatter yourself! Have you found out, Miss Curtis, that it is, the property of this species always to go by contraries?"

"To Miss Curtis I always appear in the meekest state of assent," said Alick.

"Then I would not be Miss Curtis! How horribly you must differ!"

Rachel was absolutely silenced by this cross fire, something so unlike the small talk of her experience that her mind could hardly

propel itself into velocity enough to follow the rapid encounter of wits. However, having stirred up her lightest troops into marching order, she said in a puzzled, doubtful way, "How has he prepared you to hate us? By praising us?"

"Oh, no, that would have been too much on the surface. He knew the effect of that," looking in his sleepy eyes for a twinkle of response. "No, his very reserve said, I am going to take her to ground too transcendent for her to walk on; but if I say one word, I shall never get her there at all. It was a deep refinement, you see, and he really meant it; but I was deeper;" and she shook her head at him.

"You are always trying which can go deepest?" said Rachel.

"It is a sweet fraternal sport," returned Alick.

"Have you no brother?" asked Bessie.

"No."

"Then you don't know what detestable creatures they are;" but she looked so lovingly and saucily at her big brother that Rachel, spite of herself, was absolutely fascinated by this novel form of endearment. An answer was spared her by Miss Keith's rapture at the sight of some soldiers in the uniform of her father's old regiment.

"Have a care, Bessie; Miss Curtis will despise you," said her brother.

"Why should you think so?" exclaimed Rachel, not desirous of putting on a forbidding aspect to this bright creature.

"Have I not been withered by your scorn?"

"I—I"— Rachel was going to say something of her change of opinion with regard to military society, but a sudden consciousness set her cheeks in a flame, and checked her tongue; while Bessie Keith, with ease and readiness, filled up the blank, "What, Alick, you have brought the service into disrepute! I am ashamed of you."

"Oh, no," said Rachel, in spite of her intolerable blushes, feeling the necessity of delivering her confession, like a cannon-ball among skirmishers: "only we had been used to regard officers as necessarily empty and frivolous, and our recent experience has—has been otherwise." Her period altogether failed her.

"There, Alick, is that the effect of your weight of wisdom? I shall be more impressed

with it than ever. It has redeemed the character of your profession! Captain Keith and the army."

"I am afraid I cannot flatter myself," said Alick; and a sort of reflection of Rachel's burning color seemed to have lighted on his cheek; "its reputation has been in better hands."

"Oh, Colonel Colin! Depend upon it, he is not half as sage as you, Alick! Why, he is a dozen years older!—What, don't you know, Miss Curtis, that the older people grow the less sage they get?"

"I hope not," said Rachel.

"Do you! A contrary persuasion sustains me when I see people obnoxiously sage to their fellow-creatures."

"Obnoxious sageness in youth is the token that there is stuff behind," said Alick, with eagerness that set his sister laughing at him for fitting on the cap; but Rachel had a sort of odd dreamy perception that Bessie Keith had unconsciously described her (Rachel's) own aspect and that Alick was defending her, and she was silent and confused, and rather surprised at the assumption of the character by one, who she thought, could never even exert himself to be obnoxious. He evidently did not wish to dwell on the subject, but began to inquire after Avonmouth matters, and Rachel in return asked for Mr. Clare.

"Very well," was the answer; "unfailing in spirits, every one agreed that he was the youngest man at the wedding."

"Having outgrown his obnoxious sageness," said Bessie. "There is nothing he is so adroit at as guessing the fate of a croquet ball by its sound."

"Now, Bessie!" exclaimed Alick.

"I have not transgressed; have I?" asked Bessie, and in the exclamations that followed, she said, "You see what want of confidence is! This brother of mine no sooner saw you in the carriage than he laid his commands on me not to ask after your croquet ground all the way home, and the poor word cannot come out of my mouth without"—

"I only told you not to bore Miss Curtis with the eternal subject, as she would think you had no more brains than one of your mallets," he said, somewhat energetically.

"And if we had begun to talk croquet, we should soon have driven him outside."

"But suppose I could not talk it!" said

Rachel, "and that we have no ground for it."

"Why then,"—and she affected to turn up her eyes,—“I can only aver that the coincidence of sentiments is no doubt the work of destiny.”

"Bessie!" exclaimed her brother.

"Poor old fellow, you had excuse enough, lying on the sofa to the tune of tap and click; but for a young lady in the advanced ranks of civilization to abstain is a mere marvel."

"Surely, it is a great waste of time," said Rachel.

"Ah, when I have converted you, you will wonder what people did with themselves before the invention."

"Woman's mission discovered!" quoth her brother.

"Also man's, unless he neglects it," returned Miss Elizabeth; "I wonder, now, if you would play if Miss Curtis did!"

"Wisdom never pledges itself how it will act in hypothetical circumstances," was the reply.

"Hypothetical," syllabically repeated Bessie Keith; "did you teach him that word, Miss Curtis? Well, if I don't bring about the hypothetical circumstances you may call me hyperbolic!"

So they talked, Rachel in a state of bewilderment, whether she were teased or enchanted, and Alexander Keith's quick nonchalance not concealing that he was in some anxiety at his sister's reckless talk; but, perhaps, he hardly estimated the effect of the gay, quaint manner that took all hearts by storm, and gave a frank, careless grace to her nonsense. She grew graver and softer as she came nearer Avonmouth, and spoke tenderly of the kindness she had received at the time of her mother's death at the Cape, when she had been brought to the general's, and had there remained like a child of the house, till she had been sent home on the removal of the regiment to India.

"I remember," she said, "Mrs. Curtis kept great order. In fact, between ourselves, she was rather a dragon; and Lady Temple, though she had one child then, seemed like my companion and playfellow. Dear little Lady Temple, I wonder if she is altered!"

"Not in the least," returned both her companions at once, and she was quite ready to agree with them when the slender form

and fair young face met her in the hall amid a cloud of eager boys. The meeting was a full renewal of the parting, warm and fond, and Bessie so comported herself on her introduction to the children that they all became enamored of her on the spot, and even Stephana relaxed her shyness on her behalf. That sunny, gay good-nature could not be withstood, and Rachel, again sharing Fanny's first dinner after an arrival, no longer sat apart despising the military atmosphere, but listening, not without amusement, to the account of the humors of the wedding, mingled with Alick Keith's touches of satire.

"It was very stupid," said Bessie, "of none of those girls to have Uncle George to marry them. My aunt fancied he would be nervous, but I know he did marry a couple when Mr. Lifford was away; I mean him to marry me, as I told them all."

"You had better wait till you know whether he will," observed Alick.

"Will? Oh, he is always pleased to feel he can do like other people," returned Bessie; "and I'll undertake to see that he puts the ring on the right—I mean the left finger. Besides, you'll have to give me away, you know, Alick; so you can look after him."

"You seem to have arranged the programme pretty thoroughly," said Rachel.

"After four weddings at home, one can't but lay by a little experience for the future," returned Bessie; "and after all, Alick need not look as if it must be for one's self. He is quite welcome to profit by it, if he has the good taste to want my uncle to marry him."

"Not unless I were very clear that he liked my choice," said Alick, gravely.

"Oh, dear! Have you any doubts, or is that meant for a cut at poor innocent me, as if I could help people's folly, or as if he was not gone to Rio Janeiro!" exclaimed Bessie, with a sort of meek simplicity and unconsciousness that totally removed all the unsatisfactoriness of the speech, and made even her brother smile while he looked annoyed; and Lady Temple quietly changed the conversation. Alick Keith was obliged to go away early, and the three ladies sat long in the garden outside the window, in the summer twilight, much relishing the frank-hearted way in which this engaging girl talked of herself and her difficulties to Fanny as to an old friend, and to Rachel as belonging to Fanny.

"I am afraid that I was very naughty," she said, with a hand laid on Lady Temple's, as if to win pardon; "but I never can resist plaguing that dear anxious brother of mine, and he did so dreadfully take to heart the absurdities of that little Charlie Carleton, as if any one with brains could think him good for anything but a croquet partner, that I could not help giving a little gentle titillation. I saw you did not like it, dear Lady Temple, and I am sorry for it."

"I hope I did not vex you," said Fanny, afraid of having been severe.

"Oh, no, indeed; a little check just makes one feel one is cared for;" and they kissed affectionately: "you see when one has a very wise brother, plaguing is irresistible. How little Stephana will plague hers, in self-defence, with so many to keep her in order!"

"They all spoil her."

"Ah, this is the golden age. See what it will be when they think themselves responsible for her! Dear Lady Temple, how could you send him home, so old and so grave?"

"I am afraid we sent him home very ill. I never expected to see him so perfectly recovered. I could hardly believe my eyes when Colonel Keith brought him to the carriage not in the least lame."

"Yes; and it was half against his will. He would have been almost glad to be a lay curate to Uncle George, only he knew if he was fit for service my father would have been vexed at his giving up his profession."

"Then it was not his choice!" said Rachel.

"Oh, he was born a soldier, like all the rest of us, couldn't help it. The —th is our home, and if he would only take my hint and marry, I could be with him there, now! Lady Temple, do pray send for all the eligible officers,—I don't know any of them now, except the two majors, and Alick suspects my designs, I believe, for he won't tell me anything about them."

"My dear!" said Fanny, bewildered, "how you talk! You know we are living a very quiet life here."

"Oh, yes, so Alick has told me;" she said, with a pretty compunction in her tone; "you must be patient with me;" and she kissed Fanny's fingers again and spoke in a gentler way. "I am used to be a great chatter-box, and nobody protested but Alick."

"I wish you would tell me about his return, my dear, he seemed so unfit to travel when your poor father came to the hills and took him away by dâk. It seemed so impossible he could bear the journey; he could not stand or help himself at all, and had constant returns of fever; but they said the long sea voyage was the only chance, and that in India he could not get vigor enough to begin to recover. I was very unhappy about him," said Fanny, innocently, whilst Rachel felt very vigilant, wondering if Fanny were the cause of the change his sister spoke of.

"Yes, the voyage did him good; but the tidings of papa's death came two months before him, and Uncle George's eyes were in such a state that he had to be kept in the dark; so that no one could go and meet the poor, dear boy at Southampton but Mr. Lifford, and the shock of the news he heard brought the fever back, and it went on intermitting for weeks and weeks. We had him at Littleworthy at first, thinking he could be better nursed and more cheerful there; but there was no keeping the house quiet enough."

"Croquet!" said Rachel.

"Everything!" returned Bessie. "Four courtships in more or less progress, besides a few flirtations, and a house where all the neighbors were running in and out in a sociable way. Our loss was not as recent there as it was to him, and they were only nieces, so we could not have interfered with them; besides, my aunt was afraid he would be dull, and wanted to make the most of her conquering hero, and everybody came and complimented him, and catechized him whether he believed in the Indian mutilations, when, poor fellow, he had seen horrors enough never to bear to think of them, except when the fever brought them all over again. I am sure there was excuse enough for his being a little irritable."

"My dear," exclaimed Fanny, quite hurt, "he was patience itself while he was with us."

"That's the difference between illness and recovery, dear Lady Temple! I don't blame him. Any one might be irritable with fresh undetected splinters of bone always working themselves out, all down one side; and doubts which were worst, the fingers on, or the fingers off, and no escape from folly or politeness, for he could not even use a crutch. Oh,

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no, I don't blame him; I quite excuse the general dislike he took to everything at poor dear Littleworthy. He viewed it all like that child in Mrs. Browning's poem, 'seeing through tears the jugglers leap,' and we have partaken of the juggler aspect to him ever since!"

"I don't think he could ever be *very* irritable," said Fanny, taking the accusation much to heart.

"Sister and recovery!" lightly said Bessie, "they encounter what no one else does! He only pined for Bishopsworthy, and when we let him move there, after the first month, he and my uncle were happy. I stayed there for a little while, but I was only in the way; the dear, good folks were always putting themselves out on my account; and as to Alick, you can't think how the absence of his poor '*souffre-douleur*' invigorated him. Every day I found him able to put more point into his cutting compliments, and reading to my uncle with more energy; till at last by the time the —th came home, he had not so much as a stiff leg to retire upon. Luckily he and my uncle both cared too much for my poor father's wishes for him to do so without, though if any unlucky chance should take Mr. Lifford away from my uncle, he threatens coming to supply the vacancy, unless I should, and that is past hope."

"Your home is with your uncle," affirmed Rachel.

"Yes," she said, mournfully, "dear Littleworthy was too happy to last. It broke itself up by its own charms,—all married and gone, and the last rose of summer in my poor person must float away. Jane wants her mother and not me, and my uncle will submit to me as cheerfully as to other necessary evils. It is not myself that I fear for; I shall be very happy with the dear uncle, but it will be a dreadful overthrow to his habits."

"I do not see why it need be," said Rachel.

"What! two old bachelors with a young lady turned in on them! And the house-keeper—think of her feelings!"

"I do not think you need be uneasy, my dear," said Fanny. "Your brother is convinced that it will be the greatest pleasure and comfort to Mr. Clare to have you; and though there may be difficulties at first, I am sure anybody must be the happier for having you;" and she caressed the upturned

face, which responded warmly, but with a sigh.

"Alick is no judge! He is the child of the house, and my uncle and Mr. Lifford don't feel complete without him. My uncle is as fond of me as can be, and he and I could get on beautifully; but then Mr. Lifford is impracticable."

"Impracticable?" said Rachel, taking up the long word. "He objects to your exerting yourself in the parish. I know what that is."

"Pray, Rachel," said Fanny, imploringly,—"pray don't say anything against him! I am very sorry he has annoyed you, but I do like him."

"Oh, does he play croquet?" cried Bessie.

"I gather," said Rachel, in her impressive tone, a little disappointed, "that by impracticable you mean one who will not play croquet."

"You have hit it!" laughed Bessie.

"Who will neither play at croquet nor let one work except in his way. Well, there are hopes for you: I cure the curates of every cure I come near, except, of course, the cure that touches me most nearly. The shoemaker's wife goes the worst shod! I'll tame yours."

"My dear, I can't have poor Mr. Touchett made game of."

"I won't make game of him, dear Lady Temple, only make him play a game."

"But you said Alick did not approve," said Fanny, with the dimmest possible ideas of what croquet was, and believing it a wicked flirtation trap that figured in *Punch*.

"Oh, that's fudge on Master Alick's part! Just the remains of his old miseries, poor fellow. What he wants is love! Now he'll meet his fate some of these days; and as he can't meet three Englishwomen without a mallet in hand, love and croquet will come together."

"Alick is very good," went on Lady Temple, not answering, but arguing with herself whether this opposition could be right. "Colonel Hammond gave me such an account of him, so valuable and excellent among the men, and doing all that is possible for their welfare, interesting himself about their library, and the regimental school and all. The colonel said he wished only that he was a little more easy and popular among the young

officers; but so many of his own standing were gone by the time he joined again, that he lives almost too much to himself, reads a good deal, and is most exemplary, but does not quite make his influence as available as it might be."

"That's just it!" cried Bessie, eagerly; "the boy is a lazy boy, and wants shaking up, or he'll get savage and no good. Can't you see, by the way he uses his poor little sister, what an awful don Captain Keith must be to a schoolboy of an ensign? He must be taught toleration and hunted into amiability, or he'll be the most terrible Turk by the time he is a colonel; and you are the only person that can do it, dear Lady Temple."

Rachel did not much like this, but it was so prettily and playfully said that the pleasing impression was quite predominant; and when Rachel took leave, it was with a sense of vexation that a person whom she had begun to esteem should be hard upon this bright, engaging sister. Yet it might be well if Fanny took note of the admission that he could be irritable as well as stern, and sometimes mistaken in his judgments. What would the colonel say to all this? The colonel—here he was coming back again into her imagination. Another symptom!

The brother left the field entirely to his sister for the present; he was a good deal occupied after his leave, and other officers being away, he was detained at Avonchester, and meantime Bessie Keith took all hearts by storm with her gay good-humor and eager sympathy. By the end of the first morning, she had been to the stable with a swarm of boys, patted and learned the names of all the ponies; she was on the warmest terms, with the young spaniel that, to the Curtises' vexation, one of the officers had given Conrade, and was always getting into the way; she had won Alison by telling her of Mr. Clare's recollection of Ermine's remarkable beauty and intelligence, and charmed Ermine herself by his kind messages and her own sunshiny brightness; she had delighted Mrs. Curtis and Grace by appreciating their views and their flowers; she had discussed hymnals and chants with Mr. Touchett, and promised her services; she had given a brilliant object lesson at Mrs. Kelland's, and received one herself in lace-making; and had proved herself, to Rachel's satisfaction, equally practical

and well read. All the outer world was asking, "Have you seen the young lady with Lady Temple?"

Nothing came amiss to her, from the antiquity of man to Stephana's first words; and whether she taught Grace new stitches, played cricket with Conrade, made boats for Cyril, prattled with Lady Temple, or studied with Rachel, all was done with grace, zest, and sympathy peculiarly her own. Two practisings at the school removed the leaden drawl, and lessened the twang of the choir; and Mr. Touchett looked quite exalted, while even Rachel owned that she had hardly believed her ears.

Rachel and she constituted themselves particular friends, and Grace kept almost aloof in the fear of disturbing them. She had many friends, and this was the first, except Ermine Williams, to whom Rachel had taken, since a favorite companion of her youth had disappointed her by a foolish marriage. Bessie's confidences had a vigor in them that even Rachel's half-way meetings could not check, and then the sharp, clever things she would say, in accordance with Rachel's views, were more sympathetic than anything she had met with. It was another new charm to life.

One great pleasure they enjoyed together was bathing. The Homestead possessed a little cove of its own under the rocks, where there was a bathing-house, and full perfection of arrangement for young ladies' aquatic enjoyment, in safety and absolute privacy. Rachel's vigorous strength and health had been greatly promoted by her familiarity with salt water, and Bessie was in ecstasies at the naiad performances they shared together on the smooth bit of sandy shore, where they dabbled and floated fearlessly. One morning, when they had been down very early to be beforehand with the tide, which put a stop to their enjoyment long before the breakfast-hour, Bessie asked if they could not profit by their leisure to climb round the edge of the cliff's instead of returning by the direct path, and Rachel agreed, with the greater pleasure that it was an enterprise she had seldom performed.

Very beautiful, though adventurous, was the walk,—now on the brow of the steep cliff, looking down on the water or on little bays of shingle; now through bits of thicket that held out brambles to entangle the long tresses streaming on their shoulders; always in the

brisk morning air, that filled them with strength and spirit, laughing, joking, calling to one another and to Conrade's little dog, that, like every other creature, had attached itself to Bessie, and had followed her from Myrtlewood that morning, to the vexation of Rachel, who had no love for dogs in their early youth.

They were beyond the grounds of the Homestead, but had to go a little further to get into the path, when they paused above a sort of dip or amphitheatre of rock around a little bay, whilst Rachel began telling of the smugglers' traditions that haunted the place. How much brandy and silk had there been landed in the time of the great French war, and how once, when hard pressed, a party of smugglers, taking a short cut in the moonlight midnight across the Homestead gardens, had encountered an escaped Guinea-pig, and no doubt taking it for the very rat without a tail in whose person Macbeth's witch was to do, and to do, and to do, had been nearly scared out of their wits.

Her story was cut short by a cry of distress from the dog, and looking down, they perceived that the poor fellow had been creeping about the rocks, and had descended to the little cove, whence he was incapable of climbing up again. They called encouragingly, and pretended to move away, but he only moaned more despairingly, and leaped in vain.

"He has hurt his foot!" exclaimed Rachel; "I must go down after him. Yes, Don, yes, poor fellow, I'm coming."

"My dear Curtia, don't leap into the gulf!"

"Oh, it is no great height, and the tide will soon fill up this place."

"Don't! don't! You'll never be able to get up again."

But Rachel was already scrambling down, and, in effect, she was sure-footed and used to her own crags, nor was the distance much above thirty feet, so that she was soon safe on the shingle, to the extreme relief of poor Don, shown by grateful whines; but he was still evidently in pain, and Rachel thought his leg was broken. And how to get up the rock, with a spaniel that, when she tried to lift it, became apparently twice the size she had always believed it, and where both hands as well as feet were required, with the sea fast advancing too.

"My dear Rachel, you will only break your neck, too; it is quite vain to try!"

"If you could just come to that first rock, perhaps I could push him up to you!"

Bessie came to it, but screamed. "Oh, I'm not steady; I couldn't do it! Besides, it would hurt him so, and I know you would fall! Poor fellow, it is very sad; but indeed, Rachel, your life is more precious than a dog's!"

"I can't leave him to drown," said Rachel, making a desperate scramble, and almost overbalancing herself. "Here, if you could only get him by the scruff of his neck, it would not hurt him so much; poor Don, yes, poor fellow!" as he whined, but still showed his confidence, in the touching manner of a sensible dog, knowing he is hurt for his good. Bessie made another attempt, but, unused to rocks, she was uneasy about her footing, and merely frightened herself.

"Indeed," she said, "I had better run and call some one: I won't be long, and you are really quite safe."

"Yes, quite safe. If you were down here and I above, I am sure we could do it easily."

"Ah! but I'm no cragswoman; I'll be back instantly."

"That way, that's the shortest; call to Zack or his father!" cried Rachel, as the light figure swiftly disappeared, leaving her a little annoyed at her predicament. She was not at all alarmed for herself; there was no real danger of drowning; she could at any moment get up the rock herself if she chose to leave the dog to its fate; but that she could not bear to think of, and she even thought the stimulus of necessity might prove the mother of invention, if succor should not come before that lapping flux and reflux of water should have crept up the shingly beach on which she stood; but she was anxious, and felt more and more drawn to the poor dog, so suffering, yet so patient and confiding. Nor did she like the awkwardness of being helped in what ought to be no difficulty at all to a native, and would not have been, had her companion been Grace or even Conrade. Her hope was that her ally Zack would come, as she had directed Bessie towards the cottage; but, behold, after a wearily long interval, it was no blue jacket that appeared, but a round black sea-side hat, and a sort of easy clerical-looking dress, that Bessie was flustering before!

Few words were required, the stranger's height and length of arm did all that was needful, and Don was placed in safety with less pain and outcry than could have been hoped, Rachel ascending before the polite stranger had time to offer his assistance. The dog's hurt was, he agreed with Rachel, a broken leg, and his offer of carrying it home could not be refused, especially as he touched it with remarkable tenderness and dexterity, adding that with a splint or two, he thought he had surgery enough to set the limb.

They were much nearer the Homestead than to Myrtlewood, and as it had been already agreed that Bessie should breakfast there, the three bent their steps up the hill as fast as might be, in consideration of Mrs. Curtis's anxieties. Bessie in a state of great exultation and amusement at the romantic adventure, Rachel somewhat put out at the untoward mishap that obliged her to be beholden to one of the casual visitors, against whom her mother had such a prejudice.

Still, the gentleman himself was far from objectionable, in appearance or manner; his air was that of an educated man, his dress that of a clergyman at large, his face keen. Rachel remembered to have met him once or twice in the town within the last few days, and wondered if he could be a person who had called in at the lace school and asked so many questions that Mrs. Kelland had decided that he could be after no good; he must be one of the parliament folks that they sent down to take the bread out of children's mouths by not letting them work as many hours as was good for them. Not quite believing in a government commission on lace-making grievances, Rachel was still prepared to greet a kindred spirit of philanthropy, and as she reflected more, thought that perhaps it was well that an introduction had been procured on any terms.

So she thawed a little, and did not leave all the civility to Miss Keith, but graciously responded to the stranger's admiration of the views, the exquisite framings of the summer sea and sky made by tree, rock, and rising ground, and the walks so well laid out on the little headland, now on smooth turf, now bordering slopes wild with fern and mountain ash, now amid luxuriant exotic shrubs that attested the mildness of Avonmouth winters.

When they came near the front of the house, Rachel took man and dog in through

the open window of her own sitting-room, and hastened to provide him with bandages and splints, leaving Bessie to reassure Mrs. Curtis that no human limbs were broken, and that no one was even wet to the skin; nay, Bessie had even the tact to spare Mrs. Curtis the romantic coloring that delighted herself. Grace had followed Rachel to assist at the operation, and was equally delighted with its neatness and tenderness, as well as equally convinced of the necessity of asking the performer first to wash his hands and then to eat his breakfast, both which kind proposals he accepted with diffident gratitude, first casting a glance around the apartment, which, though he said nothing, conveyed that he was profoundly struck with the tokens of occupation that it contained. The breakfast was, in the first place, a very hungry one; indeed, Bessie had been too ravenous to wait till the surgery was over, and was already arrived at her second egg when the others appeared, and the story had again to be told to the mother, and her warm thanks given. Mrs. Curtis did not like strangers when they were only names, but let her be brought in contact, and her good-nature made her friendly at once, above all in her own house. The stranger was so grave and quiet, too, not at all presuming, and making light of his services, but only afraid he had been trespassing on the Homestead grounds. These incursions of the season visitors were so great a grievance at the Homestead that Mrs. Curtis highly approved his forbearance, whilst she was pleased with his tribute to her scenery, which he evidently admired with an artistic eye. Love of sketching had brought him to Avonmouth; and before he took leave, Mrs. Curtis had accorded him that permission to draw in her little peninsula for which many a young lady below was sighing and murmuring. He thanked her with a melancholy look, confessing that in his circumstances his pencil was his toy and his solace.

"Once again, that landscape painter!" exclaimed Bessie, with uplifted hands, as soon as both he and Mrs. Curtis were out of earshot, "an adventure at last!"

"Not at all," said Rachel, gravely; "there was neither alarm nor danger."

"Precisely; the romance minus the disagreeables. Only the sea monster wanting. Young Alcides, and rock,—you stood there

for sacrifice, I was the weeping Dardanian dames."

Even Grace could not help laughing at the mischief of the one, and the earnest seriousness of the other.

"Now, Bessie, I entreat that you will not make a ridiculous story of a most simple affair," implored Rachel.

"I promise not to make one; but don't blame me if it makes itself."

"It cannot, unless some of us tell the story."

"What, do you expect the young Alcides to hold his tongue? That is more than can be hoped of mortal landscape painter."

"I wish you would not call him so. I am sure he is a clergyman."

"Landscape painter, I would lay you anything you please."

"Nay," said Grace, "according to you, that is just what he ought not to be."

"I do not understand what diverts you so much," said Rachel, growing lofty in her displeasure. "What matters it what the man may be?"

"That is exactly what we want to see," returned Bessie.

Poor Rachel, a grave and earnest person like her had little chance with one so full of playful wit and fun as Bessie Keith, to whom her very dignity and susceptibility of annoyance made her the better game. To have involved the grave Rachel in such a parody of an adventure was perfectly irresistible to her, and to expect absolute indifference to it would, as Grace felt, have been expecting mere stupidity. Indeed, there was forbearance in not pushing Rachel farther at the moment; but proceeding to tell the tale at Myrtlewood, whither Grace accompanied Bessie, as a guard against possible madcap versions capable of misconstruction.

"Yes," said Rachel to herself, "I see now what Captain Keith regrets. His sister, with all her fine powers and abilities, has had her tone lowered to the hateful conventional style of wit that would put one to the blush for the smallest mishap. I hope he will not come over till it is forgotten, for the very sight of his disapproval would incite her further. I am glad the colonel is not here. Here, of course, he is, in my imagination. Why should I be referring everything to him, —I, who used to be so independent? Suppose this nonsense gave him umbrage? Let it. I might then have light thrown on his feelings, and my own. At any rate, I will not be conscious. If this stranger be really worth notice, as I think he is, I will trample on her ridicule, and show how little I esteem it."

From The N. Y. Evening Post.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CELEBRATION OF HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

No more graceful and cordial tribute of respect has ever been paid, in this country, to a literary man than that which was given to Mr. Bryant, by the members of the Century Club, on the occasion of his attaining his seventieth birthday. Since the formation of the club Mr. Bryant has been an active member, seldom absent, when in town, from its regular monthly meetings, and always taking a deep interest in its welfare. It was, therefore, eminently fitting that this testimonial should come from the club, and probably from no other source could Mr. Bryant have felt so pleased to receive it. Without being a public demonstration, it yet possessed enough of that element to warrant us in giving to our readers this slight account of the proceedings.

At an early hour in the evening the members and invited guests began to assemble at the rooms of the Century, which were tastefully adorned with wreaths and garlands of natural flowers, the national colors, and other appropriate and suggestive decorations. A large collection of pictures and statuary gave an additional charm to the apartments, and in the large room, where the exercises took place, ten tablets hung against the walls, inscribed with the following quotations from Mr. Bryant's poems:—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

"Well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to thy earliest youth;
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God
Shows freshly, to thy sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by."

"Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
With delight on nature, or hope on human kind;
Oh, may those that whiten my temples, as they pass me,
Leave the heart unfrozen, and spare the cheerful mind."

"His love of truth, too warm, too strong
For hope or fear to chain or chill,
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
Burn in the breasts he kindled still."

"Still came and lingered on the sight,—
Of flowers and streams the bloom and light

And glory of the stars and sun;
And these and poetry are one."

"For thou hast taught us, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains—to behold
With deep affection the pure, ample sky,
And clouds along its blue abysses rolled—
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear."

"In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life, like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks,
And dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh!"

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield,
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts,
And kind affections, reverence for thy God,
And for thy brethren."

"Let the mimic canvas show
His calm, benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but Heaven, and, in the book of fame,
The glorious records of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame."

"The secret wouldst thou know,
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?
Let thine own eyes o'erflow,
Let the lips quiver with the passionate thrill,
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
And bind in words the fleet emotions fast."

At the side of the room, facing the main doorway, was a dais, on which Mr. Bryant and Mr. Bancroft, the president of the club, occupied seats. Behind their chairs were wreaths of evergreens, branches of palms, and a harp woven of immortelles and violets, and draped above all was the American flag. Baskets of rare flowers stood on the mantel-pieces at either end of the room, and around the balcony, occupied by the band and choral singers, other garlands were festooned. Many ladies were present.

ADDRESS OF MR. BANCROFT.

At nine o'clock the band began to play "Hail to the Chief," the invited guests, among whom were Emerson, Holmes, Willis, Street, Tuckerman, Boker, Read, Stoddard, Taylor, etc., together with the president and the poet, entered the room. At the conclusion of the music, Mr. Bancroft, in well-chosen words, addressed Mr. Bryant, con-

gratulating him upon having attained to his threescore years and ten, and trusting that he would be spared to the "Century," to his home, and to his country yet many years to come. He mentioned in his remarks that it had been said of some poet that he had never written a line which, when dying, he would wish to blot, and so it might be said of Mr. Bryant, that he had written no verse which his readers would not forever treasure in their hearts. He spoke of the many years he had known Mr. Bryant, and the high appreciation he had always entertained of him both as a man and a poet. Those who had failed, in Mr. Bryant's early career, to appreciate and acknowledge his genius, had long since discovered their error, and none now living but was willing to pay tribute to his powers. [Notwithstanding his years, Mr. Bryant's eye was still undimmed, his form a erect and his step as elastic as it was in his youth, and his mind as strong and his fancy as prolific. He was destined, the speaker hoped, to be spared many years, and write many more noble and spirited poems.

MR. BRYANT'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Bryant responded in a brief speech, thanking the "Century" for its kindness in thus honoring him, and congratulating it upon the ability of the present president, the historian of the United States, and of the former incumbent, the fine scholar and writer. Mr. Bryant drew a graphic picture of what the world would be if it were made up entirely of old men, and expressed his thankfulness that there were youths and maidens to laugh and to be merry.

Mr. Bryant said that in looking upon those assembled around him, he missed many of his earlier associates whom he would have been glad to welcome on this occasion. Of these were he who had written the "Buccaneer," one of the most spirited poems of the language, Dana; and he who wrote the "Croakers" and "Marco Bozzaris," whose wit and humor were so closely allied with the pathetic and the grand; and the Quaker poet, who, notwithstanding his peaceful creed, had given us some of the most warlike and spirit-stirring songs of the times; and the witty author of the "Biglow Papers;" and Pierpont and Longfellow and Sprague; but he was glad to perceive that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was present, he who wrote

that noble poem, commencing "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down," and that he who had extracted poetry from the song of the humble-bee was also present.

A CHANT.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bryant's remarks, the following chant, written by Bayard Taylor, the music by Louis Lang, was sung by the chorus boys of Trinity Church:—

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A CHANT FOR HIS SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Set to Music by Louis Lang.

I.

ONE hour be silent, sounds of war !
 Delay the battle he foretold,
 And let the bard's triumphant star
 Pour down from heaven its mildest gold.

II.

Let Fame, that plucks but laurel now
 For loyal heroes, turn away,
 And twine, to crown her Poet's brow,
 The greener garland of the bay.

III.

For he, our earliest minstrel, fills
 The land with echoes, sweet and long,
 Gives language to her silent hills,
 And bids her rivers move to song.

IV.

The Phosphor of the Nation's dawn,
 Sole risen above our tuneless coast,
 As Hesper, now, his lamp burns on,—
 The leader of the starry host.

V.

He sings of mountains and of streams,
 Of storied field and haunted dale;
 Yet hears a voice through all his dreams
 Which says, "The good shall yet prevail."

VI.

He sings of Truth; he sings of Right;
 He sings of Freedom, and his strains
 March with our armies to the fight,
 Ring in the bondmen's falling chains.

VII.

God, bid him live, till in her place
 Truth, crushed to earth, again shall rise,—
 The "mother of a mighty race,"
 Fulfil her Poet's prophecies.

[Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow,
 Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
 Deep in the brightness of thy skies,
 The thronging years in glory rise, etc., etc.]

BRYANT'S POEMS.]

LETTERS.

The chant was followed by the reading of several letters from invited guests who were

unable to be present. Among them were letters from Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Halleck. The president then called upon Ralph Waldo Emerson, who made a few pertinent and pleasing remarks; and poems were read by Mrs. Howe, Boker, of Philadelphia, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter was filled with sparkling gems of thought, and was rapturously applauded.

THE ARTIST'S ALBUM.

The presentation to Mr. Bryant of a portfolio, containing sketches by more than forty artists, members of the Century, was then made by the president. We recall "An Autumn Day," by Cranch; a landscape, with lake and mountains, by Gifford; a rocky coast scene, by Haseltine; a sunset, by Coleman; a "Spanish Beauty," by Hall; a drawing of "Thanatopsis," personified by a figure bearing a scythe and an extinguished torch, by Kuntze; a photograph of a bust of a child, with a wreath of morning-glories around her head, by Launt Thompson; a century plant in bloom, by Church, and a winter scene, by Gignoux, illustrating Mr. Bryant's lines,—

"Upon the mountain's distant head,
With trackless snows forever white,
Where all is still and cold and dead,
Late shines the day's departing light."

In addition to the above there are sketches by Cropsey, Stone, Huntington, Lang, Kensett, Durand, Leutz, Darley, Hays, McEntee, Hennessy, Benson, H. P. Gray, Vaux, Hicks, etc., and other artists will also contribute. Following the presentation, the company descended to the supper-room. After supper the company again assembled in the hall above, and listened to speeches and poems.

Bayard Taylor read a poem from R. H. Stoddard.

Alfred B. Street recited an original poem, after which further letters were read and speeches made by the Rev. Drs. Osgood and Bellows, and Messrs. Dana, Evarts, etc. At twelve o'clock the party, gratified and full of kind wishes for the future happiness of the poet, separated for their homes.

The "Century" intend to issue a volume containing the entire proceedings of the evening, including the addresses, poems, and letters the occasion called forth, which will be both interesting and valuable.

From The Spectator.

LUCY AIKIN.*

MISS LUCY AIKIN had all the qualities of a lively converser,—not merely lively in the feminine sense, that is, full of animation and intellectual tact, but lively also in the masculine sense, with quick appreciation of intellectual distinctions, as well as the quick humor which accommodates intellectual distinctions to the society to which they are appropriate. Of such a person a book that only includes a few miscellanies and letters can of course give but a very inadequate specimen. Miss Aikin was not a writer of that class who leave their own characters indelibly stamped on their writings. She had little intensity though much play in her intellectual nature, and she needed to a considerable extent the "give and take" of society in order to elicit fully her peculiar ability. Her capacities were of the kind to form a very distinguished *salon*, if that institution could only be transplanted from Paris to London. Had she lived a little later, we could imagine *Saturday* reviewers flocking to her *reunions* expressly to talk over with her those social subjects by which our contemporary chiefly gained and retains its reputation. They would have extracted from her many a keen remark and just distinction, which they would probably have thrown into a better form than Miss Aikin could create for herself in a formal essay. The short miscellanies prefixed to the letters are precisely of the type and quality of thought of many of the articles technically called "sub-leaders" published in the *Saturday*,—avoiding first principles, acutely comparing apparent contradictions, limiting carefully the precise scope of general social axioms or assumptions, and not disliking, perhaps preferring, after some discussion, to leave the question just as open as they found it. But the form of these slight disquisitions is not nearly as neat as the *Saturday* reviewers would have made it. Sometimes they take the form of that unreal and lifeless dialogue in which "A" and "B" converse together like "Tutor," "George," and "Harry," in the only papers of her father, Dr. Aikin's "Evenings at Home," which children ever failed to appreciate,—but which we are bound to say

* "Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters." By the late Lucy Aikin. Edited by Philip Hemery Le Breton, of the Inner Temple. London: Longman & Co.

they very properly loathed. Miss Aikin would have said the same things in a real dialogue with many times the lightness and point with which she has said them here. Still these miscellanies show distinctly enough the general power and scope of her mind. She discusses, for instance, with great acuteness in what senses English society is and is not aristocratic. Again she points out with precisely the manner of a *Saturday* reviewer why we so often attach to our regrets for friends' misfortunes a rider compassionately but firmly blaming them for the result,—why if a friend fails in business we mingle with our pity a hint that he was very imprudent to unite with so speculative a partner,—or if he dies, lament that he should have put so much confidence in the medical man who attended him :—

“A tacit reference to self enters, more or less, into all our sympathetic emotions. It is matter of the most familiar remark, that no misfortunes affect us so much as those which are likely one day to fall to our own lot; and in our anxiety to remove this apprehension from ourselves, we are ever ready to catch hold of some casual or accessory circumstance to which to impute the calamity. ‘My friend,’ we say, ‘was indeed ruined; but it was by negligence, by imprudent trust. I, who am neither imprudent nor negligent, have no such catastrophe to fear. He died, but it was through the ignorance of his physician; I employ one who is skilful.’ A little distrust, however, is apt still to intrude upon these consolatory explanations. We fear it may be only a flattering unction that we are laying to our souls, and we endeavor, by our very vehemence, to impose silence on our secret doubts how far it may be well directed.”

So in another little essay Miss Aikin puts in a defence of intellectual doubt, in precisely the same style,—not explaining to what kind of doubt she refers, but grounding her defence on the etymology of doubt from “double,” so as to make it express suspense between alternatives, and pointing to the tolerance which such doubt cherishes. In a word Miss Aikin's intellect seemed chiefly formed for the oral discussion of these secondary sort of questions, involving acute comparisons and lively examples, but not probing deeply, and usually defending, like the *Saturday*, not without ability, a view liable to the charge of being superficial or commonplace. She had a sharp secular intellect of that neutral tint

which is always keenest on points of judgment and observation rather than points of principle, and which is particularly adapted, therefore, to weigh the lighter usages of society in the balance, and sum up the evidence on matters which are *not* involved with the genius of personal character or the exigencies of a great movement. Miss Aikin's estimates of men of real genius, like Carlyle or Wordsworth, for example, are apt to be wanting in discernment. She took her stand on a platform of literary ideas on which a Carlyle was not possible,—was a monster rather than an eccentricity.

It is a pity that the editor has given us so many of Miss Aikin's letters to Dr. Channing. They were letters interesting no doubt to her to write, and to him to read, but they are not of any great interest to the public; for they go into subjects which were scarcely adapted to the peculiar nature of Miss Aikin's talents, and throw no light on those subjects which has not been thrown a thousand times before. Metaphysics and theology were not in Miss Aikin's way, and when she grows “earnest” she is, we regret to say, apt also to grow dull, because a little superficial. The same may be said of the letters to Mrs. Taylor. Some of them are the earliest dated letters in the book, and were perhaps written before Miss Aikin had grown out of the pedantic age, or possibly it may have been that Her reverence for this particular friend induced her to stand on mental tiptoe when she wrote. This sort of thing is very trying :—

“In the fate of Europe, what food for meditation! The first, the most welcome, thought that strikes me is, that for sovereigns, as for private persons, for nations as for individuals, it is good to have been afflicted.”

Moralizing was never in Miss Aikin's way, and had any young lady moralized on the advantages of national adversity to *her*, we feel sure she would have had some poignant repartee to make. Mrs. Taylor appears to have been the only correspondent to whom her style ever became inflated. The following reads to us more like a fragment from one of Evelina's letters than from one of Miss Aikin's :—

“What delightful satisfaction have I had in recurring to those sacred hours which we were permitted to pass together! Who can

express the cheerfulness, the vigor, the sense of inward refreshment procured by such expansions of the heart and mind? To meet a kindred soul, whose intuitive sympathy gives the power of clothing in words thoughts which must otherwise have bloomed and died in long and joyless succession within the dark recesses of the bosom, is a boon more bright than all the fabled gifts of fairy benefactors, and one in which there seems to be as much of spell and talisman. What is the charm, my friend, by which you thread the whole labyrinth of my bosom, and find access to cells of which I myself must have forgotten the existence?"

Of this sort, however, there is but little. Many of the letters, especially from Edinburgh, from Mr. Roscoe's house at Allerton, and also the earlier ones from Hampstead, are very lively. And many even of the others are full of anecdote. Here are two very good stories:—

"My father and mother were not particularly delighted with their expedition to G——'s, as far as the beauties of nature were concerned. My father heard there an anecdote which will give you an idea of the extreme barbarity of the fen country. A Cambridge physician being sent for to a patient in that part, and finding the road scarcely passable, though it was the middle of summer, inquired of his conductor, a simple country lad, what the people could possibly do for medical assistance in winter? 'Oh, sir!' replied the gawky, 'in winter they die a natural death!' My father has got something from his fen expedition, however; namely, a descriptive letter for the *Athenæum*, for which Dr. Falkener has also sent a dissertation on the Elysian fields. There is a man at Acle, whose name I forget, who has written to say that if my father will accept of his service for the *Athenæum*, his mind will be found 'a perpetual source of poetic and prosaic strength;' he confesses, however, that there is a kind of confusion in his head, but hopes my father will be so good as to 'put him in order.' Oh, the Norfolk geniuses!"

The volume contains, on the whole, much that is entertaining, though much that might have been omitted with advantage, especially if the space could have been filled up with any of the more interesting letters to, as well as from, Miss Aikin, to give us a conception not only of the influences that were brought to bear upon her mind, but of the impressions she made upon others. Of these, indeed, the traces are often visible enough in

her letters. Miss Aikin often reflects unconsciously the tone of mind of the person to whom she is writing,—in some measure "ceases to be herself and becomes a correspondent." Still, her relations with her friends would have been far clearer to us, had some of the monotonous letters to Dr. Channing and Mrs. Taylor been omitted, in favor of letters addressed to herself by such men as Mr. Whishaw, Mr. Roscoe, or Professor Smyth.

From The Saturday Review.

LOVELY WOMAN.

It is an interesting question, which most people of both sexes have to discuss when they begin to pass over middle life, how far it is legitimate to "make up." It may be objected that "legitimate" is too strong a word. But there undoubtedly are stern moralists who discern actual sin in the effort to be artificially beautiful. Arguing by merely logical ethics, it is not very difficult for them to make out their case. False hair and dyeing are distinctly meant to deceive; and the same must be said of padding and rouge. It is true that they may be, and are, generally done so badly that no one is deceived except very short-sighted people. But the character of the intention is not affected by the skill of the execution. For padding and dyeing and rouge no defence whatever can be set up. They are clearly intended to obtain admiration on false pretences, and therefore amount to social swindling. They must place the consciences of those who have recourse to them in a very unpleasant dilemma. If a young lady, by dyeing her red hair brown, or her mud-colored hair auburn, has succeeded in obtaining a place in some male heart, she must feel that she has been guilty of exactly the same offence in kind as that of the footman who has secured a good place of a more prosaic kind by the adventitious protuberance of his calves. On the other hand, if she obtains no success, she must be the victim of that specially poignant kind of remorse which visits those who have done wrong and have got nothing by it. There is more to be said in behalf of false hair, though the defence is sophistical in kind. The moralist has no plea to offer in behalf of "fronts," or "puffs," or "tails;" though, in regard to these latter, the precedent which is set by the horses of the Life

Guards may seem to afford to the fair sex a kind of government sanction for the immorality of which they are guilty. But they should feel some compunction on the score of fairness, if not of truthfulness. It is very hard that, while woman can conceal the dishonors of an unproductive scalp, science has furnished to her masculine rival no device for escaping the opprobrium which attaches to a scrubby beard or starved mustaches. The only difficulty which the casuist will meet with, who has to analyze the different shades of the capillary lie, will arise out of the wig. Middle-aged gentlemen who are detected in a wig before they have quite persuaded themselves that they are no longer young are very apt to pretend that they are afflicted with neuralgia in the ears, or rheumatism in the nose, or some other complaint which makes it a matter of necessity to keep their heads covered. In fact, evasions of this kind may be generally detected by a ghastly, conscience-stricken effort on the part of the offender to gasp out the words,—“directions of my medical man.” When health obviously robust makes this resource unavailable, some hardened sinners are shameless enough to pretend that the flies settle upon their scalps. A director who had to deal with cases of this kind would probably compromise the matter by prescribing some form of wig which could not possibly contribute to the beautification of the wearer. Specimens of such an arrangement may often be seen upon old gentlemen, who almost advertise the exact nature of their cranial protection by putting a jet-black wig above white or sandy-haired whiskers. No doubt these party-colored worthies have felt the ethical difficulty, and have settled the matter with their consciences in this way. False teeth are more difficult for the moralist to deal with; for their utility is beyond controversy. Occasionally it falls to the lot of luckless guests to sit next a lady who has been deprived by bad fate and worse dentists of her real teeth, and is debarred by her principles from false ones. After two hours’ effort to look animated and intelligent, and to say “yes” in the right place, the victim may well go away disgusted with principles for life. Perhaps the most truly virtuous plan is that which was adopted by an upright Scotch provost, who felt that it was wrong to sacrifice either his principles or his friends,

and therefore always kept his teeth upon his table, and only put them in when he wished to indulge in conversation. As the operation was always lengthy, and occasionally unsuccessful, his daughter would sit by and restrain the impatience of any thoughtless visitor by the observation, “Please, sir, to sit awhile till father has made his teeth tight.”

But the question of taste is perhaps more difficult to adjust than that of morals. There is an inconsistency in the standard applied for which it is not easy to account. Why is false hair a very pardonable offence, and false color a deadly crime? No lady would mind acknowledging to a friend of her own sex that she was not indebted to the bounty of nature for all her luxuriant burden of hair. But lives there the woman so bold that she would confess to the rouge-pot, even before her most intimate friend? There are a good many very respectable women who would prefer to hear that some scandalous story was being circulated about them rather than have it popularly believed that they painted. It is very likely that this feeling will not last. An undercurrent of feeling seems to be setting in upon this momentous subject, but it has only got as far as people’s actions, and has not yet affected the sentiments they profess in conversation. Any one, judging of the manners and customs of the women of England merely from what he hears them say, would imagine that paint was an utter abomination. But there are painful indications that the forbidden thing is not quite so strange to them as they would have people believe. Any one who is curious on these subjects should study the price-lists of some of the fashionable perfumers. They contain a mine of information concerning what a German would call the genesis of female beauty. It has become quite an art, in the ingenuity and elaboration of its detail; and, if we may judge by the results, a very successful art. To the poet or the sentimentalist it might be pleasanter to believe that the beautiful and delicate coloring that may be seen in any large gathering of English ladies was nature’s spontaneous product. But perhaps it is more congenial to our national character, and to the qualities by which we have won our position, that we should owe nothing to nature’s bounty, and everything to our own ingenuity and skill. The untaught male studying one of these lists is like a

savage who has been carried over the ocean to see a civilized land. He cannot advance a step without being moved to wonder by the minute refinement which is implied by everything that meets his eye. Let us take up one of them, and by its aid follow the manufacture of loveliness in all its stages, as practised in the second half of the nineteenth century. The first point, of course, to obtain is cleanliness; in regard to this matter, we regret to say, the information afforded is not wholly satisfactory. On such a point, a perfumer's notions may be expected to differ from those of a sanitary reformer. The first preparation the English beauty employs is

“Cold Cream Soap.—This Soap being prepared without Alkali, renders it exceedingly mild.”

So we should imagine. To judge by other senses than our eyes, we should infer that “cold cream soap” was extensively employed by many classes of Her Majesty's subjects. But, at all events, it calls itself a soap, and to that extent may claim superiority over

“Florimel of Ivy.—No young Spanish girl considers her toilet-case complete unless it contains a jar of Ivy Paste, which she has good reason to know is a sure conserve of beauty. The excessive growth of Ivy (wild) on the Spanish Pyrenees is scarcely sufficient to supply the markets of Madrid, Barcelona, and St. Sebastian. Large quantities are obtained from Bayonne, the young and tender leaf alone being employed. The Florimel is a perfect substitute for soap; ladies who use it will not require that detergent.”

No doubt a Spanish girl would not suffer very much in her mind if it were not a perfect substitute, as she has probably in most cases never heard of “that detergent.” But the vigor of the imagination which could conceive the idea of washing with ivy paste instead of soap approaches to the verge of genius. No doubt the ingenuity of the efforts made to rescue ladies from the unpleasant necessity of washing will be rewarded by an abundant popularity. Any lady, however, who is of opinion that these preparations approach too nearly in their character to the detested “detergent,” has another resource, free from the most distant suspicion of detergent qualities:—

“Pestachio Nut Meal, 3s. 1b.—An excellent substitute for Soap for Tender Skin.”

But the skin must undergo other manipula-

tions before it is fit for the paint, in order to confer qualities upon it whose value is no doubt known to the initiated:—

“Milk of Pestachio Nuts, for imparting voluté to the complexion.

“Lait de Concombre, for Freckles.

“Oriental Rusma, to remove Hair.

“Cosmetic Vinegar, for cooling and softening the Skin.

“Arsenical Lotion (imported from Styria, Lower Austria).—This Lotion gives beauty and freshness to the Complexion, plumpness to the Figure, clearness and softness to the Skin.”

In case this somewhat formidable preparation should fail to give sufficient “plumpness to the figure,” there is a resource, more venerable in its associations, of whose full powers the readers of the book of Exodus are probably not aware. We commend the matter to the attention of Dr. Colenso, as a fit subject for the exertions of his powerful mind:—

“Sinai Manna.—When eaten this has the effect of imparting *embonpoint*. 12s. 6d. 1b.

It is a pity that Mr. Herbert was ignorant of this remarkable fact, as it might have aided him in the delineation of his female figures. We hope Mr. Banting will be careful to warn some of his pupils, who may be travelling to the East, of the dangers they run. After all this careful preparation, the skin may be looked upon as ready for the paint-brush, or, rather, the hare's foot:—

“Sympathetic Blush, for Pallid Cheeks.

“Powder Bloom, fair and dark.

“Finest Rouge.—This is the coloring precipitated from the Damask Rose Leaf.

“Blanc de Perle.

“Bleu pour Veines.

“Dark Coral Lip Salve.

“Rouge de Piesse, does not wash off.”

We should have thought the last precaution was superfluous. The cheeks and lips having been thus elaborated *secundum artem*, the laborious beauty addresses herself to the decoration of her eyes. The next list has rather an alarming look, and shows that the fair artist must possess courage as well as taste.

“Persian Antimony, for the Eyelashes, with Ivory Probe, 3s. 6d.

“Egyptian Kohhl, for the Brows and Lashes, 10s.

“Henna, from Persia (for the inside of the Eyelid).

“Belladonna, imparts brilliancy and fascination to the Eyes, 2s. 6d.”

Such aids to the toilet must form an admirable safeguard for feminine modesty. It would be a perilous matter to make too free with a lady so poisonously beautified; an ill-placed kiss might be fatal to the enterprising adorer. One or two supplementary charms may be added at discretion:—

“Nail Powder, Poudre pour Polir les Ongles, et leur donner le brillant de la nacre rosée.
“Unguenti Odoratissima, for Princesses, 7s. jars.”

From the language in which this last item is described we may gather the interesting fact, unknown to political writers, that princesses require a superlative quantity of scent.

There is one other item in the list which does not at first sight seem germane to a perfumer's business:—

“Secret or Sympathetic Ink, adapted for private correspondence.”

What can the lovely creatures who owe a portion of their charms to this beauty-giving art want with “private correspondence”? And, if they should want it, do they make the perfumer from whom they purchase it, and who must guess at the reason for which they purchase it, the confidant—and something more—of their joys and longings? If the tenderness which his heart evidently feels towards female weaknesses should prompt him to accept such confidences, it is only just that he should be repaid by such a tariff of prices as some of those that are charged at these shops.

From The Saturday Review.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.*

MISS WHATELY is well performing her office of literary executor to her father. A republication of his whole works would be out of place. The “Logic” and “Rhetoric” had their value in their day. They expanded the range of Oxford intellect in the direction in which Oxford was then willing to receive expansion; and “Fallacies” appended to the former, if not strictly part of a logical treatise (for they were almost exclusively material, not formal), were full of suggestive passages, and went a long way in teaching an inert academi-

*“Miscellaneous Remains from the Commonplace-Book of Richard Whately, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin.” Edited by Miss E. J. Whately. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

cal generation to think with some clearness and independence. Most of his other works were of considerable though temporary interest, and in his notes on Paley and Bacon he incorporated many of the passages which, in his later years, he thought most deserving of prolonged life. In 1855-6 there appeared a volume or two of selections from his writings, made by a friendly hand with His Grace's permission (to say the truth, Whately was rather fond of being “selected,” and epitomized); and in now giving to the world these Remains, which there seems some reason to think may be supplemented by a second volume from parts of the Commonplace-book which were supposed at one time to be lost, but—if we may trust a passing notice the other day—have been lately recovered, Miss Whately is erecting the best monument to her father's memory. Moreover, the volumes in question enable those who are curious in literary history to compare the rough-hewn thoughts of the archbishop, as they appear in the earlier pages of the Commonplace-book which was his constant companion, with their fuller development in his published works; and they who, with ourselves, think the broad outlines of thought and theory more valuable in the rough than in their elaborated, and sometimes emasculated, fullness of statement, have here a storehouse of lively notions, and very lively illustrations, which will take their place beside “Guesses at Truth” by the brothers Hare. To this latter work, indeed, they have a close affinity,—as close as is consistent with the difference between the thoroughly Oxford tone of Whately and the Cambridge element which, notwithstanding Augustus Hare's being of Oxford, pervades the “Guesses.” The “Guesses,” again, have a cheery, healthy, undergraduate smack about them, which is exchanged in Whately—very unconsciously—for the savor of the Oxford tutor. Sometimes he is more staid, as if restrained by his feeling of *ταπείνωσις* and sometimes (by the very reaction against donnishness in his earlier, and against party spirit in his later, days) more flagrantly *ἐναντίος τῶν δόξων* than either the Hares or any one else could have been. But the difference either way is real. And perhaps it is best expressed by saying that while the Hares were investigators, guessers, starters of intellectual game, it probably never occurred to Whately that he

was, or could be, guessing at anything. Every new notion came from his brain *totus*, if not always *teres*; he was essentially a teacher. He advised a man one day, who was puzzled with some Aristotelian difficulty, to lay hold of a pupil, and try to teach him it. The advice was sound as a rule, and it is evidently the way in which he learned himself. No doubt this way of teaching one's self by the help of other people's stupidity, and sharpening one's own brains by making whetstones of everybody else, brings with it a certain contempt for the persons who contribute the passive element to the operation; and in this, as every one knows, Whately was far, indeed, from being deficient to begin with. It ends, also, too probably, in a sort of appetite for followers, *clacqueurs*, and *assentatores*, which dwarfs and deteriorates the class-leader.

Very early in Whately's career, Dr. Newman tells us, he had observed that Whately did not like people to differ from him; and we almost fear that what was originally a love of good healthy banter, with a fair amount of give-and-take about its war of words, degenerated into an archiepiscopal tendency toward something very like snubbing. The battle is no longer equal. The pupil may retort; a brother don, however dull in general, may deal a telling back-hander now and then; but the palace is an awful place. The chaplain who has obtained promotion, and the curate who is looking out for it, must suppress the repartee that springs to his lips, all the more determinately in proportion to its vigor. It is not, however, fair to form even a passing conjecture as to Whately's falling into this unwholesome mess of obsequiousness on the one hand and *brusquerie* on the other, until we have considerably better means of forming a judgment respecting his later life than any that can be gathered from Mr. Fitzpatrick's preëminently impertinent invasion of the literary properties. Miss Whately promises to conclude her labors with a "Life of her Father," and though probably no one now can supply the living features of Whately of Oriel—i. e., the true Whately; for we take it that the Dublin Whately was an ungenial mistake, a fish out of water—as Nassau Senior, for instance, could have done had he still survived, yet we may be sure of much interesting detail; and at all events, the picture will be

filled in with the gentler home-touches which unquestionably existed, and of which, as unquestionably, the popular notion of Whately stands very much in need.

We are here, however, concerned with his commonplace-book, not his biography, and yet it is very full of autobiographic traits of unusual value. The following, for example, explain a good deal of the inner man whose outside bearing laid him open to many a misconstruction:—

"I suffered all the extreme agonies of shyness for many years; and if the efforts to which I was continually stimulated [to think about his *gaucherie*, copy other people's manners, etc.] had been in any degree successful, or had been applauded as such, I should probably have gone on to affectation, and have remained conscious all my life; but finding no encouragement, I was fortunately driven to utter despair. I then said to myself, 'Why should I endure this torture all my life to no purpose? I would bear it still if there were any progress made, any success to be hoped for; but since there is not, I will die quietly without taking any more doses. I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life in spite of it. I will endeavor to think as little about it as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured.' From this time I struggled as vigorously to harden myself against censure as I ever had to avoid it. . . . I was acting more wisely than I thought for at the time, and I succeeded beyond my expectations; for I not only got rid of the personal feeling of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces, and acquired at once an easy and natural manner, careless, indeed, in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion, which I had convinced myself must ever be against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way; and, of course, tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good-will towards men which I really feel.—(1818.)"

Again, in 1857:—

"I have known a man—a son of my father's—who was regarded by nearly half of his most intimate acquaintances as excessively *sanguine*, and by rather more than half as excessively *desponding*. A phrenologist, in examining his skull, gave a description which might explain this strange discrepancy; 'very enterprising, very persevering, not at all sanguine.' This judgment was based on "hope, small; cautiousness, large; and again, firmness, conscientiousness, veneration, benevolence, constructiveness, and the

reflective organs, all large.' The latter organs made him devise schemes for the public good (in which his firmness insured perseverance) and *try* at them as a matter of duty even when the chance of success was small, since duty consists in *trying*, not in succeeding; and the former organs led him to anticipate failure. Again, that same person was regarded by some (though not many) of those who knew him well, as very opinionated, pertinacious, contemptuous towards opponents, and intolerant of dissent; and by most, as very hesitating in forming his judgment, very open to conviction, and eminently tolerant. The cause was, I conceive, that the strongest *assertions* unsupported by *proof*, and the ten-thousandth iteration of such assurances, had no weight with him at all; and moreover that, the more numerous and pertinacious and able were those who differed from him, the more he adhered to his opinions, when his reasons for them had been given, and remained unanswered; because, in proportion to the number and the zeal and the ability of his opponents, the probability is the stronger that some flaw in the argument would be detected if any there were."

Thus far, those who please may take the passage for an analysis of a "son of his father," but the irrepressible personal pronoun cannot be longer kept in:—

"Some doctrines which I have maintained have been before the public, with my reasons in support of them, from fifteen to thirty years, and have attracted no small attention. That the majority are opposed to them, and have been all along, confirms my adherence to them more and more every year, because no answer at all, or none that deserves the name of an argument, has ever appeared. And this some regard as a proof that I hold cheap all who differ from me, when in truth it proves the very reverse, since I consider that they *would* have found a refutation in all that time, had refutation been possible."

There is something of the wrong side, as well as of the right side, of Whately here. It never occurs to him that any human being, of appreciable intellectual worth, could be honestly able to say that he never read the "doctrines," or never thought it worth while to answer them.

Here is one more extract, also characteristic of Whately, but preëminently of Ireland:—

"A man once asked me for a living, avowedly on the ground that he had always been my strenuous adversary, and I had thus, he said a 'fine opportunity of showing my magnanimity.' He had heard, probably, of my

being a whimsical person who was above personal resentment, and of deliberate *esteem* and *disesteem*, founded on principles of justice, the vulgar have no notion. They can understand 'bearing malice,' and they can understand 'forgive and forget,' but to forgive without forgetting seems to them a contradiction."

These are not at all either livelier or more characteristic extracts than might be made from almost any page of Miss Whately's singularly interesting little volume. Perhaps for the first time we here see Whately very much as he saw himself. Even in matters which occupied his serious attention for years and to which he devoted large volumes with inexhaustible liberality, we prefer his embryo-octavos as they appear here, sometimes in an essay of a couple of pages, sometimes in a pithy sentence. The little collection of Apophthegms that he made from *γνώμαι* scattered up and down his works—they are only twenty-five in all—might be greatly enlarged, perhaps even into a volume something like one of Coleridge's "Table-talk." If this ever comes to pass, we may be allowed to beg that it be not headed, as here, Apophthegms. Possibly Whately wrote it so, as we observe that he once writes *εὐφημειν* and now and then misquotes his Greek and Latin; but it is not expedient to remind the world that the archbishop's forte lay in his own language, his authority on matters of scholarship being unfortunately inconsiderable.

Also in a future reëditing of the Commonplace-book (in full), together with a good selection of sentences and bright sayings from his works, we venture to request the omission of his poetry. It only fills twenty pages; but it afflicts one much as one is afflicted by being shown, at Abbotsford, Walter Scott's old coat and trousers. The Napoleonic effusions very possibly passed muster in the patriotic fever of the time. But it is scarcely fair to Whately to give enduring record to such rant as the following:—

"Brave youths who thirst for fight,
Now's the time for noble deeds;
Up the steep and slippery height
Now spur your gallant steeds

"For 'tis Wellington that gives the command;
Charge! charge! (or all is lost)
On the close-embattled host,
And drive them from their post,
Sword in hand!"

The parenthesis, in a serio-comic point of view, is inimitable : but the age is unluckily gifted with too ready a perception of the ludicrous for such experiments. That Whately could have written serio-comic verse (though scarcely verse of any other kind) the following, from a supposed "Elegy on Dr. Buckland," gives genial evidence :—

"Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones ?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element underground.

"If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch these tools away
Of his own geological toil ;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should lie his organic remains.

"Then exposed to the drip of some case-harden-
ing spring
His carcass let stalactite cover,
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring
When he is incrustated all over ;
There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a
shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself."

THE PRESIDENT ON THE ELECTION.

WASHINGTON, 10 Nov.

THE President appeared at an upper window, and, when the cheers with which he was greeted had ceased, spoke as follows :—

"It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people' can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies.

"On this point the present rebellion has brought our Republic to a severe test ; and a presidential election, occurring in regular course during the rebellion, has added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fail when divided and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves ? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have a free government without elections ; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us.

"The strife of election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men who have passed through this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged [Cheers.]

"But the election, along with its incidental and undesirable strife, has done good too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the

midst of a great civil war. [Renewed cheers.] Until now it has not been proven to the world that this was a possibility. It shows, also, how sound and how strong we still are. It shows that, even among candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's vote. [Applause.] It shows also, to the extent yet unknown, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place, but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold. [Cheers, and other demonstrations of applause.] But the rebellion continues, and now that the election is over, may not all, having a common interest, unite in a common effort to save our common country ? [Cheers.]

"For my own part, I have striven, and shall strive, to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. [Cheers.] So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a reelection, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result. [Cheers.] May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit towards those who have ? And now let me close by asking three hearty cheers for our brave soldiers and seamen and their gallant and skilful commanders."

The three cheers were enthusiastically given, accompanied by music and the sound of cannon.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1071.—10 December, 1864.

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BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O EVEN-HANDED Nature ! we confess
This life that men so honor, love, and bless
Has filled thine olden measure. Not the less

We count the precious seasons that remain ;
Strike not the level of the golden grain,
But heap it high with years, that earth may gain

What heaven can lose,—for heaven is rich in song :
Do not all poets, dying, still prolong
Their broken chants amid the seraph throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is seen,
And England's heavenly minstrel sits between
The Mantuan and the wan-cheeked Florentine ?

This was the first sweet singer in the cage
Of our close-woven life. A new-born age
Claims in his vesper song its heritage.

Spare us, oh, spare us long our heart's desire !
Moloch, who calls our children through the fire,
Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun
The hours, the minutes, that his sands have run ;
Rather, as on those flowers that one by one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom display
Till evening's planet with her guiding ray
Leads in the blind old mother of the day.

We reckon by his songs, each song a flower,
The long, long daylight, numbering hour by hour,
Each breathing sweetness like a bridal bower.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget ?
His noontide's full-blown lily coronet ?
His evening primrose has not opened yet ;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide the skies
In midnight from his century-laden eyes,
Darkened like his who sung of paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open bright
As the resplendent cactus of the night
That floods the gloom with fragrance and with light ?

How can we praise the verse whose music flows
With solemn cadence and majestic close,
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose ?

How shall we thank him that in evil days
He faltered never,—nor for blame, nor praise,
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays ?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,
So to his youth his manly years were true,
All dyed in royal purple through and through !

He for whose touch the lyre of heaven is strung
Needs not the flattering toil of mortal tongue ;
Let not the singer grieve to die unsung !

Marbles forget their message to mankind :
In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives enshrined.

As in their amber sweets the smothered bees,—
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering trees.

Poets, like youngest children, never grow
Out of their mother's fondness. Nature so
Holds their soft hands, and will not let them go.

Till at the last they track with even feet
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses beat
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips repeat

The secrets she has told them, as their own :
Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful throne !

O lover of her mountains and her woods,
Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,
Where Love himself with tremulous step intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred fire ;
Far be the day that claims thy sounding lyre
To join the music of the angel choir !

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be filled,
Since throbbing hearts must be forever stilled,
And all must fade that evening sunsets gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal eyes
That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,
Its smoke may vanish from these blackened skies !

Then, when his summons comes, since come it
must,

And, looking heavenward with unfaltering trust,
He wraps his drapery round him for the dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er his head
The Northern fires beyond the zenith spread
In lambent glory, blue and white and red,—

The Southern cross without its bleeding load,
The milky way of peace all fleshly strowed,
And every white-throned star fixed in its lost
abode !

—Atlantic Monthly.

SALT AND FRESH.

OH, I love the sailor !—indeed, I do,
The sailor so blithe and free ;
(Though a genuine salt I never knew,
And none of the craft knows me.)

His life is the merriest life that floats,
And a storm is his vital breath ;
(You never catch me in one of his boats ;
For a storm would scare me to death.)

Oh, sweet must it be in shrouds to cling
When the hurricane shrieks in his ears !
(Though I reckon it wouldn't be just the thing
For a man of my habits and years.)

Oh, his purse, it is open to every lad,
And his passion to every lass !
(But his business habits are rather bad,
And his morals—well, let them pass.)

He roves unfettered from land to land,
Wins treasure from every sea ;
(I wish he would visit the country, and
Bring his beautiful things to me.)

And I guess he will, when he comes to learn
How I have grown pale and thin
In writing these wonderful verses, to earn
Some beautiful things for him !
—Boatswain's Whistle. J. G. H.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES."

BY W. D. CHRISTIE.

A WRITER in the July number of *Fraser's Magazine*, who has described most of the living judges of England, has, under a mistake about one of them, introduced an allusion to a Cambridge society to which, not by itself, the name of "Apostles" has been given. He says of Mr. Justice Blackburn that "he was educated at Eton and Trinity College, where he took a creditable degree in mathematics. His friends thought highly of him, and he was enrolled a member of the club or society called 'The Apostles,' which boasts of having worked wonders in the domains of thought and imagination. It may lay claim to a man of genius or two, and several men of talent, as having belonged to the fraternity; but as regards national thought or progress, its annals might be cut out of the intellectual history of England, without being missed."

Mr. Justice Blackburn was eighth wrangler in 1834, and was not a member of the society to which his name has served as a pretext for this allusion. His abilities are accredited to the world by something stronger than his college honors or the opinion of friends; for there is probably no more remarkable instance of a high appointment given entirely from disinterested conviction of ability and learning than the selection, by Lord Campbell, when lord chancellor, for the first judgeship he had to give, of Mr. Blackburn, a political opponent, known to him only as a member of the bar, and not suggested for promotion by precedence, for he was not a queen's counsel, or by popular opinion, for to the general public he was unknown. It so happens, however, that the learned judge did not belong to the fraternity which, according to this writer, "boasts of having worked wonders in the domains of thought and imagination," and whose annals, strange to say, though the writer asserts that it has comprised one or two men of genius and several of talent, might yet, he thinks, be "cut out of the intellectual history of England without being missed." The mistake has perhaps originated in a confusion with a younger brother of the judge, the Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow, who was a member of the society.

This society has existed for forty-four

years in the University of Cambridge. Its own name is *Conversazione Society*. It is limited in number to twelve actual members in residence, undergraduates or bachelors of arts. Hence the name of "Apostles," given at first in derision. Thirty years ago, the fame, then already considerable, of one, of whom few would now say that his works, if lost, would not be missed, or that he had not done wonders in the domains of thought and imagination,—the fame of Alfred Tennyson, and a band of his friends and contemporaries, all members of the society, among whom may be named Arthur Hallam, Milnes, Trench, and Alford, had made for the society in Cambridge a name which has never since departed from it. Poetry was not its sole or special pursuit. In 1834, the actual members had the advantage of the continued presence in Cambridge and friendly counsel and familiar companionship of a large number of college tutors and lecturers, who had taken high university honors, and had already, according to the rules of the society, become honorary members. Among these were W. H. Thompson, the present Regius Professor of Greek, Blakesley, now a Canon of Canterbury, Charles Merivale, the historian of Rome, G. S. Venables, and Edmund Lushington, the Professor of Greek at Glasgow. In this year, 1834, an agitation and controversy having arisen about the admission of Dissenters to degrees in the universities, and great fears having been expressed by Mr. Goulburn in the House of Commons, and by Dr. Turton, then Regius Professor of Divinity, in a pamphlet, of mischievous theological controversies among undergraduates, that giant in learning and intellect, Connop Thirlwall,—then an assistant-tutor of Trinity, soon after made Bishop of St. David's,—scouted the alarm with a reference and a tribute to the society. Addressing Dr. Turton, Mr. Thirlwall said, "If you are not acquainted with the fact, you may be alarmed when I inform you that there has long existed in this place a society of young men, limited, indeed, in number, but continually receiving new members to supply its vacancies, and selecting them by preference among the youngest, in which all subjects of the highest interest, without any exclusion of those connected with religion, are discussed with the most perfect freedom. But, if this fact is new to you, let me instantly dispel any ap-

prehension it may excite, by assuring you that the members of this society, for the most part, have been and are among the choicest ornaments of the university, that some are now among the ornaments of the church, and that, so far from having had their affections embittered, their friendships torn and lacerated, their union has been one rather of brothers than of friends."

Names have been mentioned which may already suggest that this society might have been spared the remarks by which an anonymous writer, led to mention it by mistake, has accompanied his admissions of praise. "It may lay claim to a man of genius or two, and several men of talent, but, as regards national thought or progress, its annals might be cut out of the intellectual history of England without being missed." Well, genius does not grow on hedgerows, and rare always have been the spirits which are, in Tennyson's words, "full-welling fountain-heads of change," governing national thought and progress.

Among those who, in academic youth, were members of this society, are three distinguished living ornaments of the House of Commons, to two of whom it has been given to be members of the cabinet, or again, as Tennyson says,—

"To mould a mighty State's decrees

And shape the whisper of the throne,"

and the other of whom is one of our ablest parliamentary orators. The three are Mr. Walpole, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Horsman.

Of a fourth who attained eminence in public life, I will speak more at large; for death has closed his distinguished career, and in his last years I had peculiar opportunities of knowing him. The name of Charles Buller, by several resemblances,—by his wit, by his death at a moment when his fame was culminating and higher political honors had begun to come to him, by many qualities described in Burke's famous eulogy on Charles Townshend,—involuntarily recalls to mind that more eminent but less estimable politician. For of Charles Buller it might have been as truly said in the House of Commons, when he had ceased to adorn it, as it was said by Burke of Charles Townshend: "In truth, he was the delight and ornament of this house, and the charm of every private society which he honored with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor

in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit, and of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock as some have had, who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the house just between wind and water." Burke qualified his praise of Townshend's judgment by a few words which I have omitted: "where his passions were not concerned." These words do not apply to Charles Buller, and here lay one point of superiority. Charles Buller, also, was not a trimmer or a waverer. He was an earnest, single-minded, consistent politician. It is believed that his political advancement was for some time retarded by the character which he had acquired of a joker; but whoever thought that under that bright, pleasant surface of playful humorosity there was a character wanting in solidity or strength of purpose, was greatly mistaken. He was never a seeker of office; for a considerable time, indeed, while it was within easy reach, he avoided it. The secretaryship of the Board of Control was offered to him by Lord Melbourne, in 1839, when Lord Melbourne's government was strong, and he declined it. Later, in 1841, after Lord Melbourne's government had taken the first step towards free-trade by proposing a moderate fixed duty on corn, and the early fall of the ministry was certain, the very same office was offered to Charles Buller, and he accepted it, casting in his fortunes with a falling ministry. When the Liberal party returned to power in 1846, under Lord John Russell, as premier, Charles Buller was appointed judge-advocate. This is never a cabinet office, and many thought that there should have been then an ampler recognition of Charles Buller's abilities, long-tried political steadfastness, and self-made parliamentary standing. But his was not a grasping or self-asserting nature, and he himself was contented. He took the office of judge-advocate, but he

declined its usual accompaniment, the rank of privy councillor. He was by profession a barrister, and had latterly been often employed in cases before the Privy Council, and he desired to retain the power, when he might lose his office, of practising as a barrister, which would have been contrary to rule or usage, if he were a privy councillor. And here appeared both the simplicity and the prudence of his character. He was the eldest of three children of a retired civil servant of the East India Company, who was still alive, and who indeed survived him; and, though he might have looked forward in the ordinary course of nature to a not remote possession of a fortune which to him, whose ways were frugal and unostentatious, would have been a complete competency, and though he had in his ready and happy pen a source of income on which from experience he might count, he preferred to waive a rank which is the general object of honorable ambition, that he might preserve the security of an additional means of pecuniary independence. He used to like to call himself a "political adventurer;" and, being not a man of wealth or title, but a man of talent and political convictions, he belonged to that class of "adventurers" from which the House of Commons and the great aristocratic parties of England have derived lustre,—the class of Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Horner, Praed, and Macaulay. In the autumn of 1847, he received from Lord John Russell an offer, which he declined, but the handsome terms of which gave him great satisfaction. It was the offer of the seat of Legislative Member of the Indian Council, which had been first held by Macaulay, and was then vacated by Mr. Cameron, whose term of office had expired. Lord John Russell wrote to him that he could not allow the office to be offered to any one else before giving him the refusal, and that it was with regret he should lose him from England, where high office must soon present itself for him. He was chiefly moved to decline this office by his unwillingness to separate himself from his father and mother, neither of whom, if he went to India, he could expect to see again. On the meeting of the new parliament in November, 1847, he was appointed president of the newly constituted Poor Law Board. In a short twelvemonth he was dead. His fame was rapidly ripening when he died at the

early age of forty-two. It had been finally arranged very shortly before his death that he should be made a privy councillor; but he died before he could be sworn in. The most eminent of all political parties joined to commemorate his worth and brilliancy by a bust, placed in Westminster Abbey, bearing an inscription written by one of his oldest and most admiring friends, another "Apostle," Richard Monckton Milnes. When Macaulay, excluded from the House of Commons in 1847, was reelected for Edinburgh in 1852, he referred in the speech which he addressed to his constituents to some of the eminent men who had vanished during his absence; and he began with Buller:—"In parliament I shall look in vain for virtues which I loved, and for abilities which I admired. Often in debate, and never more than when we discuss those questions of colonial policy which are every day acquiring a new interest, I shall remember with regret how much eloquence and wit, how much acuteness and knowledge, how many engaging qualities, how many fair hopes, are buried in the grave of poor Charles Buller." Later, another distinguished politician and man of genius, reviewing the celebrities of St. Stephen's, has given Charles Buller a due place in his gallery of fame.

"Farewell, fine humorist, finer reasoner still,
Lively as Luttrell, logical as Mill,
Lamented Buller: just as each new hour
Knit thy stray forces into steadfast power,
Death shut thy progress from admiring eyes,
And gave thy soul's completion to the skies." *

Charles Buller, before he went to Cambridge, had been the pupil of one of our greatest writers and worthiest men, Thomas Carlyle, who always loves to speak of the fine endowments of his pupil, and who, immediately after his death, testified publicly to his virtues and capacity. The author dwelt characteristically on the truthfulness and simplicity of Charles Buller:—"There shone mildly in his whole conduct a beautiful veracity, as if it were unconscious of itself: a perfect spontaneous absence of all cant, hypocrisy and hollow pretence, not in word and act only, but in thought and instinct. To a singular extent, it can be said of him, that he was a spontaneous, clear man. Very gentle, too, though full of fire;

* "St. Stephen's, a Poem," known to be Sir E. B. Lytton's, though his name is not on the title-page.

simple, brave, graceful. What he did, and what he said, came from him as light from a luminous body, and had thus always in it a high and rare merit, which any of the more discerning could appreciate fully." *

Is it not time that some friend should collect the scattered remains of Charles Buller's wit and wisdom, and present them to the world, with one of those memoirs with select-ed correspondence which in later times have made so numerous and valuable a department of historical biography?

This Cambridge society may feel a just pride in one whom all its members, from the oldest to the youngest, from the most distinguished to the humblest, regard with affection,—the poet, the excellent prose-writer, the temperate and thoughtful politician, who, with general public approval, has lately been made Lord Houghton. If Richard Monckton Milnes had not been a man of the world and busy politician, and if he had been able to concentrate his energies on poetry, and gird himself to the building up of some great poem, none who know what poetry he has written can doubt that it was in him to be a great poet; and none who know his "Life of Keats," or any of his many pamphlets and articles in reviews and magazines, will deny that he presents another example of what he has himself lately proclaimed, and supported by much proof, that a good poet makes himself a good prose-writer.† To give examples of Tennyson's poetry is needless; but there may be readers who will wish now to see a specimen of Milnes. Some specimens exist in earlier volumes of this magazine. But take a little gem, one of many, from his earliest poems. The following was written when he was nineteen:—

"MUTABILITY.

"I saw two children intertwine
Their arms about each other,
Like the lithe tendrils of a vine,
Around its nearest brother:
And ever and anon
As gayly they ran on,
Each lookt into the other's face,
Anticipating an embrace.

"I markt those two when they were men,
I watcht them meet one day;
They toucht each other's hands, and then
Each went on his own way:

* *Examiner*, December, 1848.

† "Introductory Address in the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, by Lord Houghton, 1863."

There did not seem a tie
Of love, the lightest chain,
To make them turn a lingering eye,
Or press the hand again.

"This is a page in our life's book
We all of us turn over;
The web is rent,
The hour-glass spent,
And, oh! the path we once forsook,
How seldom we recover!

"Our days are broken into parts,
And every fragment has a tale
Of the abandonment of hearts,
May make our freshest hopes turn pale;
Even in the plighting of our troth,
Even in the passion of our oath,
A cold, hard voice may seem to mutter
'We know not what it is we utter.'"

Some seventeen years ago, Lord Houghton was sketched, with the addition of a little playful caricature, and of one or two touches inconsistent with the whole, which the better feelings of the man of genius who wrote that sketch will probably have long since led him to regret, in Mr. Disraeli's "Tancred," under the name of "Mr. Vavasour." The following sentences are a slightly marred recognition of qualities which in the interval have become widely known:—

"Mr. Vavasour was a social favorite; a poet, and a real poet, quite a troubadour, as well as a member of parliament, travelled, sweet-tempered, and good-hearted; very amusing, and very clever. With catholic sympathies and an electric turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody, and everything, which is certainly amiable, and perhaps just, but disqualifies a man in some degree for the business of life, which requires for its conduct a certain degree of prejudice. Mr. Vavasour's breakfasts were renowned. Whatever your creed, class, or country,—one might almost add, your character,—you were a welcome guest at his matutinal meal, provided you were celebrated. That qualification, however, was rigidly enforced. Individuals met at his hospitable house who had never met before, but who for years had been cherishing in solitude mutual detestation, with all the irritable exaggeration of the literary character. He prided himself on figuring as the social medium by which rival reputations became acquainted, and paid each other in his presence the compliments which veiled their ineffable disgust. A real philosopher, alike from his genial disposition and from the influence of his rich and various information, Vavasour moved amid the strife sympathizing with every one; and perhaps, after all, the philanthropy, which was his boast, was

not untinged by a dash of humor, of which rare and charming quality he possessed no inconsiderable portion. Vavasour liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land: his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and king, jacobin and carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls, and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with Louis Philippe and gave dinners to Louis Blanc."

A better knowledge of Lord Houghton would have taught the writer, and has very likely already taught him, that he seeks not celebrity only, but talent, whether celebrated or obscure; and that merit, and not success, is the indispensable qualification. Many are the young authors and obscure men of talent, who may afterwards, perhaps, attain fame or may miss it, who know the warmth of his sympathy and the constancy of his friendship. Merit or mark, though lowly or unfashionable, is, indeed, to him as beauty to Van Artevelde's Elena—

"Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill;
Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still."

Nor can I admit the justice of the insinuation that malice mingles in his catholic friendship and hospitality; rather do I believe in the poet-politician's own account of his mission of conciliation in lines, published in 1840, which are worthy to be quoted for themselves:—

"Amid the factions of the Field of Life
The poet held his little neutral ground,
And they who mixt the deepest in the strife
Their evening way to his seclusion found.

"Thus meeting oft the antagonists of the day,
Who near in mute suspicion seemed to stand,
He said what neither would be first to say,
And, having spoken, left them hand in hand."

The description of Lord Houghton's life as "a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity," is not too strong; and the combination of such a life with great acquirements and constant literary occupation, and with the mental activity which enables him to keep pace with the progress of almost all branches of literature and speculative philosophy, and to study and prosecute more political questions than are undertaken by most legislators, is truly mat-

ter for amazement. To the large mind Mr. Disraeli has done justice, but not to the large heart which is with it. This has been well described with one single touch, by a well-known popular writer, another "Apostle," who, in his own quaint nanner, in one of the volumes of the "Friends in Council," has set himself to think how his friends would treat him if he should get into serious trouble or discredit, and declares himself confident of one thing, that "Pontefract" would instantly ask him to dinner.

There can hardly be a literary reputation whose growth and spread have been so remarkable and satisfactory as that which has come in early manhood to the author of the "Claims of Labor" and the "Friends in Council." These and other books, published without a name, addressing neither the passions nor the imagination, written in no gorgeous or glittering style, but one singularly simple, unadorned, and clear, altogether unaided by arts of puffing, pushed by no newspaper or review, silently, steadily, widely worked their way to "the general heart of man;" and the author of the "Friends in Council" had a large circle of readers and fame, before the name of Arthur Helps was generally known. I believe that, as is often the case, the merits of this writer were widely appreciated in the United States, even before they obtained a similar wide appreciation in England. I cannot conceive a more decisive test of fame—as decisive, certainly, as the "Digito monstrari et dicier, hic est"—than what accidentally came under my notice a few years ago; namely, a lecture given in a provincial town (by, I think, an American lecturer), called "An Evening with Arthur Helps." The "Claims of Labor" made the beginning of his popularity, and the "Friends in Council" is the most popular of his works. Many of the readers of these books are perhaps yet unacquainted with the learning, wisdom, and eloquence (see, for instance, the eloquent description of the city of Mexico) of his "History of the Conquest of America," or with the practical wisdom condensed into his "Essays written in the Intervals of Business,"—superior, perhaps, in some respects, and certainly for conciseness, to the essays of the "Friends in Council." And few beyond the friends of his youth know of a little volume, which was published while he was at Cambridge,

and which it is to be regretted that he has not reproduced,—a little collection of aphorisms, "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd," which, at the time of its anonymous publication, attracted the notice, and obtained the highly favorable judgment, of John Stuart Mill. This is twenty-seven years ago. The little book was the subject of an article by Mr. John Mill, which also treated of aphorisms generally, in the *London Review* of January, 1837. The same distinguished thinker and writer had been foremost to give warm welcome to the first poetry of Alfred Tennyson. I remember, when a boy, first learning of Alfred Tennyson's name and poetry by an article written by John Stuart Mill, pointing out the beauties and great promise of poems in which the *Quarterly* of that day could find nothing but matter for sneers and ridicule. This was published, in 1830 or 1831, in a magazine called the *Monthly Repository*, edited by W. J. Fox. It is generally known that Arthur Helps is the author of the preface to the collection of the prince consort's "Speeches and Addresses."

Among living and dead there are many other members of this Cambridge society known more or less to fame. Let me first enumerate a few of the living; Frederick Maurice; Dr. Kennedy, the head master of Shrewsbury; Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, poet as well as divine; another poet and divine, Alford, the Dean of Canterbury; James Spedding, who, having served for some time in the Colonial Office, refused nearly twenty years ago the honorable offer of succession to Sir James Stephen as under-secretary for the colonies, that he might patiently devote himself to his long labor of love on the life and works of Bacon; the Regius Professor of Greek, W. H. Thompson, a member of the late Commission on Public Schools; Charles Merivale, the distinguished Latin scholar and Roman historian, the present chaplain to the House of Commons; Kenneth Macaulay, the member for Cambridge, whose endowments singularly fitted him for distinction in the House of Commons, but whom enfeebled health has prevented from seeking there the prominence which in younger days of strength he had, with surprising rapidity, acquired at the bar; W. F. Pollock, the translator of Dante; Tom Taylor, in all whose versatile accomplishments and industry are to be seen high

principles of taste and moral aim, and the brightest element of whose various fame is the elevation by scholarship and moral purpose of his popular dramas; Maine, who is now maintaining in India, as Legislative Member of Council, the high name which he had acquired as a philosophical lawyer, and as author of a treatise on Ancient Law; another young jurist of solid reputation, Fitzjames Stephen, author of "A General View of the Criminal Law of England;" Butler, the distinguished young head master of Harrow; William Johnson, of Eton; and let me end this list with one who may, without invidiousness, be selected from among the younger hopes of the society, who has lately, in the pages of this magazine, made a brilliant beginning in literature as the Indian "Competition Wallah," and who, the heir of two reputations, is expected by many to follow not unworthily in the two careers of literature and of politics.

Of Charles Buller I have already spoken at length. I will mention a few other members of this society, who have prematurely died, leaving works and a name behind them, an instalment only of "unfulfilled renown." There was John Sterling, who has had the high honor of being the subject of two rival biographies by two such men as Julius Charles Hare and Thomas Carlyle; whose beautiful poem, the "Sexton's Daughter," ought to be known by all; whom I only saw and heard once,—"*Virgilium vidi tantum*,"—but the music of whose full and flowing eloquence as heard on that occasion has never faded from my ears.* There were the two Hallams, the elder of whom will be ever remembered by that great threnodia, greater than "*Lycidas*" or "*Adonais*," which our poet Laureate has made in his memory, and the younger of whom was regarded by his contemporaries as of promise hardly inferior to his brother's.† There were John Kemble, the well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar; Henry Lushington, who was Secretary of Government in Malta, and whose

* Archdeacon Hare says of his reputation as a speaker at Cambridge, "I have been told by several of the most intelligent among his contemporaries that, of all the speakers they ever heard, he had the greatest gift of natural eloquence." Carlyle, speaking of his college reputation as a speaker, says that Charles Buller was considered to be the only one of his companions who came near him.

† See Dr. John Brown's "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," first series, for notices of the two Hallams.

virtues and accomplishments and works, much diminished by constant ill-health, have been recorded in the charming biography of his friend and brother-apostle, Venables; and, lastly, I will name one with whom I was united in close friendship, the late Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, John Gorham Maitland, the extent of whose powers and attainments his great modesty veiled from the world. At Cambridge he seemed never to have any work to do; yet he was third classic of his year, second Chancellor's medalist, and seventh wrangler. His mind embraced all subjects, and was as fitted for the work of life as for speculation." His superiors in the Civil Service Commission—I can speak for one of them at least, Sir John Lefevre—knew his capacity and worth.

A few young men at college, attracted to companionship by a common taste for literature and speculation, make a society for a weekly essay and discussion. Such societies have often been made in public schools and universities. This society was founded about 1820 by some members of St. John's College, among whom was Tomlinson, the late Bishop of Gibraltar. In a few years it gravitated to Trinity, and it began to be famous in the time of Buller, Sterling, Maurice, and Trench. Then came the halo of Tennyson's young celebrity. Mr. Venables has alluded to the society in his *Life of Henry Lushington*, as the chief pleasure and occupation of Lushington's Cambridge days. Quoting from one of Lushington's essays a charming passage of reminiscences of his college life, Mr. Venables adds to the quotation a happy description of his own.

" 'There is,' he says in one of the accompanying essays, 'a deep truth and tenderness in the tone in which Giusti recalls those four happy years spent without care; the days, the nights "smoked away" in free gladness, in laughter, in uninterrupted talk; the aspirations, the free open-hearted converse, as it was then, of some who now meet us disguised as formal worldlings: all the delights of that life, whether at Cambridge or at Pisa,

that comes not again.' Youthful conversation of the higher class, though it would seem crude and pedantic to mature minds, is more ambitious, more earnest and more fruitful, than the talk which furnishes excitement and relaxation in later life. Our Cambridge discussions would have been insufferably tedious to an experienced and accomplished listener of fifty; but in the audacity of metaphysical conjectures or assertions, in the partisanship of literary enthusiasm, in the exuberant spirits, the occasional melancholy, the far-fetched humor of youth, all were helping each other, governed by the incessant influence of contagious sympathy. Like many past and future generations of students, we spent our days—

" 'In search of deep philosophy, Wit, eloquence and poetry, Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.' "

Some fifteen generations of young "Apostles" have passed from college into life. A few have gained eminence, several distinction. The just pride of members of the society in the fame of its greater ornaments cannot surely be proscribed by the most cynical. Within the society itself there is no hierarchy of greatness. All are friends. Those who have been contemporaries meet through life as brothers. All, old and young, have a bond of sympathy in fellow-membership. All have a common joy and a common interest in the memory of bright days that are gone, of daily rambles and evening meetings, of times when they walked and talked with single-hearted friends in scenes hallowed by many memories and traditions,—or by the banks of Cam, or in the lime-tree avenues of Trinity, or within sound of the great organ of the great chapel of King's, or in the rural quiet of Madingley or Grantchester,—sometimes perhaps

"Yearning for the large excitement which the coming years would yield,"

but all as they stood on the threshold of life, hopeful and happy, gladdened by genial influences which are never forgotten, and sunned by warm friendships of youth which never die.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A GOVERNESS?—After the warm weather we have had it quite refreshing to meet with something cool, and really we have seldom met with anything so cool as this:—

GOVERNESS WANTED, in a Young Ladies' School near London. She will be required to teach English, French, music, and to have £50 at her command, which will be returned by instalments.—Address, etc.

Not a word is said about the salary this governess will have, and we incline therefore to think that she will not be paid a shilling for her services. On the contrary, indeed, it seems that she will have to pay the sum of fifty pounds for the privilege of teaching English, French, and music; for although the money, it is said, "will be returned by instalments," no guarantee is given her that such will be the case.—*Punch*.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XXXV.

MEREDITH died the next day, after a struggle longer and harder than could have been anticipated, and very differently from the manner in which, when he dictated his last message to the world, he expected to die. Few human creatures are strong enough, except in books, to march thus solemnly and stately to the edge of the grave. The last event itself was twenty-four hours later than the anxious watchers expected it to be, and wore them all out more utterly than any previous part of their patient's lingering illness. He dictated his postscript, lying in great exhaustion, but solemn, calm, not without a certain pomp of conscious grandeur, victorious over death and the grave. "That great angel whom men call the last enemy is standing by my bedside," the dying man said, giving forth his last utterance slowly word by word. "In an hour I shall be clay and ashes. I send you, friends, this last message. Death is not terrible to those who love Christ. I feel a strength in me that is not my own. I had fears and doubts, but I have them no longer. The gates of heaven are opening. I close my eyes, for I can no longer see the lights of this world; when I open them again, it will be to behold the face of my Lord. Amen. This I say to all the world with my last breath. For those who love Christ it is not hard to die."

Colin, who wrote the words, trembled over them with a weakness like a woman's; but Meredith's broken and interrupted voice was shaken only by the last pangs of mortality, not by any faltering of the spirit. "I tell you, Colin, it is not hard," he said, and smiled upon his friend, and composed himself to meet the last encounter; but such was not the end. The long night lingered on, and the dying man dozed a little, and woke again less dignified and composed. Then came the weary morning, with its dreadful daylight, which made the heart sick, and then a long day of dying, terrible to behold, perhaps not so hard to bear. The two who were his brothers at this dreadful moment exercised all their power to keep Alice out of the room where this struggle was going on; but the gentle little girl was a faithful woman, and kept her place. He had had his moment of conscious victory, but now in its turn the human soul was vanquished. He became unconscious of their consoling presence, con-

scious of nothing but the awful restlessness, the intolerable languor and yet more intolerable nervous strength which kept him alive in spite of himself; and then the veiled and abstracted spirit awoke to matters of which, when in full possession of his faculties, Arthur had made no mention. He began to murmur strange words as he lay tossing in that last struggle. "Tell my father," he said once or twice, but never finished the message. That death so clear and conscious, for which he had hoped, was not granted to him; and, when at last the deliverance came, even Alice, on her knees by the bedside, felt in her desolation a moment's relief. It was almost dawn of the second morning when they raised her up and led her tenderly away to Sora Antonia, the kind Italian woman, who waited outside. Colin was scarcely less overwhelmed than she. The young man sank down by the table where, on the previous night he had been Arthur's secretary, and almost fainting dropped his head upon the book which still lay open there. Twenty-four hours only of additional hard labor added on to the ending life; but it looked as many years to the young, inexperienced spirit which had thus, for the first time, followed another, so far as a spectator can, through the valley of the shadow of death. Lauderdale, who knew better, and upon whose greater strength this dreadful strain of watching had made a less visible impression, had to do for Colin what the kind peasant woman was doing for the desolate sister,—to take him away from the chamber of death, and make him lie down, and put aside altogether his own sensations on behalf of the younger and more susceptible sufferer. All that had to be done fell on Lauderdale; he made the necessary arrangements with a self-command which nothing disturbed, and when the bright, cloudless day had advanced, and he could satisfy himself that both the young, worn-out creatures, who were his children for the moment, had got the momentary solace of sleep, as was natural, he threw himself into poor Arthur's arm-chair and pondered with a troubled countenance on all that might follow. There he, too, slept and dozed, as Sora Antonia went softly to and fro, moved with pity. She had said her rosary for Arthur many a morning, and had done all she could to interest in his behalf that good St. Antonio of Padua, who was so charitable, and per-

haps might not be so particular about a matter of doctrine as St. Paul or St. Peter; for Sora Antonia was kind to the bottom of her heart, and could not bear to think of more than a thousand years or so of purgatory for the poor, young heretic. "The signorino was English and knew no better," she said to her patron saint, and comforted herself with the thought that the blessed Antonio would not fail to attend to her recommendation, and that she had done the best she could for her lodger; and out of the room where Alice slept the deep sleep of exhaustion the good woman made many voyages into the silent *salone*, where the shutters were closed upon the bare windows, though the triumphant sun streamed in at every crevice. She looked at Lauderdale, who dozed in the great chair, with curious looks of speculation and inquiry. He looked old and gray, thus sleeping in the daylight, and the traces of exhaustion in such a face as his were less touching than the lines in Alice's gentle countenance or the fading of Colin's brightness. He was the only member of the party who looked responsible to the eyes of Sora Antonia; and already she had a little romance in hand, and wondered much whether this uncle, or elder brother, or guardian, would be favorable to her young people. Thus, while the three watchers found a moment's sad rest after their long vigil, new hopes and thoughts of life already began to play about them unawares. The world will not stand still even to see the act of death accomplished; and the act of death itself, if Arthur was right in his hopes,—had not that already opened its brighter side upon the solitary soul which had gone forth alone?

The day after everything was finally over was Sunday,—the gayest and brightest of summer festal days. Colin and Lauderdale, who had on the day before carried their friend to his grave, met each other sadly at the table, where it was so strange to take up again the common thread of life as though Arthur Meredith had never had any share in it. It was Sunday under its brightest aspect; the village was very gay outside, and neither of them felt capable of introducing their sombre shadows into the flowery and sunny festa, the gayety of which jarred upon their sadness, and they had no heart to go about their usual occupations within. When they had swallowed their coffee together, they

withdrew from each other into different corners, and tried to read, which was the only employment possible. Lauderdale, for his part, in his listlessness and fatigue, went to rummage among some books which a former occupant had left, and brought from among them—the strangest choice for him to make—a French novel, a kind of production utterly unknown to him. The chances are, he had forgotten it was Sunday; for his Scotch prejudices, though he held them lightly in theory, still held him fast in practice. When, however, he had pored over it vaguely for half an hour (for reading French was a laborious amusement to the imperfectly instructed scholar), Colin was roused out of studies which he, too, pursued with a very divided attention, by a sudden noise, and saw the little yellow volume spin through the air out of his friend's vigorous fingers, and drop ignominiously in a corner. "Me to be reading stuff like that!" said Lauderdale, with grim accents of self-disgust; "and him may be near to see what a fool is doing!" As he said this, he got up from his chair, and began to pace about the quiet, lonely room, violently endeavoring to recover the composure which he had not been able to preserve. Though he was older and stronger than the others, watching and grief had told upon his strength also; and in the glory of the summer morning which blazed all round and about, the soul of this wayfaring man grew sick within him. Something like a sob sounded into the silence. "I'm no asking if he's happy," Lauderdale burst forth; "I cannot feel as if I would esteem him the same if he felt nothing but joy to get away. You're a' infidels and unbelievers alike, with your happiness and your heaven. I'm no saying that it's less than the supreme joy to see the face he hoped to see; but joy's no inconsistent with pain. Will you tell me the callant, having a heart as you know he had, can think of us mourning for him and no care? Dinna speak of such inhuman imaginations to me."

"No," said Colin, softly. "But worst of all would be to think he was here," the young man continued, after a pause, "unable to communicate with us anyhow, by whatsoever effort. Don't think so, Lauderdale; that is the most inhuman imagination of all."

"I'm no so clear of that," said the phi-

losopher, subduing his hasty steps; "nae doubt there would be a pang in it, especially when there was information like that to bestow; but it's hard to tell, in our leemited condition, a' the capabilities of a soul. It might be a friend close by, and no yoursel', that put your best thought in your head, though you saw him not. I wouldna say that I would object to that. It's all a question of temperament, and, maybe, age," he continued, calming himself entirely down, and taking a seat beside Colin in the window. "The like of you expects response, and has no conception of life without it; but the like of me can be content without response," said Colin's guardian; and then he regarded his companion with eyes in which the love was veiled by a grave mist of meditation. "I would not object to take the charge of you in such a manner," he said, slowly. "But it's awfu' easy to dream dreams,—if anything on this earth could but make a man *know*"—and then there followed another pause. "He was awfu' pleased to teach," Lauderdale said, with an unsteady smile. "It's strange to think what should hinder him speaking now, when he has such news to tell. I never could make it out, for my part. Whiles my mind inclines to the thought that it must be a peaceable sleep that wraps them a' till the great day, which would account for the awfu' silence; but there's some things that go against that. That's what makes me most indignant at thae idiots with their spirit-rapping and gibberish. Does ony mortal with a heart within his bosom dare to think that, if love doesna open their sealed lips, any power in the world can?" cried the philosopher, whose emotion again got beyond his control. He got up again, and resumed his melancholy march up and down the room. "It's an awfu' marvel, beyond my reach," he said, "when a word of communication would make a' the difference, why it's no permitted, if it were but to keep a heart from breaking here and there."

"Perhaps it is our own fault," said Colin; "perhaps flesh and blood shrinks more than we are aware of from such a possibility; and perhaps"—here the young man paused a little, "indeed, it is not perhaps. Does not God himself choose to be our comforter?" said the youthful predestined priest; upon

which the older and sadder man once more composed himself with a groan.

"Ay," said Lauderlade, "I can say nothing against that argument. I'm no denying it's the last and the greatest. I speak the voice of a man's yearning, but I've no intention of contravening the truth. He's gone like many a one before him. You and me must bide our time. I'll say no more of Arthur. The best thing you can do is to read a chapter. If we canna hear of him direct, which is no to be hoped for, we can take as good a grip as possible of the Friend that stands between us. It's little use trying to forget, or trying no to think and inquire and question. There is but one thing in the world, so far as I can see, that a man can feel a kind of sure of. Callant, read a chapter," said the philosopher, with a long sigh. He threw himself back, as he spoke, in the nearest chair, and Colin took his Bible dutifully to obey. The contrast between this request, expressed as any Scotch peasant would have expressed it, and the speculations which preceded it did not startle Colin, and he had opened the book by instinct in the latter part of St. John's Gospel, when he was disturbed by the entrance of Alice, who came in softly from her room without any warning. Her long attendance on her brother had withdrawn the color from her cheeks and the fulness from her figure so gradually, that it was only now in her mourning dress that her companions saw how pale and thin she had grown. Alice was not speculative, nor fanciful, nor addicted to undue exercise of the faculties of her own mind in any way. She was a dutiful woman, young and simple, and accepting God's will without inquiry or remonstrance. Though she had struggled long against the thought of Arthur's death, now that he *was* dead she recognized and submitted to the event which it was no longer possible to avert or change, with a tender and sweet resignation of which some women are capable. A more forlorn and desolate creature than Alice Meredith did not exist on the earth, to all ordinary appearance, at this moment; but as she was not at all thinking of herself, that aspect of the case did not occur to her. She came out of her room very softly, with a faint smile on her face, holding some prayer-books in her hands. Up to this sad day it had been their custom to read prayers

together on the Sundays, being too far off Rome to make it practicable even for the stronger members of the party to go to church. Alice came up to Colin with her books in her hands; she said to him in a wistful whisper, "You will take his place," and pointed out to him silently the marks she had placed at the lessons and psalms. Then she knelt down between the two awed and astonished men, to say the familiar prayers which only a week ago Arthur himself had read with his dying voice. Though at times articulation was almost impossible to Colin, and Lauderdale breathed out of his deep chest an amen which sounded like a groan, Alice did not falter in her profound and still devotions. She went over the well-known prayers word by word, with eye and voice steadfast and rapt in the duty which was at the same time a consolation. There are women of such sweet loyalty and submission of spirit; but neither Lauderdale nor Colin had met with them before. Perhaps a certain passiveness of intellect had to do with it, as well as Alice's steady English training and custom of self-suppression; but it made a wonderful impression upon the two who were now the sole companions and guardians of the friendless young woman, and gave her indeed for the moment an absolute empire over them, of which Alice was altogether unconscious, and of which, even had she known it, she could have made no further use. When the Morning Prayer was almost concluded, it was she who indicated to Colin another mark in the prayer-book, at the prayer for Christ's church militant on earth, and they could even hear the whisper of her voice broken by an irrestrainable sob at the thanksgiving for all "thy servant departed this life in thy faith and fear," which Colin read with agitation and faltering. When they all rose from their knees, she turned from one to the other with her countenance for the first time disturbed. "You were very, very good to him," she said, softly. "God will bless you for it," and so sank into sobbing and tears, which were not to be subdued any longer, yet were not passionate nor out of accordance with her docile looks. After that, Alice recovered her calm, and began to occupy herself with them as if she had been their mother. "Have you been out?" she said. "You must not stay in and make yourself ill." This was addressed

specially to Colin. "Please go out and take a walk; it will do you a great deal of good. If it had not been a great festa, it would not have been so bad; but if you go up to the Villa Conti, you will find nobody there. Go up behind the terrace, into the alleys where it is shady. There is one on the way to the Aldobrandini; you know it, Mr. Campbell. Oh, go, please; it is such a beautiful day, it will do you good."

"And you?" said Colin, who felt in his heart an inclination to kneel to her as if she had been a queen.

"I will stay at home to-day," said Alice. "I could not go out to-day; but I shall do very well. Sora Antonia will come in from mass presently. Oh, go out, please, and take a walk. Mr. Lauderdale, he will go if you tell him to go: you are both looking so pale."

"Come, Colin," said Lauderdale "she shall have her pleasure done this day, at least, whatsoever she commands. If there was anything within my power or his"—said the philosopher, with a strange discord that sounded like tears in his voice; but Alice stopped him short.

"Oh, yes," she said, softly, "it is very good of you to do it because I ask you. Mr. Campbell, you did not read the right lesson," she added, turning her worn face to Colin with a slight reproach.

"I read what I thought was better for us all, mourning as we are," said Colin, startled; upon which the sad little representative of law and order did her best to smile.

"I have always heard it said how wonderful it was how the lesson for the day always suited everybody's case," said Alice. "Arthur never would make any change for circumstances. He—he said it was as if God could ever be wanting," the faithful sister said, through her sobs; and then, again, put force upon herself: "I shall be here when you come back," she said, with her faint smile; and so, like a little princess, sent them away. The two men went their way up the slope and through the little town, in their black coats, casting two tall, sombre shadows into the sunshine and gayety of the bright piazza. There had been a procession that morning, and the rough pavement was strewn with sprigs of myrtle and box, and the air still retained a flavor of the candles, not quite obliterated by the whiff of incense

which came from the open doors of the cathedral, where even the heavy leathern curtain, generally suspended across the entrance, had been removed by reason of the crowd. People were kneeling even on the steps; peasants in their laced buskins, and Frascati women, made into countesses or duchesses, at the least, by the long white veil which streamed to their feet. The windows were all hung with brilliant draperies in honor of the morning's procession and the afternoon's Tombola. It was one of the very chief of Italian holydays, a festal Sunday in May, the month of Mary. No wonder the two sad Protestant Scotchmen, with mourning in their dress and in their hearts, felt themselves grow sick and faint as they went dutifully to the gardens of the Villa Conti, as they had been commanded. They did not so much as exchange a word with each other till they had passed through all that sunshine and reached the identical alley, a close arcade, overarched and shut in by the dense foliage of ilex-trees, to which their little sovereign had directed them. There was not a soul there, as she had prophesied. A tunnel scooped out of the damp, dewy soil would scarcely have been more absolutely shut in from the sunshine, scarcely could have been stiller or cooler, or more withdrawn from the blazing noonday, with its noises and rejoicings, than this narrow, sombre avenue. They strayed down its entire length, from one blue arch of daylight to the other, before they spoke; and then it was Lauderdale who broke the silence, as if his thoughts, generally so busy and so vagrant, had never got beyond Alice Meredith's last words.

"Another time, Colin," said the philosopher, "you'll no make any changes in the lesson for the day. Whiles it's awfu' hard to put up with the conditions o' a leemited intellect; but whiles they're half divine. I'm no pretending to be reasonable. She kens no more about reason than—the angels, maybe—no that I have any personal acquaintance with their modes o' argument. I admit it's a new development to me; but a woman like yon, callant, would keep a man awfu' steady in the course of his life."

"Yes," said Colin; and then with a strange premonition, for which he himself could not account, he added, "She would keep a man steady, as you say; but he would find little response in her,—not that I regard

her less respectfully, less reverentially than you do, Lauderdale," he went on, hurriedly, "but"—

"It wasna your opinion I was asking for," said the philosopher, somewhat morosely. "She's like none of the women you and me ken. I'm doubtful in my own mind whether that dutiful and obedient spirit has ever been our ideal in our country. Intellect's a grand gift, callant, baith to man and woman; but you'll no fly in my face and assert that it's more than second-best."

"I am not up to argument to-day," said Colin; and they walked back again the whole length of the avenue in silence. Perhaps a certain irritability, born of their mutual grief, was at the bottom of this momentary difference; but somehow, in the stillness, in the subdued leafy shade, which at first sight had been so congenial to his feelings, an indescribable shadow stole over Colin's mind,—a kind of indistinct fear and reluctance, which took no definite shape, but only crept over him like a mist over the face of the sun. His heart was profoundly touched at once by the grief, and by the self-command of Alice, and by her utter helplessness and dependence upon himself and his friend. Never before had he been so attracted towards her, nor felt so much that dangerous softening sentiment of pity and admiration, which leads to love. And yet, the two walked back silently under the dark ilex-trees, and across the piazza, which was now thronged with a gay and many-colored crowd. The brighter the scene grew around them, the more they shut themselves up in their own silence and sorrow, as was natural; and Colin at length began to recognize a new element, which filled him with vague uneasiness,—an element not in the least new to the perplexed cogitations of his guardian and anxious friend.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN they entered the *salone* on their return, the first object which met their eyes was the stately figure of Sora Antonia in full holiday costume, lately returned from mass. She had still her fan and her rosary depending from her wrist,—adjuncts almost equally necessary to devotion, as that is understood at Frascati,—and was still arrayed in the full splendors of the veil which, fastened over her hair, fell almost to her feet behind,

and gave grace and dignity to her tall and stately person. Sora Antonia was a dependant of the family Savvelli; scarcely a servant, though she had once belonged to the prince's household. She had charge of the palace at Frascati, which was never occupied except by a solitary ecclesiastic, the prince's brother, for whom the first floor was kept sacred. Even this sanctity, however, was sometimes invaded when a good chance offered of letting the *piano nobile* to some rich foreigner, which was the fate of all the other apartments in the house. Sora Antonia had charge of all the interests of the Savvelli in their deserted mansion. When the tenants did any damage, she made careful note of it, and did not in any respect neglect the interests of her master; nor was she inconsiderate of her own, but regarded it as a natural duty, when it proved expedient, to make a little money out of the Forestieri. "They give one trouble enough, the blessed Madonna knows," the good woman said, piously. But, notwithstanding these prudent cares, Sora Antonia was not only a very sensible woman according to her lights, but had a heart, and understood her duty to her neighbors. She made her salutations to the two friends when they entered with equal suavity, but addressed her explanations to Colin, who was not only her favorite in right of his youth and good looks, but who could understand her best. Colin, whose Italian was limited, called the excellent housekeeper Madama, a courtesy which naturally gained her heart; and she on her part appropriated to his use the title of Signorino, which was not quite so flattering; for Colin was still young enough to object to being called young. To-day, however, her address was more dignified; for the crisis was an important one. Before she began to speak the visitor sat down, which in itself was an act requiring explanation, especially as the table had been already arranged for dinner, and this was the last day in the world on which the strangers were likely to desire society. Sora Antonia took matters with a high hand, and in case of opposition secured for herself at least the first word.

"Pardon, caro signore mio," she said, "you are surprised to find me here. Very well; I am sorry to incommode the gentlemen, but I have to do my duty. The signorina is very young, and she has no one to

take care of her. The signori are very good, very excellent, and kind. Ah, yes, I know it,—never was there such devotion to the poor sick friend;—nevertheless, the signori are but men, *senza complimenti*, and I am a woman who has been married and had children of my own, and know my duty. Until some proper person comes to take charge of the poor dear young lady, the signori will pardon me, but I must remain here."

"Does the signorina wish it?" asked Colin, with wondering looks; for the idea of another protector for Alice confounded him, he scarcely knew why.

"The signorina is not much more than a child," said Sora Antonia, loftily. "Besides, she has not been brought up like an Italian young lady, to know what is proper. Poverina! she does not understand anything about it; but the signori will excuse me,—I know my duty, and that is enough."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Colin, "but then, in England, as you say, we have different ideas, and if the signorina does not wish"—

Here, however, he was interrupted by Lauderdale, who, having tardily apprehended the purport of Sora Antonia's communication, took it upon himself to make instant response in the best Italian he could muster. "*Avete molto buono, molto buono!*" cried Lauderdale, intending to say that she was very kind, and that he highly approved, though a chronic confusion in his mind, as to which was which, of the auxiliary verbs, made his meaning cloudy. "*Grazie, Abbiamo contento! Grazie,*" he added, with a little excitement and enthusiasm. Though he had used the wrong verb, Sora Antonia graciously comprehended his meaning. She was used to such little eccentricities of diction on the part of the Forestieri. She bowed her stately head to him with a look of approbation, and it would be vain to deny that the sense of having thus expressed himself clearly and eloquently in a foreign language conveyed a certain satisfaction to the mind of the philosopher.

"Bravo! The signore will speak very well if he perseveres," said Sora Antonia, graciously; "not to say that His Excellency is a man of experience, and perceives the justice of what I propose. No doubt, it will occupy a great deal of my time, but the other Forestieri have not arrived yet, and

how can one expect the Madonna Santissima and the blessed St. Antonio to take so much trouble in one's concerns if one will not exert one's self a little for one's fellow-creatures? As the signorina has not left her room yet, I will take away the inconvenience* for a few minutes, *Scusa Signori*," said Sora Antonia, and she went away with stately bearing and firm steps, which resounded through the house, to take off her veil and put aside her rosary. She had seated herself again in her indoor aspect, with the "Garden of the Soul" in her hand, before Alice came into the room; and, without doubt, she made a striking addition to the party. She was a Frascati woman born, and her costume, consequently, was perfect,—a costume less imposing than the scarlet Albano jacket, but not less calculated to do justice to the ample bust and stately head of the Roman peasant. The dress itself, the actual gown, in this as in other Italian costumes, was an indifferent matter. The important particulars were the long and delicate apron of embroidered muslin, the *busto* made of rich brocade and shaped to the exact Frascati model, and the large, soft, snowy kerchief with embroidered corners, which covered her full shoulders,—not to speak of the long heavy gold ear-rings and coral necklace which completed and enriched the dress. She sat apart and contemplated, if not the "Garden of the Soul," at least the little pictures in borders of lace-paper which were placed thickly between the leaves, while the melancholy meal was eaten at the table; for Sora Antonia had *educazione*, and had not come to intrude upon the privacy of her lodgers. Alice, for her part, made no remark upon the presence of this new guardian; she accepted it as she accepted everything else, as a matter of course, without even showing any painful sense of the circumstances which in Sora Antonia's opinion made this last precaution necessary. Her two companions, the only friends she seemed to have in the world, bore vicariously on her account the pain of this visible reminder that she was here in a false position and had no legitimate protector; but Alice had not yet awaked to any such sense on her own behalf. She took her place at the table and tried to swallow a morsel, and interested herself in the appetite of the others as if she had been

* "*Levo l'incomodo*," a homely expression of Italian politeness on leaving a room.

their mother. "Try to eat something; it will make you ill if you do not," poor Alice said, in the abstraction and dead calm of her grief. Her own feeling was that she had been lifted far away from them into an atmosphere of age and distance and a kind of sad superiority, and to minister to some one was the grand condition under which Alice Meredith lived. As to the personal suffering, which was confined to herself, that did not so much matter; she had not been used to much sympathy, and it did not occur to her to look for it. Consequently, the only natural business which remained to her was to take a motherly charge of her two companions, and urge them to eat.

"You are not to mind me," she said, with an attempt at a smile, after dinner. "This is Sunday" to be sure; but, after to-day, you are just to go on as you used to do, and never mind. Thank you, I should like it better. I shall always be here, you know, when you come back from Rome, or wherever you wish to go. But you must not mind for me."

Lauderdale and Colin exchanged looks almost without being aware of it. "But you would like—somebody to be sent for—or something done?" said Lauderdale. He was a great deal more confused in having to suggest this than Alice was, who kept looking at him, her eyes dilated with weariness and tears, yet soft and clear as the eyes of a child. He could not say to her, in so many words, "It is impossible for you to remain with us." All he could do was to falter and hesitate, and grow confused, under the limpid, sorrowful look which she bent upon him from the distant heaven of her resignation and innocence. "You would like your friends—somebody to be written to," said Lauderdale; and then, afraid to have given her pain by the suggestion, went on hurriedly: "I'm old enough to be your father, and no a thought in my mind but to do you service," he said. "Tell me what you would like best. Colin, thank God! is strong, and has little need of me. I'll take you home, or do whatever you please; for I'm old enough to be your father, my poor bairn!" said the tender-hearted philosopher, and drew near to her, and put out his hand with an impulse of pitiful and protecting kindness which touched the heart of Alice, and yet filled her with momentary surprise. She, on her own side, was roused a little, not to think of herself,

but to remember what appeared to her a duty unfulfilled.

"Oh, Mr. Lauderdale! Arthur said I might tell you," said Alice. "Papa! you heard what he said about papa? I ought to write and tell him what has happened. Perhaps I ought to tell you from the beginning," she continued after composing herself a little. "We left home without his consent—indeed, he did not know. For dear Arthur," said the poor girl, turning her appealing eyes from one to the other, "could not approve of his ways. He did something that Arthur thought was wrong. I cannot tell you about it," said Alice through her tears; "it did not make so much difference to me. I think I ought to write and tell him, and that Arthur forgave him at the last. Oh, tell me, please, what do you think I should do?"

"If you would like to go home, I'll take you home," said Lauderdale. "He did not mean any harm, poor callant, but he's left an awfu' burden on you."

"Go home!" said Alice, with a slight shudder. "Do you think I ought—do you think I must? I do not care for myself, but Mrs. Meredith, you know"—she added, with a momentary blush; and then the friends began to perceive another unforeseen lion in the way.

"Out of my own head," said Lauderdale, who took the whole charge of this business on himself, and would not permit Colin to interfere, "I wrote your father a kind of a letter. If you are able to hear the—the event—which has left us a' mourning—named in common words, I'll read you what I have written. Poor bairn, you're awfu' young and awfu' tender to have such affairs in hand! Are you sure you are able to bear it, and can listen to what I have said?"

"Ah, I have borne it," said poor Alice. "I cannot deceive myself, nor think Arthur is still here. What does it matter then about saying it? Oh, yes, I can bear anything; it is only me to bear now and it doesn't matter. It was very kind of you to write. I should like to know what you have said."

Colin who could do nothing else for her, put forward the arm-chair with the cushions towards the table, and Sora Antonia put down the "Garden of the Soul" and drew a little nearer with her heavy, firm foot, which shook the house. She comprehended that

something was going on which would tax the signorina's strength, and brought her solid, steady succor to be in readiness. The pale little girl turned and smiled upon them both as she took the chair Colin had brought her. She was herself quite steady in her weakness and grief and loneliness. Sora Antonia was not wanted there; and Colin drew her aside to the window, where she told him all about the fireworks that were to be in the evening, and her hopes that after a while the signorina would be able to "distract herself" a little and recover her spirits; to which Colin assented dutifully, watching from where he stood the pale looks of the friendless young woman,—friendless beyond disguise or possible self-deception, with a step-mother whom she blushed to mention reigning in her father's house. Colin's thoughts were many and tumultuous as he stood behind in the window, watching Alice and listening to Sora Antonia's descriptions of the fireworks. Was it possible that perhaps his duty to his neighbor required from him the most costly of all offerings, the rashest of all possible actions? He stood behind, growing more and more excited in the utter quiet. The thought that had dawned upon him under the ilex trees came nearer and grew more familiar, and as he contemplated it, he seemed to recognize all that visible machinery of Providence bringing about the great event which youth decides upon so easily. While this vision grew before his mind, Alice was wiping off the tears which obliterated Lauderdale's letter even to her patient eyes; for, docile and dutiful as she was, it was yet terrible to read in calm, distinct words, which put the matter beyond all doubt, the announcement of "what had happened." This is what Lauderdale said:—

"SIR,—It is a great grief to me to inform you of an event for which I have no way of knowing whether you are prepared or not. Your son, Arthur Meredith, has been living here for the last three months in declining health, and on Thursday last died in great comfort and constancy of mind. It is not for me, a stranger to offer vain words of consolation, but his end was such as any man might be well content to have, and he entered upon his new life joyfully, without any shadow on his mind. As far as love and friendship could soothe the sufferings that were inevitable, he had both; for his sister never left his bedside, and myself and my friend, Colin Campbell, were with him constantly, to his satisfaction. His sister remains under our care.

I who write am no longer a young man, and know what is due to a young creature of her tender years; so that you may satisfy yourself she is safe until such time as you can communicate with me, which I will look for as soon as a reply is practicable, and in the mean time remain,

"Your son's faithful friend and mourner,
"W. LAUDERDALE."

Alice lingered over this letter, reading it, and crying, and whispering to Lauderdale a long time, as Colin thought. She found it easier, somehow, to tell her story fully to the elder man. She told him that Mrs. Meredith had "come home suddenly," which was her gentle version of a sad domestic history,—that nobody had known of her father's second marriage until the step-mother arrived, without any warning, with a train of children. Alice's mild words did not give Lauderdale any very lively picture of the dismay of the household at this unlooked-for apparition; but he understood enough to condemn Arthur less severely than he had been disposed to do. This sudden catastrophe had happened just after the other misery of the bank failure, which had ruined so many; and poor Meredith had no alternative between leaving his sister to the tender mercies of an underbred and possibly disreputable step-mother, or bringing her with him when he retired to die; and Alice, though she still cried for "poor papa," recoiled a little from the conclusion of Lauderdale's letter. "I have enough to live upon," she said, softly, with an appealing glance at her companion. "If you were to say that I was quite safe, would not that be enough?" and it was very hard for Lauderdale to convince her that her father's judgment must be appealed to in such a matter. When she saw he was not to be moved on this point, she sighed and submitted; but it was clearly apparent that as yet, occupied as she was by her grief, the idea that her situation here was embarrassing to her companions or unsuitable for herself had not occurred to Alice. When she retired, under the escort of Sora Antonia, the two friends had a consultation over this perplexing matter; and Lauderdale's sketch—filled in, perhaps, a little from his imagination—of the home she had left, plunged Colin into deeper and deeper thought. "No doubt he'll send some answer," the philosopher said. "He may not be worthy to have the charge of her, but he's

aye her father. It's hard to ken whether it's better or worse that she should be unconscious like this of anything embarrassing in her position, which is a' the more wonderful, as she's a real honest woman, and no way intellectual nor exalted. You and me, Colin," said Lauderdale, looking up in his young companion's face, "must take good care that she does not find it out from us."

"Of course," said Colin, with involuntary testiness; "but I do not see what her father has to do with it," continued the young man. "She cannot possibly return to such a home."

"Her father is the best judge of that," said Lauderdale; "she canna remain with you and me."

And there the conversation dropped, but not the subject. Colin was not in love with Alice; he had, indeed, vague but bright in the clouds before him, an altogether different ideal woman; and his heart was in the career which he again saw opening before him,—the life in which he meant to serve God and his country, and which at the present moment would admit of no rashly formed ties. Was it in consequence of these hindrances that this new thing loomed so large before Colin's inexperienced eyes? If he had longed for it with youthful passion, he would have put force on himself and restrained his longing; but the temptation took another shape. It was as if a maiden knight at the outset of his career had been tempted to pass by a helpless creature and leave her wrongs unredressed. The young Bayard could do anything but this.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN the mean time at least a fortnight must pass before they could expect an answer to Lauderdale's letter. During that time they returned to all their old habits, with the strange and melancholy difference that Arthur, once the centre of all, was no longer there. Every day of this time increased the development of Colin's new thoughts, until the unknown father of Alice had grown, in his eyes, into a cruel and profligate tyrant, ready to drag his daughter home and plunge her into depraved society, without any regard for either her happiness or her honor. Colin had, indeed, in his own mind, in strictest privacy and seclusion of thought, indited an imaginary letter, eloquent with youthful

indignation to inform this unworthy parent that his deserted daughter had found a better protector; but he was very silent about these cogitations of his, and did not share them even with Lauderdale. And there were moments when Colin felt the seriousness of the position, and found it very hard that such a necessity should meet him in the face at the beginning of his career. Sometimes in the sudden darkening, out of the rosy clouds which hung over the Campagna, the face of the impossible woman, the ideal creature, her who could have divined the thoughts in his mind and the movements in his heart before they came into being, would glance suddenly out upon him for an instant, and then disappear, waving a shadowy farewell, and leaving in his mind a strange blank, which the sight of Alice rather increased than removed. That ineffable mate and companion was never to be his, the young man thought. True, he had never met her, nor come upon any trace of her footsteps; for Matty Frankland at her best never could have been she. But yet, as long as he was unbound by other tie or affection, this vision was the "not impossible She" to Colin as to all men; and this he had to give up; for Alice, most gentle, patient Alice, whom it was not in the heart of man to be otherwise than tender of,—she who had need of him, and whom his very nature bound him to protect and cherish,—was not that woman. At other moments he thought of his own life, for which still so much training was necessary, and which he should have entered in the full freedom of his youth, and was profoundly aware of the incumbered and helpless trim in which he must go into the battle, obliged to take thought not of his work only, and the best means of doing it, but of those cares of living which lie so lightly on a young man alone. There may be some of Colin's friends who will think the less of him for this struggle in his mind; and there may be many who will think with justice that, unless he could have offered love to Alice, he had no right to offer her himself and his life,—an opinion in which his historian fully agrees. But then this gift, though less than the best, was a long way superior to anything else which, at the present moment, was likely to be offered to the friendless girl. If he could have laid at her feet the heart, which is the only true exchange under such circum-

stances, the chances are that Alice, in her simplicity and gentleness, would have been sadly puzzled what to do with that passionate and ungovernable thing. What he really could offer her—affection, tenderness, protection—was clearly comprehensible to her. She had no other idea of love than was included in those attributes and phases of it. These considerations justified Colin in the step which he contemplated, or rather in the step which he did not contemplate, but felt to be necessary and incumbent upon him. It sometimes occurred to him how, if he had been prudent and taken Lauderdale's advice, and eschewed at the beginning the close connection with Meredith and his sister, which he had entered into with his eyes open, and with a consciousness even that it might affect his life, this embarrassing situation might never have come into being; and then he smiled to himself, with youthful superiority, contemplating what seemed so plainly the meaning of Providence, and asking himself how he, by a momentary exercise of his own will, could have overthrown that distinct celestial intention. On the whole, it was comforting to think that everything had been arranged beforehand by agencies so very clear and traceable; and with this conclusion of the argument he left off, as near contented as possible, and not indisposed to enjoy the advantages which were palpable before him; for, though they were not the eyes he had dreamed of, there was a sweetness very well worthy of close study in Alice Meredith's eyes.

The days passed very quietly in this time of suspense. The society of the two strangers, who were more to her in her sorrow than all her kindred, supported the lonely girl more than she was aware of,—more than any one could have believed. They were absent during the greater part of the day, and left her unmolested to the tears that would come, notwithstanding all her patience; and they returned to her in the evening with attentions and cares to which she had never been accustomed, devoting two original and powerful minds, of an order at once higher and more homely than any which she had ever encountered, to her amusement and consolation. Alice had never known before what it was to have ordinary life and daily occurrences brightened by the thick-coming fancies, the tender play of

word and thought, which now surrounded her. She had heard clever talk afar off "in society," and been awe-stricken by the sound of it, and she had heard Arthur and his friends uttering much fine-sounding language upon subjects not generally in her way; but she was utterly unused to that action of uncommon minds upon common things which gives so much charm to the ordinary intercourse of life. All they could think of to lighten the atmosphere of the house in which she sat in her deep mourning, absorbed for hours together in those thoughts of the dead to which her needlework afforded little relief, they did with devotion, suspending their own talk and occupations to occupy themselves with her. Colin read "In Memoriam" to her till her heart melted and relieved itself in sweet abundant tears; and Lauderdale talked and told her many a homely history of that common course of humanity, full of sorrows sorer than her own, which fills young minds with awe. Between them they roused Alice to a higher platform, a different atmosphere, than she had known before; and she raised herself up after them with a half-bewildered sense of elevation, not understanding how it was; and so the long days which were so hard, and which nothing in the world could save from being hard, brightened towards the end, not certainly into anything that could be called pleasure, but into a sad expansion and elevation of heart, in which faintly appeared those beginnings of profound and deep happiness which are not incompatible with grief, and yet are stronger and more inspiring than joy. While this was going on, unconsciously to any one concerned, Sora Antonia, in her white kerchief and apron, sometimes knitting, sometimes with her distaff like a buxom Fate, sat and twisted her thread and turned her spindle a little behind, yet not out of reach, keeping a wary eye upon her charge. She, too, interposed, sometimes her own experiences, sometimes her own comments upon life and things in general, into the conversation; and, whether it was that Sora Antonia's mind was really of a superior order, or that the stately Roman speech threw a refining color upon her narratives, it is certain that the interpellations of the Italian peasant fell without any sensible derogation into the strain of lofty yet familiar talk which was meant to wean Alice from her special grief.

Sora Antonia told them of the other Forestieri who had lived like themselves in the Savvelli palace: who had come for health and yet had died, leaving the saddest mourners,—helpless widows and little children, heart-broken fathers and mothers, perhaps the least consolable of all. Life was such, she said solemnly, bowing her stately head. She herself, of a hardy race, and strong, as the signori saw, had not she buried her children, for whom she would have gladly died? But the good God had not permitted her to die. Alice cried silently as she heard all this; she kissed Sora Antonia, who, for her part, had outlived her tears, and with a natural impulse turned to Colin, who was young, and in whose heart, as in her own, there must live a natural protest against this awful necessity of separation and misery; and thus it came to be Colin's turn to interpose, and he came on the field once more with "In Memoriam," and with other poems which were sweet to hear, and soothed her even when she only partly entered into their meaning. A woman has an advantage under such circumstances. By means of her sympathy and gratitude, and the still deeper feeling which grew unconsciously in her heart towards him who read, she came to believe that she, too, understood and appreciated what was to him so clear and so touching. A kind of spiritual magnetism worked upon Alice, and, to all visible appearance, expanded and enlarged her mind. It was not that her intellect itself grew, or that she understood all the beautiful imaginations, all the tender philosophies thus unfolded to her; but she was united in a singular union of affectionate companionship with those who did understand, and even to herself she appeared able to see, if not with her own eyes at least with theirs, the new beauties and solemnities of which she had not dreamed before. This strange process went on day by day without any one being aware of it; and even Lauderdale had almost forgotten that their guardianship of Alice was only for the moment, and that the state of affairs altogether was provisionary and could not possibly continue, when an answer reached him to his letter. He was alone when he received it, and all that evening said nothing on the subject until Alice had retired with her watchful attendant; then, without a word of comment, he put it into Colin's hand. It was written

in a stilted hand, like that of one unaccustomed to writing, and was not quite irreproachable even in its spelling. This was what Lauderdale's correspondent said :—

"SIR,—Your letter has had such a bad effect upon the health of my dear husband, that I beg you wont trouble him with any more such communications. If its meant to get money, that's vain ; for neither him nor me knows anything about the friends Arthur may have picked up. If he had stayed at home, he would have received every attention. As for his ungrateful sister, I wont have anything to say to her. Mr. Meredith is very ill, and, for anything I know, may never rise from a bed of sickness, where he has been thrown by hearing this news so sudden ; but I take upon me to let her know as he will have nothing to say to one that could behave so badly as she has done. I am always for making friends ; but she knows she cannot expect much kindness from me after all that has happened. She has money enough to live on, and she can do as she pleases. Considering what her ingratitude has brought her dear father to, and that I may be left alone to manage everything before many days are past, you will please to consider that here is an end of it, and not write any more begging letters to me.

"JULIA MEREDITH."

This communication Colin read with a beating heart. It was so different from what he expected, and left him so free to carry out the dawning resolution which he had imagined himself executing in the face of tyrannical resistance, that he felt at first like a man who has been straining hard at a rope and is suddenly thrown down by the instantaneous stoppage of the pressure on the other side. When he had picked himself up, the facts of the case rushed on him distinct and unmistakable. The time had now come when the lost and friendless maiden stood in the path of the true knight. Was he to leave her there to fight her way in the hard world by herself, without defence or protection, because, sweet and fair and pure as she was, she was not the lady of his dreams? He made up his mind at once with a thrill of generous warmth, but at the same time felt himself saying for ever and ever farewell to that ideal lady who henceforward, in earth or heaven, could never be his. This passed while he was looking at the letter which already his rapid eye had read and comprehended. "So there is an end of your hopes," said Colin. "Now we are the only friends

she has in the world,—as I have always thought."

"Softly," said Lauderdale. "Callants like you aye rin away with the half of an idea. This is an ignorant woman's letter, that is glad to get rid of her. The father will mend, and then he'll take her out of our hands."

"He shall do nothing of the kind," said Colin, hotly. "You speak as if she was a piece of furniture ; I look upon her as a sacred charge. We are responsible to Meredith for his sister's comfort and—happiness," said the young man, who during this conversation preferred not to meet his companion's eye.

"Ay!" said Lauderdale, dryly, "that's an awfu' charge for the like of you and me. It's more that I ever calculated on, Colin. To see her safe home, and in the hands of her friends"—

"Lauderdale, do not be so heartless! cannot you see that she has no friends?" cried Colin; "not a protector in the world except"—

"Callant, dinna deceive yourself," said Lauderdale; "it's no a matter for hasty judgment; we have nae right to pass sentence on a man's character. He's her father, and it's her duty to obey him. I'm no heeding about that silly woman's letter. Mr. Meredith will mend. I'm here to take care of you," said Colin's guardian. "Colin, hold your peace. You're no to do for a moment's excitement, for pity and ruth and your own tender heart, what you may regret all your life. Sit down and keep still. You are only a callant, too young to take burdens on yourself; there is but one way that the like of you can protect the like of her,—and that is no to be thought of, as you consented with your own mouth."

"I am aware of that," said Colin, who had risen up in his excitement. "There is but one way. Matters have changed since we spoke of it first."

"I would like to know how far they have changed," said Lauderdale. "Colin, take heed to what I say; if it's love I'll no speak a word; I may disapprove a' the circumstances, and find fault with every step ye take; but if it's love"—

"Hush!" said Colin, standing upright, and meeting his friend's eye; "if it should happen to be my future wife we are speaking

of, my feelings toward her are not to be discussed with any man in the world."

They looked at each other thus for a moment, the one anxious and scrutinizing, the other facing him with blank brightness, and a smile which afforded no information. Perhaps Lauderdale understood all that was implied in that blank; at all events, his own delicate sense of honor could not refuse to admit Colin's plea. He turned away, shaking his head, and groaning privately under his breath; while Colin, struck with compunction, having shut himself up for an instant, unfolded again, that crisis being over, with all the happy grace of apology natural to his disposition. "You are not 'any man in the world,'" he said, with a short laugh, which implied emotion. "Forgive me, Lauderdale; and now you know very well what I am going to do."

"Oh, ay, I ken what you are going to do; I kent three months ago, for that matter," said the philosopher. "A man acts no from circumstances, as is generally supposed, but from his ain nature." When he had given forth this oracular utterance, Lauderdale went straight off to his room without exchanging another word with Colin. He was satisfied in a way with this mate for his charge, and belonged to too lowly a level of society to give profound importance to the inexpediency of early marriages,—and he was fond of Alice, and admired her sweet looks and sweet ways, and respected her self-command and patience; nevertheless, he, too, sighed, and recognized the departure of the ideal woman, who to him as little as to Colin resembled Alice,—and thus it was understood between them how it was to be.

All this, it may be imagined, was little compatible with that reverential regard for womankind in general which both the friends entertained, and evidenced a security in respect to Alice's inclinations which was not altogether complimentary to her. And yet it was highly complimentary in a sense; for this security arose from their appreciation of the spotless, unawakened heart with which they had to deal. If Colin entertained little doubt of being accepted when he made his proposition, it was not because he had an overweening idea of himself, or imagined Alice "in love" with him according to the vulgar expression. A certain chivalrous, primitive sense of righteous and natural ne-

cessity was in his confidence. The forlorn maiden, knowing the knight to be honest and true, would accept his protection loyally and simply, without bewildering herself with dreams of choice where no choice was, and having accepted, would love and cleave as was her nature. To be sure there were types of women less acquiescent; and we have already said that Alice did not bear the features of the ideal of which Colin had dreamed; but such was the explanation of his confidence. Alice showed little distress when she saw her step-mother's letter except for her father's illness, though even that seemed rather consolatory to her than otherwise, as a proof of his love for Arthur. As for Mrs. Meredith's refusal to interfere on her behalf, she was clearly relieved by the intimation; and things went on as before for another week or two, until Sora Antonia, who had now other tenants arriving and many occupations in hand, began to murmur a little over the watch which she would not relinquish. "Is it thus young ladies are left in England," she asked with a little indignation, "without any one to take care of them except the signori, who, though amiable and excellent, are only men? or when may madama be expected from England who is to take charge of the signorina?" It was after this question had been put to him with some force one evening, that Colin proposed to Alice, who was beginning to lift her head again like a flower after a storm, and to show symptoms of awakening from the first heaviness of grief, to go out with him and visit those illex avenues, which had now so many associations for the strangers. She went with a faint sense of pleasure in her heart through the afternoon sunshine, looking wistfully through her black veil at the many cheerful groups on the way, and clinging to Colin's arm when a kind neighbor spoke to her in pity and condolence. She put up her veil when they came to the favorite avenue, where Lauderdale and Colin walked so often. Nothing could be more silent, more cool and secluded than this verdant cloister, where, with the sunshine still blazing everywhere around, the shade and the quiet were equally profound and unbroken. They walked once or twice up and down, remarking now and then upon the curious network of the branches, which, out of reach of the sun, were all bare and stripped of their foliage, and upon the blue

blaze of daylight at either opening, where the low arch of dark verdure framed in a space of brilliant Italian sky. Then they both became silent, and grew conscious of it; and it was then, just as Alice for the first time began to remember the privileges and penalties of her womanhood, that Colin spoke,—

"I brought you here to speak to you," he said. "I have a great deal to say. That letter that Lauderdale showed you did not vex you; did it? Will you tell me? Arthur made me one of your guardians, and, whatever you may decide upon, that is a sacred bond."

"Yes, oh, yes," said Alice, with tears, "I know how kind you both are. No, it did not vex me, except about papa. I was rather glad, if I may say so, that she did not send for me home. It is not—a—home—like what it used to be," said Alice; and then, perhaps because something in Colin's looks had advertised her of what was coming, perhaps because the awakening sense sprung up in a moment, after long torpor, a sudden change came upon her face. "I have given you a great deal of trouble," she said; "I am like somebody who has had a terrible fall,—as soon as I come to myself I shall go away. It is very wrong of me to detain you here."

"You are not detaining us," said Colin, who, notwithstanding, was a little startled and alarmed; "and you must not talk of going away. Where would you go? Are not we your friends,—the friends you know best in Italy? You must not think of going away."

But even these very words thus repeated acted like an awakening spell upon Alice. "I cannot tell what I have been thinking of," she said. "I suppose it is staying indoors and forgetting everything. I do not seem to know even how long it is. Oh, yes, you are my kindest friends. Nobody ever was so good to me; but, then, you are only—gentlemen," said Alice, suddenly withdrawing her hand from Colin's arm, and blushing over all her pallid face. "Ah! I see now how stupid I have been to put off so long. And I am sure I must have detained you here."

"No," said Colin, "do not say so; but I have something more to say to you. You are too young and too delicate to face the world alone, and your people at home are not going

to claim you. I am a poor man now, and I never can be rich, but I would protect you and support you if you would have me. Will you trust me to take care of you, Alice, not for this moment, but always? I think it would be the best thing for us both."

"Mr. Campbell, I don't understand you," said Alice, trembling and casting a glance up at him of wistful surprise and uncertainty. There was an eager, timid inquiry in her eyes besides the bewilderment. She seemed to say, "What is it you mean?" "Is that what you mean?" and Colin answered by taking her hand again and drawing it through his arm.

"Whether you will have me or not," he said, "there is always the bond between us which Arthur has made sacred, and you must lean on me all the same. I think you will see what I mean if you consider it. There is only one way that I can be your true protector and guardian, and that is if you will consent to marry me, Alice. Will you? You know I have nothing to offer you; but I can work for you, and take care of you, and with me you would not be alone."

It was a strange way of putting it certainly,—very different from what Colin had intended to say, strangely different from the love-tale that had glided through his imagination by times since he became a man; but he was very earnest and sincere in what he said, and the innocent girl beside him was no critic in such matters. She trembled more and more, but she leaned upon him and heard him out with anxious attention. When he had ended, there was a pause, during which Colin, who had not hitherto been doubtful, began himself to feel anxious; and then Alice once more gave a wistful, inquiring look at his face.

"Don't be angry with me," she said; "it is so hard to know what to say. If you would tell me one thing quite truly and frankly— Would it not do you a great deal of harm if this was to happen as you say?"

"No," said Colin. When he said the word he could not help remembering, in spite of himself, the change it would make in his young prospects; but the result was only that he repeated his negative with more warmth. "It can do me only good," said Colin, yielding to the natural temptations of the moment, "and I think I might do something for your

happiness too. It is for you to decide,—do not decide against me, Alice,” said the young man; “I cannot part with you now.”

“Ah!”—said Alice with a long breath. “If it only would not do you any harm,” she added, a moment after, once more with that inquiring look. The inquiry was one which could be answered but in one way, and Colin was not a man to remain unmoved by the wistful, sweet eyes thus raised to him, and by the tender dependence of the clinging arm. He set her doubts at rest almost as eloquently, and quite as warmly, as if she had indeed been that woman who had disappeared among the clouds forever, and led her home to Sora Antonia with a fond care, which was very sweet to the forlorn little maiden, and not irksome by any means to the magnanimous knight. Thus the decisive step was taken in obedience to the necessities of the position, and the arrangements (as Colin had decided upon them) of Providence. When he met Lauderdale and informed him of the new event, the young man looked flushed and happy, as was natural in the circumstances, and disposed of all the objections of prudence with great facility and

satisfaction. It was a moonlight night, and Colin and his friend went out to the *loggia* on the roof of the house, and plunged into a sea of discussion, through which the young lover steered triumphantly the frailest bark of argument that ever held water. But, when the talk was over, and Colin, before he followed Lauderdale down-stairs, turned round to take a parting look at the Campagna, which lay under them like a great map in the moonlight, the old apparition looked out once more from the clouds, pale and distant, and again seemed to wave to him a shadowy farewell. “Farewell! farewell! in heaven nor in earth will you ever find me,” sighed the woman of Colin’s imagination, dispersing into thin white mists and specks of clouds; and the young man went to rest with a vague sense of loss in his heart. The sleep of Alice was sweeter than that of Colin on this first night of their betrothal; but at that one period of existence, it often happens that the woman, for once in her life, has the advantage. And thus it was that the event, foreseen by Lauderdale on board the steamer at the beginning of their acquaintance, actually came to pass.

COAL RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The *Quarterly Journal of Science* has a recent article on this subject, written by Edward Hull, of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. He enumerates the *coal-fields* of the kingdom, and estimates their capabilities as they appear to the eye of Geological Science. “Within a depth of four thousand feet from the surface there are in Great Britain, 83,544,000,000 tons of coal available;” and the probable annual consumption is estimated in the following closing paragraphs of the article:—

“Space will not admit of our doing more than to glance at the past history and future prospects of coal-mining. It may be said that up to the end of the last century, the art had only smouldered. It was when the invention of the steam-engine revolutionized the industry of this country, that mining burst forth with an energy previously unapproached. Probably not more than ten millions of tons of coal were raised at the commencement of this century; yet in 1830 the quantity raised was thirty millions, and in 1851 not less than fifty-four millions. From 1854 downwards, we have the returns of the Mining Record Office, which show a general ten-

dency to expansion, though with fluctuations, the maximum having been reached in 1861, when the enormous quantity of eighty-six millions of tons was brought to the surface.

“Notwithstanding these facts, however, it would be rash to assume that the experience of the past is to be a criterion of the future. We neither wish for, nor expect, an increase during the remainder of this century at all proportionate to that of the earlier half, and this view is borne out by some of the later returns. Some of our coal-fields, as has been shown, have passed their meridian, and, having expended their strength, are verging on decay. Others have attained their maximum, or nearly so; this indeed is the case with the majority. The younger coal-fields will have much of their strength absorbed in compensating for the falling-off of the older; so that in a few years the whole of our coal-producing districts will reach a stage of activity beyond which they cannot advance, but around which they may oscillate. Entertaining these views, I am inclined to place the possible maximum of production at one hundred millions of tons a year; and yet it has been shown that even with this enormous ‘output,’ there is enough coal to last for eight centuries.”

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BANTING ON CORPULENCE.*

OF all the salutations that ever were devised to express hearty good-will and large substantial friendship, recommend us to that of the Orientals: "May your shadow never be less!" Maceration, as a rule of life, is suitable only for hermits, anchorites, and suchlike recluses, who have faith in the efficacy of parched pease, and whose type of beatitude is the scarecrow. Orthodoxy is allied to plumpness, and a certain breadth of beam is most becoming to a high dignitary of the church. In the man of portly presence we expect to find—and rarely indeed are we disappointed in our expectations—a warm heart, a kindly, benevolent disposition, comprehensive charity, and a conscience void of offence. We feel that in such a man we can repose implicit trust,—we can make him the depository of our secrets without fear of betrayal,—we can depend upon his good offices when we need the assistance of a friend. Very different are our sensations when we chance to encounter a gaunt hering-gutted individual of the human species, who, like the evil kine seen by royal Pharaoh in his dream, will not fatten upon the fairest pasture. His sharp looks and low-set hungry jaw instinctively beget distrust. He has the eye of a usurer, the yawn of an ogre, the gripe of a bailiff; and being utterly destitute of bowels, he yearns not for the calamities of his kind. Shrewd was the observation of Cæsar,—

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' night.
Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;
I like him not,—such men are dangerous."

Julius, who was in perfect training, and did not weigh a single pound more than the standard of his height would justify, saw the danger, and would have prevented it. His keen eye detected the conspirator and assassin under the unwholesome skin of the ascetic; but Antony, who was somewhat pudding-headed, and whom a liberal diet of quails and venison had lulled into a chronic habit of good-nature, felt no suspicion, and even tried to vindicate the character of the leanest villain of the age.

We, therefore, being anxious that good men should abound, have a kindly feeling for the corpulent. It is a notable fact in criminal

*"Letter on Corpulence, addressed to the Public." By William Banting.

statistics that no fat man was ever convicted of the crime of murder. Stout people are not revengeful; nor, as a general rule, are they agitated by gusts of passion. Few murderers weigh more than ten stone. There are, however, exceptions, which justify us in assuming eleven as the utmost limit of the sliding-scale, but beyond that there is no impulse toward homicide. Seldom has such a phenomenon as a fat housebreaker been paraded at a criminal bar. It is your lean, wiry fellow who works with the skeleton-keys, forces himself through closet-windows which seemingly would scarce suffice for the entrance of the necessary cat, steals with noiseless step along the lobby and up the stairs, glides into the chamber sacred for more than half a century to the chaste repose of the gentle Tabitha, and with husky voice, and the exhibition of an enormous carving-knife, commands silence on pain of instant death, and delivery of her cash and jewels. It is your attenuated thief who insinuates himself under beds, skulks behind counters, dives into tills, or makes prey of articles of commerce arrayed at shop-doors for the temptation of the credulous passenger. A corpulent burglar is as much out of place and as little to be feared as was Falstaff at Gadshill,—and what policeman ever yet gave chase to a depredator as bulky as a bullock? Corpulence, we maintain, is the outward sign not only of a good constitution, but of inward rectitude and virtue.

There is, however, such a thing as over-cultivation; and we should be sorry if any one, misled by these our preliminary remarks, should think that we are attempting to elevate pinguity to the rank of a cardinal virtue. Men are not pigs, to be estimated entirely by the standard of weight; and though, in a certain sense, the late Daniel Lambert was one of the greatest men that ever lived, we certainly do not hold him forth as a suitable example for imitation. But we cannot give in to the theory that plumpness is a positive misfortune; and we are decidedly opposed to a system which proscribes as deleterious and unwholesome such articles of food as are the best known and most universally accepted,—which is essentially coarse and carnivorous, and though possibly well adapted for the training of a brutal gladiator, is in every respect unfitting for the nutriment of a reasonable Christian.

Seldom has fame descended with such amazing rapidity upon the shoulders of any man as upon those of Mr. William Banting, late of No. 27 St. James's Street, Piccadilly. Little more than a year ago his name was unknown beyond the limited but respectable circle of his acquaintance; now it has become a household word, and the doctrines which he has promulgated in his pamphlet have been adopted by thousands who acknowledge him as their instructor and guide. Though not professing to be the actual discoverer of a dietetic system which can cure or at least prevent many of the ills to which flesh is heir, he claims to be its first intelligible exponent; and as he uses none of the exotic terms or technical phrases with which medical men so commonly enwrap their meaning as to render it utterly obscure, but writes in plain, homely English, without any scientific nomenclature, he has found a ready and numerous audience. In vain do members of the faculty—not unjustifiably incensed by the accusations levelled at their order by this intruder into their own peculiar walk—insist that there is no novelty in the system, though its application may be of doubtful expediency. Mr. Banting replies that for thirty years and upwards he has been in search of a remedy against increasing corpulence, and has received no salutary counsel from any physician save the last, who regulated his diet.

"None of my family," he says, "on the side of either parent, had any tendency to corpulence, and from my earliest years I had an inexpressible dread of such a calamity; so, when I was between thirty and forty years of age, finding a tendency to it creeping upon me, I consulted an eminent surgeon, now long deceased,—a kind personal friend,—who recommended increased bodily exertion before my ordinary daily labors began, and thought rowing an excellent plan. I had the command of a good heavy life-boat, lived near the river, and adopted it for a couple of hours in the early morning. It is true I gained muscular vigor, but with it a prodigious appetite, which I was compelled to indulge, and consequently increased in weight, until my kind old friend advised me to forsake the exercise. He soon afterwards died; and as the tendency to corpulence remained, I consulted other high orthodox authorities (*never any inferior adviser*), but all in vain. I have tried sea air and bathing in various localities, with much walking exercise; taken gallons of physic and liquor

potassæ advisedly and abundantly; riding on horseback; the waters of Leamington many times, as well as those of Cheltenham and Harrogate frequently; have lived upon sixpence a-day, so to speak, and earned it, if bodily labor may be so construed; and have spared no trouble nor expense in consultations with the best authorities in the land, giving each and all a fair time for experiment, without any permanent remedy, as the evil still gradually increased."

This is no doubt a sweeping charge against the faculty; but when we consider it minutely, it appears to us that Mr. Banting is somewhat unreasonable in his complaints. True, he was possessed with a morbid horror for corpulence, and was vehemently desirous to get rid of some superfluous flesh which seemed to be rapidly accumulating; but we are nowhere told that his health had been impaired in the slightest degree,—indeed, the following passage leads us to the direct opposite conclusion:—

"When," says he, "a corpulent man eats, drinks, and sleeps well, has no pain to complain of, and no particular organic disease, the judgment of able men seems paralyzed; for I have been generally informed that corpulence is one of the natural results of increasing years; indeed, one of the ablest authorities as a physician in the land told me he had gained one pound in weight every year since he attained manhood, and was not surprised at my condition, but advised more bodily exercise, vapor-baths, and shampooing, in addition to the medicine given. Yet the evil still increased, and, like the parasite of barnacles on a ship, if it did not destroy the structure, it obstructed its fair comfortable progress in the path of life."

The "obstruction" to which Mr. Banting alludes seems to have been nothing more than an extreme dislike to be twitted on the score of punchiness. He says, with undeniable truth, that

"Any one so afflicted is often subject to public remark; and though in conscience he may care little about it, I am confident no man laboring under obesity can be quite insensible to the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles, or the ordinary street-traffic; nor to the annoyance of finding no adequate space in a public assembly, if he should seek amusement or need refreshment; and therefore he naturally keeps away as much as possible from places where he is likely to be made the object of the taunts and remarks of others. I am as regardless of public remark

as most men, but I have felt those difficulties, and therefore avoided such circumscribed accommodation and notice, and by that means have been deprived of many advantages to health and comfort."

All that may be perfectly true, but we cannot see how it justifies his accusation of the doctors. Because cabmen and street-boys make impertinent remarks about stature,—because querulous people in the pit of the theatre object to having a human screen interposed between them and the spectacle,—because an elderly gentleman cannot contrive to squeeze himself with comfort into an opera stall, or the narrow box of a chophouse,—is it the duty of a physician to recommend such stringent measures as will make him a walking skeleton? It is the business of a doctor to cure disease, not to minister to personal vanity; and if Mr. Banting ate, drank, and slept well, and was affected by no actual complaint, we really cannot understand why he should have been so pertinacious in demanding medical assistance. We are acquainted with many estimable persons of both sexes, turning considerably more than fifteen stone in the scales,—a heavier weight than Mr. Banting has ever attained,—whose health is unexceptionable, and who would laugh to scorn the idea of applying to a doctor for recipe or regimen which might have the effect of marring their developed comeliness. What right, we ask, has Mr. Banting to brand obesity as one of the most "distressing parasites that affect humanity," while, by his own confession, he has never reached that point of corporeal bulk which is generally regarded as seemly and suitable to bishops, deans, mayors, provosts, aldermen, bailies, and even dowagers of high degree? We deny that a man weighing but a trifle above fourteen stone is entitled to call himself obese. It may be that such a one is not qualified to exhibit himself as a dancer on the tight rope, or to take flying leaps in the character of Harlequin; neither should we be inclined to give the odds in his favor if he were to enter himself as a competitor for the long race at a Highland meeting. But gentlemen in the position of Mr. Banting, who, we believe, has retired into private life after a successful business career, are not expected to rival Leotard, or to pit themselves in athletic contests against hairy-houghed Donald of the Isles. As a deer-stalker, it may be that he

would not win distinction,—for it is hard work even for light-weights to scramble up corries, or crawl on their bellies through moss-hags and water-channels for hours, before they can get the glimpse of an antler,—but many a country gentleman, compared with whom Mr. Banting at his biggest would have been but as a fatted calf to a full-grown bull, can take, with the utmost ease, a long day's exercise through stubble and turnips, and bring home his twenty brace of partridges, with a due complement of hares, without a symptom of bodily fatigue. Mr. Banting seems to labor under the hallucination that he was at least as heavy as Falstaff; we, on the contrary, have a shrewd suspicion that Hamlet would have beaten him in the scales.

It is, of course, in the option of all who are dissatisfied with their present condition to essay to alter it. Lean men may wish to become fatter, and fat men may wish to become leaner; but so long as their health remains unimpaired, they are not fit subjects for the doctor. We have no doubt that the eminent professional gentlemen whom Mr. Banting consulted took that view of the matter; and having ascertained that there was in reality no disease to be cured, gave him, by way of humoring a slight hypochondriac affection, a few simple precepts for the maintenance of a health which in reality required no improvement. Probably they opined that the burden of his flesh was no greater than he could bear with ease; and certainly, under the circumstances, there was no call upon them whatever to treat him as if he had been a jockey under articles to ride a race at Newmarket, whose success or failure might depend upon the exact number of pounds which he should weigh when getting into the saddle.

Excessive corpulence, we freely admit, may have its inconveniences. It is, as Mr. Banting justly remarks, rather a serious state of matters when a man, by reason of fatness, cannot stoop to tie his shoe, "nor attend to the little offices which humanity requires, without considerable pain and difficulty." To be "compelled to go down-stairs slowly backwards" is an acrobatic feat which no one save an expectant lord chamberlain would care to practise; and it is not seemly, and must be a disagreeable thing, "to puff and blow with every exertion," like a porpoise in a gale of wind. But, as we gather

from the pamphlet, these distressing symptoms did not exhibit themselves until very recently, whereas Mr. Banting says that he has been soliciting a remedy from the faculty any time during the last thirty years. He also makes constant reference to his increasing obesity throughout that period; therefore we are entitled to conclude that with advancing years he acquired additional weight, and did not arrive at the climax until 26th August, 1862, when, as he informs us, his weight was two hundred and two pounds, or fourteen stone six. That is not, after all, a very formidable weight for an elderly gentleman of sedentary habits. Tom Johnson, the pugilist, weighed fourteen stone when he entered the ring against and conquered Isaac Perrins, of Birmingham, supposed to be the most powerful man in England, and weighing seventeen stone. Neat weighed fourteen stone after training; and, according to the best of our recollection (for we have mislaid our copy of "Boxiana"), Josh Hudson was considerably heavier. Tom Cribb, the champion of England, weighed sixteen stone before he went into training for his great fight with Molineaux, and reduced himself in five weeks, through physic and exercise, to fourteen stone nine. By dint of sweating and severe work, he came to thirteen stone five, which was ascertained to be the pitch of his condition, as he could not reduce further without weakening. Such instances go far to prove that, even when his circumference was the widest, Mr. Banting process was a gradual one; he had been com- had no reason to complain of excessive corpulency. But even if he had, the enlarging plaining of obesity for thirty years; and if we suppose that he gained only a pound and a half per annum,—which is a very low rate of increase,—he must have been applying to the doctors for remedies against corpulence when he weighed only eleven stone three,—a weight which most men of thirty-five years of age would regard as natural and appropriate.

We have thought it right to make these observations, because Mr. Banting has chosen to insinuate that medical men generally are so ignorant of their calling that they do not understand the evils of obesity, or cannot conquer it by prescribing the proper diet.

"The remedy," says Mr. Banting, "may be as old as the hills, as I have since been

told, but its application is of very recent date: and it astonishes me that such a light should have remained so long unnoticed and hidden, as not to afford a glimmer to my anxious mind in a search for it during the last twenty years, even in directions where it might have been expected to be known. I would rather presume it is a new light than that it was purposely hidden, merely because the disease of obesity was not immediately dangerous to existence, nor thought to be worthy of serious consideration."

Now let us steadfastly survey this new light, which was flashed on the astonished eyes of Mr. Banting by the last practitioner whom he consulted. That light—but we really cannot continue the metaphor without making a botch of it, so let us have recourse to simpler language, and give Mr. Banting's account of the dietary which he was advised to follow, and the reasons assigned therefor.

"For the sake of argument and illustration, I will presume that certain articles of ordinary diet, however beneficial in youth, are prejudicial in advanced life, like beans to a horse whose common ordinary food is hay and corn. It may be useful food occasionally, under peculiar circumstances, but detrimental as a constancy. I will therefore adopt the analogy, and call such food human beans. The items from which I was advised to abstain as much as possible were,—bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer, and potatoes, which had been the main (and, I thought, innocent) elements of my existence, or at all events they had for many years been adopted freely. These, said my excellent adviser, contain starch and saccharine matter tending to create fat, and should be avoided altogether. At the first blush it seemed to me that I had little left to live upon, but my kind friend soon showed me that there was ample, and I was only too happy to give the plan a fair trial, and, within a very few days, found immense benefit from it. It may better elucidate the dietary plan if I describe generally what I have sanctioned to take; and that man must be an extraordinary person who would desire a better table:—

For breakfast, I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or one ounce of dry toast.

For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two

or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or madeira,—champagne, port, and beer forbidden.

For tea, two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar.

For supper, three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret.

For nightcap, if required, a tumbler of grog,—gin, whiskey, or brandy, without sugar,—or a glass or two of claret or sherry.

“This plan leads to an excellent night’s rest, with from six to eight hours’ sound sleep. The dry toast or rusk may have a tablespoonful of spirit to soften it, which will prove acceptable. Perhaps I did not wholly escape starchy or saccharine matter, but scrupulously avoided those beans, such as milk, sugar, beer, butter, etc., which were known to contain them.”

Mr. Banting subsequently specifies veal, pork, herring, eels, parsnips, beetroot, turnips, and carrots as improper articles of food.

Now, before inquiring whether this dietary scheme be a new discovery or not, we beg to observe that Mr. Banting has fallen into a monstrous error in asserting that every substance tending to promote fatness or increase the bulk of the human body is necessarily deleterious. His analogy, as he calls it, of the beans, is purely fanciful and absurd. Farinaceous food, which, with extraordinary presumption, he denounces as unwholesome, forms the main subsistence of the peasantry, not only of the British Islands, but of the whole of Europe; and are we now to be told, forsooth, that bread, meal, and potatoes are “prejudicial in advanced life,”—that they may be “useful food occasionally, under peculiar circumstances, but detrimental as a constancy”? Are we to conclude, because Mr. Banting’s medical adviser prohibited them, that milk and butter, beer and sugar, are little short of absolute poison? It would be easy to show, from the recorded tables of longevity, that the persons who have attained the most advanced ages, far beyond the ordinary span of human existence, have never used any other kind of diet save that which Mr. Banting’s adviser has proscribed; but the idea is so manifestly preposterous, that it carries with it its own refutation. If Banting’s bill of fare be the right one, and if the articles which he has been advised to avoid

are generally hurtful to adults,—Heaven help not only the working classes, but the greater proportion of the middle order, who certainly cannot afford to begin the day as Mr. Banting does, with a meat breakfast of kidneys, broiled fish, or bacon, such as might make a Frenchman stare, to repeat the diet, with the additions of poultry or game, both for dinner and supper, to interject a fruity tea, and to wash down each meal with a few glasses of claret, sherry, or madeira!

In fact, Mr. Banting has fallen into the egregious error of supposing that the food which agrees with him must agree with every other human being, and that articles which have been, perhaps judiciously, denied to him, must necessarily be hurtful to the rest of mankind. His logical position is this:—

Banting is a mortal;

Bread, potatoes, etc., are bad for Banting
—therefore

No mortal should eat bread or potatoes.

But the falsity of the syllogism is apparent. We are not all afflicted by Mr. Banting’s tendency toward obesity, and therefore we need not regard “beans” with his more than Pythagorean horror. There is a deep truth in the old adage that “what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison;” and Mr. Banting might have escaped no small amount of ridicule, had he carefully laid it to heart, before promulgating the doctrine that kidneys are more wholesome than potatoes, and that bread should be generally tabooed.

We fully appreciate the excellence of the motive which has induced Mr. Banting to offer his observations upon corpulence to the public; but we can inform him that there is no kind of novelty in the system which was recommended by his last medical adviser, and which has led to such fortunate results. Training has long ago been reduced to a science, and the diet to be observed during training has received the most careful attention. The following were some of the rules of diet approved of by the late John Jackson, the celebrated teacher of pugilism, with whom Lord Byron used to spar. They are given at full length in Sir John Sinclair’s work upon health and longevity:—

“The diet is simple,—animal food alone; and it is recommended to take very little salt and some vinegar with the food, which prevents thirst, and is good to promote leanness. Vegetables are never given, as turnips or car-

rots, which are difficult to digest; nor potatoes, which are watery. But bread is allowed, only it must be stale. Veal and lamb are never given, nor is pork, which has tendency to purge some people. Beefsteaks are reckoned very good, and rather under-done than otherwise, as all meat in general is; and it is better to have the meat broiled than roasted or boiled, by which nutriment is lost. No fish whatever is allowed, because it is reckoned watery, and not to be compared with meat in point of nutriment. The fat of meat is never given, but the lean of the best meat. No butter nor cheese on any account. Pies and puddings are never given, nor any kind of pastry."

The like diet is prescribed for jockeys, pedestrians, and all others whose weight is to be materially reduced; but in such cases recourse is likewise had to sweatings, hard exercise, and preparatory doses of medicine. Mr. Jackson, however, says with regard to training,—

"A person in high life cannot be treated in exactly the same manner at first, from the indulgences to which he has been accustomed; nor is his frame in general so strong. They eat too much made dishes and other improper food, and sit too long at table, and eat too great a variety of articles; also drink too much wine. No man should drink more than half a pint of wine." He says, moreover, "A course of training would be an effectual remedy for bilious complaints. Corpulent people, by the same system, could be brought into a proper condition."

But, not to multiply authorities, which would be rather tedious, let us refer at once to the "*Physiologie du Goût*" of Mons. Brillat-Savarin, a work which has the merit of being extremely popular and amusing, and we shall presently see that no new light was flashed from the scientific lantern of Mr. Banting's medical adviser. A translation, or rather abridgment, of that treatise was published by Longman & Co., in 1859, under the title of "*The Hand-book of Dining*;" and from it we extract the following remarks on

"OBESITY OR EMBONPOINT."

"The primary cause of embonpoint is the natural disposition of the individual. Most men are born with certain predispositions, which are stamped upon their features. Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, a long face, and a sharp nose. Out of one hundred fat ones, ninety have short faces, round eyes, and a short nose.

"Consequently there are persons whose destiny it is to be fat. This physical truth has often given me annoyance. I have at times met in society some dear little creature with rounded arms, dimpled cheeks, and hands, and pert little nose, fresh and blooming, the admiration of every one, when, taught by experience, I cast a rapid mental glance through the next ten years of her life, and I behold these charms in another light, and I sigh internally. This anticipated compassion is a painful feeling, and gives one more proof that man would be very unhappy if he could foresee the future.

"The second and chief cause of obesity is to be found in the mealy or floury substances of which man makes his food. All animals that live on farinaceous food grow fat; man follows the common law. Mixed with sugar, the fattening qualities increase. Beer is very fattening. Too much sleep and little exercise will promote corpulency. Another cause of obesity is in eating and drinking too much."

Here the whole philosophy of the matter is set forth in a few simple terms. Certain people have a natural tendency towards fat, and that tendency will be materially assisted by a farinaceous and saccharine diet. But so far from regarding such substances as unwholesome, which view Mr. Banting, in his pure ignorance, has adopted, Brillat-Savarin considers them as eminently nutritious; he would only regulate their use in cases where the tendency has been clearly ascertained.

"Of all medical powers, diet is the most efficient, because it acts incessantly, day and night, sleeping or waking: it ends by subjugating the individual. Now the diet against corpulency is indicated by the most common and active cause of obesity; and as it has been proved that farinaceous food produces fat, in man as well as in animals, it may be concluded that abstinence from farinaceous substances tends to diminish embonpoint.

"I hear my fair friends exclaim that I am a monster who wishes to deprive them of everything they like. Let them not be alarmed.

"If they must eat bread, let it be brown bread; it is very good, but not so nutritious as white bread.

"If you are fond of soup, have it *à la julienne*, or with vegetables, but no paste, no macaroni.

"At the first course eat anything you like, except the rice with fowls, or the crust of *pâtes*.

"The second course requires more philosophy. Avoid everything farinaceous. You

can eat roast, salad, and vegetables. And if you must needs have some sweets, take chocolate, creams, and jellies, and punch in preference to orange or others.

"Now comes dessert. New danger. But if you have been prudent so far, you will continue to be so. Avoid biscuits and macaroons; eat as much fruit as you like.

"After dinner take a cup of coffee and a glass of liqueur. Tea and punch will not hurt you.

"At breakfast brown bread and chocolate in preference to coffee. No eggs. Anything else you like. You cannot breakfast too early. If you breakfast late, the dinner-hour comes before you have properly digested; you do not eat the less, and this eating without an appetite is a prime cause of obesity, because it often occurs.

"The above regulations are to prevent embonpoint. The following are for those who are already victims:—

"Drink, every summer, thirty bottles of Seltzer water,—a large tumblerful every morning, two hours before breakfast, and the same before you go to bed. Drink white wines, and rather acid. Avoid beer like the plague. Eat radishes, artichokes, celery; eat veal and chicken in preference to beef and mutton. Only eat the crust of your bread; you will be all the lighter and younger for it."

The system recommended by Savarin is, as our readers will observe, in essentials the same as that which Mr. Banting has proclaimed, with so much pomposity, to be an original discovery; but how infinitely more elegant and refined is the *carte* sketched by the Parisian gastronome than the gross flesh-market bill of fare propounded by the English epicure! It will be observed that veal, which is expressly forbidden by Banting, is recommended by Savarin. We side in opinion with the Frenchman. Beef, as a constant article of food, is too nutritious for persons with a corpulent tendency. Roger Bacon, in his treatise, "*De retardandis Senectutis Malis*," expressly forbids it to old men, warning them that, if they accustom themselves to such meat, dropsies will be engendered, stoppages in the liver, and in like manner obstructions in the spleen, and stones in the kidneys and bladder. Veal and chickens, he thinks, ought decidedly to have the preference. And the following instance is strongly confirmatory of that view. Humphries, the pugilist, was trained by Ripsham, the keeper of the jail at Ipswich. He was sweated in bed, and afterwards twice phys-

icked. He was weighed once a day, and at first fed on beef; but as on that food he got too much flesh, they were obliged to change it to mutton.

As there are many persons whose health and appearance would be materially improved by putting on a little more of that garb of flesh which has proved such an intolerable burden to Mr. Banting, we confidently recommend to their study the treatise of M. Savarin, wherein the means of attaining a becoming degree of pinguitude are elaborately explained. "*Leanness*," says this wise philosopher, though it may be no absolute disadvantage to a man, "is a great disaster for ladies, for beauty is their life, and beauty consists chiefly in the rounded limb and graceful curve. The most *recherche* toilet, the best dressmakers in the world, cannot supply certain absences, or hide certain angles. But a woman who is born thin may be fattened like a chicken. It may take more time. The ladies must pardon me the simile, but I could not find a better." Clearly he is in the right. Even the savage instinct recognizes the charms of female pinguitude, and takes care that it is properly cultivated. Art follows closely in the wake of instinct. What painter has ever dared to depict, or what sculptor to chisel out, a wood-nymph in attenuated form, or an angular and scraggy Venus?

No wonder that Mr. Banting, having a natural tendency towards corpulence, found himself, in his sixty-third year, much fatter than was at all convenient. He has, with amiable candor, given us a sketch of his former dietary, and after perusing it, we cannot wonder at the result. Buttered toast, beer, and pastry were his favorite articles of consumption; and moreover, he was in the habit of taking four meals a day, which is greatly too much for a man of sedentary habits and occupation. We are strongly inclined to think that if Mr. Banting had somewhat restrained his appetite, practised occasional fastings, and entirely abstained from heavy, wet, buttered crumpets, muffins, and *pâtisserie*, he would have fully attained his object, without discontinuing the use of bread, sugar, or potatoes. Men have been known materially to reduce their weight, and at the same time to gain additional health and strength, by restricting themselves entirely to the use of the simplest farinaceous food.

Such is the case of Wood, the miller of Bilericray in Essex, stated in the "Transactions of the London College of Physicians." This man, it would appear, had attained to such a degree of corpulency by the free use of flesh meat and ale that his life had become a burden to him; but he succeeded in reducing himself to a moderate bulk by the following means: His reformed diet consisted of a simple pudding made by boiling coarse flour in water, without salt. Of this he consumed about three pounds in twenty-four hours, and took no fluid whatever, not even water. On this he lived in perfect health for many years, went through a great deal of exercise in the open air, and was able to carry five hundred pounds' weight, "which," says our authority, "was more than he could lift in his youth, when he lived on animal food, and drank freely of ale." In fact, the man fed upon porridge, from time immemorial the favorite diet of the Scottish peasantry, among whom obesity is unknown. Pure farinaceous food can never be hurtful. On the contrary, as Mr. Banting may learn from a perusal of the first chapter of the book of Daniel, it is infinitely more wholesome both for mind and body than a dietary of butcher-meat and wine. But buttered toast, pastry, and beer are proper materials for the formation of a Lambert; and so long as Mr. Banting indulged freely in those luxuries, which we object not to his stigmatizing as "beans," he was necessarily compelled periodically to enlarge the limits of his girdle.

Mr. Banting, with great propriety, wishes that the subject should be well "ventilated," and we are doing our very best to gratify that desire. His own experiences, we are bound to admit, have been quite satisfactory, inasmuch as, by adopting a certain dietary, he has reduced his weight from fourteen stone six pounds to ten stone ten pounds with apparent advantage to his health, and hitherto without any evil consequence. It is also remarkable that these results have been attained without the necessity of having recourse to violent exercise or the use of medicine, which latter consideration is undoubtedly in favor of his system. Mr. Banting indeed makes mention of a certain corrective cordial which he calls the "Balm of Life," a spoonful of which, taken before breakfast, he found remarkably salutary. The recipe for this draught he declines to give, but we have little doubt that it is of

the same nature as that recommended by Mons. Brillat-Savarin for the reduction of embonpoint; namely, a teaspoonful of bark, to be taken in a glass of white wine, about two hours before breakfast. But he does not seem to have used any medicines of a purgative nature, such as trainers sometimes administer,—a decided point in his favor; and altogether it is reasonable that he should hug himself on the successful result of his experiment. But nostrums, if we may use such a term, are not infallible. Mr. Banting is to be commended for his prudence in not insisting too strongly upon the universal applicability of his system, which may not, as he candidly admits, be suitable for every constitution; for great harm might ensue if his suggestions were to be implicitly adopted, and violent changes made in their dietary and mode of living by persons whose bulk is not excessive. All sudden changes of diet are hazardous; and more especially when the change is made from what is usually considered a light diet—that is, one in which vegetable substances predominate—to a heavier kind of nutriment. Excellent is the advice given in the *Regimen Sanitatis* of Salerno.

*"Omnibus adsuetam jubeo servare dietam,
Quod sic esse probò, ne sit mutare necesse."*

Unless much exercise is taken there is great risk that such changes will engender acute disease; and men of sedentary habits should be very cautious of adopting what Mr. Banting is pleased to denominate a "luxurious and liberal dietary." Failing exercise, their best means of maintaining health is to use frequent abstinence, and always to be strictly temperate. Meat breakfasts, and continuous indulgence in the flesh-pots of Egypt, are every whit as dangerous as the copious imbibation of wine, or the consumption of ardent spirits; and they may be confident of this, that a gross gladiatorial diet will neither secure them immunity from disease, nor promote their chances of longevity. Man is an omnivorous animal; but nature, by limiting the number of his canine teeth, has distinctly indicated that animal food ought to form the smallest portion of his nutriment. Dr. Cheyne, in his "Essay on Health," gives the following calculation of the quantity of food sufficient to keep a man of ordinary stature, following no laborious employment, in due plight, health, and vigor. He allows eight ounces of flesh meat, twelve

of bread or vegetable food, and about a pint of wine or other generous liquor, in the twenty-four hours. But he adds that the valitudinarian, and those employed in sedentary professions or intellectual studies, must lessen this quantity, if they would wish to preserve their health and the freedom of their spirits long. That may appear but spare diet; and we freely grant that a foxhunter or other keen sportsman might add to the allowance both solid and liquid, without any risk of evil consequences. But no man engaged in literary work will be able to accomplish anything worth sending to the printer, if he begins the day with kidneys, bacon, and mutton-chops, indulges in four substantial meals, and crams himself with as much butcher-meat as would satisfy the maw of a hyena. Of course his stomach would be equally clogged and his brain addled if he stuffed himself with buttered toast, muffins, beer, and pastry; but such viands are more affected by ladies of Mrs. Gamp's profession than by men of intellectual pursuits, who know and feel that a clear head and a light stomach are indispensable for the prosecution of their labors.

We rise from the perusal of Mr. Banting's pamphlet with our belief quite unshaken in the value of bread and potatoes as ordinary and universal articles of diet. We maintain the excellency and innocency of porridge and pease-pudding; and we see no reason for supposing that any one will become a Jeshurun because he uses milk with his tea, and sweetens it with a lump of sugar. Starch and sugar are eminently nutritious, but they are not therefore unwholesome; on the contrary, if used in moderation, they will promote longevity, and prevent many of those diseases which the copious consumption of flesh is exceedingly apt to engender. Mr. Banting has certainly found a remedy for the complaint which weighed so heavily on his spirits; but we feel assured that he would have found the same measure of relief, had he simply exercised some control over his appetite, given his stomach more time to digest by lessening the inordinate number of his meals, abstained altogether from beer, and resolutely steeled his heart against the manifold temptations of the pastry-cook. We advise no one, whatever be his weight or girth, to adopt implicitly the system recommended by Mr. Banting, at least until he has

tried the effect of a temperate mixed diet (the vegetable element preponderating) combined with early hours and a due amount of exercise. We have no sympathy with the vegetarians who decry the use of animal food, and believe that Nebuchadnezzar's hallucination in the way of pasturage was prompted by a natural instinct; but we are assured there is no instance on record of death ensuing from the use of farinaceous food, whereas close behind the carnivorous gorging stalks the hideous form of apoplexy, ready to smite him down when his stomach is full, and the veins of his forehead distended with indulgence in his fleshly lusts. A mixed diet is the best: and after all that has been said and written on the subject, temperance is the one thing needful to secure a man against the evils of inordinate obesity.

From The Spectator.

THE INTELLECT OF THE PAPACY.

THE tradition of ability adheres to the papacy, and is one of its most formidable powers. The misgivings felt, for example, as to the result of this convention are chiefly produced by the idea that as the papacy disapproves, the papacy is sure to employ some scheme, some deep intrigue, some subtle wile with which temporal leaders cannot cope, to bring the great intent to nought. People forget that the conditions which secured intellectual power in the administration of the Papal Church have all been altered by the growth of events, and the policy it has pleased Rome for the last half-century to adopt. During the Middle Ages, and down through modern history to the outbreak of the French Revolution, the aristocracy of the church acted, in fact, as the highest official caste in Europe. They were premiers and chancellors in France, ministers in Spain, princes in Germany, satraps in Italy and Hungary, eminent in law, in finance, in politics, and even in war. The Bishop of Rome was a sovereign with armies and a people; the cardinals administered provinces; the Archbishops of Trèves, Mayence, and Cologne were influential princes; the Archbishop of Grätz was in all but name a viceroy; nothing in Spain, or France, or Catholic Germany, not even opinion, prevented churchmen from aspiring to the highest secular dignities. Not three years before the Revolution the Archbishop of Toulouse was Premier of France; after it a

bishop was virtually first minister of Spain. Every bishop was in his diocese a dignitary regarded as part of the administration, often more trusted by the royal agents than the hereditary aristocracy with whom in France, Spain, and Austria they maintained an incessant secret feud. The ecclesiastics occupied for centuries the position of the higher aristocracy in Britain, with no right indeed to power, but with something very like a preferential claim, and with chances which from their training, their culture, their cosmopolitan relations, and their strict class sympathy were greatly superior to those of average laymen. Of course, with such prizes to gain, they fitted themselves to gain them, and ecclesiastics became national statesmen like Richelieu, administrators like Mazarine, diplomatists like De Retz, rulers like Pope Ganganeli. Of course, also, their points of contact with the world being endless, they acquired the mental habits necessary in earthly concerns, learned to understand men, to tolerate opposition, to watch ideas, to employ or to affect the judicial habit without which statesmen are perpetually in extremes. Formed out of the pick and flower of men like these, the highest statesmen of the most civilized lands, the Papal Court undoubtedly became a formidable intellectual force. Its international action might well be wise, for it was guided by cardinals who knew as diplomatists every court in Europe, and as confessors the secret instincts of the highest secular minds. The pope who quarrelled with Maria Theresa had to advise him a cardinal who was Kaunitz's equal in politics and a record of the empress's most secret confessions. The Vatican might well know how to keep down the States of the Church, for the cardinal-governors had helped to rule and to guide the population of kingdoms. It might well understand finance, for bishops and abbots owned for life the largest European estates, were occupied from ordination in administering revenues which vied with those of kings. The Archbishopric of Grätz, for example, was richer than the Imperial House. It might well keep from collision with the spirit of the age, for the "college" was the only international parliament, the only deliberative body, in which sat men familiar with the secret springs of action throughout many lands. The Church of Rome was, in fact, a corporation governed by a group of men, each one

of whom might have risen to a superior power in some one country, each one of whom was then governing, guiding, or subduing considerable masses of lay society.

That magnificent training ended with the French Revolution. When the waters subsided and ancient things reëmerged, the clerical and the French aristocracy were almost the only corporations not reëlevated out of the mud. The clerical principalities were all abolished. Cardinals, though restored, found themselves ruling Italians who for fifteen years had been governed by French prefects and Bonapartist viceroys. Soldier-statesmen were at the top, and they rejected clerical interference, felt Talleyrand's orders an obstacle to recognition, and steadily supported the State as against the church. Opinion had become fixed against the mixture of the sacerdotal and the governing functions, and since Napoleon's banishment, no great ecclesiastic has held anywhere in Europe very high secular office. They have been driven back upon ecclesiastical affairs, and ecclesiastical affairs as managed on the policy of resisting the tendencies and ideas of modern civilization. The consequence has been first to deter the ambitious and the powerful, the independent and the original, from entering the church, and then to condemn those who have entered it to a special and limited round of duties, to cut the priesthood off from the work of life as they have previously been cut off from most of its responsibilities. The study of jurisprudence and finance, of politics and society, no longer paid, and was of course abandoned, the clergy ceased in great measure to possess landed estates, the bishops ceased to be great temporal functionaries, and the church alone absorbed the attention of the clerical order. Ambition showed itself in energetic assertion of priestly power, courtliness in the careful suit of ecclesiastical superiors, administrative ability in the reduction of all *curés*, orders, or convents into strict subjection to the authority emanating from Rome. Ability thus narrowed in its exercise soon decreased, and two almost accidental circumstances completed the revolution. The danger of allowing the clergy to catch the tone of modern thought was strongly felt at Rome, and a special education, the training called on the Continent "Seminarist," was finally insisted on. That education is in some respects well

adapted to its ends. The young Levites emerge from it with some knowledge and more learning, remarkable power of self-control, great patience, and entire devotion to the interests of the church. But it crushes originality, leaves worldly efficiency little room for growth, and entirely prohibits the development of variety of power. The man trained in the seminary emerges an ingrained priest, with a barrier between his mind and the secular mind which forbids their ever acting powerfully on one another. He does not perceive that his views are not those of mankind, that his dialect is repulsive to educated men, that his zeal is fatal to the compromise which is the result of almost all modern conflict. He stands apart from mankind in thought, yet is man in all his weaknesses, and his influence, therefore, instead of being universal, is confined to those predisposed to accept it as divine. The priest has ceased to be wise as the serpent without becoming harmless as the dove, fights laymen on points which the older cleric would have known were unimportant, strives against forces which Hildebrand would have seen were certain to defeat him, and carefully leaves to civilization no alternative except death or a final victory over himself and the church he represents. Instead of declaring that the church can co-exist with any form of human society, so that it be but at the top, accepting democracy, for instance, as Hildebrand accepted aristocracy, when the old imperial power showed signs of breaking up, he declares that society must be immutable as divine truth, must crystallize its own life as well as the formularies through which it is invited to worship the Creator. For men imbued with such sentiments policy in any large sense ceases to exist, and they are capable only of the blind obstinacy contained in the *non possumus*, of such mere intrigue as that which tries to rule France through the influence of the empress, or to dissolve Italian unity by blessing brigands who are plundering decent Catholics. Had the church, for example, sanctioned and regulated the idea of socialism, which is only monastic organization extended, it might have coerced Catholic society almost at pleasure, certainly held all Catholic princes in a grasp of iron. The second accidental cause is the increased authority of the Roman Court in the selection of its own chiefs. Time was when able men could occasionally compel their

own admission into the college. If a Montmorency or De Rohan, a Savelli or Colonna, the favorite of a king or the confessor of an emperor, chose to be a cardinal, it was very hard, almost impossible, to prevent him; and the church was annually strengthened by intrusive young capacity. Nothing of the kind happens now, the court chooses for itself, and uninfluenced by secular pressure, it chooses men who are old, safe, and ready to utter the Ultramontane shibboleths in all their unctuous completeness. No one, for example, doubts that if the English archbishopric were vacant, the Camera would choose a man like Dr. Manning in preference to a man like Dr. Newman, the unctuous ecclesiastic rather than the able and thoughtful priest. The Camera, in fact, is driven by its new attitude and its new tendencies to select from a caste without the highest training, men whose powers are half-worn out before they reach the opportunity of action, and who from the first were without the mental strength which shows itself in independence. Ignatius Loyola would now be passed over as dangerously desirous of personal power, Leo X. as far too learned, Hildebrand as far too contemptuous of finesse in dealing with the secular arm.

But, say Protestants, still bewildered by the fear inspired by centuries of tradition, the confessional supplies for the purposes of Rome all other defects of training. The priest learns there all the weaknesses of the human heart, and what can man striving after power desire more? Just one thing, to know also all the *strengths* of the human heart, which men do not and cannot make known in confession. The confessional will teach the priest the exact degree of tendency to crime existing in the Romagna, but not the extent of the tendency to die for the sake of Italy, the force of lust, but not the force of patriotism, the danger from heresy, but not the danger from a crave for more railways. The Roman Church in Naples plays on human weakness as on a harpsichord, in order to produce a feeling for autonomy; but the single strength of the Neapolitan, his love for Italy, escapes her fingers and falsifies all her efforts at regulating the tune. The clergy are never baffled by man's wickedness or imbecilities, for they understand them all, but by his virtuous impulses, his love for liberty, for country, for progress, for things not self-

ish, the force of which the priest has no means of knowing. The confessional is but a half education. Supplemented by contact with actual life, it makes the most adroit of managers, alone it leaves those managers under the wretched delusion that men's action is guided in times of emotion by their baser desires. That blunder is fatal to statesmanship, for it forbids its victim to recognize the force of national passion, of the transient but lofty emotions which produce secular changes. Sir James Graham knew human nature well, and decided that love for income being strong in priests, the Scotch clergy would not in the end throw up their livings for the sake of a principle; emotion being stronger than prudence or avarice, they did throw them up, and Sir James Graham was proved *quoad* that movement only a silly guesser. Every ruling priest has from the training of the confessional a tendency to become a Sir James Graham.

It is from this training to feebleness that we believe the new characteristic of the papacy, its intellectual impotence, has mainly or wholly arisen. Under the present pope that feebleness has, we conceive, been manifested in almost every conjuncture. There was no necessity for him, when his liberal reforms broke down, to throw himself so strongly into the reaction, no need to pique the Bonapartes by personal insults, no obligation to leave the administration of his States so corrupt, no gain in relying exclusively on Austria, no pressure to quarrel with England by reviving the old sees, no object in leaving Rome the worst governed city of earth, no reason for fighting in irritated powerlessness against the French policy in Mexico, or the Republican policy in the Spanish American States; above all, no compulsion whatever to make the quarrel between himself and Italy affect his pontifical as well as his regal authority over Italians. Despotism on the papal theory there may be, for the pope is Christ's viceregent, but nothing binds the Vatican to make that despotism silly. A Sextus Quintus, in 1850, would have so organized the Patrimony that all earth should have pointed to it as the one example of wise and gentle rule of the church made a living power on earth; but the papacy had only Pio Nono. We hear eternally of the subtle craft of the Vatican; but the Vatican loses every game, has been beaten in Mexico, beaten in

France, beaten in Italy, beaten at the very moment of permanent victory in Belgium. It could not even win in Spain, and with court and populace at its back still lost its estate. Cavour laughed at the intrigues of the cardinals, the Nuncio in Paris did not know of the recent convention till it had been executed, and the most secret resolves of the College reach the Tuileries before their army of obedient agents have had even a hint to act. The organization is breaking down, because in declaring war on the human mind it has cut itself off from its long possessed resource, the aid of the highest mental power. It has to match itself in the game of statesmanship with Napoleon, and he always wins the rubber; in the game of intrigue with Italian laymen, and they never lose a point. A genius might even now save the temporal power; but genius is the one force Jesuit seminaries are incompetent to breed. The Vatican wants a Sextus V., and has only Monsignor de Merode.

From The Reader.

MADAME ROLAND.

1. *Etude sur Madame Roland et son Temps, suivie des lettres de Mde. Roland à Buzot, et d'autres Documents inédits.* Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.
2. *Memoires de Madame Roland.* Entièrement conforme au Manuscrit Autographe transmis en 1858 par une legs à la Bibliothèque Impériale. Publiée avec des Notes par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.
3. *Memoires de Madame Roland écrits durant sa Captivité.* Nouvelle Edition, revue et complétée sur les Manuscrits Autographes et accompagnée de Notes et de Pièces inédites. Par M. P. Faugere. Hachette & Co.

AMONG the victims of the French Revolution there is scarcely one who has excited such compassionate interest as Madame Roland. Her beauty, her great talents, her high character and pure patriotism, the influence she exercised upon the more moderate and respectable section of the Republicans, the fortitude with which she bore the sorrows of her imprisonment and the intrepidity with which she met her tragic fate,—all have tributed to render her an object of attraction and pity. She stands forth among her contemporaries as a fair representative of what was best in the party that overthrew the ancient monarchy. In the prejudices of that party she fully shared, and her memoirs

speak of Louis XVI. and of his political intentions in terms which history has certainly not ratified. But, in the generally noble aims of the Girondists, and in their utter abhorrence of the excesses of Robespierre and his crew, she also fully shared: and when her friends fell before that Nemesis of successful agitators,—the necessity of governing in the face of agitators more extreme than themselves,—their fall bore her with them in a common ruin. Able and, for the most part, upright men, had they all possessed her energy and courage, it is possible they might have made a more effectual stand than they did. Be that as it may, few nobler deaths than hers were the result of their want of practical governing power.

Madame Roland was born in Paris on the 18th of March, 1754. Her father was an engraver on metal, and belonged to the *bourgeois* class. Her mother was a woman of sense; and, though not in any wise remarkable, obtained a strong hold on the affections of her only daughter, who speaks of her in her memoirs with the tenderest affection and respect. From a very early age the child manifested a great aptitude for study, and systematically devoured every book that came within her reach. She had also thrown all the ardor of her nature into the performance of her religious duties. At the age of eleven she was sent, at her own earnest request, to a convent, in order that she might prepare herself more calmly and suitably for her "first communion." Here it was that she formed with Sophie Cannet one of those intensely strong attachments which occasionally exist between deep-hearted unmarried women. Her frequent letters to her friend have been published, and contain a pretty complete history of her life up to the date of her marriage. The correspondence then ceases; for M. Roland seems, foolishly enough, to have regarded the matter with jealousy, and to have expressed a desire that intimate relations should cease. His wife's comment on this is: "It was ill-judged; for matrimony is a grave and solemn state, and if you deprive a woman of feeling of the pleasures of friendship with persons of her own sex, you expose her to temptation." However, notwithstanding this separation and the divergence of their political opinions, the bond of affection that had united Madame Roland to Sophie Cannet and to her sister Henriette did not break utterly.

Some idea of its strength may be obtained from the fact that, when, many years afterwards, the former was waiting in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie for the death that was advancing but too surely, Henriette came and offered to die in her stead. The interview was thus described to a friend by one of the actors:

"I was a widow and had no children; Madame Roland had a husband already advanced in years and a charming little daughter who required the care of a wife and of a mother. What was more natural than that I should expose my useless life to save hers? My wish was to exchange clothing with her and to remain a prisoner while she endeavored to escape under favor of the disguise. All my entreaties, all my tears, remained fruitless. 'But they would kill you,' she repeated constantly; 'your blood would be upon me. Rather would I suffer a thousand deaths than have to reproach myself with yours,'"

On leaving the convent Mademoiselle-Philippon went back to live with her parents, and spent the years of her girlhood and early womanhood chiefly in study. The first event of any importance that broke the calm monotony of her existence was the death of her mother, which happened in 1775. After this, her father, who seems to have been an excessively commonplace man, took gradually to vicious courses, and wasted his daughter's fortune. Disgusted with his conduct, she determined to abandon him; and it was while living in solitude that she accepted the hand of M. Roland. This gentleman succeeded where many had failed; for Madame Roland, with a self-complacency which is one of the worst features in her character, gives us to understand that she had had any number of offers. The marriage took place in the early part of 1780, and was, on the whole, more happy than might have been expected of a marriage so entirely *de raison*. For M. Roland was twenty years older than his wife, and not young for his age,—a man of learning and severe moral principle, but egotistical, pedantic, and devoid of any very lovable qualities. His profession was that of a government inspector of arts and manufactures. In all his literary pursuits his wife took a very active share,—in fact, it would seem that the best and most effective bits in his writings are nearly always due to her pen. She herself says,—

"The habit of, and the taste for, a studious

life made me share in the labors of my husband so long as he remained a private individual; I wrote with him as I ate with him, because the one came to me as naturally as the other, and because, living only for his happiness, I devoted myself to what gave him the greatest amount of pleasure. He described the arts,—I described them also, though they were wearisome to me; he was fond of erudition,—we made our researches together; if he relaxed his mind by sending some literary fragment to an academy, we worked at it together, or separately, so as to compare our work and select the better, or else remodel the two; if he had written homilies, I should have done the same. He became a minister; I did not take any part in the administrative portion of his duties; but if there was a circular to be despatched, a series of instructions or an important public paper to be drawn up, we conferred on the subject together, according to the confidence subsisting between us; and, penetrated with his ideas, full of my own, I took up the pen which I had more time to wield than he. Both having the same principles and the same spirit, we ended by agreeing in the manner of putting them into words; and my husband had nothing to lose in passing through my hands. I could express nothing with respect to justice and reason which he was not capable of realizing and upholding by his character and conduct; and I depicted better than he could have described what he had executed, or what he could promise to accomplish. Roland, without me, would not have been a less good administrator; his activity, his knowledge, were his own, like his uprightness; with me he produced more sensation, because I put into his writings that mixture of strength with sweetness, of the authority of reason with the charms of feeling which belong, perhaps, only to a woman gifted with a tender heart and a healthy brain. I worked with delight at these writings, which I deemed were destined to be useful; and I found in their production more pleasure than if I had been known as their author. I yearn for happiness; and find it in the good I do, and do not even feel any need of glory; I do not see in this world any part which suits me except that of Providence. I allow the mischievous to regard this avowal as an impertinence, for it must bear some resemblance to one; but those who know me will see nothing in it but what is sincere like myself."

We may here remark that it was in his capacity as an administrator—the one which Madame Roland declares was exclusively his own—that her husband most signally failed. But to return to the wife: notwithstanding

all her literary avocations, she prided herself on never neglecting her household duties. One trait especially deserves notice, as being very singular in France at that time, and not now as common as it should be; namely, that she insisted on being her child's nurse.

In the latter part of the year 1791, his inspectorship having been abolished, Roland left Lyons, where he had been living for some time, and came to Paris. He was already a strong partisan of the revolutionary opinions that were gaining strength with every hour and shaking society to its foundations. It was an anxious time; but as yet the horrors of the Reign of Terror had not been felt, and upright men still looked forward with hope and confidence. Flying from the abuses of the past, they did not perceive that they were rushing headlong into a pit of still darker abuses in the future. Madame Roland was all eagerness, and threw herself into the movement with all the passion of her nature. Indeed, it raises a sad smile to compare the language in which she speaks of the turbulence of the populace at this time with that which she used when the oppression of her own friends had shown her the justice of mob-law. Roland, immediately on his arrival in Paris, joined the society of the Jacobins and made himself very active as a member of the Corresponding Committee. Utterly to his own and to his wife's surprise, he was, on the 24th of March, 1792, appointed *Ministre de l'Intérieur* by Louis XVI., who had determined to try to govern with a popular ministry. For this post Roland, it is not too much to say, was quite unfit; and his nomination can only be explained by a complete dearth of men of capacity and integrity. During the ten weeks of his tenure of office he seems to have applied himself mainly to weakening the monarchy which he should have strengthened; and in the manner of his resignation he weakened it still more. The once famous letter announcing his determination to the king was the work of his wife.

Two months afterwards, on the 10th of August, the people invaded the Tuileries; the king fled for refuge to the National Assembly, and was deposed, the revolution was triumphant, and Roland was reinstated as Minister of the Interior. The times were now terrible and the position horribly responsible. What was wanted was a states-

man ready in decision, firm and prompt in action, fertile in expedients, plausible in speech. Roland, with the best intentions, was a pedant, and powerless as a leader of men. Something better than sententious circulars was required to rule revolutionary France at a time when the mob was butchering the inmates of the prisons. He failed; but while blaming him for his failure, it is but just to remember the almost insurmountable difficulties against which he had to contend. It is but just, also, to remember that, by protesting against that which he had not prevented, he exposed himself to almost certain death. In this last duty his wife took a noble part. The charms of her conversation and the nobleness of her somewhat ostentatious sentiments had won for her a high place in the esteem of her husband's political friends, the Girondists. This influence she used to urge them to make no truce with the *Septembriseurs*, the assassins of the prisoners. Nor were they slow to answer to a call which was that of their own consciences; and the National Convention was swayed by their character and talents. But, unfortunately, the legislature was weak and powerless, and the revolutionary cut-throat *Commune* was all-powerful. For the time Paris was a despot and the rest of France a slave.

With the fall of the Girondists came, of course, the fall of Roland. In January, 1793, he had resigned a place which it had for some time been a dishonor to hold. But this was not enough to appease such enemies as Robespierre, Hébert, and Marat. On or about the 31st of May, his arrest was decreed by the Revolutionary Committee, and he fled. His wife, who had something of the Roman in her composition, made no attempt to escape.

"I thought it quite right," says she, "that Roland should elude the popular fury and the talons of his enemies. As for me, their interest to do me harm could not be so great; to kill me would be an act so detestable that they would not care to incur its odium; to put me in prison would scarcely serve them, and would, as far as I was concerned, be no great misfortune. If they had some shame and went through the usual forms of interrogating me, etc., I should have no difficulty in confounding them; that might even serve to enlighten those who were really deceived with regard to Roland. If they actually instituted a new 2d of September [the date of the massacres], it could

only be in the event of their having in their power all the upright deputies, and of all being lost in Paris. In that case I would rather die than be a witness of the ruin of my country: I should feel honored by being included among the glorious victims sacrificed to the rage of crime. The fury assuaged on me would be less violent against Roland, who, once safe from this crisis, might again render great services to some portions of France. Thus one of two things must happen: either I am only in danger of an imprisonment and of a judicial procedure which I shall be able to render useful to my country and to my husband, or, if I must die, it will only be in an extremity in which life will be hateful to me."

To these reasons, as we shall have further occasion to show, must be added Madame Roland's love for one of the Girondist leaders. But such words, be it remembered, are not in her mouth mere empty gasconade. Nothing in her words or actions during the term of her imprisonment belies these sentiments. Never once did she stoop to beg any favor from her tormentors, or cease to speak to them with the contempt they deserved. But into the details of that imprisonment, and of her trial and death, we must forbear to enter. We will not describe the cruel farce of her release and recapture, the respect with which she inspired even the fallen women in the prison, the favors her gracious conduct procured from her guardians, the fears of the revolutionary tribunals lest her eloquent voice should be heard at the trial of the Girondists, the fortitude with which she bore the sharpest "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," the serenity of mind that enabled her to write her memoirs untroubled even in the shadow of death, and, lastly, the high courage with which she went to the scaffold. It was not a Christian end, for Madame Roland had long forsworn the faith of her early years; but it was an end of which a Roman or a Spartan might have been proud. Her husband, as she had prophesied, committed suicide on hearing of her fate.

There is, however, one point in Madame Roland's life and character to which we must revert, inasmuch as it forms the main feature of M. Dauban's interesting, though somewhat grandiloquent *étude*. It had always been suspected that, during the last year or two of her life, she had nourished for some one of the Girondist leaders a warmer affection than the cold friendship

and esteem she felt for her husband. She herself had made no secret of the fact, advertising to it pretty openly in several passages of her memoirs; but these passages had nearly all been suppressed by the first editor, M. Bose, and are only now restored. In her "last thoughts," written when she had abandoned all hope and was contemplating suicide after addressing her husband and her child, she exclaims,—

"And thou whom I dare not name! thou whom men will some day better appreciate, pitying our common sorrows, thou whom the most terrible of passions did not prevent from respecting the barriers of virtue, wouldst thou mourn to see me preceding thee to a place where we can love one another without wrong, where nothing will prevent our union? There all pernicious prejudices, all arbitrary exclusions, all hateful passions, and all kinds of tyranny are silent. I shall wait for thee there and rest."

The whole piece ends with these words: "Farewell. . . . No, from thee alone this is no separation; to quit the earth is to draw nearer to thee."

Hitherto the name, and, owing to M. Bose's mutilations, even the existence, of this Platonic though impassioned lover had remained doubtful. But towards the close of last year, an accidental *treasure-trove* of old papers cleared up the mystery. These papers contained several documents of great interest bearing on the fall of the Girondists, and, among others, some letters written by Madame Roland during her captivity to the proscribed Buzot, who had been one of the most ardent Girondist members of the Convention Nationale, and was then an exile and a fugitive vainly striving to rouse the provinces to resist the murderers of the capital. Four of these letters are printed in fac-simile by M. Dauban. The handwriting is neat and clear, and they are written almost without erasure. The sentiments are a mixture of patriotism, indignation, and intense personal tenderness. Her love for her correspondent and her determination to remain true to her husband create a conflict in her mind which finds expression in such passages as the following:—

"I scarcely dare to tell you, and you are the only one in the world who can understand, that I was not very sorry to be arrested. 'They will be the less furious, the less eager, in their pursuit of R.' [Roland], said I to myself; 'if they attempt any trial, I shall know

how to conduct it in a manner that will be useful to his glory;' it seemed to me that I was then giving him an indemnity for his sorrows; but do you not also see that, in being alone, I live with you? Thus, by my captivity, I sacrifice myself for my husband, and I keep myself to my friend; and I owe it to my tormentors to conciliate my duty with my love. Do not pity me! others admire my courage, but they do not know my enjoyments; you who must feel them likewise, oh, make them retain all their charms by the constancy of your courage."

The feelings to which these words give utterance form the groundwork of the four letters,—letters strangely rescued from oblivion to shed a glare of light on the characters of these two actors in a drama now long played out.

It is a phenomenon curiously illustrative of the manners of the time that neither Madame Roland nor Buzot, though both married, saw anything to be ashamed of in their mutual love. On the contrary, all the passages in their writings that relate to the subject tend to show that they were proud of it. M. Roland, the reader will not be surprised to hear, did not view the matter in the same light, and seems to have been deeply grieved. Doubtless, if Madame Buzot's opinion could also be obtained, it would be found equally unfavorable. But as regards the two lovers themselves, they appear to have thought that, so long as there was no actual violation of the marriage vow, their wife and husband respectively had no right to complain if they loved somebody else. In extenuation of this monstrous proposition it must, however, be remembered that, during the last century, adultery was by no means a rare sin on the other side of the Channel and that, therefore, so long as Buzot and Madame Roland stopped short of that offence they might have some excuse for thinking they had not strayed out of the paths of virtue.

One word more respecting the memoirs, and another respecting the rival editions of M. Dauban and M. Faugère, and we have done. The memoirs, as we have already said, were written in the few months of Madame Roland's captivity. They were written and preserved in the face of great difficulties and dangers, and a portion even perished in the flames. This sufficiently accounts for their fragmentary character. We may further state, for the benefit of such of our readers as

may not be acquainted with them that they consist of a very interesting account of the authoress's own early life, of sketches of her husband's public career, and of descriptions of many of the public characters with whom she had been brought into contact. The style, like that of most of her contemporaries, is pretentious, and wants naturalness and ease. It shows too many traces of Rousseau's influence. But there is something in which Madame Roland's admiration for that great writer has led her even more seriously astray. For it is probably to the influence of the "Confessions" that we owe those passages in the memoirs which a pure-minded woman ought never to have written, and for which a self-complacent determination to lay her whole heart bare to the public gaze is not a sufficient excuse.

Having spoken about herself with such absolute freedom, not to say license, Madame Roland doubtless thought she had every right to do the same concerning her child, her husband, and, indeed, any one she might have occasion to mention. It was, therefore, no wonder that, when, in 1795, two years after her death, M. Bose published the first edition of her memoirs, he should have suppressed many passages and altered others. In the two editions now before us, however, all these passages have very properly been restored. M. Faugere, who was on intimate terms with Madame Champagneux, the daughter of Madame Roland, obtained a correct copy of the original MS. while it was in her possession; and that correct copy is the text of his edition. On her death, Madame Champagneux, at M. Faugere's suggestion, left the MS. to the Imperial Library, where it has been carefully consulted by M. Dauban. Thus, as regards accuracy, there is, probably, not much to choose between the two. Unfortunately, however, M. Faugere has not thought it necessary to indicate the restored passages, and there M. Dauban has the advantage of him. But then, on the other hand, M. Faugere's two volumes contain some useful and interesting appendices which are wanting in his rival's work. But then, again, in addition to his edition of the memoirs, M. Dauban has given us a valuable sketch of Madame Roland's career and three or four documents of capital importance towards a correct estimate of her character.

F. T. M.

From The Spectator.

THE EFFECT OF NOVEL-READING ON GIRLS.

MISS BRADDON'S new book, the "Doctor's Wife," will be put to one use which, we suspect, she did not anticipate. It is a severe blow, administered by a novelist, to her own department of literature. Her patient and very unpleasant sketch of the effects of novel-reading upon a young girl's mind will be quoted everywhere as an argument against the habit, and many a cautious mother will ask her longing daughter, as she impatiently lifts her head from the fascinating volume, whether she is not afraid of becoming an Isabel Sleaford. The old household antipathy to novel-reading, which twenty years ago marked one half of English society, has not been so entirely suppressed as people who judge England by London are very apt to imagine. Fathers, even of evangelical principles, have, it is true, pretty much given way, partly because they see that novels are better than they were, partly because they have fallen into the habit themselves, and do not like the sort of restraint which accompanies a parlor Index Expurgatorius, but chiefly because they cannot help themselves, and prefer the habit of novel-reading to that of hypocrisy. With novels in every magazine, even those called religious, the compulsory abstinence either suppresses literature altogether, or leads to a practice of secret reading, more injurious to the character than any other phase of household deception. The mothers, however, of the middle class, have not quite given up the struggle, but have contented themselves with a rather clever shifting of the ground of objection. Very few in that class have now the courage to repeat the old assertion that all fiction is evil, though we see that Mr. Weaver, the pugilist preacher, still defends the doctrine of Omar, and holds that nothing should be read unless it tends directly "to feed the soul." He would not read a word of Burns or an "act" of Shakspeare, not he, and we entirely believe his assertion. He was once not alone in his thought, for half the religious world formerly needed sorely to ponder Robert Hall's smashing retort, "God no need of human knowledge! How much need has he of human ignorance?" That particular form of obscurantism is, however, nearly dead, and mothers have even been driven from

their great stronghold, the "impropriety" of such literature. Most novels nowadays are "proper" enough in substance, and taste as to non-essentials has grown rather laxer, if we may judge at least from the fact that a writer like Mrs. Wood gives us a whole chapter of the little incidents which precede a "confinement." There is not the smallest harm in it all, only the ancient ideas about the utility of verbal buckram become thereby slightly discredited. The mothers, therefore, in despair of maintaining the old ground, have retreated upon another position, one far stronger than any yet taken up. They do not argue that novel-reading perverts, or defiles, or destroys the imagination, but that it cultivates it too much, that it gives the girls two lives to lead at once, both, perhaps, equally good, and both in themselves pure enough, but sure to jar against one another. Their daughters, they say, are to marry plain, decent people, with just enough money to get along with, and the novels make them long for inaccessible heroes, people of boundless wealth and heroic horsemanship, perfect natures and an irresistible smile (there is a run on smiles!) till they hate the thought of life with that struggling doctor, or rising lawyer, or pre-occupied man of commerce. That the ideal hero is better than he used to be, "John Halifax, gentleman," instead of Charles Lovelace, does not much mend the matter; for John Halifax is as unattainable, thank Providence! as ever Lovelace was. The girls have to keep modest households neat, and the stories set them longing for luxury which they cannot get till, as Miss Braddon says, furniture without color, ottomans without flowers, paper without brightness, become of themselves a source of suffering. They have to be rather dull, and the tales give them pictures of life so bright, so full of incident and movement and color, that the contrast changes mere dullness into anendurable *ennui*. Girls cannot stay at home to-day as their grandmothers did thirty years ago. Above all they acquire, it is said, a most pernicious view of religious ethics,—the duties they ought to perform. Most English girls in the classes we speak of are wanted to lead "good" lives, to perform quiet duties, undergo little sacrifices, and spread a healthy atmosphere of reverence and purity and, where possible, charity, around their homes. The novels teach them,

say quiet old ladies, who are a great deal farther from being fools than the new generation ever will be, to despise this silent and uneventful worship, to long for careers, for duty which shall be great as well as useful, for some sacrifice which shall task all their powers of endurance, some life-long wearing of the hair shirt which almost everybody of either sex believes at heart must be pleasant and beneficial. Amaryllis, it is said, is good, and the milkmaid is good; but when the milkmaid reads stories till she wants to be, or thinks that she is, Amaryllis, she is sure at some time or other to spill the milk out of the pail.

That is the line of argument which a picture like Miss Braddon's fine etching of Isabel Sleaford is very likely to strengthen, and there is more sense in it of a hard kind than educated men will be quite willing to admit. They read many books, and see many people, and rub sharply against life's corners till their imaginations, even if affected by what they read,—a doubtful point after thirty,—are held under sharp curb and rein. Sir James Mackintosh was not the worse judge, but the better, for dreaming all day at intervals that he was Emperor of Constantinople. But girls as a rule do not read many books, pass their lives under restraints from etiquette and espionage of themselves very favorable to reverie, and have usually a large amount of time hanging idle upon their hands. Is it quite so certain that to them this filling up of the imagination with unreal pictures, this habit of dwelling in two worlds, this widening of the chasm which must always exist between the inner and outer life, between Jean as she appears to her Maker, and Jean as she appears to her friends, is altogether innocuous? The question puzzles a good many households where novels are as plentiful as loaves, and people whose judgments are not to be pooh-poohed as crusted with ancient prejudice.

On the whole, the verdict must, we think, be in favor of the novels, though with more reserves than it is quite the fashion to make. The objection rests, we think, upon two assumptions, neither of which is more than partially sound,—that the evils produced by reading are confined to novels, and that there is no positive good to counterbalance the possible ill result. Any exclusive system of reading is undoubtedly injurious to any half-

disciplined mind. Give a girl of fifteen nothing but history for two or three years, and her judgment will become as distorted as if she had passed the time in reading the wildest romances. She will not, it is true, imagine heroes with yellow whiskers and wild words of worship, but she will invest historic personages with charms they never possessed, grow enamored of the great deeds occasionally performed, and consider no man worth anything but those who resemble the exceptional and over-colored personages upon whom her mind has dwelt. It is as ill to long for Sir Philip Sidney as for Charles Lovelace. Miss Yonge in one of her books, we think the "Heir of Redclyffe," puts this effect very well when she makes her heroine sympathize strongly with a wild rage into which the hero puts himself because Charles I. is attacked. There are hundreds of girls in England who feel criticism on Charles Stuart as they feel criticism on their brothers, who believe that feeble, intriguing, Italianesque grandson of Rizzio to be a Paladin and a martyr. They may just as well worship John Halifax as their ideal Charles Rex. Exclusive reading of history is, in England at least, infrequent, but exclusive reading of theology is not, and its effect is at least as bad as that of the novels. There is nothing more pitiable in the world than the condition of an English girl nourished on the pabulum provided in some households,—on religious biographies, and tracts about the impulses, needs, and temptations of the soul, unable to move for fear of committing some sin, with a conscience debauched by confusion between things indifferent and things sinful, with a finger perpetually placed on her religious pulse. A woman may as well neglect all her duties while waiting for the hero with yellow whiskers as neglect them while waiting for the emotion which she believes will accompany conversion, had far better become discontented through hunger for the novelist's life than despairing because convinced she can never be forgiven by Heaven. The diseased conscience is as unhealthy as the diseased imagination, and produces much worse results; the Exstasia is rather less admirable than the Isabel Sleaford. Many people can recall the result of a similar devotion to music,—a conviction that all real life was insipid compared with the ideal life evoked by the glorious combination of sounds. The mischief

is not the kind of reading but the exclusive devotion to *one* kind, no matter what its object or its active machinery. Poor Mr. Weaver in running down Burns and Shakespeare thinks he is simply doing his duty. He is ignorant of the great fact, true of mental as of bodily physiology, that the constant eating of one dish, however wholesome or however simple of itself, produces disease; that the contempt which he thinks so self-denying and so grand is merely a symptom of mental indigestion. If he looks at the sun only for ten minutes, he will be able to see nothing else, but his sight is not the better for that.

The other argument is of course more of an *à priori* kind. It is, however, pretty safe to say that novel-reading brings to the ordinary mind at least as much good as ill. As we recently endeavored to show, reverie is of itself beneficial, and all that novel-reading can produce is reverie about characters and situations invented by other people instead of about characters and situations imagined by one's self. Isabel Sleaford, debarred from dreaming of Edith Dombey would have simply dreamed of Isabel Sleaford in Edith's situations. Suppose that the novels do produce the expectation of ideal heroes who never arrive, they also enlarge the standard of what a hero ought to be, confer the experience which the events of life give to the majority of men. John Halifax is absurd, and to male thinking imbecile; but John Halifax is not a bad standard by which to test the difference between Robert Smith the wine merchant's heir next door, and James Robinson the mellifluous curate who preaches in the neighboring church. So with the argument as to luxury. A girl may learn from some novels to dream of saloons and gilding, gardens and bright decoration, careful tendance and wishes gratified "with the bloom on," till she despises the brown, slightly stuffy, very nearly worn-out home rooms; but the effect of her scorn will not be merely dissatisfaction. It will also be an effort to improve the surrounding stuffiness, to add what of brightness and color and life is humanly possible to the prosaic originals. The taste is not perhaps elevated by such books, particularly in the matter of upholstery, but the experience is widened, and the mind had better be cognizant of two bad models than of absolutely none at all. As to the

religious excitement, English girls are pretty sure to get that whether they read novels or not, and an exaggerated external ideal is a good deal better than the one evolved by the introversion of thought which is the habitual substitute for light reading. Reading of impossible asceticism, such, for example, as is described in a recent novel in which the hero commits an injustice every hour rather than break a promise given under moral compulsion, at least forces the mind to consider what asceticism means; to realize it in action, and not simply admire or despise it as an abstract virtue or failing. The figures in the novel are, it is true, unreal; but they are not more unreal than the figures of flesh and blood which the girl thinks she understands. The glimpse given by the novelist of these heroes' inner minds is at least as accurate as the glimpse gained at a party or during a short period of courtship. John Halifax is not more unlike the reality than the John Smith whom Jean thinks she sees is unlike it, and both together are much nearer nature than either would be apart. Novel-reading, in short, if not too exclusive, is a kind of experience, and the only real question to be argued is whether experience is worth a woman's having. That is too large a subject for the fag end of an article, but we think sensible mothers, aware that it cannot be wholly avoided, will hesitate ere they prefer the ideals every girl creates for herself to the ideals her mind may accrete out of many books.

AN ITALIAN NUN.

Memoirs of Henrietta Caracciolo, of the Princess of Forino, Ex-Benedictine Nun. From the Italian. Bentley.

ONE has not far to seek for the reason why this book has sold by thousands in the land of its birth. Never were woman and nation more in sympathy than the ex-Benedictine nun and the Neapolitan people during the twenty years preceding the entry of Garibaldi into Naples, with which event the book closes. Both were in deadly conflict with spiritual and temporal powers,—the priest and the *sbirro*; but let the ex-nun put the case in her own words. "Take counsel and comfort," she says to herself in one of the most critical moments of her life, when she is all but making terms with her great enemy Riario Sforza, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples,—“take courage and comfort from the

history of your country; urged on by conflicting passions, governed by lax power, abandoned to strange seduction, a prey to snares which surrounded her on every side, unhappy Italy fell into bondage precisely as you have done. In the same manner she languished for long years imprisoned in the cloister, which princes, spiritual and temporal, erected for her; in the same manner she wept, she implored, she protested. Your own lot is analogous to these chances and changes; your expectation is alike,—alike your vows, even to your late efforts to recover the exercise of your free will." This sensitive, passionate, high-born, headstrong woman, in writing these memoirs from her heart, has reached the heart of thousands of her countrymen and countrywomen, who, in those years of humiliation and anguish, had groaned under the same malignant tyranny. She was a representative woman in her struggle, and fought the battle of her nation as none but a woman of her rank and ability could have fought it. For it is impossible to doubt that the priests and police would never have held their hands where they did, would not have been satisfied with driving her only to the very doors of madness and death, but that Henrietta Caracciolo was a cousin of the Prince of Forino, and a dozen other grandees, as well as a nun asking for secularization, and known to be in correspondence with the Secret Committee.

To put her story in a nut-shell: Henrietta Caracciolo, the daughter of a marshal in the Neapolitan army, after having been already desperately in love with two men, to one of whom she was actually engaged at the time, was forced into the convent of San Gregorio Armeno by her mother, at the age of eighteen, in the year 1840; won a partial deliverance in 1849; made use of her partial freedom to forward the views and plots of the leaders of the party of United Italy; was arrested by the police and imprisoned in a *ritiro* for upwards of three years; fought out again through her own indomitable courage; secularized in everything except the black veil, the symbol of celibacy; laid this last symbol of her past servitude on the altar of the church, where it had been given her twenty years before, on the day of Garibaldi's triumphant entry into Naples; and married "a man of middle life, whose elevated sentiments, in harmony with the firmness of

his character, won my esteem, and caused me from the first to hold him far superior to the generality of individuals of princely lineage. He bore engraved on his heart the sacred image of redeemed Italy; on his head a deep scar,—record of a wound received on the 15th May from the sabre of a Swiss." The Church of Rome, not unnaturally under all the circumstances, refused its assent to this marriage; so the ex-Benedictine nun and her admirer sought and obtained "the blessing of another church" (name not given) on their union. We wish them all manner of happiness. "Why may not I," she asks at the end of her book, "in fulfilling the duties of a good wife, a good mother, a good citizen,—why may not even I aspire to the treasures of the divine mercy?" Why, indeed? The mercy of every honest man and woman who reads her book will probably stretch as far as that; and we have yet to learn that the divine mercy is shorter.

This twenty years' struggle, then, is the subject of the book, about two-thirds of which are occupied with the internal life of the principal convent in Naples under the late Bourbon dynasty. The ex-nun is a thorough hater. She publishes her memoirs in order to justify the decree of Victor Emanuel's government suppressing the convents; and, if we could accept her as a perfectly fair witness, undoubtedly she establishes her case, that nuns are not only useless, but eminently hurtful to society,—a canker of the worst kind eating into its very heart. But we must take her evidence with great allowances and sets-off. In the first place, she never had the slightest leaning towards the life, and was driven to take the veil with the utmost difficulty, her whole will and conscience revolting against it from the very first. Again, the convent of Benedictine nuns in which she was placed, though the largest and most celebrated in Naples, can scarcely, we should suppose, be taken as a specimen even of those which flourished in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies under the reign of Bomba; for, unless we mistake her, the sisters were, without exception, rich women engaged in no active works of charity, and living, in spite of their vows, lives of luxury and idleness. And, even supposing the convent of St. Gregorio to have been a fair specimen of Neapolitan convents, it would be grossly unjust to argue from them

to those of any other European nation. Still, making all just allowances, we must admit that the book is a tremendous witness against the conventual system of Rome. "I cite date and place and person," writes the ex-nun; "it lies within the power of all to verify these." And, with this challenge, and the fear of exposure before her eyes, she states facts which establish her position, that in the convent in which she spent nine years were to be found "the morals of the age of the Borgias, the Medici, the Farnesi, the traditions of the Courts of the Colonna and of Pietro de Toledo, and the brutalized ignorance and superstitions of the populace at the epoch of the *auto-da-fé*." We seem to be reading of a harem on the Bosphorus, so far as the utter vacuity and aimless pettiness of the life of the inmates are concerned, while the comparison would scarcely be against the Eastern establishment in the matter of moral purity. The lady-abbess, a relative of her own, tells her on her entry, "You must keep yourself clear from the wickedness of others in the best way you can. All I can tell you is, that, if it requires the prudence of three to live in the world outside, believe me it requires that of twenty to live here within." Stronger condemnation of the system could scarcely be spoken. We must refer our readers to the book for the facts which justify it.

Next to the nun herself, the cardinal archbishop—polished, wily, cruel, and blundering, yet with a certain human interest in the object of his persecution—is the figure which comes out most clearly. We can quite sympathize with the sense of bitter wrong which had converted the girl, educated in strict habits of reverence and obedience to the priesthood, into the defiant woman who, while yet a nun, could walk into a cardinal's presence without kneeling, seat herself without a sign from him, and threaten him with a day of reckoning. But we must own that the cardinal in that last interview was not without something to say for himself. The sight of one of his flock, in her position, appearing in public places leaning on "the arm of liberals inscribed on the black book," could not have been otherwise than aggravating to the archiepiscopal feelings. We hope, therefore, that when, at parting, he gave her a benediction, adding, "Recite an Ave Maria for me," her answer, "Requiem eternam," was given in good faith.

The Englishman of the period turns up twice in the book, characteristically enough, —first in the shape of the captain of a vessel who insists on putting to sea with the heroine's father and his family (she being a child at the time) in a tremendous gale, and who, when remonstrated with, produces a paper setting out the trips he had to make before reaching London on New Year's Day, "when I am engaged to be married; and all the elements let loose together shall not deter me" —at which they laugh to hear an Englishman "express himself with such warmth on the subject of his passion," and are "enraged that he should have exposed our lives to danger for a caprice of his own." The second occasion occurs when she is kneeling before the abbess, her hair plaited in a single long tress, to which that lady is about to apply the scissors.

"A clear, strong voice at that moment sounded through the crowd; 'It is barbarous! Don't cut that girl's hair!' All turned round. 'Some madman,' it was whispered. It was an Englishman. The priests commanded silence, and the nuns cried to the superior, as she stood grasping the scissors, 'It is a heretic!—cut!' The hair fell, and I had taken the veil."

A young man, calling himself Father Ignatius, wearing fantastic robes, and given to sensational oratory of the Spurgeon type, is starring it about England just now for the purpose of reviving the Benedictine orders amongst us. Unless this gentleman is much libelled by the reporters, St. Benedict, were he alive, would clap him into the most un-

comfortable quarters at his disposal, and feed him with the bread of affliction and the water of affliction until he had learned to understand his own time better. Meantime, and in default of St. Benedict himself, these "Memoirs of an Ex-Benedictine Nun" will act as a healthy antidote to this mischievous nonsense. We will yield to no one in our respect and gratitude for the work which devoted women of all ranks amongst us are carrying on for the evangelization of our great towns. Even where they have combined in sisterhoods, with rules and costumes and vows of obedience, causing much local scandal and bitterness, we are glad to acknowledge that they have done good amongst the outcasts and helpless. But the greater prominence given by them to vows and costumes, the more they have aimed at copying the outside of mediæval patterns, at seeking to put new wine into old bottles, the less healthy has their work been. Miss Nightingale and Miss Sellon stand out as the representatives of the true and false method of our nineteenth century work for unmarried women; and the difference is, if possible, even more important in the case of men. We cannot, in short, afford to have monks and nuns back again in old England at any price, and are glad of any book which will give well-meaning people who have leanings in this direction authentic glimpses of what the institution means, and how it works in our day amongst continental nations.

T. H.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his speech at Bolton on the opening of Farnworth Park, the present of Mr. Barnes to the town, remarked on the extraordinary change which a few generations had made in the love of man for Nature. The Greeks, he said, however much of beauty they might have discerned in Nature, certainly had no sort of sympathy with the delight in detached individual objects,—a tree, or a stream, or a hill,—which is so often part of the common life of the poorest Englishman. Indeed, even a century or less ago "communion with Nature" would have sounded an unnatural phrase of gross affectation, while Wordsworth, who was the poetic high-priest of Nature, entirely disbelieved in the capacity

of people in general to enter into that communion, and wrote sonnets against their invasion of the Cumberland lakes. Now, said Mr. Gladstone, it is a sensible part of the life of the working-classes. It is certainly true and very curious that Nature, which up to Wordsworth's time was more or less an external world, has for the last half-century been amalgamating itself as it were with the mind of man, and penetrating in some sense *inside* his character, widening and perhaps also rendering more vague and misty, and endowing as it were with a sort of soft, dim beauty the range of his feelings. The pagan world worshipped the *powers* of Nature; we are in danger of worshipping its *symbols*.—*Spectator*.

From The Athenæum.
ROMAN DISCOVERY.

ROME, Sept. 28, 1864.

RIGHETTI, a wealthy commoner of this city, has lately purchased an old palace for an old song, being in one of the dirtiest parts of Rome, called the Biscione; it is close to the Piazza Campo dei Fiori, and not far from the Farnese Palace. Extensive repairs were indispensable, for the building was in a most rickety state, and, on setting people to work to dig for a foundation, they came upon a pavement composed of large slabs of that marble called "Porta Santa," which is a dull, veined marble, of a reddish hue, which comes from the Island of Iasus, in the Archipelago, and is properly called "Marmor Jasseuse;" it is, however, better known by its modern name, which it derives from its forming the jambs of the jubilee door at St. Peter's. This pavement was found thirty feet below the present level of this part of Rome; and here, likewise, they came upon a massive wall, near which they found a piece of building somewhat resembling a Noah's Ark without the boat; the sides were of brick and the roof was formed of large blocks of travertine resting upon these walls, and uniting with bevelled edges at the top ("rigging" as they call it in Scotland). There were two gable ends, each formed one huge block of travertine; on several of the blocks are seen, large and well-cut, the letters *FC*s, which, as yet, the archaeologists here cannot explain. Great difficulty was encountered in consequence of the hole continually filling with water, and preventing the work going on; but a steam-engine was procured to work the pumps, which are now plied night and day. On opening the "ark," it was found to contain a magnificent gilt bronze statue of a youthful Hercules, fourteen feet high, but lying on his back, or, as the Romans graphically describe it, "*panza per aria*."

In art, this statue equals the finest that ever Greece produced, and the careful manner in which it has been hidden and the means taken to protect it, argue that its value was known and appreciated. I suspect it must have been hidden in the fourth century to prevent its being carried off to Byzantium by the son of Constantine, who made off with everything he could lay his hands on in the shape of works of art, to enrich and adorn the city which thenceforward was to bear their imperial name. It is interesting to know that the coins found in and about the statue were those of Domitian, Decius, and Maximinus, commonly styled the *Herculean*. There were likewise coins of the Lower Empire.

Over the gilding, which is very thick and bright (and the *patina* of which is still perfect), is a rough calcareous incrustation, which must be carefully removed before the beauty of the statue can be thoroughly enjoyed. It was found imbedded in marble chips, such as form the sweepings of a sculptor's studio, and also wedged in by masses of architectural fragments. Inside the figure was found a very pretty little female head sculptured in Parian marble. The back hair is gathered up in a net, much in the style

as worn by ladies in the present day, and which fashion prevailed from the time of Heliogabalus down to Constantine, as we see by referring to other statues and busts. The period of art to which this little bust belongs is that of Constantine, and therefore inferior. Other relics may yet be found in the statue, which is far from empty.

On the first indications of this discovery, much speculation arose as to whether it were equestrian or not, and whether it might not prove to be a portrait statue of Pompey the Great, since the place where they are excavating is on the site of Pompey's Theatre, which was the first ever made of stone in Rome; and that its size was considerable is known from the fact that it accommodated twenty thousand spectators. These speculations as to what it is are now pretty well at rest, as the statue speaks for itself; at the same time, as there is a deal of that incrustation above mentioned adhering to the features, there are some who insist that it is a portrait of Domitian represented as Hercules. It has been raised to within ten feet of the surface, and men are busy exploring, in the hope of finding one of the feet, which is missing. The club has come up in three pieces, and the lion's skin, which has hung over the shoulder (similar to that of the Theban Hercules in the Vatican), and which has evidently been cast separately, is especially interesting to us moderns, as showing the mode in which the ancients executed their work of casting.

Hercules being the tutelary deity of Pompey the Great, it was natural that his image should be chosen to adorn the building he erected. As a work of art, this statue is far superior to that found in the Forum Boarium, which is also gilt bronze, and is now in the capitol. It has evidently been executed by artists in the time of the Empire, and stood in the Temple of Hercules in the Forum. The beautiful marble statue of Hercules bearing Telephus, which adorns the "Pio Clementino" in the Vatican, was found in the Campo dei Fiori and placed where it now stands by Julius the Second. It should be remembered that the noblest fragment of antiquity existing was presented by that same pontiff to the Vatican; it is a portion of a Hercules, and if I am not mistaken, I have seen a drawing by Flaxman, in which he restores it from an ancient gem representing Hercules and Hebe. This fragment was also found in the Campo dei Fiori (Pompey's Theatre), and is known as the Torso of the Belvidere.

We learn from Rome that the uncovering of the colossal bronze statue of "Young Hercules," to which we called attention in last week's *Reader*, has revealed the entire length of the figure and that the feet have been cut off, but are in perfect condition, having been placed between the legs of the statue for preservation. The base of the figure includes a lion's skin; and the general conjecture is that the colossal statue itself once adorned the theatre of Pompey, the ruins of which are near the spot where the exhumation is going on, Pompey's devotion to Hercules greatly strengthening the conjecture. The

height of the statue is four metres, twenty-five centimetres. The actual value of the bronze is calculated at three thousand scudi, and the gold coating or gilding at one thousand scudi more ; but it is reported that the government, which reserved to itself, when selling the Palazzo Pio to Signor Righetti, the right of purchase, at an equitable rate, of all treasure-trove, will secure it at one hundred thousand scudi, about £21,000 of our money, for the Museo Vaticano. It will be placed in the centre of the octagonal Belvidere Court, over which a glass roof is to be raised for the purpose, and communications through openings in the walls will be made with the four cabinets which contain the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Mercury, and Canova's Persens ; so that all these grand masterpieces of art will be visible from the base of the statue of Hercules.—*Reader.*

TO BRYANT.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

WHAT time I ope, with reverential love,
One of the charmed volumes of my choice,
I hear, as in the cloisters of the grove,
The solemn music of thy Druid voice.

All sights and sounds that can delight impart;
Or whatso'er athwart thy vision swims,
Before the altar of the world's great heart,
Thou nobly breathest in undying hymns.

For thy broad love there is no flower too small,
Nor scene too vast for thy encircling mind ;
Thy heart is one with Nature's, yet o'er all
Rises its sweet vibrations for mankind.

The faintest breath that finds a flowery nook,
The flying winds with wise and gustlike locks,
The pebble which the lapidary brook
Rounds into form—or ocean-scorning rocks ;

The burnished blue-bird, with his springtime
song,

The azure-winged runnels April call ;
The timid wren, the falcon fierce and strong,
The soaring water-fowl, the swooping fall ;

The glowworm's lantern and the lunar car,
The midnight taper and the noonday sun,
The pool where swims the lily like a star,
The boundless sea, with lily sails o'errun ;

The brooklet blade the lightest wavelet moves,
Where childhood's paper sails are set unfurled,
The antique home of shade, the oaken groves,
Growing the ponderous navies of the world ;

The peaceful hearthstone and the roaring field,
The song-bird and our eagle on his crag,
The love of all that quiet home can yield,
The love of country, freedom, and her flag,—

All these are thine, thou pioneer of song,
Bard of the prairie and primeval grove,
And unto thee our praise may well belong—
Yea, more than praise,—the homage of our love.

And this is thine, and therefore I obey,
And bow before thy Druid locks of snow,
And on thy sacred altar here to lay
My votive branch of western mistletoe.

DON'T SAY, NON POSSUMUS !

(VICTOR-EMANUEL TO THE POPE.)

Oh, may it please your Holiness

Behold me at your knee !

Vouchsafe unto my lowliness

United Italy !

Oh, speak the word this happy day

That concord shall restore !

Oh, come to terms, say " Yes," and say,

" *Non possumus* " no more !

Oh, if your gracious Holiness would only list to me,

And cease to say " *Non possumus*," how happy
I should be !

St. Peter's patrimony fair

Shall still be all your own ;

And I'll engage to keep you there,

And guard you on your throne.

Your States, that gave themselves to us,

Ourselves their debt shall pay ;

So don't reply " *Non possumus*,"

But gently answer " Yea ! "

Oh, if your gracious Holiness would only list to me,

And cease to say " *Non possumus*," how happy
I should be !—*Punch.*

REDMOUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MORIKE.

How name you, King Ringang's little daughter ?

Redmouth, rare Redmouth !

And what does she do the livelong day,

Since she neither toils nor spins ? Alway

She hunts and she fishes.

Oh, were I but her huntsman bold,

To hunt and fish were joy untold !

Be still, O longing heart !

And ever and anon, the page—

Redmouth, rare Redmouth !

The page in her father's hall is wont,

On bounding steed, the merry hunt,

With Redmouth, to follow.

Oh that I but a king's son were,

So I, to breathe my love might dare.

Be still, presumptuous heart !

Under an oak they rested once.

Gay laughed rare Redmouth !

" Sir Page ! thy looks are bold I wot,—

Nay, kiss me if thy heart fail not. "

Ah ! he shrank affrighted !

Yet thinks, " She grants my heart's desire, "—

And kissed her mouth with sudden fire

Be still, wild throbbing heart !

Then, as they silent homeward rode,—

Redmouth, rare Redmouth !

The boy's heart leaped with jubilant bound ;—

" Though thou, this day, wert empress crowned,

That could not daunt me.

Myriad leaves in the wood ! ye know,

I have kissed the sweetest lips that glow.

Be still, exulting heart ! "

L. E. P.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1072.—17 December, 1864.

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THE CHURCH POOR-BOX.

I AM a Poor-Box !—here I stick,
Nailed to a wall of whitewashed brick,
Teeming with “fancies coming thick,”
That sometimes mingle

With solid pence from those who kneel ;
While now and then, oh, joy ! I feel
A sixpence tingle !

The robin on me oft doth hop ;
I am the wood-louse’s working-shop ;
And friendly spiders sometimes drop
A line to me ;

While e’en the sun will often stop
To shine on me.

I am of sterling, close, hard grain
As any box on land or main ;
But age, my friends, who can sustain,
In solitude ?

Neglect might make a saint complain,
Whate’er his wood.

Heaven hath no doubt a large design ;
Some hearts are harder grained than mine ;
Some men too fat, and some too fine,
And some can’t spare it ;
I do not mean to weep and pine,
But humbly bear it.

This is a cold and draughty place,
And folks pass by with quickened pace,
Praying, perchance, a dinner-grace ;
But even then

I feel the comfort of His face
Who pities men.

I saw last week, in portly style,
A usurer coming down the aisle ;
His chin a screw, his nose a file,
With gimlet eye :
He turned his heel to cough and smile,
And sidled by.

I saw the same rich man this morn,
With sickly cheek and gait forlorn—
As feeble, almost, as when born ;
He dropped some pelf,
Pity the poor,—the weak and worn,—
Meaning “himself.”

I saw, last year, a courtly dame,
With splendid bust, and jewels’ flame,
And all the airs of feathered game—
A high-bred star-thing ;
All saw the gold—but close she came,
And dropped—a farthing.

Two days ago, she passed this way,
Heartbroken—prematurely gray—
Her beauty, like its mother—clay :
She gave me gold ;
“Oh, I am like thee,” I heard her say,
“Hollow and cold.”

The farmer gives when crops are good,
Because the markets warm his blood ;
The traveller ’scaped from field and flood,
Endows the poor ;
The dying miser sends his mud,
To make heaven sure.

A lover, with his hoped-for bride
(Her parents being close beside),
Drew forth his purse, with sleek-faced pride,
Rattling my wood ;
All day I felt a pain in the side,
He was “so good.”

The captain, fresh from sacking towns,
My humble claim to pity owns ;
The justice on his shilling frowns ;
But, worst of all,
Arch-hypocrites display their crowns
Beside my wall !

There came a little child one day,
Just old enough to know its way,
And clambering up it seemed to say,
“Poor lonely box,
Give me a kiss”—and went away
With drooping locks.

I have to play a thankless part ;
With all men’s charities I smart
But those who give with a child’s heart,
From pure fount sprung :—
The rest I take as on the mart ;
Wise head—still tongue.

—Household Words.

THE JUBILEE.

Nauticus loquitur.

I’ve heerd some talk of a Jubilee
To celebrate “our,” “victory ;”—
Now I’m a chap as follers the sea,
’n’f’r’z I know, nob’dy’ll listen to me,
B’t I’ll tell y’ jest what’s my idee.

When you ’n’ a fellah ’z got your grip,
Before y’ve settled it which can whip,
I wont say nothin’. You let her rip !
Knock him to pieces, chip by chip !
But don’t fire into a sinkin’ ship !

I tell y’, shipmates ’n’ lan’sm’n, too,
There’s chaps aboard th’ts ’z good’z you,—
’Twas God A’mighty that made her crew !
Folks is folks ! ’n’ that’s ’z true
’z that land is black ’n’ water blue !

Come tell us, shipmates, ef y’ can,
Was there ever a crew sence th’ worl’ began
That sech a wallopin’ had to stan’
’z them poor fellahs th’t tried t’ man
The great Chicago catamaran.

Wahl, this is what y’ve hed t’ do,—
T’ lick ’em,—but not t’ drown ’em too !
There’s some good fellahs, ’n’ not a few
That’s a-swimmin’ about, all chilled ’n’ blue,
’n’ wants t’ be h’isted aboard o’ you !

Come, drowning foes ! your friends we’ll be,—
We’ve licked ! Haw ! haw ! You’re licked ! Hee !
hee !

Hooraw for you ! Hooraw for we !
We’ll wait till the whole wide land is free,
And then we’ll have our JUBILEE !

November 12, 1864. O. W. H.

—Boatswain’s Whistle.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

“ FAIRY ALICE.”

I LOOK back—not a very long stretch—to certain days when our family house seemed a perfect little world,—compact, lovely, and complete,—when all things seemed to have a bright silver edge or lining like the clouds; and when little Fairy Alice, about seven years old, was the centre of all!

More a little lady than a child,—more, I believe, a little ornament or toy than one of the noisy band of young irregulars, disturbers of public peace, who climb steep sofas, and cry like the “ Great Waters ” of Versailles. Once a grave gentleman, who called, said something about “ a regular bit of Dresden,” a compliment but doubtfully received; since through such little sprinkling of geography as she had reached to it seemed to convey that she were no more than a fragment of the important capital of Saxony. But yet she saw that it was intended as a handsome speech. I suppose a bit of Dresden would be appropriate enough,—a little coquettish bit of Dresden,—with deep blue eyes, and flowing flaxen curls tied up sometimes with a blue ribbon—very wise and discreet—full, at the same time, of diminutive airs and graces,—a little actress, always before the footlights,—in short, Fairy Alice, as the whole household had it.

In that Edinburgh house, where Fairy Alice was a sort of little queen, and reigned regularly, lived a Mr. Bruce, an advocate, and father of Fairy Alice, a man of about six-and-thirty, in what is called respectable business, making a few hundreds a year, and yet with every hour of his time filled up. Not a handsome face, but a thinking face,—a face that seemed to hint it loved quiet and concentration on books and a smooth road of life to travel along; a man that chafed and writhed at anything like domestic battle, and on whose nerves a wordy conflict jarred violently. And this man of briefs and cases was married to a pale, cold, English lady, tall, handsome, stately, but whose whole soul was bound across and in all directions with the steel bands of an exquisite propriety. The advocate Bruce had been in London on some appeal, had been invited by a fellow-counsel to his house, and had straightway fallen a victim to the daughter of the fellow-counsel. She brought no

money with her, but, instead, an enormous dowry of perfect propriety.

Mr. Bruce, the advocate, and Mrs. Bruce the stately, were, as it were, the pillars of the mansion; but between them stood this little Fairy Alice, who was the centre of all. Both seemed to love her to infatuation, but after different fashions. Mr. Bruce, the advocate, openly, demonstratively, delighted always to welcome her into his sacred studio, where her temporary presence among the hard briefs and papers seemed to light up their rough realities with a golden glory. She delighted herself to enter—which she did, as it were, like a figure stepping down cut out of a picture—with some message or request, which she delivered wisely and discreetly, and then tripped out lightly in a flash! For these visits she always did a little bit of coquetry, setting a new bow in her hair, or a bit of ribbon across her shoulder in the quality of a sash.

I believe Mrs. Bruce loved her quite as much, and with as strong an infatuation; but that coldness of hers, and sense of the decencies, would always rise up between her and any display of affection. She was always, in fact, torturing herself by some such cruel sacrifice to the proprieties. When Mr. Bruce, the advocate, snatched a few moments from his treadmill below for a cup of tea and the fireside, and was taking Fairy Alice on his knee, and twisting her golden hair into new style of headdress, not as yet sanctioned by fashionable head-dressers, Mrs. Bruce, who would be looking on restlessly, and with the cold expression spreading gradually over her face, like a film of ice upon a pond, at last would interfere, “ Please don’t, Charles; don’t you see you are rumpling all her new dress?”

“ We will take care of that,” would answer Mr. Bruce, smoothing it down carefully.

“ Besides,” continued Mrs. Bruce, the film gradually thickening, “ you are giving the child such bad habits; do, please, set her down.”

A shade would come upon the forehead of the advocate; deepening presently, “ What harm is Fairy doing?” he would say; “ there is no one by; surely, for a few moments, it can’t make much matter.”

“ The child’s mind will never be formed if she is indulged in these tricks. Please set her down—do, now.”

All this while Fairy Alice's face has been growing thoughtful and distressed. She is so wise and so discreet, she knows perfectly what is coming, and is actually gently sliding down off the paternal knee.

"Come here, Alice," said her mother, austere and firmly; "get a chair and learn to sit as you would in society."

Mr. Bruce would set her down abruptly, push back his chair, and with a heavy sigh, stride rapidly out of the room. Poor Fairy Alice would look very sad, and timorously fetch her own special chair, and sit there in silence, with her parent,—now a perfect block of Wenham ice, but inwardly wrung by what she deemed this cruel disrespect to her in presence of their child. Wise Fairy Alice, quite conscious of this feeling in her mother, made an effort at indifferent and easy conversation, just, indeed, as experienced elders would have done in a similarly delicate situation. She drew her chair near to her pale, silent mamma, yet not so near as to outrage any of the proprieties, and began to prattle about London, and its joys and wonders, where, indeed, her mamma's heart always turned to. Nor was this any irregular disjointed child's talk, but sober and thoughtful and pointed. But Mrs. Bruce repelled her, not harshly, but coldly, hinted that an unrestrained curiosity was about one of the most dangerous faults in young people, and that "asking questions" was a criminal offence against the laws of society. Fairy Alice accepted the reproof, drew away her chair to the distance prescribed by the laws of society, and worked sadly at her sampler for the rest of the night.

How often these little misconceptions took place over the figure of Fairy Alice, whose little heart bled on every recurrence, it would be idle to mention. Wise Fairy Alice took note of all that was hidden underneath, and of those polite battles, concealed, it was thought, from her, under this aspect of cold speeches and indirect allusion. Many a time did Mr. Bruce, the advocate, rise up from his fireside, and, pushing back his chair, walk from the room, with that sigh of impatience. Little Fairy grew very sad over all this, and sometimes dimmed her bright eyes with some tears.

Besides this wonderful love which she had inspired, she had a greater claim to that indulgence which is supposed to spoil children,

from her being naturally delicate. She was fragile and airy; and some four years ago had been just snatched from death. A famous physician had a terrible tussle with the grim King of Terrors over her slight little frame, fought him desperately, inch by inch, and finally conquered him. Little Fairy Alice, over whom, for three weeks, there had been white, ghastly faces, and despair and terror and agony, recovered; but it was felt that a second such contest and such a victory was not to be thought of, and would end fatally. She was henceforth to be watched jealously, and that little fairy chest of hers to be fenced about with all manner of precautions.

However, at the end of the first year, it was said that she was getting strong; and in a year or two more, the eminent physician, taking soundings and gauges with his instrument, pronounced that everything was going on well, and that in a year or so she would be as "stout" as could be desired, and have a chest that might be the envy of all the world for its strength and endurance. Meanwhile, colds and draughts were to be avoided; "and," said the eminent physician, "don't let the little lady work too hard."

Her birthday came round somewhere about Easter,—a great festival in the house; the two parents made her presents, and there was usually some little gala organized for the day. Happily, too, at this season, Mr. Bruce had a sort of vacation at his courts, and putting on a little extra pressure in advance, contrived to devote one day to a sort of affectionate idleness. And it had come to one special year, when Fairy Alice was nine years old, and the prettiest little queen of her age that had been seen in the city.

They were to start early on the festival morning, take railway train to some pretty country district where there were abbey ruins, breakfast at a rustic inn, wander about, dine on the grass, and have a very happy day generally. There was a friend whom Mr. Bruce thought of a little wistfully that morning, who had been of these parties before, and whose cheerfulness and hearty spirits had been the most delightful leaven. On the last anniversary he had been with them; but, since then, circumstances had occurred which would render his presence unadvisable.

ble. Fairy Alice was looking in that direction wistfully also; but though not in full possession of the facts, yet, with a wonderful instinct, she never alluded to it or questioned her parents.

This was an old friend of Mr. Bruce's,—a shrewd, long-headed, genial, true, honest, and blunt man of business; a burly figure, a broad chest, a square head, a thoughtful eye, and shaggy eyebrow sheltering it. A brave, clear, healthy creature in mind and body, with a bell voice, and a quick, sharp manner. Captain Bell, too, was his name,—"Commander Bell" was upon his card. He had served, not much within the range of shot and shell, but more in a pacific yet not less laborious direction: in guard ships, and on packet stations, and along the coast generally. He was now waiting for something more in the same category.

Fast friend he had always been to Mr. Bruce, through thick and thin, as it is called, rough and smooth, broad and narrow, weal and woe. Had often saved and extricated him in certain little difficulties; had counselled him always, and had, unluckily, especially advised him against that marriage with Mrs. Bruce. This interference had one day unluckily travelled to that lady's ears,—how it does not much matter now. It became the unpardonable sin,—naturally an offence never to be forgiven. And before long, by some ingenious device, kept for such purposes in the conjugal armory, and in the management of which wives are tolerably skilful, there sprung up a coldness and an almost positive hostility.

On this festive occasion, then, Mrs. Bruce had laid herself out, even laboriously, to be gracious. There were several things which she could not relish altogether, but she put a violent restraint on herself. There was no moral ice allowed to form. They went,—they breakfasted at the rustic inn,—they saw the abbey ruins,—they dined upon the grass, and were as happy as they had laid out to be. Fairy Alice was in great delight. Never did she so much belong to a Reynolds' picture as on this day. The sun that made the abbey ruins so picturesque, flashed down across her flaxen locks with a splendid gorgeousness. A little hat was perched on one side of her head, and one of those Irish scarlet cloaks, of a diminutive pattern, was on her shoulders. She did not skip and gambol about in the

grass, in which fashion children of her age testify their enjoyment, but was quietly joyous and very talkative, making light and wise remarks all through the day. Mr. Bruce, the advocate, was dragging no lengthening legal chain, and for a time had got clear of the fatal legal bondage. It was, indeed, a very happy time for all. Mr. Bruce, the advocate, was actually in spirits, and even became jocular.

Coming home in the train, Fairy Alice chattered for them noisily. She stood up between them and looked out of the window on the country flying past. They were the only passengers in that compartment, so they could speak without restraint.

"Come," said Mr. Bruce, "you shall stand up on the cushion, and you will see better. You can describe everything to us, like the man at the panorama."

Fairy Alice jumped up at once.

"Take care, Charles," said Mrs. Bruce; "she will fall out."

"Fall out?" said he, laughing; "Fairy is too wise for that; or if she does, I must go after her, for I have her here fast."

"Oh, how pretty!" said Fairy, with great delight. "I can see so well now. On the right, ladies and gentlemen, you will observe"—

"There," said Mrs. Bruce, "you have seen quite enough; so come down, Fairy."

"Oh, mamma, let me stay. I am quite safe here."

"I tell you, Helen, nothing can happen her. I have fast hold of her."

"But what is the use of it?" said Mrs. Bruce, her film of ice now beginning to spread. "It is so unmeaning. Why encourage the child in these sort of games? No well-brought-up girl ever climbs up on cushions."

Little Fairy, of a sudden grown serious, glides at once to the floor. Color came into Mr. Bruce's cheeks.

"What," he was going to say, "even on this day she cannot spare me, or spare this little creature;" but with a strong effort he checked himself, broke into the vulgarity of a faint whistling (an excess he was never guilty of for his private pastime), and said nothing. Again little Fairy, with that curious delicacy so much beyond her years, began tremulously her usual little prattle, and so for this once the difficulty was tided over.

After a few minutes Mr. Bruce had worked his mind clear of it ; but Mrs. Bruce's nature was one of those which are specially sensitive, and make no difference in their sensitiveness whether the soreness be caused by themselves or others. She was cold and aggrieved. Just as their journey was coming to an end a brilliant idea occurred to him, which would make a suitable finish to this immortal day. The Sable Harmonists were at this time fulfilling an engagement at the Edinburgh Theatre, and after convulsing (said the bills) crowned heads indiscriminately over Europe, were now giving their "elegant drawing-room" entertainment, to what the same official document called "Nightly Thousands!" In fact, it was this very image—gorgeous, certain in its vast comprehension, but a little loose in English—that attracted Mr. Bruce's eye from the railway carriage window. "Suppose," said he, "we finish all with the Ethiopians, and make part of the 'Nightly Thousands' ? I declare we shall !" he added, growing enthusiastic at his own conception ; "it will throw little Fairy into convulsions of laughter. She will fall in love with Bones, and adore the banjo-fellow who sings the pathetic ballads."

This vision of ecstatic bliss was too much for little Fairy, discreet little Fairy as she was. She almost uttered a cry. The beatific vision of the sable grotesques took her by surprise. "Oh, papa, papa !" she said, "how delightful ! You are too good ! How we shall enjoy it !"

"Well, then, it is agreed," said he ; "we shall have just time to drive home, and put on all our festive garments."

Fairy Alice was thinking of a sweet little wreath which would lie quite smoothly on her golden locks. Mrs. Bruce had not yet said a word. For the moment he had forgotten her. "What do you say to the Ethiopians ?" he said, with a sort of gayety.

"Personally, I am not interested," she answered,—the ice forming rapidly,—"since you do ask me the question."

"Oh, nonsense !" said he, with an affection of heartiness, "you *must* come ! We could not go without you, eh, Fairy ?"

"Oh, mamma *must* come !" said the little girl, eagerly.

Mrs. Bruce's lip moved a little. "I thought you were consulting me as to the

propriety of going at all, not as to whether I would go myself. If you *do* ask me, I should say we have had enjoyment enough."

"But once a year," said Mr. Bruce, calmly,—"for little Fairy's birthday comes only so often,—such a little dissipation is not too much ; the most rigid moralist must admit that."

"You can do as you please," said she. "If you ask my advice, I would think it scarcely proper to corrupt the child's mind with these profane shows."

Mr. Bruce colored up. "We will not discuss the point," he added, in a low voice, "before her. Wait until we reach home ;" and he muttered something to himself, yet which she heard, and which took the shape of "outrageous."

They walked home in silence, little Fairy the heaviest-hearted of the three. As they entered the hall, she put up her lips to her father's face. "Papa," she said, "stoop down ;" and he stooped down. The cold lady had swept on in front. "Don't—don't ask me to see Bones to-night, nor," she added with something like a twitch of pain, for it *was* a trial—"nor the banjo-man. We will give them up. Listen, papa," she added ; "stoop down again. I am sure I should *not* like the banjo, nor—nor the bones."

"My little darling," said he, "don't be cast down ; we shall see about it yet. Poor little plant," he said to himself, "she will be dried up—frozen—withered—if this goes on. Run up to the drawing-room and tell them to get tea."

"Helen !" he called out,—Mrs. Bruce had ascended just one flight,— "would you mind coming here for a moment ?"

Mrs. Bruce descended again, stately, cold, impassive, yet with more color in *her* cheek. She entered his legal study, and the door was closed.

What took place within was not known to any of the household. But for Fairy Alice, who knew and could interpret circumstances with a wonderful intelligence, it was a terrible period ; a time almost of agony. Her little heart fluttered distressfully ; she was consumed with a strange agitation ; for she knew well the unpleasant conflict there was going forward in the sacred study. A quarter of an hour, half an hour, it was all over with the notion of the sable harmonists. Already were those diverting artists convulsing

“Nightly *Thousands* ;” but she never thought of those exquisite delineations with regret ; nay, even they presented images repugnant and almost satanic.

Three-quarters of an hour and the study-door opened ; some one passed out with a haughty, defiant rustle. The storm was over. Mrs. Bruce came into the drawing-room with hot cheeks, and little Fairy Alice crept up to her timorously. The stately lady put her by without a word, went to the fire, stood over it, and studied the coals with an intense earnestness, then walked away, still stately. Thus the sun of the happy anniversary set disastrously, this happiest day of the year. For long after it was looked back to with an uneasy horror and shrinking, and if its image presented itself at nightfall, was dismissed with something like a shudder.

For it bore fruit. Within a day or two after it was known that Mrs. Bruce was to make a journey to see her friends in London. To stay for a short or long time, indistinctly, —to go speedily, and with as little delay. No one of the friends or acquaintances guessed what was behind this journey, or what a pretence it covered. It was only held as confirmation certain of the fact that Mrs. Bruce was heart and soul an alien, and was longing to be with her English friends. It was thought curious that she was to go alone ; and that Fairy Alice was to stay with Mr. Bruce. More curious still was the fact that a female relative of Mr. Bruce’s was to come into residence immediately, and take charge of the establishment until Mrs. Bruce returned.

Mr. Bruce pursued his law sheet up as it were in strict confinement, in the sacred study. But outside, sad and solemn preparation went on for the departure. There was much packing to be done. To Fairy Alice some poor pretence was kept up,—of this being merely a temporary absence ; but she knew the whole as fully and completely as though a regular explanation had been entered into for her benefit ; she had wonderful sagacity, and, as I have said, knew the whole. That day week,—the day week of the happiest day in her year,—was Mrs. Bruce to set forth upon her London journey.

Never was there such a chilling, hopeless week. It dragged itself by like the last fatal days before an execution. Mrs. Bruce went about her preparations sternly, coldly, and

austerely. Not a sign betrayed any emotion. Mr. Bruce, the advocate, was scarcely to be seen ; he kept himself fast imprisoned below, and took counsel with his briefs. But there was an intense weight of grief abroad in the house, and it really did appear to have fallen upon the little lady of the mansion, who, by this estrangement, seemed to have become bereaved of both father and mother, and to stand alone. Her little figure was surely unequal to such a premature burden.

It was really piteous to see her moving about with a worn, troubled air, as if care and responsibility were already on her little weak shoulders. She went about restlessly all day long, very silent, and not the least troublesome ; when her mother was by affecting to be laboriously at work on her sampler, yet never asking an indiscreet or awkward question, so persuaded was she of the delicacy of the situation. When she was alone, she put away the eternal sampler, and with a weary look, laying that little cheek to rest on that hand, so little also,—an attitude of reflection, copied from her father,—she began to think painfully and anxiously. What plans could she be laying out in that wonderful little brain ?

The stately lady remained stern and sad to the last, only her cheek grew thinner. Fairy Alice regarded her wistfully. I wonder was she yearning to speak her mind,—to pour out whatever wisdom she had concocted during those hours of reflection ? But there was something so resolved and even desperate in the purpose of the stately lady that her little heart sank when she thought of it. Even with her gentler father, to whom she had strayed in, and who had taken her sadly on his knee, she felt this subject was not to be entered upon. For when he had kissed her, and kissed her again, and her golden tresses were shed all about his shoulder, and she had whispered softly, “Darling papa, we must not let mamma go away ; must we ?” she felt his arm relax, and his knee move away, and found herself put down gently on the ground.

“Poor child,” he said, sadly, “do I want to send her away ? But you can understand nothing of these things. Run up-stairs, and stay with your mamma ; she is alone now.” Universal wretchedness, moral gloom, was over all things in that house.

It came at last to three final days,—even

to the final day. There was still a gulf between Mr. Bruce, the advocate, and Mrs. Bruce. Both were coldly inflexible; there was on both sides the same height, depth, breadth, and thickness of pride; and the two quantities had met and would not give way. Some days before, indeed, during one of their meals, had he thrown out some gentle words, scarcely amounting to a positive advance, but still smoothing the road for an advance. These were frozen back upon him promptly.

Both, indeed, secretly turned towards that distant arbitrator, bluff, honest, business-like Commander Bell. His plain sense would be invaluable at this crisis; but with all his bluntness, he was sensitive, and had met with too open contumely to have forgotten it. And so it had come to the actual vigil of Mrs. Bruce's departure for London; and these two proud spirits, still aloof and defiant, were not to give way. With the morning Mrs. Bruce would go forth coldly; and time and distance, it is pretty well known, what efficient aids to a decent indifference they are!

Mrs. Bruce was above, making a feint of diligent packing; Mr. Bruce was below, making a more wretched feint still of briefs and cases. And Fairy Alice, after fluttering up and down uneasily, a prey to the most bitter uneasiness and anxieties, was now, with her little face actually haggard, sitting alone in the drawing-room on a low *prie dieu* chair, which by prescription was considered her private property. It was late in the evening; lights had not been brought in, and Fairy Alice was alone there with the gloom. She had not cried like other children; but she was weary with grief, and her little brain was sore and strained with thinking. Suddenly, with a child's sigh, she thought she would go up-stairs to her mamma's room, at which she had ineffectually knocked several times. On this visit she found it just open. She knocked softly; no one answered; she entered as softly.

A dim light was burning on a chair, and at first she thought there was no one in the room; but presently, beside the chair, she saw an open trunk, and—beside the open trunk, on her knees, was her mother, bent down very low, looking at something in her hand, and weeping. She was indeed uttering low moanings rather than weeping. Much distressed, and at first almost aghast, the im-

pulse of Fairy Alice was to rush forward; but the next moment a sort of timorousness checked her,—for at all times careless intrusion into the sanctuary of the cold lady was checked, and at such a moment of unrestrained feeling it would be bitterly resented, —and yet little Fairy Alice lingered, irresolute whether to stay or turn back. Just at this moment the cold lady turned toward the light, looking very earnestly at that picture in her hand, and Fairy Alice then saw the light glint on its rich gold frame, and instantly recognized its magnificence. It was a small colored photograph of her father.

She stole down-stairs again very softly and went back to her little chair again,—rather she turned over to the sofa,—and with her face on the cushion, the golden curls tumbling about it and covering it up like a veil, she wept there long very bitterly. Never was child so distressed. Poor hapless Fairy Alice! She had a world of care upon her that night.

An idea flashed upon her suddenly,—a vast and stupendous idea, almost overwhelming for that little brain. It lit up her face. She started from the sofa, put back her yellow curls. She was trembling with the majesty of the conception. She then crept away softly up-stairs to her own room, fetched down the Irish red cloak and hat, came down again as softly, and stood panting and fluttering in the hall, not knowing whether to go further or no. All was quiet and it was about eight o'clock. Mr. Bruce was still making believe to be busy with his briefs.

She opened the hall-door, and, after a moment's pause, shot away down the street. She knew the way perfectly, and yet she had almost lost her road. People coming home from work stopped to look after the pretty spirit in a scarlet cloak that flitted past them. Some made as though they would stop her. She was dreadfully frightened, but still held on. At last she came to a retired square and modest house, where Commander Bell, R. N., lived. Out of breath—filled with confusion—overwhelmed with the tremendous step she had taken—so it seemed to her—she rang the bell, and asked if she might see Captain Bell, please, for a moment. The servant stared at this little visitor, but without a word brought her in at once to the parlor, where Commander Bell, R. N., was sitting at the fire smoking.

Commander Bell, R.N., laid down his cigar in astonishment. He knew and recollected her, but could not comprehend it.

She told her little artless story. In her wise way, explained her hopes and fears and terrors, and finally begged of him to come back with her. "Oh, sir," she said, "you can help us. You are so good, so brave, so sensible!" Commander Bell was delighted. He could have taken her on his knee, but a sense of too much respect prevented him. He merely got his great rough pilot coat and hat, and taking her hand in his, set out.

It was a delicate task; but rough, honest Commander Bell was not to be kept back from a good work by such a consideration. They reached the house and entered. Commander Bell tapped at Mr. Bruce's door, and entering, shut it behind him. Little Fairy Alice fluttered up to the drawing-room, where her mamma was sitting desolate.

They sat together for half an hour and longer in the gloom, until at last steps were heard on the stairs,—heavy steps. Little Fairy Alice, who had been watching feverishly, started up, and ran to the door. And then there came upon the landing two figures,—Mr. Bruce and his friend. Fairy Alice ran half-way to meet them, and then stopping short, turned back to her mother. "Oh, mamma," said she, coming in, in a sort of flutter, "here is some one at the door; and do see him, and let us all be happy together again. Do, dear mamma."

It was dark, so no one could have seen her mother's face; neither did she say anything, but Fairy Alice felt her hand trembling on her shoulder. Then Mr. Bruce walked in, straightly and steadily,—leaving Commander Bell at the door,—and said,—

"Helen, don't—*don't* go away! Stay with us—with me—and with this darling."

When she was presently crying hysterically on Mr. Bruce's shoulder, there was below them a little sobbing face looking up; and two tiny arms, spread out (but not so far as they had will to spread themselves), drew together the estranged husband and wife,—further, seemed, with such little strength as they had, to hold them in that long embrace. Looking down, they presently saw this little infant angel of peace between them, and Mr. Bruce caught her up in his arms.

On that night it did indeed seem likely that the old misconceptions were never to return again; that the film of ice, should it ever form, was to melt away as soon as it was formed. The vision of Fairy Alice was to be as a beam of warm sunshine. If she were again to stand up, and look out of windows, it would be likely that she could do so without check. And as for "Bones" and his fascination,—even for the greater glories of pantomime,—these things as yet might be almost forced upon her,—heaped, as it were, into her little lap like sugar-plums. No doubt she would be as a silver chain to wind round and round them again; and then almost infatuation for this darling, growing every day, would hold them together, even if everything else were wanted.

Perhaps it was all for the best, as they were to be told, not many weeks later, with the dismal consolation, also, whispered that "the Lord gives and the Lord takes away." For on the night this little Fairy Alice went out on her journey, there was also abroad a sharp blast from the east, which pushed heavily against her all the way,—nay, even stabbed through the folds of the little red cloak. With her little gauzy chest it was easy work. So the next morning there was a cough, and the morning after, much heat and fever; and the eminent physician who had driven the great enemy down-stairs before found himself again face to face with his old antagonist, at the other side of the bed. He did what he could, that eminent physician,—worked with a will and sympathy; for he had a little girl of his own, whom he could only see for half an hour in the day. But the other was steadily and surely drawing her over to *his* side. And so it came finally to a dismal hour in a dismal day, when with a sweet smile and a sweet murmur of encouragement to two ghastly faces, wrung and worn, bending over, she drifted away softly out of life.

Now, in the study of a worn and hopeless barrister, who finds the world about him, and the men and women of the world, and all its affairs, and even his books, to be cold as ice and hard as granite—there hangs a child's scarlet cloak opposite his desk. It is the only bright patch of color left for him on earth.

From Good Words.

A FAMILY PEN.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

A PEN which has been moist with ink—ink destined for the eye of the compositor—has been passing from hand to hand, within the circuit of a family,—it is now more than eighty years; and it is still in course of consignment to younger hands of the same stock.

A task, not of the easiest sort, it must be, to bring into view some personal incidents of this transmission in a manner that shall be characteristic, and at every point true to facts, and yet shall not trespass upon good taste, or wound the feelings of those concerned, or come under rebuke on the ground of egotism, or of an overweening estimate of literary doings: I am far from being confident in my ability to keep to a mid-channel while steering in and out among so many perils. In accordance with a usage that was not quite discontinued in the eighteenth century, but was rife in the seventeenth, I might incline here to prefix a supplicatory dedication,—“To the courteous reader,” or to the “kind reader,” or to any who were willing always to put a candid construction upon whatever might seem to need indulgence. Let it, then, be understood that this paper is explicitly dedicated “To the courteous and candid reader” of *Good Words*; and that the writer asks a favorable hearing for a few pages.

It must have been some time between 1768 and '70 that a youth, equally robust in body and in mind, and resolute in his thirst for knowledge, found himself in the midst of books,—shelves upon shelves, in a shop in High Holborn. He plunged into the intellectual flood with the eagerness and the confidence of one who feels and knows that he shall swim,—if only he may be free to strike the waves manfully. This youth, Charles Taylor, the son of an eminent engraver, had received, along with his brother Isaac, so much school learning as might then be had at a grammar school in the country. This school, at Brentwood, Essex, was one of those, the doings of which were so mercilessly turned inside out by Lord Brougham, in the course of the inquiries instituted for that purpose in 1818, and afterwards in 1837. Whether the grievous delinquencies of the Brentwood Grammar School had reached the

pitch which they afterwards attained, is not known; probably not so, for the two boys, Charles and Isaac, left it not wholly ignorant of Latin, nor, perhaps, of Greek. At a school in the city these acquisitions had been carried a few steps further upon the Gradus ad Parnassum. But whatever this schooling might have been worth either in the country or in town, it sufficed, in the instance of a youth so ardent and so firm-nerved as was Charles Taylor, to give him easy access to ancient literature, and to the folios of modern commentators (these were then mostly in the Latin language). This introductory learning included Hebrew, and more or less of rabbinical and Oriental scholarship, as well as two or three modern languages; moreover, as the son of an artist, and himself an artist by profession, at least, he had acquainted himself with numismatic lore, and with antiquarian art generally. These acquirements,—*incidental* to book learning, and very rarely combined with it, greatly promoted the labors of his after-life on the field of biblical illustration, and were enough to entitle Charles Taylor to his well-earned repute as the *Artist-Scholar*. With the marbles in the collection of the Duke of Richmond Charles Taylor made himself well acquainted; and his twenty-first year, which he spent in Paris, was industriously employed among the treasures of the king's library. A new influx of miscellaneous learning came upon him at a later time, when the books of the “London Library”—afterwards transferred to the building in Finsbury—were committed to his care as librarian, at his house in Hatton Garden, where they remained during several years.

It must have been at sundry times, during these years, and while the house in Hatton Garden, No. 108, was crammed with books,—up-stairs, down-stairs, and in the hall and passages,—that, in my visits to the family, I saw my learned uncle; and not very seldom, when charged with some message from home, I was admitted into his study. Alas! that photography was not practised fifty years ago! The man—his dishabille, and his surroundings—would, indeed, have furnished a *carte de visite* not of the most ordinary sort. The scene! the tables,—the library counters,—the cheffoniers,—the shelves and the floor (who shall say if the floor had a carpet?) all heaped with books,—books of all sizes and sorts,—books open, one upon

another,—books with a handful of leaves doubled in to keep the place,—books in piles, that had slid down from chairs or stools, and had rested unmoved until a deep deposit of dust had got a lodgement upon them! Quires of proof-sheets and revises,—here and there, folded and unfolded. On the table, usually occupied by the writer, there was just room for an inkstand, and for a folded sheet of demy or foolscap. But the genius of this chaos!—he was no pale, sallow, nervous, midnight-lamp-looking recluse, or ghost. Not at all so; but a man,—then just past mid-life,—powerful in bony and muscular framework,—singularly hirsute,—well limbed, well filled out, erect in walk, prominent and aquiline in feature,—teeming, as one should say, with repressed energy: always equal to more work than he had actually in hand: never wearied or wasted in labor, but impatient to be “at it again.” Work was his play; rest was his work;—moments of intermission cost him an effort: hours of labor none;—and he made the effort duly, when he came forth to take his seat at the family table. At the family table my learned uncle was urbane; perhaps he would be jocose; but he never discoursed of the matters where-with his brain was then teeming. His table-talk was an instance in illustration of Talleyrand’s reply to an impertinent physician, who had tried to lead him into state affairs, —“Sir, I never talk of things that I understand.” It might seem; perhaps, as if the chief person at the tea-table was not used to give those around him credit for as much intelligence as they actually possessed: nevertheless, they did not impute to him anything like arrogance; certainly not pomposity or affectation. His deportment was quite of another sort,—it was not supercilious; but it appeared to have been framed upon the hypothesis of unmeasured spaces intervening between the study-table and the tea-table.

Although fixedly taciturn as to his proper literary engagements,—unless it might be with the few who were learned in his own line,—my uncle ever kept himself awake towards all subjects, literary, or scientific, or political, or statistical, that might come in his way. Nothing in philosophy, or in the arts, found him unprepared to bring it to its place in his storehouse of knowledge. As to books, he seemed to have them, chapter and page, at his command. Seldom did he

fail to reach, in a moment, the volume, or to find the page, where he should find what he had occasion to refer to. There is a sort of duplex memory which achieves wonders with those who possess it in a high degree. The first half of this double faculty takes to itself the place and the position of passages, in books, which have once been read. The second half is less mechanical, and is more intellectual; it is the recollection by *analogy*, or by the relation of matters. By aid of this endowment the stores of a library become available on any given subject. Charles Taylor’s memory, in details, even in branches of study far removed from his own walk, was of the sort that must seem marvellous to any who are not gifted in the same manner.

But as to these endowments, and these various acquirements and this constitutional force, had they been devoted to any worthy purpose? It must be granted that all gifts were well employed; and that the unabated labors of almost fifty years had been concentrated upon a great task, ably achieved. And this work of a life was crowned with much success. Charles Taylor must have been in his seventeenth year when, as above said, he came into the command of a bookseller’s stock of second-hand books. Upon the shelves in this shop there was a copy of Calmet’s “*Dictionnaire Historique et Critique de la Bible*.” It was precisely the book to rivet the attention of a youth of this order. At a very early time after becoming acquainted with it, and no doubt with the other voluminous writings of the learned Benedictine, he formed the resolve to bring out the Dictionary in English, appending to it the gleanings of his own studies. To the due performance of this task, he thenceforward devoted all the hours he could command, through a track of about fifteen years, until he believed himself to be prepared for submitting a sample of the work to the judgment of the learned public,—or rather of the very few who then ruled the learned world in the department of biblical literature.

At that time, and, indeed, until a much later time, works of this class had rarely appeared in England; and in the field of Oriental usages and of pictorial antiquarianism, very little had been done. Harmer’s “*Observations*” was almost the only work of the same class. The fragmentary essays which accompanied the Parts of the Dictionary

challenged attention as adventures upon new ground. Those were not the days of "Cyclopædias of Biblical Literature," nor of "Dictionaries of the Bible," nor of "Bible Dictionaries Illustrated;" nor of other suchlike worthy endeavors to popularize biblical learning. The English translation of Calmet's Dictionary, with the Fragments and the Plates, has been the parent of a numerous family,—in foolscap folio, and in imperial, and in extra demy; nor has it been always that the offspring has yielded the dues of affection, or even of common justice, to their ancestor.* But the "learned world" of that time were not slow to perceive, or to acknowledge, the merits of these "Parts"—the Dictionary—the Fragments and the Plates. The editor (translator, commentator, and illustrator) received praise, and abundant encouragement to go on. Five volumes in quarto appeared in due course, and they were speedily reprinted. In the year in which Mr. Taylor's death occurred, a fifth edition of these quartos was carried through the press.

But who was the editor of Calmet,—who was this *sole* and unassisted builder of what has been spoken of as "a stupendous monument of literary industry"? In *these* times "spirited publishers," who speculate in cyclopædias, take care to enlist the *élite* of universities, at home and abroad, in their service: and no doubt they do well,—or intend well, in taking this course; but here was a Samson, alone, who, with his brawny arms, clutching the pillars of the palace of learning, did what he had purposed to do. Who, then, was he? It was nobody that had ever been known at Oxford or at Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh or Dublin. Call, then, at the house where the parts are published,—108 Hatton Garden,—and put the question. On the door-posts, either side, there is "C. Taylor, Engraver." Go in and ask for the editor of Calmet. You will never find him, or not *there*. Mr. C. Taylor, Engraver, may be spoken to, if you have any proper reason for asking him to come down into the lobby; but you will learn nothing from *him* about this invisible editor. His

* I have occasion here to keep in mind the rule,—*de mortuis nil, nisi bonum*,—and therefore must repress the impulse to assert my uncle's merits, so unfairly and ungenerously called in question by the late John Kitto. How would his own ill-digested work fare if dealt with in the same fashion?

answer to this interruption would be a look of annoyance, impatience, perhaps, but no clearing up of the mystery. You are as likely to get an answer from the colossal Memnon in the British Museum. To the end of his days Charles Taylor refused to acknowledge himself as anything more than an artist, an engraver, or, at least, he would not be addressed as the editor of Calmet, or as the author of the Fragments. The few men of antiquarian erudition, with whom, at times, he conversed, could not fail to divine the secret; but, at least, he would give them no right to report it from his lips.

I might err in attempting to penetrate the motives of this concealment. It might seem an incoherence thus to persist in the anonymous, year after year, for half a century; but I am sure it was no real incoherence in the mind of this accomplished man; yet unless one had seen him at home and in his study, one should not get into the secret. There are reasons of an obvious and ordinary sort that might be named as probable, such as these,—there would be reasons of policy, prudential reasons, and reasons of feeling. Mr. Taylor, although to the end of his days he was a nonconformist, and a constant attendant at the old meeting-house in Fetter Lane, was, by temperament, and by the tendencies of his studies, decisively Conservative; or, in the style of that time, he was a thorough-going Tory. It is not unlikely that what he had seen and foreseen in France, of the coming thunder-storm of the Revolution, strongly took effect upon his opinions, when the thunder and the lightning actually came on to frighten all Europe. The Revolution hardened, in their Toryism, all who, like Edmund Burke, had been prepared to look at it in that light. Nobody more bold or free than he in his range of thought, on critical ground; nevertheless, in personal demeanor, in conventional observances, and in the punctilious rendering of titles of honor where due, he never appeared at fault. It is easy to imagine, then, what were probably the feelings of a man of this disposition, in bringing before the public a voluminous work, implying very extensive reading, and a measure of scholarship that was not the most common. An indictment against such a one as he was would contain several counts: *first count*, a layman; *second count*, a nonconformist; *third count*, a member of no university, and

one who had taken no degree, and was not entitled to so much as an A. M. A man laboring under these several conditions of disadvantage would feel—in proportion to his individual conservatism, he would feel it—that, in coming abroad, he must crouch under the shield of the anonymous. So was it, in fact, that the engraver ventured into print, nobody knowing who he might be.

After enjoying for several years the shade and shelter of this shield,—great and manifold as are the benefits which this shield affords,—Mr. Taylor would be reluctant to relinquish them. Literary ambition, or *ambition* of any sort, certainly was not his ruling passion. Gladly he would allow the ambitious, the pretentious, the noisy, to go by him, and pass on to the front. For himself, he asked only to be *let alone*, and to be allowed to go on with his work,—unknown, if so it might be. But there was yet something more in this life-long adherence to concealment. A supreme devotion to the task he had undertaken, and to which he had given the best years of his life,—from eighteen to seventy (near it),—ruled him in an absolute manner. He thought highly of the importance of these, his chosen expository labors. He had confidence in his ability to prosecute them to some advantage. His ardor and industry had been recruited from time to time by the plaudits of biblical scholars, English and foreign, and by the proffered patronage of church dignitaries. Content, thus far, and assured that he was not spending his strength to no purpose, he went on: his study and his books and *his work* were enough for him; and he cared very little for literary notoriety.

An instance very dissimilar in its circumstances, and in its visible proportions, but yet in harmony with it as to principle, was at hand, within the same family,—or, I should say, in the family of Charles Taylor's brother, Isaac. But now may I presume that readers of *Good Words*, who perhaps have known nothing of the five quartos of this Bible Dictionary, may care to hear something of the young persons, who, sixty years ago, put forth *Original Poems*, *Hymns for Infant Minds*, and some similar books,—not indeed in folio, or in quarto, or even in 8vo? I have ventured to say that a *principle* connects the above-mentioned five quartos, ed-

ited by the uncle, with the now-mentioned 24mos put forth by his two nieces. I think I shall make this relationship intelligible. The great pyramid of all that is printed might be sorted into several smaller pyramids, on several grounds of distinction; but there is one that has a real difference as its reason:—there is a literature which is *literary* properly; it possesses no very serious intention:—it courts, and it wins, favor, in various degrees, according, or not according, to its intrinsic merits:—it reaps its reward—or perhaps no reward—in a commercial sense. A small portion of this printed mass survives its hour, and takes a place among the classics of the language: it reprints through several decades of time. Thus far all is clear. But there is a literature which has had its origin in motives that are wholly of another order. By a solecism, or an allowable ambiguity, it receives its designation as *literature*: yet it is *unliterary literature*. It did not spring either from literary ambition, or from calculations of gain. The producers of books of this class—*books*, whether they be great or small—had been incited by no eagerness to be known as authors: perhaps they shrunk from notoriety, and would most gladly have remained under the screen of anonymous authorship to the end of their course. If the due recompense of their labors did reach them at last, this material remuneration never took the foremost place in their regards. They wrote what they wrote, with an *intention* and for a *purpose* that was ever prominent in the estimate they formed of their own successes or failures. Fame or no fame,—income or no income, these writers asked themselves, or others about them, if they had written to good purpose. If an affirmative answer to *this* question could be given in at the bar of conscience, substantial comfort would be thence derived,—spite of discomforts, many.

On this ground it is likely, and so it will appear in fact, that books, great and small,—publications the most dissimilar in bulk, in quality, in purpose, in pretension,—will be brought together: disproportion and unlikeness will not be a reason sufficient for dissociating those products of the press which are found to be in harmony, as to the inner reason, or the true impulse, which has brought them into being. Thus it is, therefore, that I find a connecting thread running

on with the family pen, as it was held by the uncle, and as it has been held and used by his two nieces. A purpose, better and higher in its aim than literary ambition, or than pecuniary advantage, did rule, so I believe, in the one instance; and that it ruled in the other instance, I well and intimately know. Conversations and consultations, turning upon this very point of the comparative value of the motives which are wont to take effect within the precincts of literature, I perfectly well remember. Should it be literary reputation or fame, or pecuniary advantage, and remuneration for work done; or should it be the higher and the better motive; namely, *usefulness* in the best sense? Of my surviving sister in the firm of "Ann and Jane," I am not free to speak; but I need be under no restraint in giving evidence as to what were *Jane's* motives in presenting herself, even in the humblest guise, before the public as a literary person. Her constitutional diffidence and her tendency to shrink from notice were so decisive that, so long as it was possible to do so, she clung to her concealment. From the very first, the *effective* motive was the hope and prospect of doing good. On frequent occasions in those years during which I was my sister's companion, the fixed purpose of her mind made itself evident in our conversations: it was always uppermost with her, and it continued to prevail with her more and more to the end of life. There was a season in her literary course when fame—such as might seem to be her due—was within her reach; and if it came, it came: but she was not a listener for it. As to the fruits of authorship in a commercial sense, her *motto*, if so one might call it, was this: "My income, whether it be more or less, is the exact sum yearly with which it pleases God to intrust me."

Here, then, is the sort of instance which I have had in prospect when intending to speak of a pen as passing from hand to hand in a family.

There had been a preparation for the service which was thus to be rendered. The preparation, in the case of the biblical expositor, was a long term of years devoted to the most arduous labors among books. The preparation in the case of the two young authors of the poems and hymns that have lived so long and have gone so far, was an education

in and for intellectual labor, along with an excellent moral discipline.

It is customary to give license to egotism when it is only the praise of *industry* that is attempted. Not a step beyond this border will I now make a trespass. The home within which Ann and Jane Taylor received their education, and underwent their preparation of training, was indeed fairly entitled to commendation on account of the occupation of all hours of the day, from early to late, by everybody therein resident. Yet this system of unremitting employment was carried through without any rigorous exactions, without any inflictions, without any consciousness of constraint. Assiduity was the tone and style of the house. Nor were frequent recreations forgotten. Set days and times were duly observed, and were almost superstitiously honored. I have not seen in later years anything comparable to my father's industry. No man of whose habits I have known anything has seemed to achieve a daily task of the same amount, and of the same *variety*. What he did in giving effect to the operose *system* which he had devised for the education of his children has been an amazement to me to think of. Some of the still extant monuments of this comprehensive and laborious scheme of instruction might well pass for enough, if brought forward as the sole products of many years of labor: they were, in fact, the product of the earliest hour of each day: much of this sort was done by the candle light of the winter's morning. The artisan who was on his way to the place of his daily toil would not fail to see the light in my father's study window:—he, already awake and at work:—his devotions first, and then some educational outfit,—in science,—history,—geography. We all had a perfect confidence in the reasonableness and the utility of those methods of instruction, in carrying out which we were required to perform our parts. The apparatus of teaching was huge: nevertheless, the daily portion assigned to each of us came quite within the limits of reasonable industry. We were not injuriously crammed or broken in spirit.

It is probable that there were items in the school cyclopædia which might have been lopped off without serious damage; at least this might be the fact in relation to the fe-

male side of the home college. For an instance we might take this : it was not, perhaps, indispensable to the completeness of a girl's education that she should have at her command the terms and the principles of *Fortification*. Nevertheless, so it is that among the extant memorials of that early training time,—in which the brothers and the sisters of this family took their part,—I find outlines of fortified towns, engraved, colored, and shaded, the names having been written in upon these outlines by the learner ; so we see *glacis*, *counterscarp*, *bastion*, *fosse*, *lines of circumvallation* ; and it happens that rough drafts of poems and of hymns that have since come to be well known, far and wide, were scrawled upon the margins of some of these lessons in the art of war ! Certain branches of knowledge that are quite remote from the range of ordinary education were in fact made familiar to all of this family by these comprehensive methods of teaching ; and if in some cases the intellectual gain could scarcely be appreciable, no doubt there was a useful discipline involved in the mere labor of the process.

As to literary ambition, or any eagerness to venture into print, such impulses were far from the minds alike of parents and of children. Certainly a contrary feeling was strong with both parents. The early scribblings of Ann and Jane were known to them, and were not actually prohibited, yet were never encouraged. Jane, in her earliest years, had amused herself with the project of writing and publishing a book ; but this was only a pastime of childhood, and it was forgotten at an after-time, along with other games and romances. There is a portrait of the two sisters, hand in hand, pacing the broad green path of the garden at Lavenham. The girls—nine years old, and seven—are supposed to be reciting, as was their wont, some couplets of their joint composition, anticipatory of their united authorship in after-years. On his side the intelligence of the father went in the direction of sober information :—it was knowledge and science, rather than literature or taste, that prevailed with him. On the mother's side, although from her teens she had been scribbling verses, and although she was herself so dependent for her daily comfort upon books, she had a decisive feeling of antagonism toward *authorship*. The thought of it, if it could have occurred to her

that her daughters were to appear in that position, would have troubled her. This repugnance toward literature, as a profession, had not sprung, I think, from a perusal of Disraeli's noted book, or from any experience of those "calamities" within the family circle. The feeling had its rise in a dislike of any pursuit that could not plead in its behalf a direct and intelligible *utility*. The question might, indeed, have been put,—“Are not these books, a constant supply of which is so important to your own daily comfort,—are not these books useful ? And if so, then have not the authors of them, or many of them, been well employed in writing them ?” This must be granted ; nevertheless, a prejudice against *lady* authors kept its ground. It is not improbable that a pungent dislike of certain of the English female sympathizers with the French Revolution, inclusive of Mary Wolstonecraft, had given force to this antipathy.

Nevertheless, and in spite of contrary purposes entertained by parents or children, and, notwithstanding the ingrained constitutional modesty of one or two of these “young persons,” authorship did come upon them as if it came with the force of a destiny, or as if what I have ventured to speak of as a Family Pen had been thrust between finger and thumb, *volens nolens*, and as if the word had been uttered when the pen was given, “Use this—within the compass of your ability,—use it always for the best purposes.” But at this point I may fancy myself to hear a sarcastic caution from critics of the present time, warning me not in any such way to exaggerate the humble performances of a forgotten literary epoch, or to speak of small things as if they were great things. Great or small in the eye of modern criticism, books of any dimension that last long, and that go far,—even the wide world over,—may fairly be named without needing an apology. It so happens this very day, while I write, that an advertisement in the day's paper makes mention of new editions of books that had found their way into tens of thousands of families more than sixty years ago. Whether criticism be right or wrong in its verdicts, there must have been a principle of vitality ; there must now be a *substance*—a moral force—in books that maintain their *first reputation* over and beyond sixty years, and that, throughout this lapse of time, have been in

favor wherever English is the language of families. There is no ground of boasting in this instance. The *principle* that has given this vitality to these little books is of a sort that removes them from the jurisdiction of mere criticism. It is a fact not questionable that these books have had a great share in carrying forward the moral and religious education of at least the religiously disposed mass of two or three generations. And what is true of the families which have accepted them on this side the Atlantic, is true to the fullest extent as to those on the other side, and the same in every English colony.

I may be admitted to give evidence touching what I have known of my late sister's turn of mind, and her principles, and her motives as a writer; but in doing this I am carried back to Devonshire and to Cornwall, whither I have already ventured to take the reader of these papers. The years of our companionship in Devon and Cornwall were almost my sister's last years as a writer. She wrote little after the time of our last return from the western counties. The recollection I retain of those daily conversations, in which, incidentally, she uttered her inmost mind on subjects of this sort, are recollections of *places* and of *scenes*, quite as much as of fire-sides. I should not much care to ramble about in North Devon now that railways have gone thither, and that excursionists in crowds have broken in upon its sweet solitudes! There was a time when the region of which Ilfracombe is the centre had an aspect of seclusion that was highly favorable to tranquil musings, and especially to religious meditations, when such meditations have received a tone from constitutional pensiveness, and also from the discipline of events; it was *pensiveness*, not melancholy. So long ago as the years I have now in view, an hour's ramble upon the rocks at low water, or over the hills eastward or westward, might be freely taken with scarcely a chance of encountering a human creature,—certainly not a visitor from the outer world.

Thus Jane describes one of these solitudes, a drear lone place:—

“Bare hills and barren downs for miles you trace,

Ere is attained the unfrequented place;
And when arrived, the traveller starts to find
So wild a spot the abode of humankind.”

In these rambles—

“Mid scattered rocks on Devon's northern sea”
she found great pleasure in examining—

“Those gay watery grotts,—
Small excavations on a rocky shore,—
That seem like fairy baths, or mimic wells,
Richly embossed with choicest weed and shells:
As if her trinkets Nature chose to hide
Where nought invaded but the flowing tide.”

In longer walks inland, over the moors, she would find the text of her meditations while tracing

“The curious work of Nature—
A work commenced when Time began its race,
And not yet finished—
The rich gray mosses brodered on a rock.”

It would be a mistake to infer from this taste for seclusion, and this relish of Nature, —when not gayly attired,—that my sister's mood was gloomy, or unsocial, or ascetic. It was quite otherwise. Wit and pensiveness have in several noted instances shown themselves to be two phases of the same intellectual conformation. There is not a paragraph in what she has written for young or for mature readers that is of a morbid or sullen quality. All has a healthy complexion. No sentiment is in any such way *individualized* as that it would not easily combine with an energetic and cheerful performance of ordinary duties. This is the rule,—a cheerful mood, and a readiness for useful and charitable offices, must always be right and good for each and for all of us, young and old,—whatever may be the tendency of the individual temperament. My sister might, indeed, indulge feeling and imagination in a morning's walk, but when she returned to her little study and took pen in hand, she thought no longer of herself, but only of her reader—and especially of her *young* reader. There was no insincerity in this case. At the time of our sojourn—a sojourn of several years—in Devon and Cornwall, there had come upon her a breadth of feeling as to the discharge of what I venture to call her *ministry* through the press. A ten years of this ministry, with an ever-increasing extension of its field, had at length availed to put her constitutional diffidence out of countenance, if so one might say; for there could no longer be room to doubt that an opportunity was presented to her,—a door was opened, and it was a wide door, and a sense of responsibility thence ensued:—it was as if, when she had her pen in hand, a great congregation of the young,

from childhood up to riper years, had come within reach of her vision and her voice,—even of so feeble a voice. Was it fame that she cared for? I find in her home letters of this date, frequent expressions of this kind,—a warm commendation of a new volume had appeared in some monthly publication: she asks to see it, and says, “I am much more anxious to see blame than praise, and the thought that you may keep back anything of that kind would fidget and discourage me beyond measure.”

Gifted in an unusual degree with an insight of human nature, my sister's humbleness of mind saved her from the cynical mood. Writing to a friend, an authoress, she says, “It is only studying *nature*, without which I could do *nothing*. If you are at a loss for character, take mine, and you will find faults enough to last out a whole volume. I assure you that I take greater liberties with *myself* in that way than with any of my friends or neighbors; and I have really found so far, that the beam in my own eye makes me see more clearly how to take the mote out of theirs.”

The change from Devon to Cornwall was not for the better as to scenery. Mount's Bay, in a bright morning, is a fair sample of what the English coast, south and west, has to show in that line; but it should be seen in sunshine; whereas—and this is the commendation of the North Devon coast—that wintry skies and rolling seas suit it well, and give it a charm in harmony with itself. Nevertheless, if the *material* of Cornwall was less to her taste, the *immaterial* yielded more than a compensation. Friendships were framed at Marazion which came home to her affectionate nature, and which, moreover, were of a sort differing much from those of earlier years. These new friendships brought into view an aspect of Christian earnestness with which my sister had not hitherto been intimately conversant. Her early intimacies had been of the sort to which might be applied the epithet—*Christianized intellectualism*. The friendships which had their beginning in Cornwall were, in a more decisive sense, Christian-like. Among these I think I may be free to mention one, the effect of which upon my sister's feelings, and I might say her opinions and purposes, was very perceptible. If I use the words *friendship* or *intimacy* in this instance, such terms must

submit to a qualification, or to an abatement of their usual sense. The Christian lady—Lydia Grenfell, who had been the betrothed of so eminent a person as the missionary, Henry Martyn—was herself indeed an eminent person. If you were in her company half an hour only, you felt her high quality as a Christian woman: you would say, this is one who, if called to accept the crown of martyrdom, might be looked to as fit and ready to wear it; and when her actual history came to be known, you would understand that indeed she had passed through a fiery trial not at all less severe than many a martyrdom.

This personal history does not come within my range in this instance. What I have to do with is—the silent influence of a year's contact with this heroic lady. Hers was a heroism graced with profound humility. This contact could not fail to find elements congenial in the temperament of one like Jane Taylor. Yet the constitutional framework of the two minds was widely dissimilar; but there was a connecting link,—*devotedness*, in a Christian sense, and a preference always of the claims of duty had been Jane's rule and principle; but now there was in her view daily a devotedness that had carried the victim through the fire of intense suffering. My sister had proffered her services to Miss Grenfell as a teacher in the Sunday-school at Marazion, and it was while laboring in the school that she obtained a more intimate knowledge of this lady's eminent qualities than the occasions of ordinary intercourse could have imparted. The result was an enhanced sense of responsibility in the use of any gift or talent that may be employed in promoting the welfare of those around us, or of any whose welfare we may in any way consider as coming within the circle of our influence. Viewed in this light, authorship and literary repute, while they lost importance in one sense, rose in value in another sense. This deepened feeling of responsibility may be traced in my sister's letters to the members of her family and to her intimate friends.

When I thus speak of authorship, and of the estimate that is formed by a writer of the value of literary reputation, there is a condition that should be kept in view. If a writer thrusts into a place of secondary regard his or her literary reputation, and aims

at a higher mark with a steady purpose, the question presents itself,—what in fact is the offering that is thus laid upon the altar? At the time when, as I am now affirming, my sister's acquaintance with this Christian lady was producing a deep and silent effect upon her own mind, and upon her course as a writer, she had achieved what may be called a *second success* in her own literary sphere. There had been an interval of several years between the publication of "Original Poems" and "Hymns" and the appearance of several volumes addressed to mature readers. These volumes, from the moment of publication, were successful in a very unusual degree. Large editions came out, from year to year. Whatever Jane Taylor put forth was warmly greeted by the public that had learned to look for her name. Literary ladies who may have been successful in an equal degree, would not, I think, be severely blamed by their friends if they did show some elation, or seemed *conscious* of the favor they had won. As to *this* successful writer,—so I can affirm,—she suffered no damage to her humbleness of heart, or none that could be de-

tected by those nearest to her, from all the fame she had acquired. This is my testimony concerning her. What she wrote after this time was often playful, and sparkled with wit; but nothing indicated an overthrow of that balance of the mind which had always been her distinction,—it was her characteristic. Known or unknown to the world, she was always *sober-minded*; she was always willing to abide in the shade; she was always near at hand for any work of friendship or of charity: to the very end,—I mean to the day of her last attendance at public worship, she was a diligent Sunday-school teacher.

In her earlier productions Jane Taylor wrote in combination with her still surviving sister, concerning whom a testimony of similar import might be borne,—but she survives. In her later writings, or some of them, she took a part with her mother, who had already published successfully. Of her, and of others of the family into whose hand a pen has come, there may be room to say what would occupy another page, if so it may be in avoidance of egotism and of pretension.

MARRIAGE IN LAW LIFE.—We have much pleasure in announcing that the honorable Law Craft is about shortly to be united to Equity, sole surviving Daughter and Heiress of the late Honest Man, formerly of Paradise Place, and whose loss many years ago was so deeply felt, and so universally lamented.

We extract from Debrett the following interesting particulars:—

"The Craft family is one of great antiquity. In 100, Norman Craft having come into possession *per fas et nefas* of the estates of Crass Saxon, formed an alliance with Lady Verbosity, by whom he had issue, first, Common Law Craft, and secondly, Statute Law Craft. From these stocks are descended the great Delays, which figure so conspicuously in forensic circles. Between the Crafts and the Equities, a feud existed for many generations, similar to that between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, but with far more disastrous consequences, if we may credit the Reports in legal circulation. It must, however, be admitted that although no branch of the Equity family was ever perhaps passionately enamored of the Crafts, an alliance would long since have been formed between some of their members, had not the bans been forbidden by certain parties who had expectations from the Crafts."

On what moral ground they opposed the union of Law Craft and Equity, it is difficult to understand, unless that, looking at the Table of Consanguinity, they thought them to be too nearly related. We may observe *en passant*, that some of these interested parties were in the cabinet line, and had actually worked at the Bench.

At length, however, a reconciliation has been effected, owing in some measure, we believe, to the kind offices of Sir J. P. Wilde, of Divorce Court, Westminster, whose frequent interference between man and wife has not met with its customary acknowledgment, his judicial countenance having no scratch at present on either side of it. Sir J. P. W., we understand, will give away the Bride; and Westbury, of Old Square, Lottery Office Keeper, and celebrated as a seller of chances, patronized by Her Majesty, will furnish the *trousseau*, which includes an elegant selection of cases surmounted by the Royal Arms. The nuptials, it is anticipated, will be honored by the presence of the eminent Physician Dr. Brougham, to whom the Law Crafts are considerably indebted, the Doctor having frequently been called in to prescribe for his old friend's lameness, and by whose judicious regimen the Patient's system has been braced. We sincerely hope that conjugal harmony will give a new tone to his constitution.—*Punch*.

From The Saturday Review.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.*

REPRINTS of books which, like Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," have become classical are always deserving of encouragement. The fashion of them may have passed away, yet they are links in the chain of literary history; and when, as in the present instance, such works are carefully planned and written, their particular merits as well as their general usefulness justify their occasional republication.

The "Lives of the Poets" are, upon the whole, the best of Johnson's prose writings. We doubt whether the "Rambler," or the "Idler," would now instruct or amuse any modern reader even in the solitude of an inn-parlor on the rainiest of days. Sir Roger de Coverley and the widow, Sir Andrew Freeport and Gypsy Moll, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb, are always pleasant companions, whether the sky be clear or overcast. But Will Marvel, Mrs. Busy and Minim, Squire Bluster and Betty Brown, are "very tolerable and not to be endured." Whether grave or gay, Johnson's imaginary portraits are too uniform and ponderous in their structure and discourse for the patience of mortals as they now are. It is not so with his "Lives." Upon them he expended, without effort, sterling sense and shrewd, if not brilliant, wit. To the composition of them he came armed with ample supplies of literary history, some of them drawn from printed sources, but more from the traditions of Grub Street or the anecdotes of clubs and coffee-houses. As regards their style, the "Lives" manifest, in comparison with Johnson's earlier writings, a decided improvement. When he was writing under pressure, such as payment for the day's dinner or the week's lodging, he wrote stiffly and often pompously. "The thread of his verbosity was sometimes finer than the staple of his argument." His weighty sense was encumbered by antithesis or diluted by repetition. From such defects the "Lives of the Poets" are comparatively free. They are most conspicuous in his "Life of Savage," for that was written at a time when Johnson was anxious for the morrow; they are scarcely visible in his ac-

count of Dryden, Addison, or Pope, for these were composed after his well-earned and well-bestowed pension had relieved him from the terrors of hunger or debt. Of all his writings his biographies most nearly resemble his conversation; and his conversation surpassed his writings as much as these surpass the productions of the contemporary Kennicks, Campbells, and Hendersons, or the average contributions to *Cave's Magazine* or *Griffith's Review*. The talents and advantages of Johnson, as the biographer of English poets, were available for the period of the Restoration and the next century. With our earlier literature he was but slenderly acquainted, and he was perhaps incapable, from the texture and training of his understanding, of appraising, even had he been well versed in it. Wordsworth, in his Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," points out the grave defect of Johnson's "Lives" in commencing a history of English poets with Cowley instead of Chaucer. But had they opened with the father of English song, we doubt whether they would have been as good as they now are. However the "Canterbury Tales" might have fared in his hands,—and, remembering some of his censures on Shakespeare, we can hardly suppose that Chaucer would have been kindly or righteously dealt with by Johnson,—we may be sure that Gower, Lydgate, Gascoigne, and Hawes would have been as distasteful to him as were Percy's "Reliques." He had little respect for antiquity, and little knowledge of English philology. The reasons that led him to condemn Fairfax's translation of "Jerusalem Delivered" would probably have caused him to undervalue the Spenserian stanza, while to the intricate allegory of the "Faëry Queen" he would have been as morose as he was to the mythology of Lycidas. The author of the tragedy of "Irene" would have proved a rough censor of Shakespeare's precursors and contemporaries; and the blame he not unjustly casts on the lovers of Cowley and Waller would have been meted in tenfold measure on the poems of Habington, Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling. But for the series of poets commencing with Cowley and ending with Akenside,—we exclude from the list Milton and Gray, as beyond Johnson's ken,—he possessed all that was needed for a judicious and, when his religious or political prejudices did not warp

* "The Lives of the most Eminent English Poets, with Critical Observations on their Works." By Samuel Johnson. Vol. 1. Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1864.

his judgment, a fair valuation of them. Than Johnson there never was a better judge of verse in which reason is more potent than imagination; and to this class of poets—a secondary one, indeed—belongs nearly every one of the subjects of his “Lives.”

For the choice of the “Lives,” and the limits of his work, Johnson was not responsible. On Easter Eve, 1777, a deputation from forty of the London booksellers waited upon him to inform him that a new edition of the English Poets, from Crowley downwards, was in contemplation; and, before applying to him to prefix to their works a brief memoir of each writer, they had doubtless consulted their ledgers, to see what order of poets was the most likely to bring sure and speedy returns. Johnson, who for more than thirty years had been a bookseller's hack, was not the man to debate the point with the Fathers of the Row in favor of earlier claimants for priority, to whom, moreover, he was indifferent. He took the offer as it was made, his single scruple being their coming to him at such a holy season on secular business; but he performed the task as no other man then living could have done. Perhaps, had he been free to choose a literary occupation, he could have found none more congenial to his taste than that which the deputation offered him. He had once projected a history of learning and literature, but, either from his constitutional indolence or want of encouragement, the scheme came to nothing. He might have succeeded in it, for he possessed an unusual force of dogged perseverance; he had “circumnavigated the globe of the English language;” and he compelled himself to edit Shakspeare after nine years of dallying and delay. But it is quite as probable that he would have failed in it, at least in the subsidiary portions. His pen was superior to Thomas Warton's, but he had neither Warton's love for black-letter literature nor Warton's sagacity in disinterring grains of gold from the dust and rubbish heaps of antiquity. For *Lives*, however, which involved little research, and for which the materials were for the most part already in his hands, Johnson was well prepared. His general interest in the *quidquid agunt homines* at all times and under any circumstances, and his especial interest in the vicissitudes of the scholar's life, arrayed him in the complete armor of a biographer of poets. With a

mind full of the knowledge required, his original plan of “allotting to every poet an advertisement containing a few dates and a general character” rapidly expanded itself. A single, and not a stout, volume would have sufficed for such brief prefaces. Fortunately for his own fame and for English literature, ten small volumes were found necessary. The first four appeared in 1779, the remaining six in 1781.

The first volume of the handy edition before us contains one of the worst and one of the best of the series. The best is the *Life of Dryden*; the worst, we need scarcely say, is that of *Milton*. Against the great Puritan poet every one of Johnson's antipathies was arrayed. Milton had opposed nearly all that Johnson loved, and defended nearly all that he hated. The biographer was a sound, indeed a superstitious, Churchman, and a sturdy Jacobite; the poet had lifted his hand against the ark of the English covenant, and applauded the execution of the king. The political writings of the one are full of splendid visions and theories of civil and religious liberty; the political pamphlets of the other are tinctured with servility to the powers that be. Milton extolled, and Johnson abominated, the republics of Greece and Rome; and, in short, there was not a point in common between them except reverence for the Bible and hatred of Scotchmen. But Dryden came within the weights and measures of Johnson's critical balance. His power of reasoning in harmonious numbers was extraordinary, and of that power the biographer was a consummate judge. Indeed, he had some qualities in common with those of the author of the “*Hind and the Panther*” and “*Ab-salom and Achitophel*.” Dryden drew human characters in verse with a master's pencil, and Johnson sketched them in prose,—provided always they were not fictitious, in which no man was ever unhappier,—with kindred force and felicity. The conversion of the third and tenth satires of Juvenal into modern satires, or rather into moral essays, is a work in which Dryden, had he attempted it, would have succeeded. Of Johnson's success there can be no question. The “*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*” indeed, and the “*Fables*,” he could not have written. He had no lyrical vein, neither any gift of narrating in verse. But the satires of Dryden struck similar and responsive chords in Johnson's breast. As

a sample of discriminating criticism and dignified expression, the "Life of Dryden" has not its superior in any language.

The "Lives of the Poets" took at once the position which they have ever since held. For sense, animation, and power of writing, they have no modern superior. To find their equal, we must go back to the "Agricola" of Tacitus or the "Agésilas" of Xenophon, and Johnson has no cause to shrink from comparison with either. The best modern biographies, before the "Lives of the Poets" appeared, were written in Latin, and of them very few were good. Gassendi's "Life of Peirescus" is entitled to rank among the best, but its philosophical transcends its literary worth. Italy is rich in histories and biographies of poets and learned men, but, though it may be profitable, it is seldom pleasant to read them. The "Eloges" of the French writers, brilliant sometimes as compositions, are as unsatisfactory in the main as academical exercises or funeral sermons. Fuller's examples of "Holy and Profane State" entertain us by their lively wit, and are replete with pathetic touches and deep moral truth; but their principal charm lies in their revelations of the author's idiosyncrasy. They are a species of parable,—virtues and vices biographically illustrated, stories trimmed and shaped to suit ethical or theological texts.

Johnson, before he undertook the "Lives of the Poets," had served his apprenticeship to biographical art. He had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Library Magazine*, the *Student*, and other periodicals of the time, the lives of thirteen eminent persons; and of these, the accounts of Boerhaave, Sydenham, and Frederic of Prussia—a monarch after Johnson's, as well as Mr. Carlyle's, heart—deserve, for their style, to rank with the "Lives of the Poets." Perhaps the success of the latter took the public, and even the author's friends, by surprise. In an unlucky hour, he, in the year 1775, wrote a political pamphlet entitled "Taxation no Tyr-

anny," being an answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress. The title was absurd, but the pamphlet was even more absurd than its title. Even Boswell could find nothing in it to commend, and less partial critics might fairly imagine that years, and the effects of early penury and ever-present disease, had enfeebled Johnson's powers. This unfortunate tract was one of five political essays, in all of which the author, if we except one or two vigorous passages, had the use only of his left hand. For political writing, indeed, he was as unfit as he was fit for literary and critical composition. In the latter, he is a Hercules rejoicing in his strength; in the former, he is a Hercules twirling a distaff. He knew little of party questions, and cared less for them. Johnson writing in defence of the Grafton or North Ministry was as much out of his element as William Cobbett would have been writing an epic poem.

But within four years after "Taxation no Tyranny" had raised suspicions of Johnson's decline, he had the opportunity of showing that they were groundless. Age had not staled, nor variety of suffering or labor withered, his intellectual powers. He arose, being then on the verge of his seventieth year, like a giant refreshed with wine, and produced his best work: We acknowledge the vigor of his Preface to Shakspeare, while we dissent from his critical canons; we admire the energy which enabled him to write the "Rambler" and the "Idler," though we do not care to recur to their pages; we prefer his Letters from the Hebrides to his "Journey in the Western Islands;" but it is to his "Lives of the Poets," and to the records of his conversation, that we turn when we wish to understand the character or to revive our impressions of Samuel Johnson.

Of this convenient edition it is sufficient to say that it is a comely and correct pocket volume, a reprint mainly of the third edition of the "Lives" which was published in 1783. The few notes upon the text relate principally to dates.

NOTHING IN IT.—Curran was addressing a jury in one of the State trials in 1803, with his usual animation. The judge, whose political bias was supposed not to be favorable to the prisoner, shook his head in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's

head; common observers would imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken: it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that, when his lordship shakes his head, there's nothing in it!"

RESIGNED.

NEVER again on the shoulder
To see our knightly bars ;
Never again on the shoulder
To see our lordly leaves ;
Never again to follow
The flag of the Stripes and Stars ;
Never again to dream the dream
That martial music weaves.

Never again call "Comrade"
To the men who were comrades for years ;
Never to hear the bugles,
Thrilling and sweet and solemn ;
Never again call "Brother"
To the men we think of with tears ;
Never again to ride or march
In the dust of the marching column.

Never again be a sharer
In the chilly hour of strife,
When, at dawn, the skirmish-rifles
In opening chorus rattle ;
Never to feel our manhood
Kindle up into ruddy life,
'Mid the hell of scenes and noises,
In the hot hours of battle.

Crippled, forlorn, and useless,
The glory of life grown dim,
Brooding alone o'er the memory
Of the bright, glad days gone by ;
Nursing a bitter fancy,
And nursing a shattered limb ;
Oh, comrades, resigning is harder —
We know it is easy to die.

Never again on the jacket
To see our knightly bars ;
Never again on the jacket
To see our lordly leaves ;
Never again to follow
The flag of the Stripes and Stars ;
Never again to dream the dream
That young ambition weaves !
—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE THREE-FOOT RULE.

A SONG ABOUT STANDARDS OF MEASURE, AND
THE BATH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

AIR—"The Poacher."

WHEN I was bound apprentice,
And learned to use my hands,
Folk never talked of measures
That came from foreign lands :
Now I'm a British workman,
Too old to go to school ;
So whether the chisel or file I hold,
I'll stick to my three-foot rule.

Some talk of millimetres,
And some of kilogrammes,
And some of decilitres,
To measure beer and drams ;

But I'm a British workman,
Too old to go to school ;
So by pounds I'll eat, and by quarts I'll drink,
And I'll work by my three-foot rule.

A party of astronomers
Went measuring of the earth ;
And forty million metres
They took to be its girth :
Five hundred million inches, though,
Go through from pole to pole ;
So let's stick to inches, feet, and yards,
And the good old three-foot rule.

The great Egyptian Pyramid
's a thousand yards about ;
And when the masons finished it,
They raised a joyful shout :
The chap that planned that building,
I'm bound he was no fool ;
And now 'tis proved, beyond all doubt,
He used a three-foot rule.

Here's a health to every learned man
That goes by common sense,
And would not plague the workman
On any vain pretence ;
But as for those philanthropists
Who'd send us back to school,
"Oh, bless their eyes if ever they tries"
To put down the three-foot rule !
—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A NOVEMBER ALLEGORY.

NOVEMBER winds are stealing
Chill, chill o'er the sands,
Where fairy castles in summer
Were builded by tiny hands.

Hushed are the soft, shrill voices,
Their handiwork washed away,
And the little architect-angels
Returned to their natural clay.

Shrouded in mist of purple
The sun-god sinks to his rest,
All his golden locklets streaming
Tenderly over Night's breast.

A weed shows tossed on the billow,
Black in the feathery foam ;
Rooted from out the forest
Of its ten-fathomed rock-bound home.

It is cast where the wave may fling it,
By its wanton fury hurled
On the beach ; as we oft lie stranded
On the sands of a treacherous world.

Onward ! Not to my spirit
Shall the lesson be read in vain :
Who knows but the wave returning
May float the bright weed again ?
ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

PART XIV.—CHAPTER XLVIII.

"IN RAGS."

If Tony Butler's success in his new career only depended on his zeal, he would have been a model clerk. Never did any one address himself to a new undertaking with a stronger resolution to comprehend all its details, and conquer all its difficulties. First of all, he desired to show his gratitude to the good fellow who had helped him, and secondly, he was eager to prove, if proven it could be, that he was not utterly incapable of earning his bread, nor one of those hopeless creatures who are doomed from their birth to be a burden to others.

So long as his occupation led him out of doors, conveying orders here and directions there, he got on pretty well. He soon picked up a sort of Italian of his own, intelligible enough to those accustomed to it; and as he was alert, active, and untiring, he looked, at least, a most valuable assistant. Whenever it came to indoor work and the pen, his heart sank within him; he knew that his hour of trial had come, and he had no strength to meet it. He would mistake the letter-book for the ledger or the day-book; and he would make entries in one which should have been in the other, and then, worst of all, erase them, or append an explanation of his blunder that would fill half a page with inscrutable blottedness.

As to payments, he jotted them down anywhere, and in his anxiety to compose confidential letters with due care, he would usually make three or four rough drafts of the matter, quite sufficient to impart the contents to the rest of the office.

Sam M'Gruder bore nobly up under these trials. He sometimes laughed at the mistakes, did his best to remedy—never rebuked them. At last as he saw that poor Tony's difficulties, instead of diminishing, only increased with time, inasmuch as his despairing himself led him into deeper embarrassments, M'Gruder determined Tony should be entirely employed in journeys and excursions here and there through the country,—an occupation, it is but fair to own, invented to afford him employment, rather than necessitated by any demands of the business. Not that Tony had the vaguest suspicion of this. Indeed, he wrote to his mother a letter filled with an account of his active and useful labors. Proud was he, at last, to say that he was no

longer eating the bread of idleness. "I am up before dawn, mother, and very often have nothing to eat but a mess of Indian-corn steeped in oil, not unlike what Sir Arthur used to fatten the bullocks with, the whole livelong day; and sometimes I have to visit places there are no roads to,—nearly all the villages are on the tops of the mountains,—but by good luck, I am never beat by a long walk, and I do my forty miles a day without minding it.

"If I could only forget the past, dearest mother, or think it nothing but a dream, I'd never quarrel with the life I am now leading; for I have plenty of open air, mountain walking, abundance of time to myself, and rough fellows to deal with, that amuse me; but when I am tramping along with my cigar in my mouth, I can't help thinking of long ago,—of the rides at sunset on the sands, and all the hopes and fancies I used to bring home with me, after them. Well! it is over now,—just as much done for as if the time had never been at all; and I suppose after a while I'll learn to bear it better, and think, as you often told me, that 'all things are for the best.'

"I feel my own condition more painfully when I come back here, and have to sit a whole evening listening to Sam M'Gruder, talking about Dolly Stewart and the plans about their marriage. The poor fellow is so full of it all that even the important intelligence I have for him he wont hear, but will say, 'Another time, Tony,—another time; let us chat about Dolly.' One thing I'll swear to, she'll have the honestest fellow for her husband that ever stepped, and tell her I said so. Sam would take it very kindly of you, if you could get Dolly to agree to their being married in March. It is the only time he can manage a trip to England,—not but, as he says, whatever time Dolly consents to shall be his time.

"He shows me her letters sometimes, and though he is half wild with delight at them, I tell you frankly, mother, they wouldn't satisfy me if I were her lover. She writes more like a creature that was resigned to a hard lot than one that was about to marry a man she loved. Sam, however, doesn't seem to take this view of her, and so much the better.

"There was one thing in your last letter that puzzled me, and puzzles me still. Why

did Dolly ask if I were likely to remain here? The way you put it makes me think that she was deferring the marriage till such time as I was gone. If I really believed this to be the case, I'd go away to-morrow, though I don't know well where to, or what for. But it is hard to understand, since I always thought that Dolly liked me, as certainly I ever did, and still do, *her*.

"Try and clear up this for me in your next. I suppose it was by way of what is called sparing me, you said nothing of the Lyles in your last, but I saw in the *Morning Post* all about the 'departure for the Continent, intending to reside some years in Italy.'

"And that is more than I'd do if I owned Lyle Abbey, and had eighteen blood-horses in my stable, and a clipper cutter in the Bay of Curryglass. I suppose the truth is, people never do know when they're well off."

The moral reflection, not arrived at so easily or so rapidly as the reader may imagine, concluded Tony's letter, to which in due time came a long answer from his mother. With the home gossip we shall not burden the reader, nor shall we ask of him to go through the short summary,—four close pages,—of the doctor's discourses on the text, "I would ye were hot or cold," two sensations that certainly the mere sight of the exposition occasioned to Tony. We limit ourselves to the words of the postscript.

"I cannot understand Dolly at all, and I am afraid to mislead you as to what you ask. My impression is,—but mind it is mere impression,—she has grown somewhat out of her old friendship for you. Some stories possibly have represented you in a wrong light, and I half think you may be right, and that she would be less averse to the marriage if she knew you were not to be in the house with them. It was, indeed, only this morning the doctor said, 'Young married folk should aye learn each other's failings without bystanders to observe them,'—a significant hint I thought I would write to you by this post."

When Tony received his epistle, he was seated in his own room, leisurely engaged in deciphering a paragraph in an Italian newspaper, descriptive of Garibaldi's departure from a little bay near Genoa to his Sicilian expedition.

Nothing short of a letter from his mother could have withdrawn his attention from a

description so full of intense interest to him; and partly, indeed, from this cause, and partly from the hard labor of rendering the foreign language, the details stuck in his mind during all the time he was reading his mother's words.

"So that's the secret, is it?" muttered he: "Dolly wishes to be alone with her husband,—natural enough; and I am not the man to oppose it. I hope she'll be happy, poor girl! and I hope Garibaldi will beat the Neapolitans. I'm sure Sam is worthy of a good wife; but I don't know whether these Sicilian fellows deserve a better government. At all events, my course is clear,—here I mustn't stay. Sam does not know that I am the obstacle to his marriage; but I know it, and that is enough. I wonder would Garibaldi take me as a volunteer. There cannot be much choice at such a time. I suppose he enrolls whoever offers; and they must be mostly fellows of my own sort,—useless dogs, that are only fit to give and take hard knocks."

He hesitated long whether he should tell Sam M'Gruder of his project; he well knew all the opposition he should meet, and how stoutly his friend would set himself against a plan so fatal to all habits of patient industry. "And yet," muttered Tony to himself, "I don't like to tell him that I hate 'Rags,' and detest the whole business. It would be so ungrateful of me. I could say my mother wanted to see me in Ireland: but I never told him a lie, and I can't bear that our parting should be sealed with a falsehood."

As he pondered, he took out his pistols and examined them carefully; and poising one neatly in his hand, he raised it, as marksmen sometimes will do, to take an imaginary aim. As he did so, M'Gruder entered, and cried out, laughing, "Is he covered—is he dead?"

Tony laid down the weapon, with a flush of shame, and said, "After all, M'Gruder, the pistol is more natural to me than the pen; and it was just what I was going to confess to you."

"You are not going to take to the highways, though?"

"Something not very unlike it; I mean to go and have a turn with Garibaldi."

"Why, what do you know about Garibaldi or his cause?"

"Perhaps not a great deal; but I've been

spelling out these newspapers every night, and one thing is clear,—whether he has right or wrong on his side, the heavy odds are all against him. He's going in to fight regular troops with a few hundred tramps. Now I call that very plucky."

"So do I; but courage may go on to rashness, and become folly."

"Well, I feel as if a little rashness will do me a deal of good. I am too well off here,—too easy,—too much cared for. Life asks no effort, and I make none; and if I go on a little longer, I'll be capable of none."

"I see," said the other, laughing, "Rags do not rouse your ambition, Tony."

"I don't know what would—that is, I don't think I *have* any ambition now;" and there was a touch of sorrow in the last word that gave all the force to what he said.

"At all events, you are tired of this sort of thing," said the other, good-humoredly, "and it's not to be much wondered at. You began life at what my father used to call 'the wrong end.' You started on the sunny side of the road, Tony, and it is precious hard to cross over into the shade afterward."

"You're right there, M'Gruder; I led the jolliest life that ever man did till I was upward of twenty; but I don't believe I ever knew how glorious it was till it was over; but I mustn't think of that now. See! this is what I mean to do. You'll find some way to send that safely to my mother. There's forty odd pounds in it, and I'd rather it was not lost. I have kept enough to buy a good rifle—a heavy Swiss one, if I can find it—and a sword-bayonet, and with these I am fully equipped."

"Come, come, Tony, I'll not hear of this! That you are well weary of the life you lead here is not hard to see, nor any blame to you either, old fellow. One must be brought up to Rags, like everything else, and *you* were not. But my brother writes me about starting an American agency,—what do you say to going over to New York?"

"What a good fellow you are!" cried Tony, staring at him till his eyes began to grow clouded with tears,—“what a good fellow! You'd risk your ship just to give me a turn at the tiller! But it mustn't be,—it cannot be! I'm bent on this scheme of mine,—I have determined on it."

"Since when?—since last night?"

"Well, it's not very long, certainly, since I made up my mind."

The other smiled. Tony saw it, and went on: "I know what you mean. You are of old Stewart's opinion. When he heard me once say I had made up my mind, he said, 'It doesn't take long to make up a small parcel;' but every fellow, more or less, knows what he can and what he cannot do. Now I cannot be orderly, exact, and punctual,—even the little brains I have I can't be sure of keeping them on the matter before me; but I defy a horse to throw me; I'll bring you up a crown piece out of six fathoms water, if it's clear; I'll kill four swallows out of six with a ball; and though these are not gifts to earn one's bread by, the man that has them needn't starve."

"If I thought that you had really reflected well over this plan,—given it all the thought and consideration it required"—

"I have given it just as much consideration as if I took five weeks to it. A man may take an evening over a pint of ale; but it's only a pint after all,—don't you see that?"

M'Gruder was puzzled; perhaps there was some force in the illustration. Tony looked certainly, as if he thought he had said a clever thing.

"Well, Tony," said the other, after a moment of grave thought, "you'll have to go to Genoa to embark, I suppose?"

"Yes; the committee sits at Genoa, and every one who enrolls must appear before them."

"You could walk there in four days."

"Yes; but I can steam it in one."

"Ay, true enough; what I mean to ask of you is this: that you will go the whole way on foot; a good walker as you are wont think much of that; and in these four days, as you travel along,—all alone,—you'll have plenty of time to think over your project. If by the time you reach Genoa you like it as well as ever, I've no more to say; but if,—and mark me, Tony, you must be honest with your own heart,—if you really have your doubts and your misgivings,—if you feel that for your poor mother's sake"—

"There, there! I've thought of all that," cried Tony, hurriedly. "I'll make the journey on foot, as you say you wish it, but don't open the thing to any more discussion. If I relent, I'll come back. There's my hand on it!"

"Tony, it gives me a sad heart to part with you;" and he turned away, and stole out of the room.

"Now I believe it's all done," said Tony, after he had packed his knapsack, and stored by in his trunk what he intended to leave behind him. There were a few things there, too, that had their own memories! There was the green silk cap, with its gold tassel, Alice had give him on his last steeple-chase. Ah, how it brought back the leap—a bold leap it was—into the winning field, and Alice, as she stood up and waved her handkerchief as he passed! There was a glove of hers; she had thrown it down sportively on the sands, and dared him to take it up in full career of his horse; he remembered they had a quarrel because he claimed the glove as a prize, and refused to restore it to her. There was an evening after that in which she would not speak to him. He had carried a heavy heart home with him that night! What a fund of love the heart must be capable of feeling for a living, sentient thing, when we see how it can cling to some object inanimate and irresponsive. "I'll take that glove with me," muttered Tony to himself; "it owes me some good luck; who knows but it may pay me yet?"

CHAPTER XLIX.

MET AND PARTED.

TONY went on his way early next morning, stealing off ere it was yet light, for he hated leave-takings, and felt that they weighed upon him for many a mile of a journey. There was enough on the road he travelled to have interested and amused him, but his heart was too full of its own cares, and his mind too deep in its own plans, to dispose him to such pleasures, and so he passed through little villages on craggy eminences and quaint old towers on mountain tops, scarcely observing them. Even Pisa, with its well-known Tower, and the gemlike Baptistery beside it, scarce attracted notice from him, though he muttered as he passed, "Perhaps on some happier day I'll be able to come back here and admire it." And so onward he plodded through the grand old ruined Massa and the silent Sarzana, whose palaces display the quarterings of old crusading knights, with many an emblem of the Holy War; and by the beauteous Bay of Spezzia he went, not stopping to see poor

Shelley's home, and the terrace where his midnight steps had almost worn a track. The road now led through the declining ridges of the Apennines, gorgeous in color,—such color as art would have scarce dared to counterfeit, so emerald the dark green of the waving pines, so silver-like the olive, so gloriously purple the great cliffs of porphyry; and then through many a riven cleft, through feathery foliage and broad-leaved fig-trees, down many a fathom low the sea!—the blue Mediterranean, so blue as to seem another sky of deeper meaning than the one above it.

He noticed little of all these,—he felt none of them! It was now the third day of his journey, and though he had scarcely uttered a word, and been deeply intent on his own fate, all that his thinking had done was to lead, as it were, into some boundless prairie, and there desert him.

"I suppose," muttered he to himself, "I am one of those creatures that must never presume to plan anything, but take each day's life as I find it. And I could do this. Ay, I could do it manfully, too, if I were not carrying along with me memories of long ago. It is Alice, the thought of Alice, that dashes the present with a contrast to the past, and makes all I now attempt so poor and valueless."

As the road descends from Borghetto there is a sudden bend, from which, through a deep cleft, the little beach and village of Levanto are seen hundreds of feet beneath, but yet in that clear still atmosphere so near, that not only the white foam of the breaking wave could be seen, but its rhythm-like plash heard as it broke upon the beach. For the first time since he set out had the charm of scenery attracted him, and, descending a few feet from the road, he reached a large square rock, from which he could command the whole view for miles on every side.

He took out his bread and cheese and a melon he had bought that morning, and disposed himself to eat his dinner. He had often partaken of a more sumptuous meal, but never had he eaten with so glorious a prospect at his feet.

A little lateen-sailed boat stole out from beneath the olives and gained the sea; and as Tony watched her, he thought if he could only have been a fisherman there, and Alice his wife, how little he would have envied all that the world has of wealth and honors and

ambitions. His friend Skeffy could not do this, but *he* could. *He* was strong of limb and stout of heart; he could bear hardships and cold; and it would be so fine to think that, born gentleman as he was, he never flinched from the hardest toil, or repined at the roughest fare, he and Alice treasuring up their secret, and hoarding it as a miser hoards his gold.

Ay, down there, in that little gorge, with the pine wood behind and the sea before, he could have passed his life, with never a longing thought for the great world and its prizes. As he ran on thus in fancy, he never heard the sound of footsteps on the road above, nor noticed the voices of persons talking.

At last he heard, not the words, but the tone of the speakers, and recognized them to be English. There is that peculiar sound in English utterance that at once distinguishes it from all other speech, and Tony, quite forgetting that his high-peaked Calabrian hat and massive beard made him far more like an Italian brigand than a British gentleman, not wishing to be observed, never turned his head to look at them. At last one said, "The little fishing village below there must be Levanto. John Murray tells us that this is the land of the fan palm and the cactus, so that at length we are in Italy."

"Do you know,—shall I confess it," said the other,—"that I am not thinking of the view, beautiful as it is? I am envying that peasant with his delicious melon on the rock there. I am half tempted to ask him to share it with me."

"Ask him, by all means," said the first speaker, laughing.

"You are jesting," replied the other, "but I am in sober earnest. I can resist no longer. Do you, however, wait here, or the carriage may pass on and leave us behind."

Tony heard nothing of these words; but he heard the light footsteps, and he heard the rustle of a woman's dress as she forced her way through bramble and underwood, till at last, with that consciousness so mysterious, he felt there was some one standing close behind him. Half vexed to think that his isolation should be invaded, he drew his hat deeper over his eyes, and sat steadfastly gazing on the sea below him.

"Is that Levanto I see beneath that cliff?"

asked she in Italian,—less to satisfy her curiosity than to attract his attention.

Tony started. How intensely had his brain been charged with thoughts of long ago that every word that met his ears should seem impregnated with these memories! A half-sulky "Si" was, however, his only rejoinder.

"What a fine melon you have there, my friend!" said she; and now her voice thrilled through him so strangely that he sprung to his feet and turned to face her. "Is my brain tricking me?—are my senses wandering?" muttered he to himself. "Alice, Alice!"

"Yes, Tony!" cried she. "Who ever heard of so strange a meeting? How came you here? Speak, or I shall be as incredulous as yourself!" But Tony could not utter a word, but stood overwhelmed with wonder, silently gazing on her.

"Speak to me, Tony," said she, in her soft, winning voice,—"speak to me; tell me by what curious fortune you came here. Let us sit down on this bank; our carriage is toiling up the hill, and will not be here for some time."

"So it is not a dream!" sighed he, as he sat down beside her. "I have so little faith in my brain that I could not trust it."

It was easy to see that his bewilderment still remained; and so, with a woman's tact, she addressed herself to talking of what would gradually lead his thoughts into a collected shape. She told how they were all on their way to the south,—Naples or Palermo, not certain which,—somewhere for climate, as Isabella was still delicate; that her father and mother and sister were some miles behind on the road, she having come on more rapidly with a lighter carriage. "Not all alone, though, Master Tony; don't put on that rebukeful face. The lady you see yonder on the road is what is called my companion,—the English word for *duenna*; and I half think I am scandalizing her very much by this conduct of mine, sitting down on the grass with a brigand chief, and, I was going to say, sharing his breakfast, though I have to confess it never occurred to him to offer it. Come, Tony, get up, and let me present you to her, and relieve her mind of the terrible thoughts that must be distressing her."

"One moment, Alice,—one moment,"

said he, taking her hand. "What is this story my mother tells me?" He stopped, unable to go on; but she quickly broke in, "Scandal travels quickly, indeed; but I scarcely thought your mother was one to aid its journey."

"She never believed it," said he, doggedly.

"Why repeat it, then? why give bad money a currency? I think we had better join my friend. I see she is impatient."

The coldness with which she spoke chilled him like a wintry blast; but he rallied soon, and with a vigorous energy said, "My mother no more believed ill of you than I did; and when I asked you what the slander meant, it was to know where I could find the man to pay for it."

"You must deny yourself the pleasure this time, Tony," said she, laughing. "It was a woman's story,—a disappointed woman, and so, not so very blamable as she might be; not but that it was true in fact."

"True, Alice,—true?"

"Yes sir. The inference from it was the only falsehood; but really we have had too much of this. Tell me of yourself,—why are you here? where are you now going?"

"You've heard of my exploits as a messenger, I suppose," said Tony, with a bitter laugh.

"I heard, as we all heard with great sorrow, that you left the service," said she, with a hesitation on each word.

"Left it? Yes; I left to avoid being kicked out of it. I lost my despatches, and behaved like a fool. Then I tried to turn sailor, but no skipper would take me; and I *did* turn clerk, and half ruined the honest fellow that trusted me. And now I am going—in good truth, Alice, I don't exactly know where, but it is somewhere in search of a pursuit to fit a fellow who begins to feel he is fit for nothing."

"It is not thus your friends think of you, Tony," said she, kindly.

"That's the worst of it," rejoined he, bitterly: "I have all my life been trying to justify an opinion that never should have been formed of me,—ay, and that I well knew I had no right to."

"Well, Tony, come back with us. I don't say with *me*, because I must be triple discreet for some time to come; but come back with

papa; he'll be overjoyed to have you with us."

"No, no," muttered Tony, in a faint whisper; "I could not, I could not!"

"Is that old grudge of long ago so deep that time has not filled it up?"

"I could not, I could not!" muttered he, evidently not hearing the words she had just spoken.

"And why not, Tony? Just tell me why not!"

"Shall I tell you, Alice?" said he; and his lip shook and his cheek grew pale as he spoke,—*"shall I tell you?"*

She nodded; for she, too, was moved, and did not trust herself to speak.

"Shall I tell you?" said he, and he looked into her eyes with a meaning so full of love, and yet of sorrow, that her cheek became crimson, and she turned away in shame.

"No, Tony," whispered she, faintly, "better not say—what might pain us both, perhaps."

"Enough if you know," said he, faintly.

"There, see my friend has lost all patience; come up to the road, Tony. She must see that my interview has been with an English gentleman and not a brigand chief. Give me your arm and do not look so sulky."

"You women can look any way you will," mumbled he, "no matter what you may feel,—that is, if you *do* feel."

"You are the same old savage, Tony, as ever," said she, laughing. "I never got my melon, after all, Miss Lister; the sight of an old friend was, however, better. Let me present him to you—Mr. Butler."

"Mr. Tony Butler?" asked she, with a peculiar smile; and though she spoke it low, he heard her, and said, "Yes; I am Tony Butler."

"Sir Arthur will be charmed to know you are here. It was but yesterday he said he'd not mind taking a run through Calabria if we only had you with us."

"I have said all that and more to him, but he doesn't mind it," said Alice.

"Is this fair, Alice?" whispered he.

"In fact," resumed she, "he has nowhere particular to go to, provided it be not the same road that we are taking."

"Is this kind, Alice?" whispered he again.

"And though I have told him what pleasure it would give us all if he would turn back with us"—

"You'll drive me to say it," muttered he between his teeth.

"If you dare, sir," said she, in a low but clear whisper; and now she stepped into the carriage, and affected to busy herself with her mufflers. Tony assisted Miss Lister to her place, and then walked round to the side where Alice sat.

"You are not angry with me, Alice?" said he, falteringly.

"I certainly am not pleased," said she, coldly. "There was a time I had not to press a wish: I had but to utter it."

"And yet, Alice," said he, leaning over, and whispering so close that she felt his breath on her face,—“and yet I never loved you then as I love you now.”

"You have determined that I should not repeat my invitation," said she, leaning back in the carriage: "I must—I have no help for it—I must say 'Good-by!'"

"Good-by," said he, pressing her hand, from which he had just drawn off the glove, to his lips. She never made any effort to withdraw it, but leaned forward, as though to conceal the action from her companion.

"Good-by, dearest Alice," said he once more.

"Give me my glove, Tony. I think it has fallen," said she, carefully, as she leaned back once more.

"There it is," muttered he; "but I have another here that I will never part with;" and he drew forth the glove she had thrown on the strand for him to pick up—so long ago!

"You will see papa, Tony?" said she, drawing down her veil; "you can't fail to meet him before night. Say you saw us. Good-by."

And Tony stood alone on the mountain, and watched the cloud of dust that rose behind the carriage, and listened to the heavy tramp of the horses till the sounds died off in the distance.

"Oh if I could trust the whisper at my heart!" cried he. "If I could—if I could—I'd be happier than I ever dared to hope for."

CHAPTER L.

THE SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE.

THE little flicker of hope—faint enough it was—that cheered up Tony's heart served

also to indispose him with Lady Lyle; for he remembered, fresh as though it had been the day before, the sharp lesson that lady had read him on the "absurd pretensions of certain young gentlemen with respect to those immeasurably above them in station." "I am not in a humor to listen to the second part of the homily, which certainly would not be the less pointed, seeing that I am a wayfarer on foot, and with my knapsack strapped behind me." It gave him no sense of shame that Alice should have seen him thus poor and humble. He never blushed for his pack or his hobnailed shoes. If she could not think of him apart from the accidents of his condition, it mattered very little what he wore, or how he journeyed. And as he cheered himself with these thoughts, he gained a high peak, from which he could see the pine-clad promontory of Sestri, some thousand feet down below him. He knew the spot from description, and remembered that it was to be one of his resting-places for a night. It was no new thing for Tony to strike out his own line across country—his was a practised eye—to mark the course by which a certain point was to be reached, and to know, by a something like instinct, where a ravine—where a river must lie—where the mountain-side would descend too precipitously for human footsteps—where the shelving decline would admit of a path—all these were his; and in their exercise he had that sort of pride a man feels in what he deems a gift.

This same pride and his hope together lightened the way, and he went forward almost happy; so that once or twice he half asked himself if Fortune was not about to turn on him with a kindlier look than she had yet bestowed? When about a mile from the high-road, a dull, rumbling sound, like far-away thunder, caught his ear: he looked up, and saw the great massive carriage of the wealthy Sir Arthur rolling ponderously along, with its six horses, and followed by a dense "wake" of dust for half a mile behind. "I am glad that we have not met," muttered he: "I could have wished to see Bella, and speak to her. She was ever my fast friend; but that haughty old woman, in the midst of all the pride of her wealth, would have jarred on me so far that I might have forgotten myself. Why should my poverty provoke her to slight me? My poverty is mine, just as much as any malady that

might befall me, and whose sufferings I must bear as I may, and cannot ask another to endure for me. It may try *me* to stand up against, but surely it is no burden to her; and why make it seem as a gulf between us?" Ah, Master Tony! subtler heads than yours have failed to untie this knot. It was dusk when he reached Sestri, and found himself in the little vine-clad porch of the "Angelo d'Oro," a modest little inn for foot-travellers on the verge of the sea. He ordered his supper to be served in the open air, under the fresh foliage, and with the pleasant night-wind gently stirring the leaves.

As the landlord arranged the table, he informed Tony that another traveller had come a short time before, but so ignorant of the language was he, that he was only served by means of signs; and he seemed so poor, too, that they had scruples about giving him a bed, and were disposed to let him pass the night under the porch.

Tony learned that the traveller had only tasted a glass of wine and a piece of bread, and then, as if overcome by fatigue and exhaustion, dropped off asleep. "I will see him," said he, rising, without partaking of the soup that was just placed before him; "the poor fellow may perhaps be ill." The landlord led the way to the end of the house, where, on a heap of chestnut leaves, the usual bedding of the cattle in these regions, a large, strongly-built man, poorly clad and travel-stained, lay sound asleep. Tony took the lantern and held it to his face. How was it he knew the features? He knew them, and yet not the man. He was sure that the great massive brow and that large strong cheek were not seen by him for the first time; and though he was sorry to disturb the poor fellow's slumber, he could not control his impatience to resolve the doubt; and, stooping down, he shook him gently by the shoulder.

"What is it?" cried the man, starting up to a sitting posture; "what is it now?"

"You are a countryman of mine," said Tony, "and I'm trying to think if we have not met before."

The man rose to his feet, and, taking the lantern from Tony's hand, held it up to his face. "Don't you know me, sir?" cried he; "don't you remember me?"

"I do, and I do not," muttered Tony, still puzzled.

"Don't you mind the day, sir, that you was near been run over in London, and a man pulled you out just as the horses was on top o' you?"

"And are you the man? Are you the poor fellow whose bundle I carried off?"—but he stopped, and, grasping the man's hand, shook it cordially and affectionately. "By what chance do I find you here?"

The man looked about, as if to see that he was not overheard; and Tony, marking the caution of the gesture, said, "None can understand us here. Don't be afraid to say what you like, but first of all come and share my supper with me."

It was not without a modest reluctance that the poor fellow took his seat at the table; and indeed for some time, so overcome was he by the honor accorded him, that he scarcely ate at all. If Tony Butler was no finished conversationalist, able to lead the talk of a dinner-table, yet in the tact that pertains to making intercourse with an inferior easy and familiar he had not many his equal; and before the meal was finished, he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said, "Rory Quin, here's your health, and a long life to you!"

"How did you know my name, sir?" asked the poor fellow, whose face glowed with delight at the flattery of such a recognition.

"At first I did not trust my memory, Rory, for I wrote it down in a note-book I have; and after a while I learned to think of you so often, and to wish I might meet you, that I had no need of the writing. You don't seem to remember that I am in your debt, my good fellow. I carried off your bundle, and, what was worse, it fell overboard and was lost."

"It couldn't have any but bad luck," said Rory, thoughtfully; "and maybe it was just the best thing could happen it."

There was a touch of sorrow in what he said that Tony easily saw; a hidden grief had been moved, and after a little inducement he led him on to tell his story; and which, though, narrated in Rory's own words, it occupied hours, may, happily for my readers, be condensed into a very few sentences.

Rory had been induced, partly by the glorious cause itself, partly through the glittering promises of personal advancement, to en-

list for foreign service. A certain Major M'Caskey—a man that, as Rory said, would wile the birds off the trees—came down to the little village he lived in at the foot of the Galtee Mountains; and there was not one, young or old, was not ready to follow him. To hear him talk, as Rory described, was better than a play. There wasn't a part of the world he hadn't seen, there wasn't a great man in it he didn't know; and "what beat all," as Rory said, "was the way he had the women on his side." Not that he was a fine-looking man, or tall, or handsome,—far from it; he was a little "crith of a crature," not above five feet four or five, and with red whiskers and a beard, and a pair of eyes that seemed on fire; and he had a way of looking about him as he went, as much as to say, "Where's the man that wants to quarrel with me? for I'm ready and willin'."

"I wont say," added Rory, with a touch of humility, "that one like your honor would have thought so much of him as we did. I wont say that all the fine people he knew, and all the wonderful things he did, would have made your honor admire him as I, and others like me, did. Maybe, indeed, you'd have found out it was lies from beginning to end."

"I'm not so sure of that," muttered Tony; "there are plausible fellows of that sort that take in men of the world every day!" And Tony sat back in his chair, and puffed his cigar in silence, doubtless recalling one such adept in his own experience.

"Faix, I'm proud to hear your honor say that!" cried Rory. "I'm as glad as a pound-note to know that even a gentleman might have been 'taken in' by the major."

"I'll not go that far, perhaps," remarked Tony, "as regards your major; but I repeat that there are certain fellows of his kind who actually *have* imposed on gentlemen,—yes, on gentlemen who were no fools either. But how was it he tricked you?"

Now were the flood-gates of Rory's eloquence thrown open, and for above an hour did he revel, as only an Irishman or an Italian can, in a narrative of cruel wrongs and unmerited hardships; sufferings on land and sufferings at sea; short rations, bad language, and no pay. Rory was to have been an officer,—a captain at least; and when they landed at Ancona, he was marched away

hundreds of miles, with a heavy musket and a heavier pack, as a common soldier, and given nothing but beans and oil for his food, and told he'd be shot if he grumbled. But what he felt most of all was, that he never knew whose service he was in, and what he was going to fighting for. Now it was the Holy Father,—Rory was ready to die for him and the blessed Virgin; now it was the King of Naples and Saint Somebody, whose name he couldn't remember, and that Rory felt no enthusiasm for. At one moment he was told the pope was going to bless the whole battalion, and sprinkle them with his own hand; and then it was the queen—and purty she was, no doubt—was to lead them on, God knows where! "And that's the way we were living in the mountains for six weeks, and every time they paraded us,—about once a week,—there would be thirty or forty less of us; some gone off to be sailors, some taking to the highway as robbers, and a few selling whatever they had and making for home. At last the major himself came down to inspect us,—he was colonel then, and covered with gold, and all over stars and crosses. We were drawn up in a square of a little town they call Loretto that has houses on three sides of it, and a low sea-wall with a drop of about twenty feet to the sea. I'll not forget the place to my dying day."

"There was four hundred and twenty-seven of us out of two thousand and sixty,—the rest ran away; and when the major heard the roll called, I thought he'd go out of his mind; and he walked up and down in front of us, gnashing his teeth and blaspheming as never I heard before. 'Ye scoundrels,' he said at last, 'you've disgraced me eternally, and I'll go back to the Holy Father and tell him it's curses and not blessings he'd have to give you.'

"This was too much to bear, and I cried out, 'You'd better not!'

"Who says that?" cries he. "Where's the cowardly rascal that hasn't the courage to step forward and repeat these words?" and with that I advanced two paces, and putting my gun to my shoulder, took a steady aim at him. I had him covered. If I pulled the trigger, he was a dead man; but I couldn't do it,—no, if I got the whole world for it, I couldn't; and do you know why?—here it is, then: It was the way he stood up, bould and straight, with one hand on his

breast, and the other on the hilt of his sword, and he cried out, 'Fire! you scoundrel, fire!' Bad luck to me if I could; but I walked on, covering him all the while, till I got within ten paces of the wall, and then I threw down my musket, and with a run I cleared it, and jumped into the sea. He fired both his pistols at me, and one ball grazed my head; but I dived and swam and dived till he lost sight of me; and it was half an hour before they got out a boat; and before that I was snug hiding between the rocks, and so close to him that I could hear him swearing away like mad. When it was dark, I crept out, and made my way along the shore to Pesaro, and all the way here. Indeed, I had only to say anywhere I was a deserter, and every one was kind to me. And do you know, sir, now that it's all over, I'm glad I didn't shoot him in cold blood?"

"Of course you are," said Tony, half sternly.

"But if I am," rejoined the other,—“if I am glad of it, it's a'most breaking my heart to think I'm going back to Ireland without a chance of facing him in a fair fight.”

"You could do that, too, if you were so very anxious for it," said Tony, gravely.

"Do you tell me so? And how, sir?"

"Easy enough, Rory. I'm on my way now to join a set of brave fellows that are going to fight the very soldiers your major will be serving with. The cause that he fights for, I need not tell you, can't be a very good one."

"Indeed it oughtn't," said Rory, cautiously.

"Come along with me, then; if it's only fighting you ask for, there's a fellow to lead us on that never balked any one's fancy that way. In four days from this we can be in the thick of it. I don't want to persuade you in a hurry, Rory. Take a day—take two—three days, if you like, to think of it."

"I won't take three minutes. I'll follow your honor to the world's end! and if it gives me a chance to come up with the major, I'll bless the hour I met you."

Tony now told him—somewhat more ambiguously, I'm afraid, than consisted with perfect candor—of the cause they were going to fight for. He made the most of those magical words so powerful to the Celtic heart,—oppression, cruelty, injustice; he imparted a touch of repeal to the struggle be-

fore them; and when once pressed hard by Rory with the home question, "Which side is the Holy Father?" he roughly answered, "I don't think he has much to say to it one way or other."

"Faix, I'm ashamed of myself," said Rory, flushing up; "and I ought to know that what's good enough for your honor to fight for is too good for me."

They drained the last glasses of their flask in pledge of their compact, and, resolving to keep their resting-time for the sultry heat of the day, started by the clear starlight for Genoa.

CHAPTER LI.

A PIECE OF GOOD TIDINGS.

It was about a week after this event when Sam M'Gruder received a few lines from Tony Butler, saying that he was to sail that morning with a detachment for Garibaldi. They were bound for Marsala, and only hoped that they might not be caught by the Neapolitan cruisers, which were said to swarm along the coast. "I suppose," he writes, "there's plenty of 'fight' amongst us; but we are more picturesque than decent-looking; and an honest countryman of mine, who has attached himself to my fortunes, tells me in confidence that 'they're all heathens, every man of them.' They are certainly a wild dare-devil set, whom it will be difficult to reduce to any discipline, and, I should fear, impossible to restrain from outrage, if occasion offers. We are so crowded that we have only standing-room on deck, and those below are from time to time relieved in squads, to come up and breathe a little fresh air. The suffering from heat and thirst was bad yesterday, but will perhaps be less at sea, with a fresh breeze to cool us. At all events, no one complains. We are the jolliest blackguards in the world, and going to be killed in a better humor with life than half the fine gentlemen feel as they wake in the morning to a day of pleasure."

"I shall be glad when we put foot on land again; for I own I'd rather fight the Neapolitans than live on in such close companionship with my gallant comrades. If not 'bowled over,' I'll write to you within a week or two. Don't forget me.—Yours ever,

"TONY BUTLER."

M'Gruder was carefully plodding his way through this not very legible document, ex-

ploring it with a zeal that vouched for his regard for the writer, when he was informed that an English gentleman was in the office inquiring for Mr. Butler.

The stranger soon presented himself as a Mr. Culter, of the house of Box & Culter, solicitors, London, and related that he had been in search of Mr. Anthony Butler from one end of Europe to the other. "I was first of all, sir," said he, "in the wilds of Calabria, and thence I was sent off to the equally barbarous north of Ireland, where I learned that I must retrace my steps over the Alps to your house? and now I am told that Mr. Butler has left this a week ago."

"Your business must have been important to require such activity," said M'Gruder, half inquiringly.

"Very important indeed for Mr. Butler, if I could only meet with him. Can you give any hint, sir, how that is to be accomplished?"

"I scarcely think you'll follow him when I tell you where he has gone," said M'Gruder, dryly. "He has gone to join Garibaldi."

"To join Garibaldi!" exclaimed the other. "A man with a landed estate and thirty-six thousand in the Three per Cents gone off to Garibaldi!"

"It is clear we are not talking of the same person. My poor friend had none of that wealth you speak of."

"Probably not, sir, when last you saw him; but his uncle, Sir Omerod Butler, has died, leaving him all he had in the world."

"I never knew he had an uncle. I never heard him speak of a rich relation."

"There was some family quarrel,—some estrangement, I don't know what; but when Sir Omerod sent for me to add a codicil to his will, he expressed a great wish to see his nephew before he died, and sent me off to Ireland to fetch him to him; but a relapse of his malady occurred the day after I left him, and he died within a week."

The man of law entered into a minute description of the property to which Tony was to succeed. There was a small family estate in Ireland, and a large one in England; there was a considerable funded fortune, and some scattered moneys in foreign securities; the whole only charged with eight hundred a year on the life of a lady no longer young, whom scandal called not the widow of Sir Omerod Butler. M'Gruder paid little attention to

these details; his whole thought was how to apprise Tony of his good luck,—how call him back to a world where he had what would make life most enjoyable. "I take it, sir," asked he at last, "that you don't fancy a tour in Sicily?"

"Nothing is less in my thoughts, sir. We shall be most proud to act as Mr. Butler's agents, but I'm not prepared to expose my life for the agency."

"Then I think I must go myself. It's clear the poor fellow ought to know of his good fortune."

"I suspect that the Countess Brancalone, the annuitant I mentioned, will not send to tell him," said the lawyer, smiling; "for if Mr. Butler should get knocked over in this ugly business, she inherits everything, even to the family plate with the Butler arms."

"She sha'n't, if I can help it," said M'Gruder, firmly. "I'll set out to-night."

Mr. Culter passed a warm eulogium on this heroic devotion, enlarged on the beauty of friendship in general, and concluded by saying he would step over to his hotel, where he had ordered dinner; after which, he would certainly drink Mr. M'Gruder's health.

"I shall want some details from you," said M'Gruder,—“something written and formal,—to assure my friend that my tidings are trustworthy. I know it will be no easy task to persuade him that he is a man of fortune."

"You shall have all you require, sir,—a copy of the will, a formal letter from our house, reciting details of the property, and, what will, perhaps, impart the speediest conviction of all, a letter of credit, in Mr. Butler's favor, for five hundred pounds for immediate use. These are the sort of proofs that no scepticism is strong enough to resist. The only thing that never jests, whose seriousness is above all levity, is money;" and so M'Gruder at once acknowledged that when he could go fortified with such testimonies, he defied all doubt.

His preparations for departure were soon made. A short letter to his brother explained the cause of his sudden leaving; a longer one to Dolly told how, in his love for her, he could not do enough for her friend; and that, though he liked Tony well for his own sake, he liked him far more as the "adopted brother and old playfellow of his dearest Dolly."

Poor fellow ! he wrote this from a full heart, and a very honest one too. Whether it imparted all the pleasure he hoped it might to her who read it, is none of our province to tell. It is only ours to record that he started that night for Genoa, obtained from a friend—a subordinate in the government employment—a letter to Garibaldi himself, and sailed with an agent of the general's in charge of a supply of small-arms and ammunition.

They were within thirty miles of Sicily when they were boarded by the Neapolitan corvette *The Veloce*, and carried off prisoners to Palermo,—the one solitary capture the royal navy made in the whole of that eventful struggle.

The proofs that they were Garibaldians were too strong and too many for denial and for a day and a half their fate was far from hopeful. Indeed, had the tidings of the first encounters between the king's forces and the buccaneer's been less disastrous than they were, the prisoners would have been shot ; but already a half doubt had arisen as to the fidelity of the royal troops. This and that general, it was rumored, had resigned ; and of those who remained, it was said, more than one had counselled "concessions." Ominous word at such a moment, but the presage of something darker and more ominous still.

M'Gruder bore up with a stout heart, and nothing grieved him in all his calamity more than the thought that all this time Tony might be exposing his life as worthless and hopeless, while, if he only knew it, he had already succeeded to what men are content to pass their whole existence to grasp and gain.

Nor was he inactive in his imprisonment. He wrote letters to Garibaldi, enclosing others to Tony ; he wrote to all the consuls he could think of ; to the minister of Naples, or to his representative : and he proclaimed his right as a " *civis Romanus*," and threatened a Palmerstonian vengeance on all and every that had a hand in curtailing his freedom.

In this very natural and British pursuit we must now leave him, and betake ourselves to other cares and other characters.

CHAPTER LII.

ON THE CHIAJA AT NIGHT.

THE night had just closed in after a hot, sultry day of autumn in Naples, as Maitland

and Caffarelli sat on the sea-wall of the Chiaja, smoking their cigars in silence, apparently deep in thought, or sometimes startled by the distant shouts and cries of the populace who crammed the Toledo or the Quarter of St. Lucia ; for all Naples was now in the streets, and wild songs and yells resounded on every side.

In the bay the fleet lay at anchor, but the rapid flash of lanterns, as they rose and fell in the riggings, showed that the signal-man was at work, and that messages were being transmitted and replied to throughout the squadron. A like activity seemed to prevail in the forts above the city, and the roll of the drum and the bugle-call occasionally could be heard overtopping all other sounds.

"What would a newly-come traveller say to all this?" said Caffarelli at last. "Would he think it was a city about to be attacked by an enemy, or would he deem it a town in open revolt, or one given up to pillage after the assault? I have seen to-night what might confirm any of these impressions."

"And all three are present," said Maitland, moodily. "Your traveller could scarcely be more puzzled than we are."

The other sighed wearily, and Maitland went on. "What do you trust, or whom? Is it these noisy legions up there, who only muster to disband ; or that gallant fleet that has come to anchor, only the more easily to surrender and change its flag?"

"There may be some traitors, but the great majority, I'll swear, will stand by the king."

"No ; not one in fifty,—not one in a hundred. You don't seem to apprehend that loyalty is not a sudden instinct. It is a thing a man inherits. Take my word for it, Carlo, these men will not fight to keep a certain set of priests around a bigoted old queen, or support a king whose highest ambition is to be a Jesuit."

"And if you thought so meanly of the cause, why have you adopted it?"

"Because, ill as I think of the court, I hate the rabble more. Remember, Carlo,"—and now he spoke in a rapid and marked tone,—“remember that, when I joined you, I deemed myself a rich man, and I had my ambitions, like the rest of you. Had I known what I now know,—had I foreseen that the day was so near wherein I was to find myself a beggar”—

"No, no, Maitland; don't say this."

"And why not say it? It is true. You know as well as I do that amongst that yelling rabble there is none poorer than myself; and for this reason, I repeat, I might have chosen my associates more wisely. You yourself saw the treatment I met with this morning."

"Ay, but bear in mind, Maitland, what was the provocation you gave. It is no small thing to tell a king, surrounded by his ministers and generals, that he has not one loyal and true man in his train; that, what between treachery and cowardice, he will find himself alone, at the head of a few foreign regiments, who will only fight to cut their way through towards home."

"I scarcely went so far as this," said Maitland, smiling.

"Did you not, *per Bacco*? I was there and heard you. You accused Lagula to his face of being bought, and named the sum; and you told Cadorno that you had a copy of his letter promising to surrender the flagship to Garibaldi."

"And they listened to me with an admirable patience."

"I don't know that; I am certain Cadorno will send you a message before the week is over."

"And why not before the day was over? Are these accusations a man sleeps upon?"

"The king commanded them both to reply to your charges formally and distinctly, but not with the sword; and he was right so far."

"At all events, was it kingly to tell me of the favors that had been bestowed upon me, and to remind me that I was an alien, and unknown?"

"The king was angry."

"He was angrier when I handed back his patent, and told him that I did not care to be the last-made noble of a dynasty."

"It was outrageous. I was shocked to hear you; and for one so young, I was struck with the dignity with which he heard you."

"I don't think he understood me; he was impassive, because he did not know he was wounded. But why do I talk of these things? they have no longer the faintest interest for me. Except yourself, there is not a man in the cause I care for."

"This is a mere passing depression, my dear Maitland. All things seem sad-colored to you now. Wait till to-morrow, or wait

till there be a moment of danger and you will be yourself again."

"As for that," said Maitland, bitterly, "I am terribly myself just now. The last eight or ten years of my life were the dream; now is the awakening. But cheer up, my old friend; I will stand by *you*, though I care very little for the cause you fight for. I will still serve on the staff, and play out my part to the fall of the curtain."

"What a strange scene that council was this morning!" said Caffarelli, half wishing to draw him from the personal theme.

"What a strange thing to call a council, where not merely men walked in and out unbidden, but where a chance traveller could sit down amongst the king's advisers, and give his opinion like a servant of the crown! Do you even know his name?"

"I'm not sure that I do; but it sounded like Tchernicheff. He distinguished himself against the Turks on the Danube."

"And because he routed some ill-disciplined hordes with others a mere shade more civilized, he comes here to impose his opinion on our councils, and tell us how we are to defend ourselves!"

"I did not hear him utter a word."

"No, but he handed in a paper drawn up by himself, in which he recommends the king to withdraw all the forces in front of Capua, and meet these marauders, where they will least like to fight, in the open. The advice was good,—even though it came from a barbarian. In street-fighting your buccaneer is as good as, if not better than, a regular. All the circumstances of the ground favored him. Take him, however, where he must move and manœuvre,—where he will have to form and re-form,—to dress his line under fire, and occasionally change his flank,—then all the odds will be against him. So far the Scythian spoke well. His only miscalculation was to suppose that we will fight anywhere."

"I declare, Maitland, I shall lose temper with you. You can't surely know what insulting things you say."

"I wish they could provoke any other than yourself, *mio caro*. But come away from this. Let us walk back again. I want to have one more look at those windows before I go."

"And are you really in love?" asked the other, with more of astonishment in his voice than curiosity.

"I wish I knew how to make *her* believe it,—that's all," said he, sadly; and drawing his arm within his friend's, moved on with bent-down head, and in silence.

"I think your friends are about the only travellers in Naples at this moment, and indeed none but English would come here at such a season. The dog-days and a revolution together ought to be too much even for tourist curiosity."

Caffarelli went on to describe the arrival of the three heavily-laden carriages with their ponderous baggage and their crowd of servants, and the astonishment of the landlord at such an apparition; but Maitland paid him no attention,—perhaps did even not hear him.

Twice or thrice Caffarelli said something to arouse notice or attract curiosity, even to pique irritability, as when he said, "I suppose I must have seen your beauty, for I saw two,—and both good-looking,—but neither such as would drive a man distracted out of pure admiration. Are you minding me? Are you listening to me?"

"No. I have not heard one word you were saying."

"Civil, certainly; but, seriously, Maitland, is there not something more pressing to do at this moment than to loiter along the Chiaja to catch a glimpse of the closed curtains within which some blonde angel may be taking her tea?"

"Go home and I will join you later on. I have given orders about the horses. My man will have all in readiness by daybreak. You seem to me most terribly eager to have your head smashed. The king ought to reward your valor. It will be the only 'Cross' he will have to bestow."

Caffarelli turned impatiently from him and walked away.

Maitland looked after him for a moment, and then continued his way. He sauntered on, rather like one seeking to kill time than to reach a goal, and once or twice he stopped, and seemed to reflect whether he would go on. At last he reached a spot where a broad path of light streamed across the street, and extended till it was lost in the thick foliage of the garden on the sea-side, and, looking suddenly up, he saw he was in front of the great hotel of Naples, "L'Universo." The drawing-room windows were open on a long balcony, and Maitland could see in the well-

lighted room certain figures which he persuaded himself he could recognize even through the muslin curtains, which slightly moved and waved in the faint night-air. As he still strained his eyes to mark the scene, two figures approached the window, and passed out upon the balcony. There could be no mistake: they were Alice and her sister; and so perfect the stillness of the air, and so thin withal, that he could hear the sound of their voices, though not trace their words.

"Is it not delicious here, Alice?" said Bella. "These are the glorious nights of Italy Maitland used to tell us of,—so calm, so balmy, and so starry."

"What was that Skeffy was saying to you about Maitland as you came up-stairs?" asked Alice, sharply.

"Oh, it was a rumor he mentioned that Maitland had quarrelled with the court party. He had advised something, or rejected something; in fact, I paid little attention, for I know nothing of these Italian plots and schemes, and I like Maitland much better when he does not speak of them."

"Is he here now, do you know?"

"Yes; Skeff said he saw him this morning."

"I hope and pray he may not hear that we have arrived. I trust that we may not see him."

"And why so, Alice, dearest?"

"Can you ask me!"

"I mean, why not receive him on the terms of an easy intimacy? A person of his tact is always quick enough to appreciate the exact amount of favor he is held in."

"It is of myself I am thinking,—not of him," said she, with something of resentment in her tone.

"If you speak this way, Alice, I shall believe that you care for him."

"The greater mistake yours, my dear Bella."

"Well,—that you did once care for him, and regret the fact, or regret the change,—which is it?"

"Neither, on my honor! He interested me—I own to that; but now that I know his mystery, and what a vulgar mystery it is, I am half ashamed that I even felt an interest in him."

"Gossip would say you did more, Alice,—that you gave him encouragement."

"What an odious word you have impressed into your service! but I deny it; nor was he one to want it. Your adventurer never does."

"Adventurer!"

"I mean it in its least offensive sense; but I really see no reason why this man's name is to persecute me. I left Ireland half to avoid it. I certainly need not encounter it here."

"And if you meet him?"

"I shall not meet him. I don't intend to go out so long as we are here, and I trust I can refuse to receive him when at home."

"I had almost said, Poor fellow!"

"Say it by all means; compassionate,—console him, too, if Skeff has no objection."

"Oh, Alice!"

"Your own fault, Bella, if I say provoking things. No, mamma," added she, to some remark from within; "our secrets, as you call them, cannot be overheard; for, first of all, we are talking English; and secondly, there is no person whatever in the street."

Lady Lyle now made her appearance on the balcony, and soon afterwards they all re-entered the room. Maitland sat hours long on the stone bench, watching with intense eagerness as a shadow would pass or repass behind the curtains, and there he remained till all the lights were out in the hotel and the whole house sunk in silence.

SPORT AND SPORT.—There is a sweet bird, much of which was eaten on the 29th of last month, a bird which is usually accompanied at table by apple-sauce, in addition to sage and onions. A maxim of ancient wisdom and proverbial philosophy declares that the condiment which is proper for the female bird of this description is also proper for the male. The moral rule which corresponds to this canon of cookery is not always so religiously observed as it might be by those administrators of the law who are for the most part deservedly called Justices, but who, in some instances, can be so termed only with ironical justice.

At the Marylebone Police Court, the other day, a boy named Henry Radford was cited by one Rutherford, an Officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, before Mr. Mansfield, charged with cruelty to a cat.

The boy, at play with a lot of other boys, had tossed the cat some fifteen feet into the air, whence it fell and broke its back.

Rutherford said "that it was not usual for the society to take up cases against children under fourteen years of age, but they considered this to be a case so peculiar that they felt bound to prosecute." The peculiarity of the case, according to the evidence adduced to prove it, appears to be comprised in the foregoing statement. Sentencing the puerile prisoner,—

"Mr. Mansfield remarked that it was a pity boys could be found who were so cruel. He would commit the prisoner to the House of Correction for one month, with hard labor."

It may be presumed that the cat was not thrown into the air by Master Henry Radford simply to test the truth of the popular saying that a cat

will always fall on her legs. The magistrate was surely satisfied that the child meant to hurt the cat.

Of course, it is necessary that boys under fourteen should be taught that it is wrong to break a cat's back. But any respectable, if ragged, school, is fitter to instruct them in humanity than that of the House of Correction and hard labor.

No doubt there is a difference between shooting stags, or hares and rabbits, so as to break their bones, and wantonly killing cats. But there is also a similarity. The difference is that, whereas venison, hare, and rabbit are good for food, cat is not, whatever foreigners may say to the contrary. The similarity is that the stags, hares, and rabbits on the one hand, and the cats on the other, are killed for sport. The gentry of England have certainly an excuse for shooting game, which street-boys have not for killing cats. When a nobleman kills several hundred hares in a battue, to be sure he shatters the spine of many a poor puss which is just as sensitive as one of the feline species. But then poor puss, the rodent, is edible, whereas the carnivorous poor puss is carrion. We know that my lord bears that steadily in mind while he is out shooting, and considers, with just complacency, that he is not practising wanton cruelty on animals. Still, he kills them for amusement,—so to speak, for fun. Therein lies the resemblance between the noble sportsman and the street boy. If the resemblance is close, is the difference so wide as to make a grandee worthy of having his amateur butcher-work recorded in the journals to his glory and renown, but an urchin, for amusing himself in the same but a very much smaller way, deserve the treadmill?—*Punch*.

From The Saturday Review.

SACRED LATIN POETRY.*

SELDOM does a second edition come before the public with better claims to a hearty welcome than this of Dr. Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry." When, fifteen years ago, the first edition was put forth from the vicarage of Ithenstoke, there was a somewhat hazy notion in the minds of English clergymen generally as to the stores and storehouses of hymnology which had existed from of old. Some few, indeed, had cultivated the study more or less, and had sought material for hymns in the vulgar tongue from the editions of Prudentius, St. Ambrose, or St. Bernard, which were to be found in old libraries. But the reign of Evangelicism had discountenanced debts incurred in this quarter. The knowledge of the rich repertoires, the access to the splendid mines, in which an abundance of treasure in this kind lay hid, was opened, it may truly be said, to the mass of the educated clergy by the first edition of the volume of which we now welcome the republication. It did not, indeed, profess to be aught beyond a selection. It aimed rather at pointing the way to others than at mapping out or exhibiting in detail the contents of the mine. The editor's object was to furnish specimens by which to judge of the whole,—to produce nuggets as samples of the fine gold to be dug up by such as should choose to devote their energy to the task. But so well was the aim fulfilled, so clearly was the history of Latin hymnology traced back in the introductory chapters, so attractive were the samples produced of old and magnificent hymn-work, that the result was a revival of interest in the whole subject. The able and copious Thesaurus of Daniel found its way into country parsonages, and into the hands of scholars. Magazines began to publish translations of hymns, instead of choruses from Greek plays; the rare leisure of those clergymen whose poetic vein was not yet frozen and dried up was directed to a new and a congenial pursuit; and in due time the full fruitage appeared in the "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," which mark a distinct epoch in English hymnology, and bid fair to supersede all other collections for use in the

services of the church. It is not too much to say that Dr. Trench's volume was the pilot-engine which brought in the remarkable collection to which we refer. Of this any one may assure himself who will set the two books side by side, and note in the English volume its many scholarly counterparts of the Latin originals. The Archbishop of Dublin may dwell with just satisfaction on the work which his first edition pioneered, whilst, in the demand for a second edition, he has the best earnest of the success of the aim he had at heart. Since 1849, the date of the first edition, much increased light has been thrown upon Latin hymnology, and of this it has been the editor's labor of love to avail himself in the interval. The German edition of Mone, the two supplementary volumes of Daniel, M. Gautier's discovery of many hitherto unpublished hymns of Adam of St. Victor, and the labors of Mr. Neale, both as an editor and as a translator, have supplied fresh material, evoked doubtless by a demand which is a gauge of the increased popularity of the whole subject. It should be added that another result, due in part to Dr. Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry," has been the gradual cessation of that fear which haunted so many until late years, of imbibing Romanism with the hymnology which is the heritage of the whole western church. By a careful sifting and wise choice the editor proved that English Churchmen need not be debarred from the "immortal heritage" of the universal church, through the bugbear of their having found their way into the Roman breviary. Intelligence and charity have advanced *pari passu*, nor will any, save the most unlettered persons, shudder any longer at the thought that something may be learned, some riches be borrowed, from the varied storehouse of mediæval theology. To furnish the wheat without the tares, the wine untainted by its lees, Dr. Trench has been the better able through the license he has allowed himself of *thinning* each poem which he sets before his readers,—a license which he deems justifiable where the object is rather to provide a personal and devotional help than to give a chronological account of Latin ecclesiastical poets and poetry. The gain derived from this is such as to compensate the loss of an historical arrangement which we can imagine might have been more welcome to the scholar, and more

* "Sacred Latin Poetry." Selected and arranged for use, with Notes and Introduction. By R. C. Trench, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. Second Edition. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

interesting in an archæological point of view.

To those not yet acquainted with it, we commend Dr. Trench's Introduction as a lucid and succinct account of the differences in form and spirit between the Latin classical and sacred poetry, as well as of the origin and growth of these. He urges that accentuated and not quantitative poetry was indigenous in the Latin tongue; that it was the introduction of Greek models which for a time naturalized the hexameter, the sapphic, and the alcaic; and that long prior to these existed the Saturnian and old Italian verses, of a loosely defined number of syllables, not metrically disposed, but with places accentually marked on which the stress should be laid. At the decadence of Roman classical literature, the old and popular rhythm came up again with its ante-classical words and speech, such as are found in Attius and Nævius, and reappear in Prudentius and Tertullian. It was natural that Christian hymnists should seize the opportunity of abandoning metres identified with a heathen worship and an impure mythology, and of adopting for their holier themes a rhythmic system which had a previous existence on the lips and in the memories of the people. Such a system readily became part of a religion which aimed at embracing the poor and unlettered; it suited an age which grew less tolerant of arbitrary rules of quantity in proportion as classical literature waned; and, moreover, as hymns were to be sung by the whole congregation, it is clear that the accentual value of words would be more easy to apprehend and bear in mind than the uncertain laws of an obsolete prosody. In regard to the other point of difference,—rhyme,—Dr. Trench is very happy in showing that it was of earliest date at Rome, and that, though the introduction of Greek literature to a great extent thrust it aside for a time, it kept occasionally cropping out all the while in the pages of Roman classical writers. Its revival in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era was but the budding afresh of a germ laid in versification already existing; and it is a reasonable supposition that, like accentual arrangement, rhyme also was intended as a make-weight for slackness of metrical observance. The statement of Dr. Guest that "the Romans were confessedly ignorant of rhyme"

is ably combated by Dr. Trench; and indeed, we are the more interested in siding with the views of the latter, because another dictum of the former—namely, "that no people ever adopted an accentual rhythm without adopting rhyme also"—seems to us a two-edged sword which the claims of both accent and rhyme to be indigenous in the Latin poetry must necessarily encounter.

But, whatever the antiquity of accented and rhymed Latin poetry, the volume before us should make us thankful that it has come down to us in such fulness and richness as the specimens which it contains indicate. Classical poetry, beautifully cold and statuesque, has nothing to draw forth fervor of devotion, or to kindle the fires of love and gratitude,—nothing to bring near the realities of death and judgment and the world beyond, for the admonishing of the godless and the encouragement of the faithful. The church hymns achieve all this in the marvellously vivid dimeters of Thomas of Celano, and the noble fifteen-syllable triplets of Peter Damiani. These are, indeed, later Christian poets; but Prudentius in his Hymn on Cock-crow, which we miss in Dr. Trench's collection as well as in the "*Salvete, flores Martyrum*," which he gives us, and St. Ambrose, with his grand simplicity, suffice to show how great an advance toward life and reality had been made even while accent was still the sole or chief substitute for the classical system of quantity. Of the earliest Christian poets the present collection does not give many specimens. A chronological arrangement, which was beside the purpose of the work, might probably have introduced more of their remains. Though not so finished as the compositions of a later period, with which the volume of Dr. Trench abounds, they have a special interest as productions of an age comparatively near to the apostolic times, and a value, in proportion, attaching to their interpretations of Scripture. But we have no right to quarrel with a selection which has provided such materials for an intellectual feast as those which lie before us. Adam of St. Victor, St. Bernard, Jacob de Benedictis, Hildebert, Damiani, are but a few names, representing most famous contributors to Latin hymnology in the later centuries, which are presented in these pages. It has, however, struck us that an undue preference is shown to the hymns of

Adam of St. Victor, which for the most part abound in mysticism, and revel in such an excess of obscure and scholastic allusion as must exclude them from the wide popularity of many simpler hymns. Many of them defy translation, through the superabundance of conceits; many, if they could be translated, would be distasteful to modern minds, owing to a surfeiting accumulation of typical applications of Scripture. Dr. Trench admits that this is a fault in his favorite hymnist, but he probably thinks that compensating excellences entitle this writer to an exceptionally large space in his extracts from "Sacred Latin Poetry." Doubtless, too, this prominence may be owing in some degree to the discovery of so many unpublished poems of Adam of St. Victor, by M. Gautier; but, for our own part, we could have preferred to see a larger selection from the abundant materials furnished by Daniel and Mone. More of Prudentius, of Fortunatus, and of Ambrose would have been acceptable, though it is probable that the omission of these is due to the assumption that the works of these Christian poets are better known than we believe them to be. It may be that the editor's tone of mind and study inclines to the deeper and more spiritual cast which stamps Adam of St. Victor's remains, whereas the modern mind affects rather the simple and yet vigorous, the grand and outspoken, lyrics of other Christian poets. Of the newly-found hymns, one of the finest is that on the Nativity, beginning, "*Potestate non naturâ*" (p. 111); while, of the old, none is better than that on St. Stephen (p. 212). The obscurity and depth of allusion in many stanzas of this poet have, however, this result,—that they test Dr. Trench's powers as an interpreter and annotator; and here his merits are, we are bound to say, considerable. The darker the passage, the more valuable is the skill by which light is conveyed into it. For this part of his work the editor deserves high praise. For instance, upon the obscure passage which opens Adam of St. Victor's Hymn on John the Evangelist (p. 71),—

"Verbi vere substantivi,
Caro cum sit in declivi
Temporis angustia,
In æternis verbum annis
Permanere nos Joannis
Docet theologia—

his interpretation is decidedly preferable to

that of Mr. Neale, who takes "*caro*" to mean the flesh which the Word took upon him; whereas Dr. Trench understands it of the world and "all that is in and of the world," and freely translates thus: "The theology of John teaches us that while the flesh declines, wastes, and decays, the word of the 'Word' (*verbum Verbi*), all which Christ utters, endures for everlasting years, shall never pass away." So, again, he throws the exact amount of needful light on the concluding line of Adam of St. Victor's Hymn on the Nativity (pp. 111–13), "*Denum complens numerum*," when he refers it to the ten pieces of silver (Luke xv. 8–10), the lost one of which was supposed to represent the race of man, while the nine were the nine ranks of angels that had stood in their first obedience. On v. 45 of the same poet's hymn on the Epiphany (p. 123), "*Ad peccatum prius prona*," Dr. Trench acutely builds a refutation of the French translator's theory that the blessed Virgin, and not the church, is the Bride referred to in the later stanzas. And not only when handling the poems of Adam of St. Victor, but in editing the whole of his selections, he has exhibited rare critical acumen and interpretative sagacity. His grounds for retaining, as the third line of the "*Dies Iræ*," the verse "*Teste David cum Sibyllâ*," sometimes objected to on the ground that a sibyl is a strange witness to Christian truth (see p. 297), illustrate this, as well as his deep reflection and learning. Here and there we note a little severity in judging of the accuracy of Daniel, and where—at p. 93, v. 29—he blames that useful editor for printing "*multos tenet*" instead of "*multus terret*" in a poem of Pistor, a question might arise whether he should not himself adopt *multos*, and whether he should not refer to St. Luke i. 65, and not i. 69. In some hymns, too, such as that of Prudentius, "*In exsequiis defunctorum*," he might well have been less chary of note and comment. The meanings of such words as "*ænigmata vultûs*," v. 20, and "*pugilli*," v. 28, would have been fit subjects of a note for such readers as have not Ducange, or suchlike lexicons, to refer to. It is curious, moreover, that in quoting Obbarius as the most recent editor of Prudentius, the archbishop seems to have overlooked the very meritorious edition of Albert Dressel, Leipsic, 1860.

One or two improvements might, we venture to think, have enhanced the value of this already valuable book. It would have worn a more popular aspect, had it contained fuller references to the loving diligence of English translators and adapters who, at various periods, have availed themselves of the gems of Latin hymnology. A little is said of the numerous attempts to clothe the "*Dies Iræ*" in an English garb; and we are told briefly of Tusser's translation of Jacopone's "*Cur mundus militat*," and Sylvester's version of Damiani's "*Glory and Joys of Paradise*." But a great deal more might have been done in this way, in pointing out more or less successful imitations of other hymns,—an important help and encouragement toward fresh labors in the same field. Alford's version of the "*Dies Iræ*," W. Hammond's of the "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," Chandler's of the "*Angulare Fundamentum*," and a recent anonymous version of St. Bernard's "*Jesu, dulcis memoria*," have been admitted by Sir Roundell Palmer into his *Book of Praise*. And in the 318th page of that delightful manual will be found a noble version by Mr. Isaac Williams of part of the hymn of Prudentius "*On the Burial of the Dead*," which is as close and as truthful as it is elegiac and touching in its rhythm. The last verse of it may serve as a sample, and prove its title to notice:—

"Tu depositum tege corpus,
Non immemor ille requirit
Sua munera fictor et auctor,
Propriique ænigmata vultus."

—Trench, p. 282.

"Cover this body to thy care consign'd;
It's Maker shall not leave it in the grave,
But his own lineament shall bear in mind,
And shall recall the image that he gave."

—Book of Praise, p. 319.

We cannot here stop to point out the debt owed by the editors of hymns ancient and modern to the Latin hymns of Dr. Trench's selection; but we may refer our readers for a happy version of the simple, sweet, and touching hymn of King Robert II. of France, "*Veni, sancte spiritus*" (p. 196), to p. 193, hymn 128, of the aforesaid hymnal, and for a very fine translation of "*Beata Urbs Hierusalem*" (Trench, p. 311), to the 243d and 244th hymns of the same collection. None of these versions are noticed by Dr. Trench.

Another suggestion which we would offer

is the addition of a short glossary, which would prove a great convenience and boon to ordinary Latin scholars, unlearned in the "*media et infima Latinitas*." The words "*debratis*" (p. 66), "*cautelam*" (67), "*diescat*" (92), "*factura*" h.e. *merces operis* (111), "*adunare*" (*ibid.*), "*dulcore*" (140), "*pausa*" (*ibid.*), "*ænigmata*" before referred to (p. 282), and many others, unknown to our Latin dictionaries, cause a delay and difficulty which can only be met effectually by the aid which we suggest. Of course the foot-notes explain many of these words, but some they pass over in silence. A short glossary would be a safeguard against the tricks of a fickle memory, and an easy means of enabling students of sacred Latin poetry to "*run and read*." We trust that a work so useful, suggestive, and scholarlike as this of Archbishop Trench may see more than one future edition, and it is in furtherance of so desirable a consummation that we offer these concluding hints as to popularizing his "*Sacred Latin Poetry*."

From The London Review.

THREE OLD MEN.

THERE are three old men now living, each of whom is a prominent figure in his generation, and on whose three lives the deep interest and attention of Europe are fixed. It is difficult to say wherein consists the virtue of their old age. Yet with regard to all three it may be said that the world seems in suspense so long as their life is prolonged, and waiting to turn over a new leaf as soon as they die. As far as politics go, there can be no doubt that old age destroys vigor and originality. The great men of history have shown with terrible uniformity that age saps the energy even of heroes. In the present generation we watch its undermining effect upon those who led our fathers and our grandfathers. As they draw near to the end of their political pilgrimage, one after another, they appear exhausted with the heat or the burden of the day. One veteran agitator thinks the hour is come to rest and be thankful. Another is for looking before we leap. A third tells us of the blessings of the British constitution, and of the wickedness of the natives of foreign countries. These are the ripening influences of Father Time. The Tory of childhood becomes a Radical in his first manly bloom, only to pass into a Whig

when he is old and mellow. Nor can it be denied that the gray-haired Whig begins to appreciate most fully the beauties and perfections of the political world when he is on the eve of bidding them a long farewell. With all this, it may be said, that on the lives of three old men hang the fortunes of a great political party in England, of an entire nation on the other side of the Channel, and of a great portion of Christendom, if we turn our eyes in the direction of Rome and of the Vatican. After Lord Palmerston in England comes the deluge; the making up and the reconstitution on a new basis of parliamentary politics and parties; a change, perhaps, in the entire system of English foreign politics, and of England's foreign relations; and the commencement of a fierce warfare of extreme politicians, who at present are standing aside in respectful silence to let the veteran live at peace. The fate, again, of Belgium itself, if not the peace of Europe, seems suspended on the same thread as that from which depends the life of King Leopold. That the contest between the republican and the religious party, already bitter and furious, will break out into extraordinary violence; that the existence of Belgium cannot be insured for many years longer than its sovereign's life; that France may before very long have the Rhine, if not in the middle of its course, at least at its *embouchures*, are speculations which must of necessity occur to every observer of European politics. How much, lastly, depends on the death of Pio Nono, may be easily judged by considering how much depends on the choice of his successor. Altered relations between the Catholic Church and the Liberal movement of the times; a new attitude occupied by the new pope towards free thought, free nationalities, and a free Italy, are one possible side of the picture. On the other side may be seen a mediæval church playing over again toward the future the part played by Mrs. Partington and her mop toward the Atlantic. Which side of the picture is to be turned towards Europe by the Church of Rome will be known as soon as Pio Nono bids farewell to a world of vanities and vain struggles.

It is not difficult to see why, in the presence of these three old men, the political world seems to have arrived at what, in the famous language of Mr. Fox, may be called a politi-

cal pause. With the life of each of them in their respective circles of action, the *status quo* comes to a natural and an easy end. They are all three in possession of an awkward and perhaps transitory position, which their experience and character have made a kind of personal freehold for themselves. Strange to say, they all three are a species of advanced guard, defending their ground against the very party and the very patrons to whom they owe their advancement. They have intrenched themselves in their place with remarkable industry and ability, and each can afford to smile at the impatience of all who are waiting till, in a ripe old age, he may drop off the political pear-tree. In these progressive times we are occasionally tempted to wonder whether there is such a thing as diplomacy, independent of great armies and large fleets, and whether political experience is of any weight at all in the decision of international problems. In the trio in question, we have three standing answers to the inquiry. Lord Palmerston, apart from everything, is a host in himself; so is King Leopold of Belgium; so also is the pope. They have all a thorough knowledge of Europe; they all know their own powers of obstraction; and all feel, possibly, that they can help the world to go on as it now does till they die, even if it should change on the morrow of their funeral. When General Garibaldi came over to this country, he came—so, at least, his friends say—with a curious missionary project in his head. He wanted and hoped to convert Lord Palmerston to the cause of European nationalities. In his interview with the English premier, it is said that he eagerly pointed out what a glory it would be to England to come forward as liberator of Rome and Venice. The story goes on to say that he received the same answer from Lord Palmerston which Victor Emmanuel is always receiving from the pope. Lord Palmerston admitted the weight of all that the general had to say, but closed the conversation with a *non possumus*. To expect so enthusiastic a programme from the aged premier was not merely to ask England to enter on a new and active foreign policy for which she might be unfitted, but to ask a very old man to unfurl the oriflamme. Lord Palmerston is not suited to the task either by temperament or years. He understands thoroughly the system under which

he has grown up. It may be a provisional one; but it will last his time; and Lord Palmerston is probably content with the fame which posterity will award to him of being a considerable ephemeral success. Englishmen are rarely political idealists enough to embrace with enthusiasm a reconstitution of the world on the most admirable theoretic principle. They have not made the world; they hope it will grow better, and will even subscribe money to make it better, but they will not go to war to remake it. But no Englishman living could be more disinclined to enter on the herculean task than an octogenarian statesman who has, under half a dozen successive ministries, managed to stave off more difficulties and to adjourn more discussions than can now be recounted. It would not be easy to find any European problem for which Lord Palmerston has any other solution. The Turkish question? He writes under it the simple word "adjourned." The Danubian Principalities? They are adjourned also. So is Venice, so is Rome, so is reform, so are church questions, so is every political embarrassment that either has arisen or will arise during Lord Palmerston's lifetime. To this pleasing and seductive habit of adjourning all things, he owes much of his popularity in a country which sees the advantage of present ease and quiet more clearly than it sees the necessity of provision for the future of Europe.

Of the three Nestors of Europe, King Leopold in his turn is the least powerful, and yet he will, perhaps, not be the least respected by posterity. He represents, it is true, a *status quo*, and yet it is a *status quo* that he can do nothing to improve. So long as Belgium exists,—and it will be a shock to England when the hour comes for Belgium's dissolution,—she never can be represented by a better or a wiser king. He represents everything in Belgian institutions that is characteristic of Belgium: her nationality, her independence, her liberalism, her republicanism, her conservatism. He is the most democratic of classical rulers, the most classical of democratic. Since the day of his short-lived union to the Princess Charlotte, down to the present moment, he has done nothing to forfeit the respect of a single European Liberal, or a single European Conservative. How much stability Belgium owes to his character and his knowledge of character will be seen

when he is no more. Between Belgium and France there stands a barrier more impassable than any frontier. That barrier is King Leopold. Yet he is acceptable in the eyes of the French Court and of all political parties in Belgium. All are waiting and are willing to wait. He is himself too generous a mind to adjourn any question he can solve. He cannot, however, except provisionally, solve the Belgian question. It is out of profound respect to the mild wisdom of this royal Lælius, that the Belgian question, nevertheless, stands adjourned.

The third political Methuselah for whose decease Europe patiently waits is the pope. He seems destined to enjoy a longevity most provoking to Italian reformers. Perhaps if Pio Nono were to unburden his conscience it might be found that his obstructive attitude toward the movements of the day is determined altogether by his green old age. Posterity may, perhaps, in the language of M. Montalembert, "do justice" to Pio Nono; his contemporaries "cannot." Passions and interests, religious feelings and religious animosities, are too much engaged in the contest over which he sleepily presides. Yet we can imagine a feeble and aged pontiff, who, when he was sixteen years younger, fled terrified at the sound of his own armor, saying to himself that he is too old to settle the Catholic question. When he was more vigorous he made an inane effort to compromise it, and failed; it must now pass over to be dealt with by younger hands. On the brink of the grave men are apt to shiver, not merely at the change that is coming over themselves, but at the future that is about to break over the world which they are leaving. They themselves have nothing but old remedies for new and untried diseases; but even the new diseases frighten them less than the new remedies which they hear younger men propose. *Non possumus* is the answer they give, not so much from principle as from instinct. Pio Nono is no Ulysses, whose passion for adventure grows upon him with declining years. He has been a Liberal once, and came back after tossing on a stormy sea of Liberalism, tired and homesick, to his native haven of reactionary quiet. He is safely moored in his Ithaca, and he never will set sail again. Perhaps his political enemies are wise in leaving him breathing space to die. He is a determined man in his last years; and so long as

he survives, the temporal power of the pope will not expire, perhaps, without a storm,—at all events, without a scandal. It may be that he is better acquainted with the weaknesses of the enemies of Rome than we are, and that his audacity and perseverance are by no means so short-sighted as they appear. He may have a sting which Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel are afraid of; means of annoyance that they cannot take from him, and sufficient experience of the world to know how to use his thunder. It is more probable that in his case, as in the case of his two rival veterans, the political world is waiting because the Gordian knot, of which he is the acknowledged guardian, is a knot which must undo itself in time, and which it is difficult to cut. Such are the three old men, the death of any one of whom would agitate Europe. It is a curious thing to reflect that, great as is the present political position of all three, in all human likelihood, not one of the three is destined to exercise the faintest permanent influence on the future politics of the world.

From The Examiner.

The Mastery of Languages; or, the Art of Speaking Foreign Tongues Idiomatically. By Thomas Prendergast, formerly of her Majesty's Civil Service at Madras. Bentley.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI, the wonderful speaker of two-and-seventy different languages, when asked how he came to acquire so unprecedented a range of knowledge, attributed the fact to his employment as "foreigners' confessor" at Bologna, in 1798 and the following years. "I constantly met there," he said, "Hungarians, Slavonians, Germans, and Bohemians, who had been wounded in battle, or invalided during the campaign; and it pained me to the heart that from the want of means of communicating with them, I was unable to confess those among them who were Catholics, or to bring back to the church those who were separated from her communion. In such cases, accordingly, I used to apply myself with all my energy to the study of the languages of the patients, until I knew enough to make myself understood." Whenever a stranger, whose speech was not known to him, came for confession, he made him first repeat, once or twice, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Commandments, and other portions of the Romish

ritual. In that way, by the aid of his wonderful memory, which retained everything once committed to it, he obtained a groundwork of words from which to build. He analyzed them and measured them by the corresponding words in other languages. A few conversations, in which he guessed at the meaning of new words as they arose, and then verified it by himself using them, gave him knowledge enough to be able to perform his religious duties. "At length, through the grace of God, assisted by my private studies and by a retentive memory, I came to understand, not merely the generic languages of the nations to which the several invalids belonged, but even the peculiar dialects of their various provinces." Once, at a later date, the crown prince, now King of Sweden, paid him a visit. They at first talked in the Swedish tongue, which Mezzofanti spoke fluently; but when the prince continued the conversation in one of the provincial dialects, the priest had to declare himself ignorant of it. On the following day they met again, and then Mezzofanti commenced speaking in the dialect in question. "From whom, in the name of all that is wonderful, have you learned it?" asked the astonished prince. "From your Royal Highness," was the answer. "Your sentences yesterday supplied me with a key to all that is peculiar in its forms; and I am only translating the common words into those forms."

That, in effect, is the "art of speaking foreign tongues idiomatically," which Mr. Prendergast, apparently in ignorance of the cardinal's example, sets forth with much lucid explanation and many skilful arguments in the book before us. This is his own summing up of the points detailed in it:—

"1. That the power of speaking foreign languages idiomatically may be attained with facility by adults without going abroad.

"2. That sentences may be so formulated, in all languages, that when they are thoroughly learned, the results evolved therefrom will in each new lesson double the number of idiomatic combinations previously acquired.

"3. That the acquisition of unconnected words is comparatively worthless, because they have not that property of expansion.

"4. That the preliminary study of grammar is unnecessary.

"5. That the power of speaking other tongues idiomatically is attained principally by efforts of the memory, not by logical reasonings.

"6. That the capacity of the memory for the retention of foreign words is universally overestimated; and that every beginner ought, in reason, to ascertain by experiments the precise extent of his own individual power.

"7. That inasmuch as a word, not perfectly retained by the memory, cannot be correctly reproduced, the beginner ought to restrict himself within the limit of his ascertained capacity.

"8. That he should therefore avoid seeing or hearing one word in excess of those which he is actually engaged in committing to memory.

"9. That the mere perusal of a grammar clogs the memory with imperfect recollections of words, and fractions of words; and therefore it is interdicted.

"10. That, nevertheless, the beginner who adopts this method will not fail to speak grammatically.

"11. That the most notable characteristic of the child's process, is that he speaks fluently and idiomatically with a very small number of words.

"12. That the epitome of language made by children, all the world over, is substantially the same.

"13. That when a child can employ two hundred words of a foreign tongue, he possesses a practical knowledge of all the syntactical constructions, and of all the foreign sounds.

"14. That every foreign language should therefore be epitomized for a beginner, by the framing of a set of strictly practical sentences, embodying two hundred of the most useful words, and comprising all the most difficult constructions.

"15. That by 'mastering' such an epitome, in the manner prescribed, a beginner will obtain the greatest possible results, with the smallest amount of exertion; whilst, at the same time, he will have abundant leisure to bestow upon the pronunciation that prominent attention to which it is entitled."

The gist of the whole is, that we ought to learn languages as children learn theirs, by memory primarily and chiefly, and only afterwards by use of reason. A baby learning to speak, understands (and would repeat, were his mouth in sufficient practice for it) whole sentences before words. It is after many sentences have been addressed to him, in which the same words appear with different contexts, that he gets to know the full significance of those words. But meanwhile it is easy for him to take in, and in due time to give out, the compact idiomatic sentences, and in that way he quickly and pleasantly

acquires enough skill in conversing to help him on to a more thorough knowledge. Mr. Prendergast would have grown people follow the same way. He objects both to grammars and to dictionaries. He would have the learner, with the assistance of a native or idiomatically trained teacher, become possessed of a few score or a few hundred sentences, and then build conversations out of them until he has become possessed of the whole language. "A sentence," he says, "is a branch with every leaf arranged in the perfect order of nature. A branch may be used for purposes of decoration, or it may be carried as a flag of truce between warring tribes. But disunited words are of no more use to a learner than a sack of loose leaves would be to the decorator or to the herald of peace." Better than learning a hundred words, he urges, is the thorough acquisition of one sentence of eight or ten every-day words. "The sentences which the learner commits to memory form the basis of his first oral exercises, and afterwards they become the models for his future guidance in composing new ones. By concentrating his attention upon them, instead of exercising it discursively upon a larger range, he acquires an idiomatic command of language on a small scale. If properly selected, a few sentences will afford him an incredible variety of expression, and he will not fail to speak grammatically, because, if he complies with the stipulations and restrictions, he cannot deviate from the true constructions, except through gross inattention to the models." From first to last, Mr. Prendergast urges the importance of conducting the study of language in the simplest, that is, in the most natural, way:—

"The course of nature combines analysis and synthesis, with a practical knowledge of all the constructions, and with a mere sufficiency, instead of a superabundance, of words. Idiomatic sentences become fixtures in the memory, and the analysis of them is so simple that it is easily performed even by young children. The latter have not, and they do not require, that critical power which educated men display in their investigations into the component parts of a new language, and the peculiar constructions thereof. The process is altogether different, and the soundness of the principle is obvious. For sentences learned by rote gradually dissolve themselves, and become decomposed, when the words are

severally used in other combinations, in the hearing of the child.

"Thus, if he has learned the following five syllables, 'Give me some of that,' which to him are but one word or utterance, indivisible in the first instance, his attention is attracted by any portions of it, which he may chance to hear afterward applied in a different manner, as 'Give me that;' 'I want some of that,' etc. He observes those variations; and by degrees he comprehends them, and employs them himself, not in supersession of the original sentence, but in addition to it. In this manner the analysis becomes, for all practical purposes, complete; and the meaning of the whole sentence becomes more and more clearly understood. He cannot be said to understand each of the words thoroughly, but he uses them intelligently and accurately. He cannot assign a score of meanings to the preposition 'of;' but his ignorance is not inexcusable, and it is no bar to his progress.

"Such is the analysis of nature, resulting from a series of observations and inferences, drawn by infants from the known to the unknown, from the whole to its parts.

"The synthetic operation is merely the insertion of other words, one by one, into their appropriate niches in the sentences learned by rote. Each new word corresponds grammatically with that which it displaces. Thus, in the sentence above given he may introduce 'him' instead of 'me,' and 'those' instead of 'that.' The substitution of the right word, in the right form, without any knowledge of grammar, results from that instinct of imitation and repetition which operates universally in the unsophisticated minds of children."

We have said and quoted enough to show the character of Mr. Prendergast's scheme of language-teaching. Its merits need not here be discussed. Excellent in the main, and worthy of attention from every one interested in "the mastery of languages," it is not strange that the theory is in some respects pushed too far and made too much of. "Children learn to talk," we are told, "not by laborious conversational efforts for an hour at a time, three times a week; nor by scientific analysis and careful study of elegant authors for six or eight hours a day; but by never allowing half an hour to pass by without repeating, interchanging, and transposing the whole stock of idiomatic sentences which they have learned by heart." But a man cannot become a mere child. In infancy, a sort of instinct comes in aid of language learning; speech and the comprehension of speech come rapidly because the whole energy

of the mind is thus directed in its effort to acquire knowledge and take in the lessons of experience. But the most zealous adult student of languages has a hundred other subjects of attention, and distracting influences of all sorts. He is forced to learn more slowly, and to learn in other ways. If he does follow the childish way, he runs the risk of sharing the childlike incapacity for all but the simplest things, which marked the prince of language learners, to whom we have already referred as having set forth in practice the principles proved in theory by Mr. Prendergast, and whose best friend could only say of him, "With the keys of the knowledge of every nation in his hand, he never unlocked their real treasures;" while he himself was forced to exclaim, "What am I but an unbound dictionary!"

From Good Words.

THREE CUPS OF COLD WATER.

I.

THE princely David, with his outlaw-band,
Lodged in the cave Adullam. Wild and fierce,
With lion-like faces, and with eagle eyes,
They followed where he led. The danger pressed;
For over all the land the Philistines
Had spread their armies. Through Rephaim's

vale
Their dark tents mustered thick, and David's
home,

His father's city, Bethlehem, owned them lords.
'Twas harvest, and the crops of ripening corn
They ravaged, and with rude feet trampled down
The tender vines. Men hid themselves for fear
In woods or caves. The brave undaunted few,
Gathering round David, sought the mountain
hold.

The sun was hot, and all day long they watched
With spear in hand and never-resting eye,
As those who wait for battle. But at eve
The eye grew dim, the lips were parched with
thirst,

And from that arid rock no trickling stream
Of living water gushed. From time-worn skins
The tainted drops were poured, and fevered lips
Half-loathing drank them up. And David's soul
Was weary; the hot simoom scorched his veins;
The strong sun smote on him, and, faint and sick,
He sat beneath the shadow of the rock.

And then before his eyes a vision came,
Cool evening, meadows green, and pleasant
sounds

Of murmuring fountain. Oft in days of youth,
When leading home his flocks at sunset fell,
That fount had quenched his thirst, and dark-eyed
girls,

The pride and joy of Bethlehem, meeting there,
Greeted the shepherd boy, their chieftain's son
(As, bright and fair, with waving locks of gold,
Exulting in the flush of youth's full glow,
He mingled with their throng), and gazing, rapt

With wonder at his beauty, gave him drink.
And now the words came feebly from his lips,
A murmur half in silence, which the ear
Of faithful followers caught: "Oh! who will
bring

From that fair stream, which, flowing by the gate
Of Bethlehem's wall, makes music in the ear,
One drop to cool this tongue?" They heard,
the three,

The mightiest of the thirty, swift of foot
As are the harts upon the mountains, strong
As are the lions down by Jordan's banks;
They heard and darted forth, down rock and crag
They leaped, as leaps the torrent on its course,
Through plain and vale they sped, and never
stayed,

Until the wide encampment of the foe
Warned them of danger nigh. But not for fear
Abandoned they their task. When evening fell,
And all the Philistines were hushed in sleep,
And over all the plain the full bright moon
Poured its rich lustre, onward still they stole,
By tent fires creeping with hushed breath, and feet
That feared to wake the echoes, till at last
They heard the babbling music, and the gleam
Of rippling moonlight caught their eager eye,
And o'er them fell the shade of Bethlehem's gate.
They tarried not. One full delicious draught
Slaked their fierce thirst, and then with anxious
haste

They filled their water-urn, and full of joy,
They bore it back in triumph to their lord.
With quickened steps they tracked their path
again

O'er plain and valley, up o'er rock and crag,
And as the early sunlight kissed the hills
They stood before him. He had won their hearts
By brave deeds, gentle words, and stainless life,
And now they came to give him proof of love,
And pouring out the water, bade him drink.
But lo! he would not taste. He heard their tale
(In few words told, as brave men tell their deeds),
And lifting up his hands with solemn prayer,
As though he stood a priest before the shrine,
He poured it on the earth before the Lord.
"Far be it from me, God, that I should drink,
The slave of selfish lust, forgetting thee,
Forgetting these my brothers. In thine eyes
This water fresh and cool is as the blood
Of hero-souls who jeopardied their lives.
That blood I may not taste. As shrink the lips
From the hot life-stream of the paschal lamb,
So shrinks my soul from this. To thee, O Lord,
To thee I pour it. Thou wilt pardon me
For mine unkingly weakness, pardon them
For all rough deeds of war. Their noble love
Shall cover all their sins; for thou hast claimed,
More than all blood of bulls and goats, the will
That, self forgetting, lives in deeds like this."

So spake the hero-king, and all the host
Looked on and wondered; and those noble three,
The mightiest of the thirty, felt their souls
Knit closer to King David and to God.

II.

THROUGH wastes of sand the train of camels
wound
Their lingering way. The pilgrims, hasting on

To Mecca's shrine, were grieved and vexed at
heart,

Impatient of delay. The scorching sand
Lay hot and blinding round them, and the blast
Of sultry winds as from a furnace mouth
Brought blackness to all faces. Whirling clouds
Of white dust filled their eyes, and, falling flat,
Crouching in fear, they waited till it passed.
Then, lifting up their eyes, there met their gaze
One fierce, hot glare, a waveless sea of sand.
No track of pilgrims' feet, nor whitening bones
Of camels or of asses marked their way.

They wandered on, by sun and moon and stars
Guessing their path, not knowing where they
went;

But Mecca's shrine they saw not. Day by day,
Their scant stores scantier grew. Their camels
died;

No green oasis met their yearning eyes,
No rippling stream brought gladness to their
hearts;

But glittering lakes that sparkled in the light,
Girt with the soft green tufts of feathery palm,
Enticed them, hour by hour, to wander on,
And, as they neared them, turned to wastes of
sand.

They thirsted, and with looks of blank despair
Beheld the emptied skins. One only, borne
By Ka'ab's camel, met their wistful gaze,—
Ka'ab, the rich, the noble, he who knew
The depths of Islam,* unto Allah's will
Resigning all his soul. And now he showed
How out of that submission flows the strength
For noblest acts of love. That priceless store
He claimed not as his own: the "mine" and
"thine"

Of selfish right he scattered to the winds,
And to his fellow-pilgrims offered all.
They shared it all alike. To Ka'ab's self
And Ka'ab's slave an equal portion came.
"Allah is great," he cried, about to drink
With thankful adoration, when a wail
Of eager craving burst from parched lips,
And upturned eyes with fevered anguish watched
The precious life-draught. Ka'ab heard that cry,
His eye beheld that anguish, and his heart
Was stirred with pity. Tasting not a drop,
With calm and loving look he passed the cup
To those poor dying lips, and bore his thirst,
As martyrs bear their flames. His soul had
learned,

Not Islam's creed alone that God is great:
A mightier name was written on his heart,
"God, the compassionate, the merciful;"
And yielding up his will to God's, the three—
Compassion, power, and greatness—were as one.
So ends the tale. And whether death came
soon

As sleep's twin-brother, with the longed-for rest,
And clear bright streams in paradise refreshed
The fevered thirst of earth—or if the dawn
Revealed the distant gleam of Mecca's shrine,
And led those pilgrims on to Zemzem's fount,
We know not. This we know, that evermore,
Like living water from the flinty rock,

* The word Islam—"Resignation"—embodies the
one great law of Mahometan ethics,—submission to
the will of God.

Gladdening the hearts of Hagar's sons, as once
 God's angel helped the mother and her child,
 The memory of that noble deed flows on,
 And quickens into life each fainting heart,
 And through long ages, in each Arab's tent
 It passed into a proverb: "Ka'ab's deed
 Of noble goodness:—There is none like that." *

III.

THE setting sun fell low on Zutphen's plain;
 The fight was over, and the victory won,
 And out of all the din and stir of war
 They bore the flower of Christian chivalry,
 The life-blood gushing out. He came, the pure,
 The true, the stainless, all youth's fiery glow,
 All manhood's wisdom, blended into one,
 To help the weak against the strong, to drive
 The Spaniard from a land which was not his,
 And claim the right of all men to be free,—
 Free in their life, their polity, their faith.
 He came, no poor ambition urging on,
 But loyalty and duty, first to God,
 And then to her, the Virgin Queen, who ruled
 His guileless heart, and of a thousand good
 Found him the best. We wonder that he bowed
 Before so poor an idol, knowing not
 That noble souls transfer their nobleness
 To that whereon they gaze, and through the veils
 Of custom or of weakness reach the heart
 That beats, as theirs, with lofty thoughts and
 true.

And now that life is ebbing. Men had hoped
 To see in him the saviour of the State
 From thickening perils, one in open war
 To cope with Alva, and in subtle skill,
 Bating no jot of openness and truth,
 To baffle all the tortuous wiles of Spain.
 And some who knew him better hoped to see
 His poet's spirit do a poet's work,
 With sweetest music giving voice and shape
 To all the wondrous thoughts that stirred the age,
 Moving the world's great heart, attracting all,
 The children at their play, the old men bent
 By blazing hearths, to listen and rejoice.

And now his sun was setting. Faint and weak
 They bore him to his tent, and loss of blood
 Brought on the fevered thirst of wounded men,
 And he, too, craved for water. Brothers true,
 Companions of his purpose and his risk,
 Brought from the river in their helmet cup
 The draught he longed for. Yet he drank it not;
 That eye had fallen on another's woe,
 That ear was open to another's sigh,
 That hand was free to give, and pitying love,
 In that sharp pain of death, had conquered self.
 The words were few and simple: "Not for me;
 I may not taste; he needs it more than I:"
 Few as all noblest words are, pearls and gems
 Of rarest lustre; but they found their way,
 More than all gifts of speech or poet's skill,
 To stir the depths of England's heart of hearts,
 And gave to Sydney's name a brighter life,
 A nobler fame through all the immortal years,

* The saying, and the narrative out of which it
 grew, are given by Erpenius in his collection of
 Arab proverbs.

Than Raleigh's friendship, or his own brave
 deeds

Or counsels wise, or Spenser's silver notes,—
 A trumpet-call to bid the heart awake,
 A beacon-light to all the rising youth,
 Fit crown of glory to that stainless life,
 The perfect pattern of a Christian knight,
 The noblest hero of our noblest age.

IV.

AND one day they shall meet before their God,
 The Hebrew and the Moslem and the flower
 Of England's knighthood. On the great white
 throne

The Judge shall sit, and from his lips shall flow
 Divinest words: "Come, friends and brothers,
 come;

I speak as one whose soul has known your pangs;
 Your weariness and woe were also mine;
 The cry, 'I thirst,' has issued from these lips,
 And I, too, would not drink, but bore the pain,
 Yielding my will to do my Father's work,
 And so that work was finished; so I learnt
 The fullest measure of obedience, learnt
 The wide deep love embracing all mankind,
 Passing through all the phases of their woe,
 That I before their God might plead for all.
 And thus through all the pulses of their life
 I suffer when they suffer; count each deed
 Of mercy done to them as done to me.
 Am one with them in sorrow and in joy,
 Rejoicing in their likeness to my life,
 And bearing still the burden of their sins
 For which I once was offered. I was there,
 The light of each man's soul, in that wild cave,
 On that parched desert, on that tented field;
 That self-forgetting love I owned as mine,
 And ye, who, true to that diviner Light
 Which triumphed over nature, when ye gave
 That water to the thirsty, gave to me.
 Brother, and friend, and Lord of all men, I
 Count nothing human alien to myself,
 And lifted up upon the cross, I draw
 By that supremest love the hearts of all.
 Come therefore, come, ye blessed, to the light
 That, shining through the world's great darkness,
 led

Your feet the upward path. That Light ye saw,
 Or dimly dawning on the mountain height,
 Or bursting forth in glory as the morn,
 Or brightening onward to the perfect day,
 And, seeing it, were glad. Ye heard the voice
 Which bade you mount the steep and narrow way,
 And did not close your ears. Ye knew not then
 Whence came the light, and whose the voice that
 spake.

Now, when all mists are fled, and ever hushed
 The world's loud murmur, ye shall see and hear,
 As children looking on their Father's face,
 And welcomed by their Brother's words of peace.
 Yours was the work of yielding all for him,
 Through clouds and darkness pressing on in
 faith;

Yours the reward of looking back on life,
 The fight well fought, the race well run, to see
 That all things true and good were wrought in
 God."

THE LIVING AGE.

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MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Those gentle tones no more I hear,
Which from thy lips, beloved one,
Were wont to fall upon my ear,
Ere yet the day had well begun.

When darkness spreads her raven wings,
And sleep on downy pinions light
To human care oblivion brings,—
No more I hear thy kind "Good-night."

No more in its accustomed place
Thy venerated form I see,
Distinguished for its matron grace,
And mien of tranquil dignity.

The tender love that warmed thy breast,
And overflowed on all below,—
In blessing others only blest,—
'Tis mine, alas! no more to know.

The beauty of thy daily life,—
So meek, unselfish, and resigned,—
Shone brighter through thy lengthened strife;
Like silver by the fire refined.

Translated to a happier sphere,
Those virtues in full glory bloom,
Which shed around their fragrance here,
And made a paradise of home;—

Bereft, and lone, but for thy love;
Which sweetly falling through the night,
Like dew distilling from above,
Dispelled the darkness by its light.

Thy steady flow of kindness, still
Unchilled by age, unchanged by years,
Has often caused my eyes to fill
With grateful and admiring tears.

All comfort in that word implied,
I owe to thy unwearied care;
And oft I've thought, with conscious pride,
I entertained an angel there.

Not unawares, however veiled;—
A faith to mortals rarely given,—
A charity that never failed,—
Proclaimed the lineage of heaven!
—*Church Journal.*

L.

FERNs.

In the cool and quiet nooks,
By the side of running brooks;
In the forest's green retreat.
With the branches overhead,
Nestling at the old trees' feet,
Choose we there our mossy bed.

On tall cliffs that woo the breeze,
Where no human footstep presses,
And no eye our beauty sees,
There we wave our maiden tresses.

In the mouths of mountain caves,
Whence the rapid torrent gushes,
Joying in the spray that laves,
As it wildly foaming rushes.

In the clefts of crumbling walls,
On old ruins sad and hoary,
Filling up the ancient halls
With a new and verdant glory,

Where the shady banks are steepest,
Sheltering from the sunlight's glow,
Loving best the shadiest, deepest,
Where the tallest hedgerows grow.

In the pleasant woodland glades,
Where the antlered deer are straying,
Lifting there our lofty heads,
There our mimic groves displaying.

Then the treacherous marsh's bosom,
Decking with our regal pride,
There alone allowed to blossom
(Boon to all our kin denied).

Though we boast no lovely bloom,
That can rival with the flowers;
Though we fling no sweet perfume;
Though no varied hue is ours—

Yet hath Nature framed our race
In a mould so light and fair,
That a beauty and a grace
Shed we round us everywhere.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

NO!

His was a heart so true and strong,
So wise, in all but human wrong,
So fit for woman's trust,
That when she spoke the fatal "No,"
It smote him with a weight of woe
That crushed him to the dust.

The why, we never knew, still less
Could hazard a presumptive guess,
So reticent is pain;
We only knew she could not take
The hand he offered by mistake,
Or offered but in vain.

And all men noted from that day
He moved as in a blinded way,
Helpless, without a plan:
Ah, what miraculous change of state
One simple syllable can create
Within the heart of man.

And she lived evermore apart.
Nor gave to any man her heart,
Until the day she died,
When, to the friends around her bed,
She breathed his name and smiled and said,
"Bury me by his side."

—*Transcript.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

NANCY'S TRYST.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

WE have had death on the premises,—old Donald, the game-keeper, gardener, coachman, and poacher-in-ordinary to the united households of the Laburnums, has shaken the dust out of his last pair of shoes, and left a world of which he never thought much. Donald did not belong to what, in the slang of translated Cockneys, is called the Gushing School. He was a confirmed grumbler,—not, indeed, venturing to impeach the arrangements of Providence (which in his view had been fixed from a remote period), but by no means desiring to conceal his impression that, generally speaking, his fellow-creatures were a set of arrant bunglers and knaves. The doctor had, one autumn morning, fished him out of a wet ditch, where he was standing up to his knees in frozen water, watching a flock of wild geese that were feeding in a neighboring field. Instead of having him up for poaching, the doctor, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, made him his keeper. He proved a capital servant, his only fault being that his knowledge of march fences was always of the vaguest; and that the doctor, when out shooting under his keeper's guidance, frequently found himself in the choicest preserves of his neighbors. But there was a dash of the gypsy in Donald's Celtic blood. He was shy, reserved, *dour*. He did not understand what "gratitude" meant; he actually bore a grudge against the doctor for getting him out of the ditch, into which, both literally and metaphorically, he had sunk; for Donald had seen better days. It was said that in his time he had had wife and child. What accident, or train of accidents, had made him a castaway, I did not know. But Donald underwent his reverses like a Stoic, or rather like the Fatalist, which he was. In theological matters Donald belonged to the straitest sect of the disciples of Calvin. It was pre-ordained that he was to become what he had become. So that he bore, or could have borne, the great trials of life, which wear the heart-strings of less robust natures, without murmur or complaint. What was he, that he should challenge the immutable decrees of the Almighty? But accepted in this spirit, his trials did not tend to soften his character. He took them sternly and sourly, and though he never ac-

cused his Maker, he made himself very unpleasant to his fellow-creatures. He dug the garden, he groomed the horses, he pruned the pear-trees, in the spirit of a martyr, and under protest. You might have fancied from the expression of his mouth that he was always consuming crab-apples. Occasionally, however, his habitual sullenness seemed to thaw. Cissy managed him as she thought fit; he could not resist the unclouded eyes, and the frank imperiousness of her childhood. With his gun on his shoulder, too, the spirit of the poacher revived. To the bottom of his heart he was a sportsman, and when he was tramping across the muir, he sometimes forgot that the world was, upon the whole, a failure and a blunder,—especially if birds were abundant and the dogs worked well. The dogs were his speciality; he managed them with admirable tact; he was their guide, philosopher, and friend, and they were his confidants. To them alone, while engaged in their feeding or cleaning, he frankly confided his opinion upon the way in which his fellow-men contrived to mismanage the universe. He grumbled and growled like one of themselves. He would tell Dash that he had as little sense as the doctor or the parson, and Juno that she was vainer than a woman. In early times there had been a vein of humor in Donald,—and a vein of humor is often the salvation of a man; but this vein, in Donald's case, had long since petrified into a mere fossil.

Donald had been ailing for long. His "rheumatics"—the fruit of forays after wild-duck in the winter moonlight—were very hard upon him. His imagination, indeed, had given his tormentor bodily shape and presence. He spoke of it as of a visible enemy; he had a special commination service which he fired off against it at brief intervals,—minute-guns in the shape of very particular ecclesiastical curses, they might be reckoned. A chronic warfare had for long been maintained between the commodore and Donald on the subject of "thorough draughts." He constantly averred, with a kirkyard wheeze, that the captain's system of ventilation would be the death of him. It was with grim satisfaction, consequently, that he felt his end approaching. His blood was on the captain's head, and he had verified, besides, the accuracy of his views,—two special sources of comfort. Day by day

Donald grew more crusty and more of a cripple. At length he was confined to his bed. For many months his assistant, Angus Riach, led a dog's life. Donald insisted on maintaining a general superintendence from his sick-bed; and a dying Nero or Caligula could not have been more imperious and implacable. Then he grew thin and worn,—a mere skinful of bones. And one night, about midnight, while the commodore (who is a bad sleeper) was sitting by his bed, he went out quite suddenly. It had been obvious, indeed, for some days, that he could not last much longer; but the closing scene, somehow, took us by surprise. They had been discussing the breeding of young setters,—Donald defending his own plan of up-bringing, and condemning that practised in a neighboring kennel, with his habitual acuteness and keenness,—when, without any warning, his sight failed him, his speech began to wander, and he lost the thread of his discourse. But he died, so to speak in the field. To the last, the old sportsman was among his dogs. “Juno, my lass, the scent dis’na haud to-night,” were his last articulate words.

Donald’s co-religionists,—he was a Reformed Antiburgher; when the Burghers left a godless establishment, which did not give sufficient prominence to the doctrine of final perseverance, they had a division among themselves on the distinction between final and ultimate, which resulted in a fierce Antiburgher secession, and the Reformed Antiburghers, who held that both the Burghers and the Antiburghers were on the road to perdition about original sin, were an offshoot from the latter body,—Donald’s co-religionists buried him in their own part of the churchyard, chanting, as a part of the burial-service, the Calvinistic *Te Deum*,—the burden of which (Horace says) runs thus:—

“The mighty dome of heaven is quaking;
The round earth, like a bubble, breaking;
Before the throne the people stand
On either hand.

“The goats are cast into the fire
Forever burning higher:
But the sheep feed upon the lea
And fatten through eternity.

“With joyful hearts the elect shall raise
Perennial praise:
‘Duly let us His grace extol!
He might have damned us all.’”

About a week after Donald had been laid in the churchyard, Horace and I were sitting with the commodore in the sanctum, where he keeps his birds, bulky rolls of cavendish, such as they smoke in the navy, his scanty wardrobe, his big Bible, an odd volume of Sir Walter’s novels, “The Lady of the Lake,” his hammock, a chest containing garden-twine, tinder, nails, needles and thread, a bowie-knife, beeswax, sweet-oil, and other odds and ends. The day was wet and dirty, and we had been smoking industriously for hours,—upon the whole silent, and devoting our minds chiefly to the contemplation of the weather. “Would you like to hear an old story?” the commodore asked us at last. “It happened lang syne; but Donald’s death somehow has brought it back to my mind.”

We expressed our willingness to listen, and the commodore commenced. I use his own North-country tongue where it seems to add force to the story, but it is not necessary to represent it with entire fidelity.

“Donald and I were early cronies; he was constantly about our farm-town afore I went on board the *Wasp*. He used to take me along with him when he gaed to the hills, and what I am about to relate happened on one of our sportin’ trips.

“There’s a great change in the country,” continued the commodore, “since I mind it first. In those days we could shoot from the seashore to the Grampians, up the whole valley of the Dee, without seeing a keeper. I was only a bairn at the time, for the century was barely begun; but Donald was a strapping lad, one of the best shots, and one of the neatest legs in the country-side. His temper, however, was not to be lippeden to; he could be as glum and dour as a nor’easter when he liked. Well, we started from the lowlands one fine morning in September, meaning to be away for a week, Donald carrying an auld musket that had been ‘oot’ in the ’45 across his shoulder, and whiles gien me a lift, when my feet gat sair, and the ground was stiffer than ordinar. We soon left the low country behind us; it was a different place from what it is now; there were only casual patches of corn and neeps, such as you see among the outlying crofts on the hillside before you get fairly among the heather; not a field was drained, and the snipe and wild-deuk were rising like laverocke among our legs. We soon got upon the muir,

however, and a fine day's sport we had; I say 'we,' though it was Donald who filled the bag, and I only got a sittin' shot at a white hare, whiles. The first day we were content with grouse and blackcock, and we had a heavy bag by the evening, when we came to a private still in a deep glen abint Tillymaud,—weel kent to Donald. We stayed with the smugglers for the night, Donald happing me up in his plaid among the heather, and leaving me to look at the stars, while he himself and his smuggling friends tested the strength of the brew. It was the first time I slept in the open air, and it seemed like the beginning of a new life to me. Though September, the air was heavy and sultry, and the thunder growled and muttered a' night among the corries of Morvæn. Then ever and again a white flash of lightning dimly disclosed the haill scene up to the very summits of the mountains; and just as I was fa'in' asleep, a herd of red deer, terrified by the flashes, swept past me,—like a troop of startled ghosts. Next morning we bathed in the burn which fed the still, and the bit willow wand which served me for a walking-stick got us a breakfast of splendid red trout in half an hour. I dinna believe the trout thereabouts had ever seen a fly before,—at least, they rose to a rough cast of Donald's as freely as if they had been busked by Phin or Mrs. Hogg. All day we travelled up the beautiful valley,—sometimes low down in its heart, beside the clear waters of the rapid Dee; sometimes high up among the crags (for Donald had promised to shoot an eagle for the laird), and getting glimpses, on one hand, of the great hills at the head of the pass, on the other, of the blue sea and the yellow sand and the green woods from which we had started. Never a human soul did we meet, savin' a shepherd or a lad poaching like ourselves; but before the sun gaed down, Donald had shot a royal stag and a golden eagle, and so—the next day being the Sabbath—we fixed to bide wi' a gude-brither of Donald's, who was shepherd to the then Laird of Haddo, and had a sheiling aboon Cairnbannow. There never was a lovelier Sabbath-day; we sat oot afore the door, the men smoking their pipes and talking over the news till it was time for kirk; and then we started across the hill to Lumphanan, for it was the Sacramental Sabbath, and auld Doctor MacAlister was to fence the

tables, and a young lad from the King's College (the son o' a neighboring laird) was to preach his first discourse. So there was a great thrang in the kirkyard; from every sheiling, on hillside or glen, the folk cam' troopin' in,—stalwart lads, bonny lasses, and gray-headed patriarchs, wha minded the '45, and had been hunted by the red-coats after Culloden. It was the last communion that some of them gaed to at Lumphanan; for a hard winter followed, and there was a sair thinnin' among the auld carles. However that might be, little was thoct of it then; for it was a day to mak' the auld feel young, and there was a deal of daffing among the hill lads in their brown kilts, and the lasses in their tartan snoods, afore we gaed into the kirk. Oot o' a' sight the comeliest lass there was Nancy Roy. She was the lily of their valley, and as good as she was bonny. I have seen sweet faces and lithe figures since then; but I think yet that Nancy was the very prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. They were a' proud of her, up hill and down dale; and it used to be said that the sang which begins—

'Oh, Nancy's hair is yellow as gowd,
And her e'en, like the lift, are blue'—

was made for Nancy Roy. She was her very image, at least; yellow hair, blue eyes, a soft skin, a sunny laugh, the nicest, sweetest deftest little woman, with the maist astonishin' ankles, which showed to perfection under her short coat o' shepherd tartan. But before I go on, I must tell you something further about Nancy.

"She was the daughter of Duncan Roy, the duke's foreman at Craigdarroch. His cottage stood on the river-bank, just about a mile below the cradle. But you'll no mind the cradle; the brig at Dalnowhinnie was biggit afore your time. Weel, the cradle was a contrivance for crossing the river; a rope was thrown across at a deep narrow passage, and fastened to the high banks on baith sides. On this rope a wicker basket was slung, and the man who wanted to cross placed himself in this basket, and pulled himself along the rope, hand over hand. It needed a strong arm and a steady head; for when you were half-way across, the basket swung about like the branch of a poplar, and you were fifty feet above the water, which ran there like a mill-lead. Howsomer, the country folk had been content with the in-

vention (which was worked precisely like one of Manby's rockets) from the beginning of time, and there was no other way of crossing, unless you chose to walk a good sax miles to the ferry above Blackford.

"Now Nancy had lived ever since she was a bairn amang the hills, and a nicer Hieland lassie you'll no see on a summer day. But she had been in service for a half-year wi' an aunt o' her ain,—her mither's half-sister,—wha belonged to Burnness. Her husband had been a merchant-captain, and when he was drowned aff the Skerries on board the *Jolly Brithers* of Largo (which he partly owned), she just stayed on in the little house where he had left her. It stood close to the sea, so that, when the day was warm, Nancy, who was as fond as a fish o' the saut water, could be up to the waist in a jiffey. Weel, she was bathing one day with her cousin, Lisbeth Gordon, when on a sudden she was drawn into a strong current or swirl, and carried aff her feet. Baith girls skirled like scarts; but Lisbeth could not come near her cousin, and so she behoved to wade to the shore as fast as her fear and the tide and her weet petticoat wud let her. It looked very black for Nancy, for she could not swim, or at least, if she could, the tide was ower strang for her bit legs. However, as it happened, Evan Caird—he was a ship-carpenter then, a nephew of his dee'd in the kirk town in the spring—was passing to his work at the time,—perhaps he had been taking a keek at the lasses, laughing and plashing together like twa young seals,—and just as she had risen aboon the water for the last time, he got her under his oxter, and the next minute was swimming briskly to the shore. She was quite white and gash when he laid her on the sand, rubbing her hands and trying to bring her back to her senses; but he thought her, in spite of her blue lips, and the water dreepin' from her yallow hair, the very sweetest angel he had ever seen,—in the Bible or oot of it. He did not get lang to look at her though; for Lisbeth had run to the house, and brought the neighbors. The auld women turned him aff just as Nancy had opened her eyes, and thanked him with a blessed smile,—turned him aff wi' a flea in his lug, as they say, for I reckon that they considered it maist improper for a lad to bring a young lass to the shore, wi' naething on but her petticoat.

"But it would not do; for, though Nancy blushed a bit when she neist met Evan Caird, she kent weel that he had saved her from the fishes; and her heart went out in pure mailen thankfulness to bless and welcome him. He was just the lad to win a girl's fancy,—frank, free, honest, of the blue-eyed, light-haired, light-hearted Scandinavian kind. So it cam' aboot, or ever Nancy returned to Craigdarroch, she had plighted her troth to Evan; and the half of the broken sixpence which she wore neist her heart was the gift of her first lover.

"Duncan Roy who had lost his wife at little Hetty's birth, was sweir to part with his daughter,—his ewe-lamb, he would call her, as he stroked her lang curls. However, like a wise man, he saw that what wud be maun be; and the upshot was that they were to be married in the hinder end of the year,—the same year it was that I first saw Nancy at Lumphanan. Shortly before this time, however, Evan had got a place in the excise, and was now a revenue officer,—for, being a smart, serviceable lad, he had been marked out by the inspector at Burnness, and was readily appointed, when a vacancy occurred, to a good and weel-paid post.

"Now, at that time—not very many years after Robbie Burns had been in the excise himself, and ye ken how *he* liked it—the gauger stank in the nostrils of the country-folk. Wherever you fand a mossy burn, you might tak' your Bible oath, a still was not far off. Every man in the Hiellands, gentle and simple, was a smuggler by nature or education. In the low country the gaugers had the upper hand. The smugglers had certain weel-kent roads, by which they conveyed their brew from the hills to the sea-coast. Thirty or forty Hieland ponies, each wi' twa kegs slung across its back, attended by a score of hill-men, might often be met on the roads, at orra hours, and in outlying glens; and mony a fecht took place when the excisemen happened to meet them. But few gaugers ever ventured 'aboon the pass.' It used to be said that nane, at least, 'cam' doon.' However that might be, it was certain that the trade of brewing went on briskly, and that few cared to meddle wi' them that brewed. You may believe, consequently, that there was some stir in Lumphanan kirk-yard that September Sabbath, when it was seen that Evan Caird, the gauger, had come

wi' Nancy. There was a deal of angry whispering and muttering among the lads. The glede fluttered the doos; it was not fair, they thoct, to bring the hawk into the howlet's nest. However, nothing unchaney came of it at the time. Neither Nancy nor Evan noticed what was said. Love is a tyrannical divinity, an absolute monarch; whiles, doubtless, it maks a man scent danger like a whutret, but aftener it steeks his e'en. They were a handsome couple; and Nancy looked so fond and proud of her joe that it was little wonder the red shanks glowered at the south country lad who had gathered their sweetest flower. 'Deed she was a winsome lass," quoth the commodore, kindling at the recollection; "her breath and her cheeks were just made of roses, you would have thought. And she was active and mettlesome as a kid,—mettlesome wi' youth and health and the pure glow of a maiden and honest love.

"But to return to Donald and myself. Donald had forgathered wi' Duncan Roy at kirk (he was an auld freen' o' Donald's), and had promised to come across in the gloaming to Craigdarroch. The clachan was five mile down the glen,—so that by lodging for the night wi' Duncan, we would be weel forrit on our return road. Weel, we went round to Donald's gudebrither's for the gun and the eagle and the horns and the ither traps; and syne after dinner we walked down in the cool of the afternoon to Duncan's, where we fand them at supper. Donald had been in one of his sulky humors ever since he saw Nancy and the gauger together; not a word had he spoken on the road, except answering me wi' a snap, when I spoke to him. However, there was a deal of lauchin' and daffin' at Duncan's (for Evan was a blithe, good-humored chield, and Duncan liked his joke) till Duncan got down the big Bible for the Sabbath evening reading; and then we gaed to bed,—for they keepit early hours in the country, lang syne,—early to bed and early to rise.

"Now you maun understand that I was only a bairn at the time—a sturdy loon, doubtless, or I could barely have tramped alongside of Donald. Donald was sent to sleep in the stable-loft among the straw,—for there was only a but and ben, as it's called,—and it was designed that I should sleep wi' Donald; but Nancy said that it was unkind to turn a bit callant like me oot to

the rattans; and she made me up a bed in a hole in the wa' aff her ain room, where she and little Hetty slept in one bed. I was quickly tucked into the sheets, for I was tired and stiff; but somehow I could not sleep. It was a sultry night; there was not a breath of wind nor a cloud stirring in the haill sky; there had been a drouth for weeks. I could hear, through the open window, the blackcock crowing, and the salmon louping at the Black Linn, and whiles a whaup went skirling across the muir. So I tossed and turned till I was sair. At last Nancy cam' ben to her bed; but as she was undressin', Hetty took to greetin', so she got the bairn into her lap, and sung her to sleep wi' a saft Gaelic ballad, for she had a sweet voice. While she was still singing saftly,—croonin' half to her ain thochts and half to Hetty,—I heard her name whispered outside. I kent it was Evan, for she went and stood beside the window, and they talked together for lang, murmuring the delicious murmurs of early love, and cooin' like a pair of cushey-doods in the wood. Evan had orders to meet his officer at the station next morning, and he had gude thirty miles to travel during the night. They had parted ben the house, but Evan could not leave till he had seen Nancy again. In the end, when they had said 'Gude-by' for the hundredth and last time, they parted for gude, Evan stepping across the muir, and Nancy lookin' after him through the darkness till, minding where she was, with a little start and flutter (like a tenecht rising from its eggs), and after a short, whispered prayer (for she still said her prayers aloud, as she had been tocht,—Nancy had grown a woman, and had a woman's love in her heart, but she kept some o' her bonny bairnlike ways), in which I could hear Evan's name, and a tender supplication that he might be preserved safe from all evil and harm, she slipt into the cosy nest—beside her sleeping sister."

Here the commodore paused for a moment, and then resumed.

"I think it must have been about an hour after this that I wakened with a start. I was shivering all over; I had been roused suddenly out of a confused dream, and my wits were scattered. The moon had risen,—it was close upon the last quarter,—and it threw a ghastly and forlorn light upon the hillside, and the black clump of willows

anent the Linn. I looked up, and there, near the middle of the room, I saw Nancy,—standing, like a ghost, in her white night gear,—her long yellow hair hanging confusedly down her back. She had turned toward the window, and with one hand had pressed her hair from off her face, as if to let her listen freely. She came towards me; for, wondering and frightened, I had sat up in bed. ‘That cry,—did you hear it?’ she said; and she looked at me with a white face, and eyes which were full of a vague fear. ‘Did you hear that cry? I thocht it was Evan’s voice.’ Then, seeing that I was nearly as scared as herself, she forgot her ain fear, and set herself stoutly to quiet me before she returned to bed. ‘I must have been dreaming,’ she said, blushing a bit. ‘What a goose I am, to be sure!’

“In the end I fell into a sound sleep; and the sun was shining briskly when I opened my eyes. The room was empty, but I heard a voice close to the burn (which joined the Dee fifty yards further down) singing a blithe nursery sang. I got up, and looked out. At the burnside I saw Nancy, who was a keen housewife, tramping clothes in a tub, after the fashion of the country lasses. Hetty, wrapped in a tartan shawl, and basking and crowing in the morning sun, was lying, not far off, among the white pebbles on the bank. It was a quiet, lovely morning; the laverocks were singing in the lift, and all over the hills I heard the bleating of innumerable sheep; for the shepherds were bringing their flocks off to the lower pastures. Donald was not yet visible; so I scampered off to the river, carrying my clothes with me, and getting a smile from Nancy as I passed, and plunged into the clear, deep water. We were born—the doctor and I—beside the sea, and we took to the water freely: when we were the merest bairns, we could dive like ducks. I was half-way across the river, when I noticed something black whirling in a swirl. I swam near it, and managed to lay hold of a blue Glengarry bonnet,—as it proved to be. I swam to the shore, and, quickly dressing (for a boy’s toilet is quickly made), shouted to Nancy that I had caught a queer fish. She came down to where I sat,—a perfect Hebe. Her round arms were bare as well as her white feet and ankles, and she looked so nice and fresh and happy and innocent that even a boy could see that she was, as Mr. Cole-

ridge has said, ‘beautiful exceedingly.’ I think it struck me then for the first time; and putting the bonnet behind my back, I said that I would not let her have it till she gave me a kiss. ‘You saucy bairn!’ she said, with a bright, pleasant laugh; and then she stooped down, and, throwing her arms round me, pressed a kiss upon my cheek. It was the last time that Nancy leuch for mony a day; I doubt if ever she leuch freely again. I held up the cap in boyish triumph; in a single moment her face was as white as death. I shall never forget that look. She shivered all over for a time, and then fell with a sick cry on the ground. I raised her head. ‘What ails you, Nancy?’ I managed to gasp out, for that pale, despairing face had terrified me again, as it had terrified me in the moonlight. ‘See! see!’ she replied, pointing to the front of the cap, but replying more to her own thoughts than to my question; and there, beneath a heather-sprig, I saw the initials ‘E. C.’ worked in red worsted. It was Evan’s cap. She had worked the letters (so they told me afterwards) on the Saturday night, while Evan sat clashing with Duncan about the admiral’s last great victory. He was clashing wi’ Duncan, but his frank, honest blue eyes were fixed on Nancy,—as she weel kent.

“As she could not rise, I was fain to run for help. They were soon about us,—Duncan, Donald, and the rest of them. They carried her hame, and pit her in her ain bed. For many days she lay like one in a dream,—only at times pressing her hand upon her head with a weary moan that went to the heart. It was better for her, perhaps, that her mind gaed as it did; for she was barely in bed when ane o’ the farm-loons spied a bundle, as it seemed, floating among the water-lilies, outside a clump of rushes. He cried to us, and we ran down to the bank. It was the body of Evan Caird,—a pitiful sight! The eyes were fixed and staring, the water was dripping out of the lank brown curls, and there was a bitter scowl upon the brow and about the lips,—as if his last thocht had been of vengeance, and his last word a curse. I had never seen death before; and the destroying angel had made that night a fearful piece of work wi’ Evan Caird.

“They thought at the outset that he had fallen by mischance into the Linn; but a word of Nancy’s set them upon a different

tack. 'The cradle!' she had moaned more than once as they were carrying her to the house. And the rights of the matter, so far, were quickly settled. It was found that the cradle was down. One end of the rope had been frayed by the rock, and had, doubtless, given way when Evan was crossing. He had been thrown into the river, stunned by the fall, and drowned in the rapid tide. That was the story. But auld Fiscal Tamsan tell't me lang afterwards that it was clear to his mind that Evan had not been killed by a chance shot: he was a murdered man. The rope, he said, had not given way: *it had been cut*. He examined it next morning, and he saw the marks of the knife. There were lang pre cognitions, as they ca' them, and twa or three lads were clapped in jail: but there was little evidence, and they could not try them. But the Fiscal didna doubt that it was the work of the smugglers. They had fancied Evan was upon their track, and learning somehow that he was to cross the river that night, they had waited for him at the cradle. When he was swinging in the darkness, the deevils had run in, and cut the rope."

The commodore paused at this point of his narrative to replenish his pipe, and then proceeded.

"Donald and I gat hame neist day. The eagle was stuffed; and there he is yet, as large as life. The rest are a' awa. Duncan lies in the kirkyard at Lumphanan. 'But what of Nancy?' you ask. Well, the poor lassie's heart was broken; but, indeed, it's uncommin difficult to dee of a broken heart,—especially in the Hieland air. She was a changed woman when she rose from her bed; but she lived on. I was with the *Wasp* at Malacca, sax years afterwards, when I heard, in a letter from the doctor, that my poachin' freen' Donald had married Nancy Roy. A year later I heard that she was dead. It was said that she had gone oot o' her mind, and had—shortly before her confinement—tried to cut her husband's throat one night with his ain razor. At least, Donald escaped from the house, his hands bleeding, a gash in his cheek, and a scared look in his face. However that might be, she never recovered her wits, and dee'd in her first confinement. The puir bairn was mercifully taken with its mither: and now Donald himself has left,—the last o' the lot."

"Did it never occur to you," Horace inquired, in a meditative tone, after a pause, "that Donald might have been in some way implicated in Caird's death?"

"Wha ever put such a notion into your head?" retorted the commodore, sharply. "No, I had no suspicion,—at least, I never suspected him till the other day. But, shortly before his death, I went into his room. He was muttering uneasily; and though for a bit I could make little or nothing of what he said, at last I distinctly heard the words 'Evan Caird!' followed by a deep sigh or moan, and some Old Testament words, which sounded like a prayer for mercy, in respect of some great evil done or suffered. Then he roused up, and recognized me. He looked so miserable that I said if he had anything upon his mind he should see the minister. But Donald was wild at the notion. 'Hoot, na!' he said; 'the parsons are empty wind-bags—tinklin' cymbals—not dividing the word of the Lord to edification.' Then I said that I hoped, at least, he had repented of any ill he had done. 'Wha speaks o' repentin'?' he answered, in a loud voice, his mind beginning to ramble; 'I want no repentance. Have we not been chosen or disowned from the creation of the world?' So he died, and made no sign. But when I recollect that Donald, as I have been told, was an early lover of Nancy,—rejected for Evan Caird; that it was impossible to ascertain where he might have been during the night when the murder (if it was a murder) was done; that his wife had either heard him confess, or otherwise come to suspect, that he had done her a grievous injury, I sometimes fancy that what you say is possible. He may have met his rival on his road to the cradle, and, yielding to a swift, devilish impulse, have hurried him into eternity. He was often sulky, as I have said: but I can mind that the neist day, as we walked down the glen, he never opened his mouth."

"Nonsense!" I said; "Donald did not look like a murderer."

"Why," responded Horace, from the serene height of a protracted acquaintance with human nature, "it's my experience that murderers look very much like other people. We raise an imaginative barrier between the murderer and the rest of the race. But, in truth, there is no brand upon his forehead; and I am not sure that the man who takes his

neighbor's life is necessarily worse than the man who takes his neighbor's character. But there is one point in your narrative," Horace continued, turning to the commodore, "which I do not quite follow. Was it possible that the girl could have heard the cry which we may suppose her lover uttered when he was precipitated from the cradle?"

"Well, I don't know: the cradle was not more than a mile and a half, or two miles, from the cottage, and the night was uncommonly quiet. It is barely possible that she may have heard his cry; but I think not. The cry, at least, could not have awakened her. It was another cry, I suspect, audible to the inner ear only, though connected, perhaps, by some fine law of sympathy,—some mysterious and invisible train of association,—with the actual peril of her lover."

Thus said the commodore, not knowing that our latest poet had written, or was to write,—

"Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own?"

So the commodore ended his yarn; and as "that tocsin of the soul" (in the words of my Lord Byron), the six-o'clock bell, had not yet warned us to dress, we went into the cottage drawing-room, and entreated Letty to sit down to the piano. She did so at once, while the rest of us gathered round the fire and listened quietly to the weirdlike music which, under her persuasive fingers, the instrument discoursed. I asked her afterwards to write down for me the words of one or two of the songs which I liked best; and I think you will enjoy them nearly as much as we did,—though, unfortunately, the dying twilight, and the sweet voice, and the music of Mendelssohn (which formed the framework) cannot be put into print.

Yet if you put a certain *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn into articulate words, this, I fancy, will be something like what the song will be:—

FUNERAL MARCH FOR EVENING.

I.

Tread slowly, tread ye slowly in the train
Of Evening, O ye spirit-angels fair!
Marshal you to sweet music in the wane
Of dying day, and loose your gold-cloud hair
Across the heavens that palpitate with light!
Gather your robes around you as you go,
And move you onward, steadily and slow,
While far behind uprises silent night.

II.

Lay the purple on the mountain,
Fling the red sheen o'er the wave,
Tinge the silver-flooded fountain,
As ye follow to the grave,—
Ye are bearing a dead hero to his rest:
For the good deeds he hath done,
Since the rising of the sun,
Spread the glory, that his honor be confest.

III.

The grave is made within the western glow,
Ye follow thither, marching stately down
The golden path—then chant ye as ye go,
And wreath the crimson cloud-spray in a
crown;
And let the wild winds raise a requiem high,
Measured and tuneful, while the throbbing
beat
Of thousands of your shining angel-feet
Keeps time unto the music till it die.

IV.

They have borne him from our sight,
They are laying him to rest,
In the passing of the light,
With his hands upon his breast;—
Pales the purple from the mountains far away,
Faints the flush from off the sky,
Sinks the music to a sigh,—
In its farewell sweetness let us kneel and pray.

That—though the spirits of sunset marshal
the pomp of evening round the grave of the
hero—is solemn and subdued; now, ere we
part, a snatch of Ariel-like music:—

A SONG.

Call me over the mountains, love,
Call me, and I follow;
Thy voice will rise o'er the purple peaks
And float o'er the misty hollow.
Into the golden sunset haze,
Into the twilight tender,
My heart will fly like a tamèd bird,
Speeding where love shall send her.
Call to me over the mountains, then,
Call to me, and I follow;
Over the crags, and over the moors,
Into the golden hollow.

Call me over the ocean, love,
Call me, and I listen;
Across the roll of the trackless wave
Where the moonbeams whitely glisten.
Thy voice will come across the dark
And through the day-dawn's glimmer;
O'er-ring the sound of the lengthening swell,
O'er-float the foam-flake's shimmer.
Call to me over the ocean, then,
Call to me, and I listen;
Here, by the side of the moony sea,
With eyes, like the waves, that glisten.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE life of a most extraordinary man has recently appeared, and should be studied by all who are interested in the curiosities of literature and art.* To this generation he is nearly unknown. To his contemporaries he most frequently seemed to be a madman. Yet of this strange being—at once a poet and a painter—Wordsworth said, "There is something in his madness which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott." Fuseli and Flaxman declared that the time would come when his designs should be as much sought after and treasured in portfolios as those of Michael Angelo. "Blake is d—— good to steal from," said Fuseli. "And, ah! sir," said Flaxman, "his poems are as grand as his pictures." Who is the unknown genius that is praised so highly, and what has he done? The answer is given in two goodly volumes, to which three ardent admirers have contributed. The late Mr. Gilchrist, who distinguished himself by the production of a good biography of Etty, has traced the incidents of Blake's life; Mr. Dante Rossetti, one of the leading pre-Raphaelite painters, has edited Blake's poetry and criticised his style of art; and Mr. W. M. Rossetti has produced a critical catalogue of Blake's designs. The work produced by three such able men is very interesting. Perhaps they overrate Blake's merits, but their opinion, if exaggerated, is worth examining; and they have done really a good work in rescuing from oblivion one of the most extraordinary men of our nation.

William Blake was born in 1757, and he died in 1827. He was born, he lived, and he died in London. His threescore and ten years covered a most important, a most active, period in the history of English art and poetry; and what manner of man he was we can see at once in the earliest incident of his childhood which is known. When he had not yet entered his teens, he saw a vision. He beheld a tree at Peckham Rye all filled with angels. He told his father of the sight on

coming home, and was about to receive a flogging for the supposed lie, when his mother interfered and saved him for that once. All his life he saw such visions. "Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?" he once said, quite gravely, to a lady; "I have." And then he described how, in the stillness of his garden, he had seen a procession of little creatures, of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a roseleaf, which they buried with songs. At this time he was an artist, and drew with wonderful truthfulness the sights which he saw in vision. He really saw what he drew; and if the vision changed its appearance, he could not go on. He once saw and drew the ghost of a flea! See the portrait of this amazing monster at page 255,—a sketch of singular vigor, which any one once seeing will never forget. As he was drawing this ghostly flea, it appeared in vision to move its mouth, and he had to take the portrait over again. Mr. Richmond, the well-known portrait-painter, was one of his admirers, and finding his invention flag during a whole fortnight, went to Blake, as was his wont, for advice. When he told Blake that his power of invention had been failing him, the strange visionary turned suddenly to Mrs. Blake and said, "It is just so with us, is it not, for weeks together when the visions forsake us? What do we do then, Kate?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake," was the reply. He prayed for vision, and the vision came. He would insist on it, too, that no one could really draw well any imaginary scene who did not see it as a reality in vision. He was surrounded with strange sights and sounds which nobody else saw or heard. "What! when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?" he supposes some one to ask, and he answers, "Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through, and not with it."

Although this is the side of his character which first fixes our attention, Blake was, after all, not a mere visionary, but had a sharp, observing eye for external nature, and understood perfectly that no one can draw visions well unless he can first draw real things well. He drew well and easily, and he had

* The Life of William Blake, "Pictor Ignotus," with Selections from his Poems and other Writings: By the late Alexander Gilchrist, author of "The Life of William Etty:" illustrated from Blake's own works in facsimile by W. J. Linton, and in Photo-lithography; with a few of Blake's original Plates. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 1863.

a quick and clear insight into character. At the age of fourteen his father proposed to bind him as an apprentice to Ryland, the engraver. "Father," he said, "I do not like the man's face; he will live to be hanged." And twelve years afterwards Ryland actually was hanged. He was bound apprentice to Busire, the engraver, and worked hard under him till he was twenty-one years of age. Then he studied in the newly-formed Royal Academy, and began to make original designs, some like those of his friend Stothard, to illustrate books. At the same time he was cultivating poetry. When he was yet fourteen, indeed, he threw off verses of no mean merit, and thenceforward he wrote what, *for the time*, we must consider very remarkable poems, though, regarding his poetical works as a whole, we cannot share Mr. Gilchrist's surprise that Blake is little known as an English poet. For the most part his poems are wanting in form, or they are difficult to understand, or the sentiment which they convey is out of all proportion to the world of fact. We cannot without long quotations, which no one would much care to read, show the formlessness and the obscurity of his poems; but we can, in a short example, show what we mean by objecting to the disproportion between his ideas and facts:—

"A robin redbreast in a cage

Puts all heaven in a rage.

A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons

Shudders hell through all its regions;

A game-cock clipped and armed for fight

Doth the rising sun affright."

This is rather a wild way of saying that red-breasts ought not to be caged, that a dovecot is a pretty sight, and that cock-fighting is a barbarous sport. Apart from these faults, which will prevent sober critics from speaking of Blake's poems in the somewhat extravagant terms adopted by Mr. Rossetti and by Mr. Gilchrist, there is a power and an originality in his style which cannot be overlooked, especially when we remember the date to which most of the poems belong.

One of the most curious studies in criticism concerns the rise and fall of Pope's poetical ascendancy in the last century. So much has been written upon this theme that it may seem to be now exhausted; but the truth is, that we are not yet in full possession of the facts that would enable us to trace with per-

fect accuracy the movement either of flow or of ebb. In the middle of last century, we find Pope enthroned in our literature with imperial power. So far as we can trace, the first conscious or critical lapsing from his authority—the first open treason—is to be found in a work published in 1787 by a young man of twenty-two. Henry Headley, of Trinity College, Oxford, then gave to the world a book of beauties, which he entitled, "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poets, with Remarks." Among these remarks will be found a most determined protest against the influence of Pope. He tells us that the translation of Homer, timid as it was, operated like an inundation on our literature; that the consequences which have ensued from the sway of Pope have been full of harm; that "in proportion as his works were read and the dazzle of his diction admired, proselytes, who would not originally have been scribblers in verse, were gained, and the art of tagging smooth couplets, without any reference to the character of a poet, became an almost indispensable requisite in a fashionable education;" that hence arose "a spurious taste" which "reprobated and set at defiance our older masters;" and that "to cull words, vary pauses, adjust accents, diversify cadence, and by, as it were, balancing the line, make the first part of it betray the second," had become the chief accomplishment of an age whose poetical art seemed to consist entirely "of a suite of traditional imagery, hereditary similes, readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables." But the revolt thus openly proclaimed by the daring young critic, in 1787, had for some time been secretly fermenting, and it is common in this connection to fix upon the publication of Percy's "Reliques," in 1765, as the first distinct sign of a change. Now it is universally allowed that the most remarkable specimens in Percy, of what may be termed ballad-thinking, are of Scottish origin; and Mr. Robert Chambers, in a recent tract which has not received the attention it deserves, attempts to make good the position that these famed Scottish ballads are by no means of such ancient origin as Percy imagined; that, in fact, they were produced in the early part of last century. We have not yet examined into this question so closely as to be able to give a decisive answer to it, and we reserve to ourselves the right of hereafter

rejecting Mr. Chambers's theory; but in the mean time we cannot help thinking that he has made out a fair case for inquiry. The great difficulty of the question depends on the nature of the evidence which has to be weighed. It turns almost wholly on the delicacies of style and other points of internal evidence, which no cautious critic will care to decide off-hand. To detect and follow out resemblances is always a very ticklish task. The resemblance which strikes us to-day we cannot see to-morrow, and it is necessary to approach the comparison many fresh times before we can quite make up our minds. In this case we start back with astonishment from the conclusion that "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" is a veritable product of Pope's own day and generation. Yet Mr. Chambers has made out a strong case in favor of that conclusion. And if in accordance with this theory it should in the end prove that some of the best ballads in Percy—those which secured for his three volumes their chief influence—were produced in Scotland at the very time when Pope was in England elaborating his style and establishing his supremacy, it will then follow that the seeds of the revolt against the English poet were being sown at the very same time when his authority began to be planted in the hearts of the people. Parallel with the movement of poetry in England there began a movement of poetry in Scotland. Nothing could be more splendid or self-asserting than the beginnings of the former; nothing more humble and retiring than the beginnings of the latter. But ere long the influence of the unpretending crept into the domain of pretentious song, grew there into favor, at length overthrew the giant, and great was the downfall.

Now Blake asserted his originality at a time when it was an extraordinary merit to do so,—when as yet the ballad style which Percy favored had not thoroughly told upon the public ear. Blake was eight years of age when, in 1765 (Mr. Gilchrist is wrong in the date 1760), Percy published his ballads, and he began to write in his eleventh year. His poems show a remarkable precocity that does not suffer by comparison with the similar precocity of Chatterton, who was but four years ahead of him in age. By the year 1770, Chatterton had done his work and died at the age of seventeen. His younger com-

peer had begun to compose two years before, and had produced some strains which, for his age, are quite wonderful. The following piece was written certainly before the boy was fourteen, and shows a rare precocity:—

"How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the prince of love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

"He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

"With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

"He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty."

To our thinking the finest verses penned by Blake are those addressed to a tiger; and whoever will read them, remembering the sort of style which was in vogue at the time of their composition, will have no difficulty in detecting in them the notes of a man of true genius. If this be madness, it is that species of it to which all genius is said to be near akin:—

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

"In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

"And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

"What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

"When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?"

Blake, we say, never surpassed these verses, and it is curious that though here we have the true sublime, and though with his pencil he could at any time reach the sublime, yet the more ambitious efforts of his pen are usually the least successful. Some-

times—we must say it, with all deference to the really subtle criticism of Mr. Dante Rossetti—he is quite unintelligible: if he is not unintelligible, then he is either enigmatical, or he says common things with a disproportionate ponderosity, not of words, but of images. We gave some examples from the passage in which Blake tells us that a cock-fight “doth the rising sun affright.” Here is more in the same style of disproportionate grandeur:—

“Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh:
The beggar’s dog and widow’s cat,
Feed them, and thou shalt grow fat;
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in eternity;
The bleat, the bark, bellow and roar,
Are waves that beat on heaven’s shore.”

It is when he turns from the sublime and the difficult to the simple and easy that he shows to best advantage. Witness the following bit of simplicity:—

“Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me,—

“‘Pipe a song about a lamb!’
So I piped with merry cheer.
‘Piper, pipe that song again;
So I piped: he wept to hear.

“‘Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!’
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“‘Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.’
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,

“And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.”

Blake was peculiar in his mode of publication. He *engraved* his poems, he surrounded each page with drawings to illustrate the text, and he carefully colored these drawings by hand. His illustrative designs, whether mixed up with the text or drawn on a separate page, are of various degrees of merit and of interest. In every design there is evident the perfect ease of a master. There is no doubt that he could draw well, but frequently he chose to draw impossibilities,—heads and legs in impossible attitudes, muscles developed beyond all possible tension. In this he was supposed to resemble Michael

Angelo; but the great Italian, if he strained to the utmost degree the appearance of muscular action, never represented actions which the muscles were incapable of performing. Blake often outdid nature in this way. Sometimes, too, he seemed to have no idea of what composition is. The first glance at many of his designs is so far from exciting expectation of any good thing that it is bewildering. The details of the picture are tossed about in hopeless confusion, which it takes some little time to understand. Yet, notwithstanding these defects, there is scarcely a drawing of Blake’s in which close study does not detect rare beauties and suggestions. He was wonderfully suggestive, and it is not without reason that the authors and editors of the present biography attribute to Blake’s influence much that is peculiarly impressive in the style both of Flaxman and Stothard. His angels are among the finest things we have ever seen, and his treatment of angelic forms is famous for originality. His sense of color, too, is most remarkable, and receives high praise from a colorist, Mr. Dante Rossetti, than whom no living painter is better able to judge. The painters who are known among us as pre-Raphaelites are most excellent of all in their sense of color, and Blake may be regarded as the herald and forerunner of the pre-Raphaelite system of color, “in which tints laid on side by side, each in its utmost force, are made by masterly treatment to produce a startling and novel effect of truth.” Mr. Rossetti admits, however, that now and then an unaccountable perversity may be apparent in Blake’s color, as when a “tiger is painted in fantastic streaks of red, green, blue, and yellow, while a tree stem at his side tantalizingly supplies the tint which one might venture to think his due, and is perfect tiger-color!” A mistake of this kind in color is more easily detected than one of form, but it is to impossibilities of drawing not less wonderful than the impossibility of coloring a tiger blue and green that we ventured to refer when just now speaking of the supposed resemblance of his style to that of Michael Angelo. Neither for coloring nor for drawing, however, should Blake be judged by only a few of his works. Much of his art looks like mere nightmare, and oppresses one sometimes with the oppressive hideousness, sometimes with the oppressive loveliness, of nightmare. To understand the man

well, he ought to be studied as a whole, and his admirers ought to make some attempt to bring his innumerable works together. Then we should see the enormous energy of the man; his prodigious power of invention; how grand and how graceful he could be in design; how spiritual and poetical were all his thoughts and views of life. He is best known by his illustrations to Blair's "grave;" Grave but the volumes of colored designs are even more interesting. Some of these will be found in the print-room of the British Museum. But still finer examples belong to the collections of Lord Houghton and Captain Butts. In the possession of Captain Butts are three works which we have never seen; but Mr. William Rossetti is a competent judge; we accept his opinion of them without misgiving, and we shall quote that opinion as a remarkable testimony to the wonder-working faculty of Blake's pencil. Mr. Rossetti has made a descriptive catalogue of every one of Blake's works of which he could find a trace,—no matter how slight; and the three works to which we refer bear in his catalogue respectively the numbers 18, 44, and 54. Here is what Mr. Rossetti says:—

"ELOHIM CREATING ADAM.

"The Creator is an amazingly grand figure, worthy of a primeval imagination or intuition. He is struggling, as it were, above Adam, who lies distended on the ground, a serpent twined around one leg. The color has a terrible power in it; and the entire design is truly a mighty one,—perhaps on the whole the greatest monument extant of Blake's genius.

"THE SACRIFICE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

"The loveliness and pathos of innocent girlhood could not be more gloriously expressed than in this figure of the fair young creature, perfectly naked and rose-chapleted, kneeling upon a lofty altar, full-fronting the spectator. Swaths of rushes for burning are behind her: at either side, her tambourine and lyre. Two maidens stand sorrowfully at each angle of the altar. Jephthah kneels in front, his back turned, his arms wide-spread, invoking the divine sanction upon the tremendous deed. To right and to left, clouds, here lowering in brown, there blue, droop like heavy folds of curtain. This ranks amongst Blake's noblest designs.

"FIRE.

"Blake, the supreme painter of fire, in this his typical picture of fire, is at his greatest;

perhaps it is not in the power of art to transcend this treatment of the subject in its essential features. The water-color is unusually complete in execution. The conflagration, horrid in glare, horrid in gloom, fills the background; its javelin-like cones surge up amid conical forms of buildings ('Langham Church steeples,' they may be called, as in No. 151). In front, an old man receives from two youths a box and a bundle which they have recovered; two mothers and several children crouch and shudder, overwhelmed; other figures behind are running about, bewildered what to do next."

Blake was not a practical man, and, very much owing to his impracticability, had to struggle all his life with poverty and neglect, notwithstanding his genius. He was greatly beloved by his friends, but he had queer notions; he was apt to quarrel, and the subjects which he chose for the exhibition of his art were not likely to allure the public of his day. The title of one of his pictures was, "A spirit vaulting from a cloud to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus. The horse of intellect is leaping from the cliffs of memory and reasoning; it is a barren rock; it is also called the barren waste of Locke and Newton." Is anybody likely to be attracted by such a title? Another picture is entitled, "The spiritual form of Nelson guiding Leviathan, in whose wreathings are enfolded the nations of the earth." The companion picture to this is described as "The spiritual form of Pitt guiding Behe-moth: he is that angel who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the whirlwind, directing the storms of war: he is ordering the reaper to reap the vine of the earth, and the ploughman to plough up the cities and towers." It is in such titles as these, and in some parts of the artist's conduct, that the indications of insanity are recognized. For conduct, what should we say of the man who would take his little back garden in this grimy metropolis for the Garden of Eden, and, to the horror of all his neighbors, might be seen in the costume of our first parents sauntering about it, his wife bearing him company? Mr. Butts called one day upon Blake, and found him with his wife in the summer-house, all innocent of clothing. "Come in," cried Blake; "it's only Adam and Eve, you know." Husband and wife had been reciting passages from the "Paradise Lost," and, to enter

more fully into the spirit of the poet's verse, they had dressed, or rather undressed, for their parts. Blake had a great opinion of the gymnosophists, and would insist on the virtues of nakedness. Nor was he alone in his views. He got his wife to accept them undoubtingly; and we are told of a family in the upper ranks of society, contemporary with Blake, though unknown to him, who had embraced the theory of "philosophical nakedness." Believing in the speedy coming of a golden age similar to the pristine state of innocence, the elders in this family taught the children to run naked about the house for a few hours every day, and in this condition the little innocents would run and open the door to Shelley. Their mother followed the same practice more privately, locking herself in her room; but she declared to her friends that the habit of going about every day for a time in a state of nudity did her much moral good. "She felt the better for it,—so innocent during the rest of the day."

It will be readily understood that the man who could thus defy public opinion had but a low opinion of his contemporaries, and had a very high opinion of himself. He had a great contempt for many men whom the world has consented to hold in high estimation. Stothard, his friend, he could speak of as a fool; he could also accuse him of theft,—of stealing his ideas. Having addressed his friend Flaxman once in these terms,—
 "You, oh, dear Flaxman, are a sublime archangel,—my friend and companion from eternity. In the divine bosom is our dwelling-place," he could turn upon him at another time and call him a blockhead. This, however, was but tit for tat. He was under the impression that Flaxman had called him a madman, and so he retaliated in the couplet—

"I mock thee not, though I by thee am mocked:
 Thou call'st me madman, but I call thee block-head."

When he wanted to say a thing, he said it in no mincing terms. Thus he observed, "They say there is no straight line in nature. *This is a lie.*" And so he thought nothing of calling men fools and blockheads,—even his friends. It was in this way, as we have seen, that he hit Flaxman and Stothard, both his friends; and so also he flew at another friend. Hayley had been very kind

to him, and he addressed Hayley in the following epigram:—

"Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache;
 Do be my enemy for friendship's sake."

He said that Rembrandt, Correggio, and Rubens were manifest fools. Lord Bacon he described as the little Bacon,—a fool, a liar, a villain, an atheist. He winds up his opinion with the assertion, "He is like Sir Joshua, full of self-contradiction and knavery." In another place he says, "Reynolds and Gainsborough blotted and blurred one against the other, and divided all the English world between them. Fuseli indignant almost hid himself. *I am hid.*" Speaking of Rubens and Reynolds together, he says, "Can I speak with too great contempt of such contemptible fellows? If all the princes in Europe were to patronize such blockheads, I, William Blake, a mental prince, would decollate and hang their souls as guilty of mental high treason." He had an inordinate opinion of himself. He despised the flesh color of Titian, Correggio, and Rubens, but said of himself that he defied competition in coloring. On another occasion he wrote, "I do not pretend to paint better than Raphael or Michael Angelo or Giulio Romano, or Albert Dürer, but I do pretend to paint finer than Rubens or Correggio, or Rembrandt or Titian." On yet another occasion he said, "I know and understand and can assuredly affirm that the works I have done for you are equal to the Caracci or Raphael, and I am now some years older than Raphael was when he died." Although it is not pleasant to read or hear opinions of this sort, let it not be supposed that he who held them was a cantankerous, hateful being. He was only a visionary, and, with all his inordinate self-admiration and contempt for others, the friends who came much into contact with him found in him, and had a hearty love for, a very gentle, simple-minded man.

Before we conclude, we must say a word or two about Blake's prose writings. They display all his characteristics,—force, truth, wrongness, oddity, earnestness. But his remarks are always suggestive, and sometimes very original. "If the fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise." This was one of his favorite maxims, and it is sufficiently suggestive. Here, again, is a clear, incisive remark: "Names alter, things never

alter. I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkery, and are deists in this deistical age." Then, for oddity, look at this: "Moral virtues do not exist; they are allegories and dissimulations. But time and space are real beings, a male and a female. Time is a man, Space is a woman, and her masculine portion is Death." We do not ask whether this be true or false. We ask what does it mean? Turning a few pages we come upon a passage which has a clear meaning, though a heretical one. "The fool shall not enter into heaven, let him be ever so holy; holiness is not the price of entrance into heaven." He had a great horror of stupidity, and, like Thomas Carlyle, seemed to regard it as the unpardonable sin. Speaking of the stupidity of the church, he says, "The modern church crucifies Christ with the head downwards." He talks about heaven and hell as if he had been there, and knew all about them. "In hell," he says, "all is self-righteousness; there is no such thing there as forgiveness of sin." So of the angels he observes, "It is not because angels are holier than men or devils that makes them angels, but because they do not expect holiness from one another, but from God only." Next we come upon a sentence which will strike the women with consternation: "In eternity woman is the emanation of man; she has no will of her own; there is no such thing in eternity as a female will." In that case, however, eternity must be very different from time. Blake probably took his notion of eternity from Mrs. Blake's unvarying acquiescence in his whims. "He was in glory when he could get people to agree with him. In general, he could not get people to agree with him. He found himself sadly out of joint with the time, and in most of what he did there is an evident sense of pain. Ever and anon he seemed to be oppressed with nightmare. What we mean by nightmare is a vision of this kind: He imagines himself descending into an infinite abyss, fiery and smoky. In the far distance the sun, though shining, is black, and round it are fiery tracks, on which revolve vast spiders, crawling after their prey. Their prey are terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption, the air being full of them and apparently composed of them. And when Blake, de-

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scending into this horrible abyss, inquired where was to be his eternal lot, he was told, "Between the black and the white spiders."

Altogether, this biography of a man who, though continually wrong, was never weak, is one of the most curious studies of human life that we have ever come across; and we are grateful to Mr. Gilchrist and to the Messrs. Rossetti for enabling us to become better acquainted with Blake. In saying so much, however, it is not necessary that we should share the opinion of Mr. Dante Rossetti and his friends that the world is unjust to its great men. If Blake was a great man, and yet was not appreciated in his generation, it is not necessary to blame the world. The blame lies generally in the artist himself, and we are amazed to read the list of great unknowns whom Mr. Dante Rossetti has discovered. It is a list which fills us with a profound sense of our living in a world that is choke full of inglorious Miltons and guiltless Cromwells. Mr. Dante Rossetti is less known to the public than he ought to be. He has never exhibited his pictures, and he is known to the world chiefly through his least important works. It is no secret, however, that in the opinion of a large circle of friends, well able to judge, he is regarded as a man of extraordinary power, of rare accomplishment, and certain to take a foremost place in the art records of our time. But even from such a man we refuse to accept, as applied to Blake, the epithets "incomparable," "unparalleled," and the rest. Blake was a mighty being, but he was great as a saurian, or a mammoth that has little felt relation to the time in which he lived. We are interested in him with an intense interest, but it is the sort of interest we should feel in seeing one of the vast creatures of a prior epoch of the world suddenly come to live among us. We recognize his greatness, we wonder at the strength of his thews and the weight of his stride; but we do not wonder that Behemoth is misplaced in this present world, and we do not believe that, though his form is unwonted, one can fairly speak of it as incomparable. Our pre-Raphaelite friends are fond of superlatives, and their style would be improved if they learned to keep ever at hand a little pepper-box full of "buts" and "ifs" and "perhaphes" with which to sprinkle their pages.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW SPORT.

"Sire," I replied, 'joys prove cloudlets,
Men are the merest Ixions.'
Here the king whistled aloud, 'Let's
Heighho, go look at our lions!'
Such are the sorrowful chances
If you talk fine to King Francis."

R. BROWNING.

THE day after Rachel's adventure with Don, a card came into the drawing-room, and therewith a message that the gentleman had availed himself of Mrs. Curtis's kind permission and was sketching the Spinster's Needles, two sharp points of red rock that stood out in the sea at the end of the peninsula, and were specially appropriated by Rachel and Grace.

The card was written, not engraved, the name "Rd. R. H. C. L. Mauleverer;" and a discussion ensued whether the first letters stood for Richard or for Reverend, and if he could be unconscionable enough to have five initials. The sisters had some business to transact at Villars's, the Avonmouth deposit of literature and stationery, which was in the hands of a somewhat aspiring genius, who edited the weekly paper, and respected Miss Rachel Curtis in proportion to the number of periodicals she took in, and the abstruseness of the publications she inquired after. The paper in its Saturday's dampness lay fresh on the counter, and glancing at the new arrivals, Grace had the desired opportunity of pointing to Mr. Mauleverer's name, and asking when he had come. About a week since, said the obliging Mr. Villars; he appeared to be a gentleman of highly literary and artistic tastes, a philanthropist; indeed, Mr. Villars understood him to be a clerical gentleman who had opinions—

"Oh, Rachel, I am very sorry," said Grace.

"Sorry! What for?"

"Why, you and mamma seemed quite inclined to like him."

"Well, and what have we heard?"

"Not much that is rational, certainly," said Grace, smiling; "but we know what was meant."

"Granting that we do, what is proved against him? No. I will not say proved, but alleged. He is one of the many who have thought for themselves upon the perplexing problems of faith and practice, and has been sincere, uncompromising, self-sacrificing, in avowing that his mind is still in that state of

solution in which all earnest and original minds must be ere the crystallizing process sets in. Observe, Grace, I am not saying for an instant that he is in the right. All I do say is, that when depth of thought and candor have brought misfortune upon a man, it is ungenerous, therefore, to treat him as if he had the leprosy."

"Indeed, Rachel, I think you have made more out of his opinions than I did."

"I was only arguing on your construction of his opinions."

"Take care!"—For they were at this moment reaching a gate of Myrtlewood, and the sound of hoofs came close behind them. They were those of the very handsome chestnut ridden by Alexander Keith, who jumped off his horse with more alacrity than usual as they were opening the gate for him, and holding out his hand, eagerly said,—

"Then I conclude there is nothing the matter?"

"Nothing at all," said Grace. "What did you hear?"

"Only a little drowning, and a compound fracture or two," said he, relapsing into his languid ease as he gave his bridle to a groom, and walked with them toward the house.

"There, how very annoying!" exclaimed Rachel, "though, of course, the smallest adventure does travel."

"I may venture to hope that neither are you drowned, nor my sister's leg broken, nor a celebrated professor and essayist 'in a high fever wi' pulling any of you out of the sea.'"

"There, Grace," exclaimed Rachel; "I told you he was something distinguished."

"My dear Rachel, if his celebrity be in proportion to the rest of the story."

"Then there really was a rescue?" exclaimed Captain Keith, now with much more genuine anxiety; and Rachel, recollecting her desire that the right version should have the precedence, quickly answered, "There was no danger, only Don slipped down into that curved cove where we walked one day with the boys. I went down after him, but he had broken his leg. I could not get up with him in my arms, and Bessie called some one to help me."

"And why could not Bessie help you herself?"

"Oh, strangers can never climb on our slippery rocks as we can."

"Moreover, it would have spoiled the predicament," muttered the brother to himself; then turning round with a smile, "And is the child behaving herself?"

Grace and Rachel answered in an eager duet how she was charming every one, so helpful, so kind, so everything.

"Ah!" he said, with real satisfaction apparent in the eyes that were so pleasant when open wide enough to be visible, "I knew she always did better when I was not there."

They were by this time entering the hall, which, in the confident fashion of the seaside, stood open; and at the moment Fanny came tripping down-stairs with her dress looped up, and a shady hat on her head, looking fearfully girlish, thought her cousins, though her attire was still rigidly black.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! Don is so much better, Rachel, and Conrade wants to thank you. He went up yesterday, and was so sorry you were out. Might it not have been dreadful, Alick? I have been so wanting to tell you how very delightful that dear sister of yours is! All the boys are distracted about her. Come out, please. She has been teaching the boys such a delightful game; so much nicer than cricket, for I can play with them!"

Alick and Rachel could not but exchange a glance, and at the same moment, emerging through the screen or shrubs on the lawn, Bessie Keith, Conrade, Francis, and Leoline were seen, each with a mallet in hand and a gay ball in readiness to be impelled through the hoops that beset the lawn.

"And you really are learning croquet!" exclaimed innocent Grace; "well, it makes a beautiful ground."

"Croquet!" exclaimed poor Lady Temple, with startled eyes; "you don't really mean that it is croquet! Oh, Bessie, Bessie!"

"Ah! I didn't mean you to have come so soon," said the much-amused Bessie, as she gave her hand in greeting. "I meant the prejudice to be first conquered. See, dear Lady Temple, I'm not ashamed; this whity-brown mustache is going to kiss me nevertheless and notwithstanding."

And so it certainly did, and smiled into the bargain, while the boys came clamoring up, and after thanks for Don's preservation, began loudly to beg mamma would come, they

could not make up their sides without her; but mamma was distressed and unhappy.

"Not now, my dears,—I must—I must. Indeed, I did not know."

"Now, Alick, I trust to your generosity," said Bessie, finding that they must be pacified. "Coming, Con—come, Grace, come and convince Lady Temple that the pastime is not too wicked for you."

"Indeed, Alick," Lady Temple was saying. "I am very sorry, I won't allow it one moment if you think it is objectionable."

"But I don't," said Alick, smiling. "Far from it. It is a capital game for you and your boys."

"I thought—I thought you disapproved and could not bear it," said Lady Temple, wondering and wistful.

"Can't bear is not disapproved. Indeed," seeing that gentle earnest alone could console her, "there is no harm in the game itself. It is a wholly personal distaste, arising from my having been bored with it when I was ill and out of spirits."

"But is not there something about it in *Punch*?" she still asked, so anxiously that it was impossible not to smile; but there was not a particle of that subdued mockery that was often so perplexing in him, as he replied, "Certainly there is about its abuse as an engine for flirtation, which, to tell you the truth, was what sickened me with the sight at Littleworthy; but that is not the line Con and Francie will take just yet. Why, my uncle is specially addicted to listening to croquet, and knows by the step and sound how each player is getting on, till he is quite an oracle in disputed hits."

"So Bessie told me," said Fanny, still feeling that she had been taken in and the brother unkindly used; "but I can't think how she could, when you don't like it."

"Nobody is bound to respect foolish prejudices," said Alick, still quite in earnest. "It would have been very absurd not to introduce it."

"Come, Alick," said Bessie, advancing, "have you absolved her, and may we begin? Would it not be a generous act of amnesty if all the present company united in a match?"

"Too many," said Alick; "odd numbers. I shall go down and call on Miss Williams. May I come back, Lady Temple, and have a holiday from the mess?"

"I shall be very glad; only I am afraid there is no dinner."

"So much the better. Only let me see you begin, or I shall never dare to express an opinion for the future."

"Mamma, do pray, pray begin; the afternoon is wasting like nothing!" cried Conrade of the much-tried patience. "And, Aunt Rachel," he added, in his magnanimity, "you shall be my partner, and I'll teach you."

"Thank you, Conrade, but I can't; I promised to be at home at four," said Rachel, who had all this time been watching with curious interest which influence would prevail,—whether Alick would play for Fanny's sake, or Fanny abstain for Alick's sake. She was best satisfied as it was, but she had still to parry Bessie Keith's persuasive determination. Why should she go home; it certainly was to inspect the sketches of the landscape-painter. "You heard, Alick, of the interesting individual who acted the part of Rachel's preserver?" she added.

The very force of Rachel's resolution not to be put out of countenance served to cover her with the most uncomfortable blushes, all the more at the thought of her own unlucky exclamation. "I came here," said Alick, coolly, "to assist in recovering the beloved remains from a watery grave;" and then, as Bessie insisted on hearing the Avonchester version, he gave it; while Grace added the intelligence that he was a clergyman, sinking the opinions, as too vague to be mentioned even had not the company been too flighty for a subject she thought serious and painful. "And he is at this moment sketching the Spinster's Needles!" said Bessie. "Well, I am consoled. With all your resolve to flatten down an adventure, fate is too strong for you. Something *will* come of it. Is not the very resolve that it shall not be an adventure a token?"

"If any one should wish to forget it, it is you, I think, Bessie," said Alick. "Your admirable sagacity seems to have been at fault. I thought you prided yourself on your climbing."

"Up a slippery perpendicular"—

"I know the place," he gravely answered.

"Well," exclaimed Bessie, recovering herself, "I am not a mermaid nor even a dear gazelle, and, in my humble opinion, there was far more grace in preventing her-

oism from being 'unwept, unnoticed, and unsung,' than in perilling my own neck, craning down and strangling the miserable beast, by pulling him up by the scrunch of his neck! What an introduction would have been lost!"

"If you are going to play, Bessie," said her brother, "it would be kind to take pity upon those boys."

"One achievement is mine," she said, dancing away backwards, her bright eyes beaming with saucy merriment,—“the great Alexander has bidden me to croquet.”

"I am afraid," said her brother, turning to Rachel as she departed, "that it was all her fault. Pray be patient with her; she has had many disadvantages."

His incomprehensible irony had so often perplexed Rachel that she did not know whether his serious apologetic tone was making game of her annoyance, and she answered not very graciously, "Oh, never mind, it did not signify." And at the same time came another urgent entreaty from the boys that the two "aunts" would join the game, Conrade evidently considering that partnership with him would seal the forgiveness Aunt Rachel had won by the rescue of Don.

Grace readily yielded, but Rachel pleaded her engagement; and when the incorrigible Bessie declared that they perfectly understood that nothing could compete with the sketch of the Spinster's Needles, she answered, "I promised to write a letter for my mother on business before post-time. The Barnaby bargain," she explained, to add further conviction.

"A business-like transaction indeed!" exclaimed Bessie, much diverted with the name.

"Only a bit of land in trust for apprenticing poor children," said Rachel. "It was left by a Curtis many generations ago, in trust to the rector of the parish and the lord of the manor; and poor Mr. Linton is so entirely effete, that it is virtually in our hands. It is one of the vexations of my life that more good cannot be done with it; for the fees are too small for superior tradespeople, and we can only bind them to the misery of lacemaking. The system belongs to a worn-out state of things."

The word system in Rachel's mouth was quite sufficient to send Bessie to her croquet, and the poor boys were at length rewarded

for their unusual patience. Their mother had been enduring almost as much as they did in her dislike to see them tantalized, and she now threw herself into the game with a relish that proved that as yet, at least, Conrade's approbation was more to her than Captain Keith's. It was very pretty to see her so pleased with her instructions, so eager about her own game, and yet so delighted with every hit of her boys; while Bessie was an admirable general, playing everybody's game as well as her own, and with such life and spirit, such readiness and good nature, that a far duller sport would have been delicious under her management.

"Poor Alick," said she, meeting him when he again strolled into the garden, while the boys were collecting the mallets and balls; "he did think he had one lawn in the world undefiled by those horrible hoops!" then as she met his smile of amusement and pardon, "but it was so exactly what they wanted here. It is so good for Lady Temple and her boys to have something they can do together."

The pleased affectionate smile was gone.

"I object to nothing but its being for her good," he said, gravely.

"But now, does not it make her very happy, and suit her excellently?"

"Maybe so, but that is not the reason you introduced it."

"You have a shocking habit of driving one up into corners, Alick; but it shall be purely, purely for my own selfish delight," and she clasped her hands in so droll an affection of remorse that the muscles round his eyes quivered with diversion, though the hair on his lip veiled what the corners of his mouth were about; "if only," she proceeded, "you won't let it banish you. You must come over to take care of this wicked little sister, or who knows what may be the consequences!"

"I kept away partly because I was busy, and partly because I believe you are such a little ape as always to behave worse when you have the semblance of a keeper," he said, with his arm fondly on her shoulder as they walked.

"And in the mean time fell out the adventure of the distinguished essayist."

"I am afraid," he returned, "that was a gratuitous piece of mischief, particularly annoying to so serious and thoughtful a person as Miss Rachel Curtis."

"Jealousy!" exclaimed Bessie in an ecstatic tone. "You see what you lost by not trusting me to behave myself under the provocation of your presence."

"What! the pleasure of boxing your ears for a coward!"

"Of seizing the happy opening! I am very much afraid for you now, Alick," she proceeded with mock gravity. "What hope can a poor Captain of Highlanders, even if he does happen to be a wounded hero or two, have against a distinguished essayist and landscape painter? If it were a common case, indeed; but where Wisdom herself is concerned"—

"Military frivolity cannot hope," returned Alick, with a shake of the head, and a calm, matter-of-fact acquiescent tone.

"Ah! poor Alick," pursued his sister, "you always were a discreet youth; but to be connected with such a union of learning, social science, and homœopathy, soared beyond my utmost ambition. I suppose the wedding tour—supposing the happy event to take place—will be through a series of model schools and hospitals, ending in Hanwell."

"No," said Alick, equally coolly, "to the Dutch reformatory, and the Swiss cretin asylum."

She was exceedingly tickled at his readiness, and proceeded in a pretended sentimental tone, "I am glad you have revealed the secrets of your breast. I saw there was a powerful attraction and that you were no longer your own, but my views were humbler. I thought the profound respect with which you breathed the name of Avonmouth, was due to the revival of the old predilection for our sweet little"—

"Hush, Bessie," said her brother, roused for the first time into sternness, "this is more than nonsense. One word more of this, and you will cut me off from my greatest rest and pleasure."

"From the lawn where croquet waits his approbation," was on Bessie's tongue; but she did not say it. There were moments when she stood in fear of her brother. He paused, and as if perceiving that his vehemence was in itself suspicious, added, "Remember, I never met her from seven years old till after her marriage; she has been the kindest of friends in right of our father's old friendship. You know how her mother nursed me, and

the sister she was to me. And, Bessie, if your selfishness—I wish I could call it thoughtlessness—involves her innocent simplicity in any scrape, derogatory to what is becoming her situation, I shall find it very hard to forgive you, and harder still to forgive myself for letting you come here.”

Bessie pouted for a moment, but her sweetness and good-humor were never far away. “There, you *have* given your wicked little sister a screed,” she said, looking insinuatingly up at him. “Just as if I did not think her a darling, and would for the world do anything to spoil her. Have not I been leading the most exemplary life, talking systems and visiting cottages with Rachel and playing with the boys, and singing with the clergyman; and here I am pounced on, as if I were come to be the serpent in this anti-croquet paradise.”

“Only a warning, Bessie.”

“You’ll be better now you have had it out. I’ve seen you suppressing it all this time, for fear of frightening me away.”

Every one knows how the afternoon croquet match on the Myrtlewood Lawn became an institution, though with some variation in the observers thereof, owing to the exigencies of calls, rides, and Ermine Williams’s drive, which Lady Temple took care should happen at least twice a week. The most constant votaries of the mallet and hoop were, of course, the two elder boys, the next pair being distant worshippers only now and then admitted by special favor; but the ardor of their mother even exceeded that of Bessie Keith, and it was always a disappointment to her if she were prevented from playing. Grace and Alison Williams frequently took their share with enjoyment, though not with the same devotion; and visitors, civil and military, also often did their part, but the most fervent of all these was Mr. Touchett. Ever since that call of his, when, after long impatience of his shy jerks of conversation and incapacity of taking leave, Miss Keith had exclaimed, “Did you ever play at croquet? Do come, and we will teach you,” he had been its most assiduous student. The first instructions led to an appointment for more, one contest to another, and the curate was becoming almost as regular a croquet player as Conrade himself, not conversing much, but sure to be in his place, and showing a dexterity and precision that al-

ways made Lady Temple pleased to have him on her side, and exclaim with delight at his hits as a public benefit to the cause, or thank him with real gratitude when he croquetted her or one of her sons out of a difficulty.

Indeed, that little lawn at Myrtlewood was a battle-field, of which Alison used to carry her sister amusing and characteristic sketches. The two leading players were Miss Keith and Mr. Touchett, who alone had any idea of tactics; but what she did by intuition, sleight of hand, or experience, he effected by calculation and generalship, and even when Conrade claimed the command of his own side, the suggestions of the curate really guided the party. Conrade was a sort of Murat on the croquet-field, bold, dashing, often making wonderful hits, but uncertain, and only gradually learning to act in combination. Alison was a sure-handed, skilful bitter, but did not aspire to leadership. Mamma tried to do whatever her boys commanded, and often did it by a sort of dainty dexterity, when her exultation was a very pretty sight; nor was Grace’s ladylike skill contemptible, but having Francis as an ally was like giving a castle; and he was always placed on the other side from Conrade, as it was quite certain that he would do the very reverse of whatever his brother advised. Now and then invitations were given for Rose Williams to join the game, but her aunts never accepted them. Ermine had long ago made up her mind against intimacies between her niece and any pupils of Alison’s, sure that though starts of pleasure might result, they would be at the cost of ruffling and, perhaps, perturbing the child’s even stream of happiness,—even girl-friendships might have been of doubtful effect where circumstances were so unequal; but Lady Temple’s household of boys appeared to Ermine by no means a desirable sphere for her child to be either teased or courted in. Violetta, Colinette, and Augustus were safer comrades, and Rose continued to find them sufficient, varied with the rare delight of now and then sharing her aunt’s drive, and brightened by many a kind message in Colonel Keith’s letters to her aunt, nay, occasionally a small letter to herself, or an enclosure of some pretty photograph for her much-loved scrap book, or some article for Colinette’s use, sometimes even a new book! She was never forgotten in his letters, and Ermine smiled

her strange pensive smile of amusement at his wooing of the unconscious Rose.

CHAPTER X.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever,
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain,
Work, as believing that labor is gain."

—*Queen Isabel, etc., by S. M.*

THE sturdy recusant against Myrtlewood croquet continued to be Rachel Curtis, and yet it was not a testimony against the game so much as real want of time for it. She was always full of occupation, even while her active mind craved for more definite and extended labor; and when she came upon the field of strategy, it was always either with some business before her, or else so late that the champions were only assisting their several lags to bring the battle to an end.

If there had been a will, there would have been a way; but, as she said, she saw enough to perceive that proficiency could only be attained at the cost of much time and study, and she did not choose to be inferior and mediocre. Also, she found occupations open to her elsewhere that had long been closed or rendered unpleasant. Mr. Touchett had become wonderfully pacific and obliging of late; as if the lawn tactics absorbed his propensities for offence and defence; he really seemed obliged for one or two bits of parish work that she attended to; finding that between him and his staff of young ladies they were getting omitted. Somehow, too, an unaccountable blight was passing over the activity of those curatolatlresses, as Rachel had been wont to call them; they were less frequently to be met with popping out of the schools and cottages, and Rachel, who knew all the real poor, though refusing the bonds of a district, was continually detecting omissions which she more often supplied than reported. There was even a smaller sprinkling at the weekly services, and the odd thing was that the curate never seemed to remark or be distressed by the change, or if any one spoke of the thin congregation, he would say, winter was the Avonmouth season, which was true enough, but the defaulters were mostly his own peculiar followers, the female youth of the professional and mercantile population.

Rachel did not trouble herself about the cause of all this; indeed, she was too much

occupied with the gradual gliding into somewhat of her original activity and importance in the field thus left open to her. None the less, however, did she feel the burden of life's problems; the intercourse she had enjoyed with Colonel Keith had excited her for a time, but in the reaction, the old feelings returned painfully that the times were out of joint; the heavens above became obscure and misty as before, the dark places of the earth looked darker than ever, and those who lived at ease seemed to be employed either in sport upon the outside of the dungeon where the captives groaned, or in obstructing the way of those who would fain have plunged in to the rescue.

Her new acquaintance, Mr. Mauleverer, was an example of such prevention, which weighed much on her mind. He had been perfectly unobtrusive, but Mrs. Curtis, meeting him on the second day of his sketching, had naturally looked at his drawing, and admired it so much that she brought her daughters to see it when in course of completion the next day. He had then asked whether there would be any objection to his making use of the sketches in the way of remunerative sale. Mrs. Curtis looked rather taken aback; it hardly agreed with her exclusive notions of privacy, and he at once apologized with such humility that she was touched, and felt herself doing him a wrong, whilst Rachel was angry at her scruple, yet uncomfortably thought of "that landscape painter;" then said in her decided way, "You did not mean to object, mother?"

"Oh, not for a moment; pray don't think of it!" returned Mr. Mauleverer, in haste. "I would not think of the intrusion. It is only that these poor trifles are steps to one of the few means by which I can still hope to do even a little for my fellow-creatures,—the greatest solace that remains to me."

"My mother did not mean to prevent anything," said Rachel, eagerly,—"*least of all any means of doing good.*"

"Indeed, I cannot but be aware that Miss Curtis is the last individual who would do so, except, indeed, by the good works she herself absorbs."

"You are too good, sir," returned Mrs. Curtis; "I am sure I did not mean to object to anything for good. If it is for a charity, I am sure some of our friends would be very glad to take some sketches of our scenery; they

have been begging me this long time to have it photographed. I should like to have that drawing myself, it would please your aunt so much, my dear, if we sent it to her."

Mr. Mauleverer bowed, but Rachel was not sure whether he had not been insulted.

Next day he left at the door the drawing handsomely mounted, and looking so grand and meritorious that poor Mrs. Curtis became much troubled in mind whether its proper price might not be five or even ten guineas, instead of the one for which she had mentally bargained, or if this might not be the beginning of a series, "which would be quite another thing, you know, my dear."

Rachel offered to go and talk to the artist, who was sketching in full view from the windows, and find out what value he set upon it.

"Perhaps, but I don't know, my dear. Wont it be odd? Had you not better wait till Grace comes in, or till I can first come down with you?"

"No need at all, mother; I can do it much better alone, and at my age."

So Rachel took a parasol and stepped out, looked at the outline newly produced, thanked and praised the drawing that had been received, adding that her mother would be glad to know what price Mr. Mauleverer set upon it. She was met by a profession of ignorance of its value, and of readiness to be contented with whatever might be conferred upon his project: the one way in which he still hoped to be of service to his fellow-creatures, the one longing of his life.

"Ah!" said Rachel, greatly delighted with this congenial spirit, and, as usual, preferring the affirmative to the interrogative. "I heard you had been interesting yourself about Mrs. Kelland's lace-school. What a miserable system it is!"

"My inquiries have betrayed me then? It is indeed a trying spectacle."

"And to be helpless to alleviate it," continued Rachel. "Over-work, low prices, and middle men perfectly batten on the lives of our poor girls here. I have thought it over again and again, and it is a constant burden on my mind."

"Yes, indeed. The effects of modern civilization are a constant burden on the compassion of every highly-constituted nature."

"The only means that seems to me likely to mitigate the evil," continued Rachel, charmed

at having the most patient listener who had ever fallen to her lot, "would be to commence an establishment where some fresh trades might be taught, so as to lessen the glut of the market, and to remove the workers that are forced to undersell one another, and thus oblige the buyers to give a fairly remunerative price."

"Precisely my own views. To commence an establishment that would drain off the superfluous labor, and relieve the oppressed, raising the whole tone of female employment?"

"And this is the project you meant?"

"And in which, for the first time, I begin to hope for success, if it can only receive the patronage of some person of influence."

"Oh, anything I can do!" exclaimed Rachel, infinitely rejoiced. "It is the very thing I have been longing for for years. What, you would form a sort of industrial school, where the children could be taught some remunerative labor, and it might soon be almost self-supporting."

"Exactly; the first establishment is the difficulty, for which I have been endeavoring to put a few mites together."

"Every one would subscribe for such a purpose!" exclaimed Rachel.

"You speak from your own generous nature, Miss Curtis; but the world would require patronesses to recommend."

"There could be no difficulty about that!" exclaimed Rachel; but at this moment she saw the Myrtlewood pony-carriage coming to the door, and remembering that she had undertaken to drive out Ermine Williams in it, she was obliged to break off the conversation, with an eager entreaty that Mr. Mauleverer would draw up an account of his plan, and bring it to her the next day, when she would give her opinion on it, and consider of the means.

"My dear," said her mother, on her return, "how long you have been; and what am I to give for the water-color?"

"Oh, I forgot all about the water-color; but never mind what we give, mamma, it is all to go to an asylum for educating poor girls, and giving them some resource beyond that weary lace-making,—the very thing I have always longed for. He is coming to settle it all with me to-morrow, and then we will arrange what to give."

"Indeed, my dear, I hope it will be some-

thing well managed. I think if it were not for those middle men, lace-making would not be so bad. But you must not keep poor Miss Williams waiting."

Ermine had never seen Rachel in such high spirits as when they set out through the network of lanes, describing her own exceeding delight in the door thus opening for the relief of the suffering over which she had long grieved, and launching out into the details of the future good that was to be achieved. At last Ermine asked what Rachel knew of the proposer.

"Captain Keith heard he was a distinguished professor and essayist."

"Then I wonder we have not heard his name," said Ermine. "It is a remarkable one; one might look in the 'Clergy List' at Villars's."

"Villars called him a clerical gentleman," mused Rachel.

"Then you would be sure to be able to find out something about him before committing yourself."

"I can see what he is," said Rachel,—"a very sensible accomplished man, and a great deal more,—not exactly a finished gentleman. But that is no objection to his doing a great work."

"Not at all," said Ermine, smiling; "but please forgive me. We have suffered so much from trusting too implicitly, that I never can think it safe to be satisfied without thorough knowledge of a person's antecedents."

"Of course," said Rachel, "I shall do nothing without inquiry. I will find out all about him; but I cannot see any opening for distrust. Schemes of charity are not compatible with self-seeking and dishonesty."

"But did I not hear something about opinions?"

"Oh, as to that, it was only Villars. Besides, you are a clergyman's daughter, and your views have a different coloring from mine. Modern research has introduced so many variations of thought that no good work would be done at all if we required of our fellow-laborers perfect similarity of speculative belief."

"Yet suppose he undertook to teach others?"

"The simple outlines of universal doctrine and morality which are required by poor children are not affected by the variations to

which investigation conducts minds of more scope."

"I am afraid such variations may often reach the foundation."

"Now, Miss Williams, I am sure you must often have heard it observed how, when it comes to real practical simple teaching of uninstructed people, villagers or maybe heathens, the details of party difference melt away, and people find themselves in accordance."

"True, but there I think party differences in the church, and even the variations between Christian sects are concerned, both being different ways of viewing the same truth. These may, like the knights in the old fable, find that both were right about the shield, both have the same foundation. But where the foundation is not the same, the results of the teaching will not agree."

"Every one agrees as to morality."

"Yes, but do all give a motive sufficient to enforce the self-denial that morality entails? Nay, do they show the way to the spiritual strength needful to the very power of being moral?"

"That is begging the question. The full argument is whether the full church, say Christian system, exactly as you, as we hold it, is needful to the perfection of moral observance. I don't say whether I assent, but the present question is whether the child's present belief and practice need be affected by its teacher's dogmatic or undogmatic system."

"The system for life is generally formed in childhood. Harvest depends on seed-time."

"And after all," added Rachel, "we have no notion whether this poor man be not precisely of your own opinions, and from their fruits I am sure you ought to claim them."

"Their blossoms if you please," laughed Ermine. "We have not seen their fruits yet."

"And I shall take care the fruits are not nipped with the blight of suspicion," said Rachel, good-humoredly.

However, after driving Ermine home, and seeing her lifted out and carried into the house by her sister, Rachel did send the carriage back by the groom and betake herself to Villars's shop, where she asked for a sight of the "Clergy List." The name of

Mauleverer caught her eye but only one instance of it appeared, and he was a cathedral canon, his presentation dated in 1832, the time at which, judging from appearances, the object of her search might have been born; besides, he rejoiced in the simple name of Thomas. But Rachel's search was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the issue of Mr. Mauleverer himself from the reading-room within the shop. He bowed and passed by; but Rachel for the life of her could not hinder a burning color from spreading to the very tips of her ears, so certain did she feel that she was insulting him by her researches, and that he perceived them. She felt absolutely ashamed to see him the next day, and even in her dreams was revolving speeches that might prove that, though cautious and clear-sighted, she was neither suspicious nor narrow-minded.

He came when some morning visitors were at the Homestead, prosy neighbors whose calls were always a penance to Rachel; and the butler, either from the manner of the inquiry or not regarding him as drawing-room company, put him into the dining-room and announced, "Mr. Mauleverer to see Miss Rachel." Up jumped Miss Rachel, with "You'll excuse me; it is on business," and went off highly satisfied that "the mother" was hindered by politeness from making any attempt at chaperonage, either personally or through Grace, so unnecessary at her age; for since Colonel Keith's departure, Rachel's age had begun to grow on her again. She held out her hand as if to atone for her search; but she found at once that it had been remarked.

"You were doing me the honor to look for my name in the 'Clergy List,' Miss Curtis," he said.

"Yes, one is apt,"—faltered Rachel, decidedly out of countenance.

"I quite appreciate the motive. It is exactly in accord with Miss Curtis's prudence and good sense. I should wish to be fully explicit before any arrangements are made. I am unhappily not in orders, Miss Curtis, I know your liberality will regard the cause with leniency."

"Indeed," said Rachel, sufficiently restored to recall one of her premeditated reassurances. "I can fully appreciate any reluctance to become stringently bound to dog-

matic enunciations, before the full powers of the intellect have examined into them."

"You have expressed it exactly, Miss Curtis. Without denying an iota of them, I may be allowed to regret that our formulas are too technical for a thoughtful mind in the present age."

"Many have found it so," returned Rachel, thoughtfully, "who only needed patience to permit their convictions to ripen. Then I understand you, it is a rejection on negative not positive grounds."

"Precisely; I do not murmur, but it has been the blight of my life."

"And yet," said Rachel, consolingly, "it may enable you to work with more freedom."

"Since you encourage me to believe so, Miss Curtis, I will hope it; but I have met with much suspicion."

"I can well believe it," said Rachel; "even some of the most superior persons refuse to lay their hands to any task unless they are certified of the religious opinions of their coadjutors, which seems to me like a mason's refusing to work at a wall with a man who liked Greek architecture when he preferred Gothic!"

If Rachel had been talking to Ermine, she might have been asked whether the dissimilarity might not be in the foundations, or in the tempering of the mortar; but Mr. Mauleverer only commended her liberal spirit, and she thought it high time to turn from this subject to the immediate one in hand. He had wished to discuss the plan with her, he said, before drawing it up, and in effect she had cogitated so much upon it, that her ideas came forth with more than her usual fluency and sententiousness. The scheme was that an asylum should be opened under the superintendence of Mr. Mauleverer himself, in which young girls might be placed to learn handicrafts that might secure their livelihood, in especial, perhaps, wood engraving and printing. It might even be possible, in time, to render the whole self-supporting, suppose by the publication of a little illustrated periodical, the materials for which might be supplied by the talents of those interested in the institution.

If anything could add to Rachel's delight, it was this last proposition. In all truth and candor, the relief to the victims to lae-

making was her primary object, far before all besides; and the longing desire of her heart for years seemed about to be fulfilled; but a domestic magazine, an outlet to all the essays on Curatocult, on Helplessness, on Female Folly, and Female Rights, was a development of the plan beyond her wildest hopes! No dull editor to hamper, reject, or curtail! She should be as happy, and as well able to expand, as the invalid herself.

Mr. Mauleverer had brought a large packet of letters with him, in all manner of hands. There were some testimonials from a German university, and letters from German professors in a compromise between English and German hand, looking impossible to read, also the neat writing and thin wavy water-marked paper of American professors and philanthropists in high commendation of his ability and his scheme, and a few others that he said were of too private a nature to do more than show Miss Curtis in confidence, but on which she recognized some distinguished names of persons interested in social science. She would not wound his feelings by too close an inquiry, but she felt armed at all points against cavillers. Really, she began to think, it was a great pity Colonel Keith should cross her path again, she had so much on her hands that it would be a public misfortune if any one man's private domestic love should monopolize her; and yet, such was this foolish world, the Honorable Mrs. Colin Keith would be a more esteemed lady patroness than Miss Rachel Curtis, though the Curtises had been lords of the soil for many generations; and Colonel Keith was a mere soldier of fortune.

One disappointment Rachel had; namely, that Mr. Mauleverer announced that he was about to return to St. Norbert's, the very large and fashionable watering-place in the next indentation of the coast. He had duties there, he said, and he had only come to Avonmouth for a brief holiday,—a holiday that was to result in such happy effects. He lived in an exceedingly retired way, he said, being desirous of saving his small private means for his great object, and he gave Rachel his address at the chief print-seller's of the place, where his letters were left for him, while he made excursions from time to time to study the picturesque, and to give lectures on behalf of philanthropical subjects. He offered such a lecture at Avonmouth; but Mr. Touchett would not lend either school-

room, and space was nowhere else available. In the mean time a prospectus was drawn up, which Rachel undertook to get printed at Villars's, and to send about to all her friends, since a subscription in hand was the first desideratum.

Never since she had grown up to be a thinking woman had Rachel been so happy as with this outlet to her activity and powers of managing "the good time coming at last." Eagerly she claimed sympathy, names, and subscriptions. Her own immediate circle were always easily under her influence, and Lady Temple and Mrs. Curtis supplied the dignity of lady patronesses: Bessie Keith was immensely diverted at the development of "that landscape painter," and took every opportunity of impressing on Rachel that all was the result of her summons to the rescue. Ermine wished Rachel had found out who was the bishop's chaplain who rejected him, but allowed that it would have been an awkward question to ask, and also she wondered if he were a university man; but Mr. Touchett had been at a Hall, and never knew anybody, besides being so convinced that Mr. Mauleverer was a pestiferous heretic that no one, except Lady Temple, could have obtained a patient answer from him on that head,—and here with her he went the length of a regret that she had given the sanction of her name to an undertaking by a person of whose history and principles nothing satisfactory was known. "Oh!" said Fanny, with her sweet look of asking pardon, "I am so sorry you think so; Rachel wished it so much, and it seems such a nice thing for the poor children."

"Indeed," said Mr. Touchett, well-nigh disarmed by the look, "I am quite sensible of the kindness of all you do; I only ventured to wish there had been a little more delay, that we were more certain about this person."

"When Colonel Keith comes back, he will find out all about him, I am sure," said Fanny, and Mr. Touchett, to whom seemed to have been transferred Rachel's dislike to the constant quoting of Colonel Keith, said no more.

The immediate neighborhood did not very readily respond to the appeal to it in behalf of the lace-makers. People who did not look into the circumstances of their neighbors thought lace furnished a good trade, and by

no means wished to enhance its price; people who did care for the poor had charities of their own, nor was Rachel Curtis popular enough to obtain support for her own sake; a few five pound notes and a scanty supply of guineas and half-guineas from people who were ready at any cost to buy off her vehement eyes and voice was all she could obtain, and with a subscription of twenty pounds each from her mother, Lady Temple, and Grace, and all that she could scrape together of her own, hardly seemed sufficient to meet the first expenses, and how would the future be provided for? She calculated how much she could spare out of her yearly income, and actually, to the great horror of her mother and the coachman, sold her horse.

Bessie Keith was the purchaser. It was an expense that she could quite afford, for she and her brother had been left very well off by their father,—a prudent man, who, having been a widower during his Indian service, had been able to live inexpensively, besides having had a large amount of prize money. She had always had her own horse at Littleworthy, and now when Rachel was one day lamenting to her the difficulty of raising money for the Industrial Asylum, and declaring that she would part with her horse if she were sure of its falling into good hands, Bessie volunteered to buy it, it was exactly what would suit her, and she should delight in it as a reminder of dear Avonmouth. It was a pang; Rachel loved the pretty spirited creature, and thought of her rides with the colonel; but how weigh the pleasure of riding against the welfare of one of those hard-worked, half-stifled little girls, and besides, it might be best to have done with Colonel Keith now that her mission had come to find her. So the coachman set a purposely unreasonable value upon poor Meg, and Rachel reduced the sum to what had been given for it three years before; but Bessie begged her brother to look at the animal and give his opinion.

"Is that what you are after?" he exclaimed.

"Indeed, Alick, I thought it was the greatest kindness I could do her; she is so very eager about this plan, and so anxious to find poor Meg a good home."

"Purely to oblige her?"

"Of course, Alick, it was much more con-

venient to her than if she had had to send about to horse-dealers or to advertise. I doubt if she could have done it at all; and it is for her asylum, you know."

"Then give the coachman's sixty guineas at once."

"Ah, Alick, that's your infatuation!" and she put on a droll gesture of pity. "But excuse me, where would be the fine edge of delicacy in giving a manifestly fancy price? Come and look at her."

"I never meddle with horse-dealing."

"Stuff, as if you weren't the best-mounted man in the regiment. I shall send a note to Captain Sykes if you wont; he knows how to drive a bargain."

"And give a fancy price the other way. Well, Bessie, on one condition I'll go, and that is, that Meg goes to Bishopsworthy the day she is yours. I wont have her eating Lady Temple's corn, and giving her servants trouble."

"As if I should think of such a thing!"

Captain Keith's estimate of the value of the steed precisely agreed with Rachel's demand of the original price. Bessie laughed, and said there was collusion.

"Now seriously, Alick, do you think her worth so much? Isn't it a pity, when you know what a humbug poor Rachel is going to give it to?" and she looked half comical, half saucy.

"If she were going to throw it into the sea, I don't see what difference that would make."

"Ah! you are far too much interested. Nothing belonging to *her* can bear a vulgar price."

"Nothing belonging to me is to gain profit by her self-denial," said Alick, gravely. "You cannot do less than give her what she gave for it, if you enter on the transaction at all."

"You mean that it would look shabby. You see we womankind never quite know the code of the world on such matters," she said, candidly.

"There is something that makes codes unnecessary, Bessie," he said.

"Ah! I can make allowances. It is a cruel stroke. I don't wonder you can't bear to see any one else on her palfrey; above all, as a sacrifice to the landscape painter."

"Then spare my feelings, and send the

mare to Bishopsworthy," said Alick, as usual too careless of the imputation to take the trouble to rebut it or to be disconcerted.

Bessie was much tickled at his acceptance, and laughed heartily.

"To be sure," she said, "it is past concealment now. You must have been very far gone indeed to have been taken in to suppose me to be making capital of her 'charitable purposes.'"

"Your acting is too like life," he said, not yet induced to laugh, and she rattled on with her droll, sham, sentimental air, "Is it the long words, Alick, or is it 'the great eyes, my dear;' or is it—oh, yes, I know what is the great attraction—that the Homestead doesn't possess a single spot where one could play at croquet!"

"Quite irresistible!" replied Alick, and Bessie retreated from the colloquy still not laughing at but with him; that is, if the odd, quaint, inward mirth which only visibly lengthened his sleepy eyes could be called a laugh.

Next time Captain Keith rode to Avonmouth he met the riding party on the road. Bessie upon Rachel's mare; and it appeared that Lady Temple had considered it so dreadful that Meg should not share her hospitality, that it had been quite impossible to send her away. "So, Alick, your feelings must endure the dreadful spectacle."

Meanwhile, Rachel was hard at work with the subscribers to the "Christian Knowledge Society." Beginning with the A's, and working down a page a day, she sent every member a statement of the wrongs of the lace-makers, and the plans of the industrial establishment, at a vast expense of stamps; but then, as she calculated, one pound thus gained paid for two hundred and forty fruitless letters.

"And pray," said Alick, who had ridden on to call at the Homestead, "how do you reconcile yourself to the temptation to the postmen?"

"They don't see what my letters are about?"

"They must be dull postmen if they don't remark on the shower of envelopes that pass through their hands—ominous money-letters, all with the same address, and no detection remember. You don't know who will answer and who will not."

"I never thought of that," said Rachel;

"but risks must be run when any great purpose is in hand."

"The corruption of one postman *versus* the rescue of—how many children make a postman?" asked Captain Keith, with his grave, considering look.

"The postman would be corrupt already," said Grace, as Rachel thought the last speech too mocking to be worthy of reply, and went on picking up her letters.

"There is another objection," added Captain Keith, as he watched her busy fingers. "Have you considered how you are frightening people out of the society? It is enough to make one only subscribe as Michael Miserly or as Simon Skinflint, or something equally uninviting to applications."

"I shall ask you to subscribe by both names!" said Rachel, readily. "How much for Simon Skinflint?"

"Ten pounds. Stop—when Mr. Mauleverer gives him a reference."

"That's ungenerous. Will Michael Miserly make up for it?"

"Yes, when the first year's accounts have been audited."

"Ah! those who have no faith to make a venture can never effect any good."

"You evidently build on a great amount of faith from the public. How do you induce them to believe? do you write in your own name?"

"No, it makes mamma unhappy. I was going to put R. C.; but Grace said people would think it meant Roman Catholic. Your sister thought I had better put the initials of Female Union for Lace-makers' Employment."

"You don't mean that Bessie persuaded you to put that?" exclaimed Alick Keith, more nearly starting up than Rachel had ever seen him.

"Yes. There is no objection; is there?"

"Oh, Rachel, Rachel, how could we have helped thinking of it?" cried Grace, nearly in a state of suffocation.

Rachel held up her printed appeal, where subscriptions were invited to the address of F. U. L. E., the Homestead, Avonmouth.

"Miss Curtis, though you are not Scottish, you ought to be well read in Walter Scott."

"I have thought it waste of time to read incorrect pictures of pseudo-chivalry since I have been grown up," said Rachel. "But that has nothing to do with it."

"Ah, Rachel, if we had been more up in our Scotch, we should have known what F. U. L. E. spells," sighed Grace.

A light broke in upon Rachel. "I am sure Bessie never could have recollected it!" was her first exclamation. "But there," she continued, too earnest to see or stumble at straws, "never mind. It cannot be helped, and I dare say not one person in ten will be struck by it."

"Stay," said Grace, "let it be English-woman's Employment. See, I can very easily alter the L into an E."

Rachel would hardly have consented, but was forced to yield to her mother's entreaties. However, the diligent transformation of L's did not last long; for three days after a parcel was left at the Homestead containing five thousand printed copies of the appeal, with the E rightly inserted. Bessie laughed, and did not disavow the half reluctant thanks for this compensation for her inadvertence or mischief, whichever it might be, laughing the more at Rachel's somewhat ungrateful confession that she had rather the cost had gone into a subscription for the F. U. E. E. As Bessie said to herself, it was much better and more agreeable for all parties that it should so stand, and she would consider herself in debt to Alick for the amount. Indeed, she fully expected him to send her in the bill, but in the mean time not one word was uttered between the brother and sister on the subject. They understood one another too well to spend useless words.

Contrary to most expectation, there was result enough from Rachel's solicitations to serve as justification for the outlay in stamps. The very number of such missives that fly about the world proves that there must be a great amount of uninquiring benevolence to render the speculation anything but desperate, and Rachel met with very tolerable success. Mr. Mauleverer called about once a week to report progress on his side, and, in his character of treasurer, to take charge of the sums that began to accumulate. But Rachel had heard so much on all sides of the need of caution in dealing with one so entirely a stranger, that she resolved that no one should blame her for imprudence, and therefore retained in her own name, in the Avonchester Bank, all the sums that she received. Mr. Mauleverer declared himself quite contented with this arrangement,

and eagerly anticipated the apologies that Rachel was ashamed even to make to him.

Enough was collected to justify a beginning on a small scale. A house was to be taken where Mr. Mauleverer and a matron would receive the first pupils, teach them wood-engraving, and prepare the earlier numbers of the magazine. When a little more progress had been made, the purchase of a printing-press might be afforded, and it might be struck off by the girls themselves, but in the mean time they must be dependent on the regular printer. On this account, Mr. Mauleverer thought it best to open the establishment, not at Avonmouth, but at St. Norbert's, where he had acquaintance that would facilitate the undertaking.

Rachel was much disappointed. To be in and out constantly, daily teaching and watching the girls, and encouraging them by learning the employment herself, had been an essential portion of her vision. She had even in one of her most generous moods proposed to share the delight with the Williamses, and asked Ermine if she would not, if all things suited, become the resident matron. However, Mr. Mauleverer said that there was an individual of humbler rank, the widow of a National School master so anxious to devote herself to the work that he had promised she should share it whenever he was in a condition to set the asylum on foot; and he assured Rachel that she would find this person perfectly amenable to all her views, and ready to work under her. He brought letters in high praise of the late schoolmaster, and recommendations of his widow from the clergyman of the parish where they had lived; and place and name being both in the "Clergy List," even Ermine and Alison began to feel ashamed of their incredulity, whilst as to Grace, she had surrendered herself completely to the eager delight of finding a happy home for the little children in whom she was interested. Grace might laugh a little at Rachel, but in the main her trust in her sister's superiority always led her judgment, and in the absence of Colonel Keith, Fanny was equally willing to let Rachel think for her when her own children were not concerned.

Rachel did not give up her hopes of fixing the asylum near her till after a considerable effort to get a house for it at Avonmouth; but this was far from easy. The Curtises' un-

willingness to part with land for building purposes enhanced the price of houses, and in autumn and winter the place was at its fullest, so that she could not even rent a house but at a ruinous price. It would be the best way to build on Homestead land; but this would be impracticable until spring, even if means were forthcoming, as Rachel resolved they should be, and in the mean time she was obliged to acquiesce in Mr. Mauleverer's assurance that a small house in an overbuilt portion of St. Norbert's would be more eligible than one in some inland parish. Anything was better than delay. Mr. Mauleverer was to superintend from his lodgings.

Rachel went with Grace and her mother to St. Norbert's and inspected the house, an ordinary cheap one, built to supply lodgings for the more economical class of visitors. It was not altogether what Rachel wished, but must serve till she could build, and perhaps it would be best to form her experience before her plans. Mr. Mauleverer's own lodgings were near at hand, and he could inspect progress. The furniture was determined upon,—neat little iron beds for the dormitories, and all that could serve for comfort and even pleasure; for both Mr. Mauleverer and Rachel were strong against making the place bare and workhouse-like, insulting poverty and dulling the spirit.

Grace suggested communication with the clergyman of the parish; but the north hill turned out not to belong to St. Norbert's proper, being a part of a great moorland parish, whose focus was twelve miles off. A district was in course of formation, and a church was to be built; but in the mean time the new houses were practically almost pastorless, and the children and their matron must take their chance on the free seats of one of the churches of St. Norbert's. The staff of clergy there were so busy that no one liked to add extra parochial work to their necessary duties, and there was not sufficient acquaintance with them to judge how they would view Mr. Mauleverer's peculiarities. Clerical interference was just what Rachel said she did not want: it was an escape that she did not call it meddling.

One bit of patronage at least she could exercise; a married pair of former Homestead servants had set up a fuel store at St. Norbert's, receiving coal from the ships, and retailing it. They were to supply the F. U. E.

E. with wood, coal, and potatoes; and this was a great ingredient in Mrs. Curtis's toleration. The mother liked anything that brought custom to Rossiter and Susan.

The establishment was at present to consist of three children; the funds were not sufficient for more. One was the child of the matron, and the other two were Lovedy Kelland and the daughter of a widow in ill-health, whose family were looking very lean and ill-cared for. Mrs. Kelland was very unwilling to give Lovedy up; she had always looked to receiving the apprentice fee from the Burnaby bargain for her as soon as the child should be fourteen, and she had a strong prejudice against any possible disturbance to the lace trade; but winter would soon come, and her sale was uncertain; her best profit so dependent on Homestead agency that it was impolitic to offend Miss Curtis; and, moreover, Lovedy was so excited by the idea of learning to make pictures to books that she forgot all the lace dexterity she had ever learned, and spoiled more than she made, so that Mrs. Kelland was almost reduced to accept the kind proposal that Lovedy should be Lady Temple's nominee, and be maintained by her at the F. U. E. E. at seven shillings a week.

Fanny, however, asked the clergyman's consent first, telling him, with her sweet, earnest smile, how sorry she was for the little girl, and showing him the high testimonials to Mrs. Rawlings. He owned that they were all that could be wished, and even said at her request that he would talk to Mr. Mauleverer. What the talk amounted to they never knew; but when Fanny said "she hoped he had found nothing unsatisfactory, the poor man must be so glad to be of use;" Mr. Touchett replied with, "Indeed, it is an unfortunate situation:" and his opposition might thenceforth be considered as suspended.

"Of course," quoth Bessie, "we know by what witchery!" But Alison Williams, her listener, turned on her such great eyes of wilful want of comprehension that she held her peace.

Rachel and Grace united in sending Mary Morris, the other child; they really could do nothing more, so heavily had their means been drawn upon for the first expenses; but Rachel trusted to do more for the future, and resolved that her dress should henceforth cost no more than Alison Williams's; indeed,

she went through a series of assertions by way of examining Alison on the expenses of her wardrobe.

The house was taken from Michaelmas, and a few days after the two little victims, as Bessie laughingly called them, were taken over to St. Norbert's in the Homestead carriage, Lady Temple chaperoning the three young ladies to see the inauguration, and the height of Rachel's glory.

They were received by Mr. Mauleverer at the door, and slightly in the rear saw the matron, Mrs. Rawlings, a handsome pale woman, younger than they expected, but whose weeds made Fanny warm to her directly; but she was shy and retiring, and could not be drawn into conversation; and her little Alice was only three years old, much younger than Rachel had expected as a pupil, but a very pretty creature with great black eyes.

Tea and cake were provided by way of an inaugurating feast, and the three little girls sat up in an atmosphere of good cheer, strongly suggestive of school feasts, and were left in the midst, with many promises of being good, a matter that Lovedy seemed to think would be very easy in this happy place, with no lace to make.

Mrs. Rawlings, whose husband had been a trained schoolmaster, was to take the children to church, and attend to their religious instruction; indeed, Mr. Mauleverer was most anxious on this head, and as Rachel already knew the scruples that withheld him from ordination were only upon the absolute binding himself to positive belief in minor technical points, that would never come in the way of young children.

Altogether, the neat freshness of the room, the urbanity of Mr. Mauleverer, the shy grief of the matron, all left a most pleasant impression. Rachel was full of delight and triumph, and Grace and Fanny quite enthusiastic, the latter even to the being sure that the colonel would be delighted; for the colonel was already beginning to dawn on the horizon, and not alone. He had written, in

the name of his brother, to secure a cottage of gentility of about the same calibre as Myrtlewood, newly completed by a speculator on one of the few bits of ground available for building purposes. A name was yet wanting to it; but the day after the negotiation was concluded, the landlord paid the delicate compliment to his first tenant by painting "Gowanbrae" upon the gate-posts in letters of green. "Go and bray," read Bessie Keith, as she passed by; "for the sake of the chief of my name, I hope that it is not an omen of his occupations here."

The two elder boys were with her; and while Francis, slowly apprehending her meaning in part, began to bristle up with the assurance that "Colonel Keith never brayed in his life," Conrade caught the point with dangerous relish, and dwelt with colonial disrespect, that alarmed his mother, on the opinion expressed by some unguarded person, in his hearing, that Lord Keith was little better than an old donkey. "He is worse than Aunt Rachel," said Conrade, meditatively, "now she has saved Don, and keeps away from the croquet."

Meanwhile, Rachel studied her own feelings. A few weeks ago her heart would have leaped at the announcement; but now her mission had found her out, and she did not want to be drawn aside from it. Colonel Keith might have many perfections; but alike as Scotsman, soldier, and High Churchman, he was likely to be critical of the head of the F. U. E. E., and matters had gone too far now for her to afford to doubt, or to receive a doubting master. Moreover, it would be despicable to be diverted from a great purpose by a courtship like any ordinary woman; nor must marriage settlements come to interfere with her building and endowment of the asylum, and ultimate devotion of her property thereunto. No, she would school herself into a system of quiet discouragement, and reserve herself and her means as the nucleus of the great future establishment for maintaining female rights of labor.

WET AND DRY.—On one occasion, when coming to church, Dr. Macknight, who was a better commentator than preacher, having been caught in a shower of rain, entered the vestry soaked with wet. Every means were used to relieve him from his discomfort; but as the time drew on for divine service he became much distressed, and

ejaculated over and over, "Oh, I wish that I was dry! Do you think I'm dry? do you think I'm dry enough noo?" To this his jocose colleague, Dr. Henry, the historian, returned, "Bide a wee, doctor, and yo'se be dry enough when ye get into the pu'pit."

From The Saturday Review.

MEMOIRS, MISCELLANIES, AND LETTERS
OF THE LATE LUCY AIKIN.*

To some of our readers Lucy Aikin will very possibly be a new name; to others, one so old that the wonder will be how it comes to be revived now; while the better-informed will have been prepared for the indispensable Memoir and Remains which in these days are as necessary a testimony to a departed literary celebrity as an entry in the newspaper obituary. The present volume tells us as little as memoir can of the life of its subject. It does little, indeed, beyond informing us that she was born in 1781, and died in 1864,—giving some account of her parentage, with a record of removals from “the blue bed to the brown,” from Stoke Newington to Hampstead, and from Wimbledon to Hampstead back again,—inserting a few pages of infantine autobiography, and naming the friends with whom she associated. But from these meagre facts, helped out by her letters and some experiments in essay writing, we derive a sufficiently definite idea of a literary woman of a type quite distinct from any to be met with now, and yet clearly the precursor of a prominent school of female writers among ourselves. Lucy Aikin, niece of Mrs. Barbauld, was one of a remarkable family to whom “talent was an inheritance.” Her father, Dr. Aikin (editor of the *Athenæum*), and her two brothers were all distinguished both in literature and science. She came into the world with a name, and a circle of admirers ready to gather round her. An Aikin, as such, was expected, in a particular set, to be remarkable in some department, and she did not disappoint expectation. Some persons rebel against a part thus laid out for them, but Miss Aikin accepted it at once. All her life she felt herself to be a marked member of a distinguished circle, and the impression imparted weight and dignity to her character. She was one of the many people who owe much to their deficiencies. Sense was her forte, and she was more conspicuously sensible, both in her own and others’ eyes, from not possessing a touch of genius. Cultivating her powers to the utmost, and of a temper to see things at their brightest, she was too merely sensible to know how far she

came short when she had done her best, and therefore she escaped discouragement. She took all the praise she got simply, and without misgiving, and was modestly thankful to have her due. Thus sustained, she succeeded in working out her ideal life. We find no sentimental complaints of the world’s hollowness; her family, her friends, her society, her pursuits, her success, all satisfied her. It is remarkable how much a theory of life can do for minds of a certain strength and docility combined,—minds that are able at once to adopt the opinions of a school without doubt or question, and to make the best of them. Miss Aikin worked out the Unitarian social theory, was one of its model women, and so far personified that theory that we regret that no portrait or description of her face and person enables us to picture her to ourselves in this aspect.

People who are conscious of always doing their utmost, and always attaining their ends, can scarcely avoid a certain smugness of tone when self is the subject. We do not say that Miss Aikin talks too much about herself; yet, whenever self is touched on, we are struck with a serenity and complacency which are unusual in the treatment of such a theme. It is said of one of the West India islands, that all the little boys there are very good, and all know it. This strikes us as Miss Aikin’s case. She tells us, for instance, that at three years old she escaped two dangers. Her grandmother once called her dunce, which might have had the effect of discouraging her if repeated, but happily it never was repeated; and, on the other hand, the world flattered her “rosy child of three” till she might have been totally spoiled, if her mother had not taught her what flattery was, and warned her not to be led away by it. Again, a year or two later, she remembered expressing herself with such warmth and spirit in an appeal to the parental authority against her brother, on the occasion of his eating more than his share of tart, that her father exclaimed,—

“ ‘Why, Lucy, you are quite eloquent!’ Oh, never-to-be-forgotten praise! Had I been a boy, it might have made me an orator; as it was, it excited me to exert to the utmost, by tongue and pen, all the power of words I possessed, or could ever acquire. I had learned where my strength lay.”

Later on in life, when she was beginning to

* *Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters of the late Lucy Aikin.* Edited by Philip Hemery Le Breton. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

be a lion on her own account, she writes from Edinburgh to her father, after having surprised the literary ladies there by some culinary accomplishment:—

"I never feel the value of the knowledge that you and my dear mother have been at such pains to instil into me so much as when I am among strangers, and find myself capable of improving them in something useful or ornamental. Then, when I meet with any commendations, and people say, 'How did you learn it?' what a proud delight have I in answering, My father taught me this, my mother that; one of my brothers informed me of such a thing; in short, not only the foundation stone, but every other in the fabric of my mind and manners, was laid by an honored and a loving hand; no mercenary touched it."

In something of the same strain is her testimony to her Aunt Barbauld's hymns in prose, —compositions inconceivably vapid to some tastes. "They taught me piety."

We cannot, however, doubt that all the pains lavished by herself and others on her training were well bestowed. At a time when conversation and social intercourse were still arts, she could play her part with distinguished credit. We see that eminent men sought her society, and talked their best before her, while she was the acknowledged equal of the more conspicuous lights of her own sex. After an experience of fifty years, she exclaims with rapture to Dr. Channing, "Oh, the noble, the glorious, beings whom it has been my privilege to see and know! What would life be without the commerce of superior minds, what earth without the salt of the earth?" And the catalogue of her friends really excuses the tone of exultation. We have Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Somerville, Priestley, Professor Smyth, Roscoe, Hallam, Rogers, Wishaw, William Taylor, Sir H. Holland, Denman, Brougham, Malthus, Harriet Martineau, with occasional glimpses of Scott, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, and a host of others. Her privileges in the way of good talk were really remarkable, and no one values this like a clever woman, or perhaps is a better judge of it. Thus, in 1827, she goes to Cambridge with some friends, and writes,—

"The Professor [Smyth] gave us two grand dinners, and assembled several of the brightest stars of the university to meet us. . . . We had also Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor, and the great mathematician, Whewell. These are two intimate friends, and a good

deal alike in their cast of mind and manners. That is to say, they are very clever and able men of that kind of which Mr. Brougham is the great exemplar,—men of wonderful energy and activity of mind, profound in one or two branches of knowledge, and ignorant of none, whose conversation teems with allusions drawn from the most various and distant sources, illustrating bright and original ideas of their own; men to whom it is a delight, but not a relaxation, to listen,—whose thoughts flow almost too rapidly for language to overtake them, whose ideas come crowding and jostling like a crowd in a narrow gate. For Mr. Brougham, the experience of the world, and the habit of applying his eloquence to practical points of law and politics, on which it is his business to talk down to very ordinary capacities, has moderated the exuberance which reigns unchecked in these academies; but if any form of circumstances could have tied him down to a college life, he would have been such as one of these."

Nor does her appreciation of her own clever set blind her to its arrogance. Dr. Channing has made some inquiries, to which she replies (1830):—

"I have heard the two works you mention spoken of with high praise by a few good judges; but I have not yet seen them. The author, I am told, is a Mr. Bailey, of Sheffield, but this is all I can learn. You cannot conceive how much the lettered aristocracy of London society disdains to know anything of provincial genius or merit, at least in any but the most popular branches of literature. Montgomery, a Sheffield poet, being also an Evangelical, is tolerably well known in London, and may in some companies be slightly mentioned without committing the speaker. But a Sheffield metaphysician!—bold were the London diner-out who would dare not to be ignorant of him. You once observed to me that everywhere the *sovereign* is worshipped; with us that sovereign is an idol called Gentility, and costly are the offerings laid upon the altar. Dare to make conversation in the most accomplished society something of an exercise of the mind, and not a mere dissipation, and you constantly become that thing of horror,—a bore."

Perhaps the London dinner-table was jealous of the greatest lions of all out of its own set. Miss Aikin meets (1815) Walter Scott and his daughter (afterwards Mrs. Lockhart), and is not as enthusiastic in her tone as we might have expected. She thinks the lion of the day did not utter such roarings as her next neighbor, Mr. Sotheby, and she talks of Scott with a little air of patronage:—

"He (Scott) was delighted to see my aunt, and paid her great attention, which I was very glad of. He told her that 'Tramp, tramp,' 'Splash, splash,' Taylor's 'Lennora,' which she had carried into Scotland to Dugald Stuart many years ago, was what made him a poet. I heard him tell a story or two with a dry kind of humor for which he is distinguished; and though he speaks very broad Scotch, is a heavy-looking man, and has little the air of a gentleman, I was much pleased with him; he is lively, spirited, and quite above all affectation. . . . A lady next Sotheby asked him if he did not think we could see by Mr. Scott's countenance, if 'Waverley' were mentioned, whether he was the author? 'I don't know,' said Mr. S.; 'we will try.' So he called out from the bottom of the table to the top, 'Mr. Scott, I have heard there is a new novel coming out by the author of "Waverley;" have you heard of it?' 'I have,' said the minstrel, 'and I believe it.' He answered very steadily, and everybody cried out directly, 'Oh, I am glad of it!' 'Yes,' said Mr. Wishaw, 'I am a great admirer of those novels;' and we began to discuss which was the best of the two. But Scott kept out of this debate, and had not the assurance to say any handsome things of the works, though he is not the author,—oh, no! for he denies them."

In religion, politics, and liberal views generally, Miss Aikin was throughout her long life faithful to the teaching of her youth; no rebellious or perverse originality struck out new theories, or inspired mistrust of the old ones. Any one who has glanced through her "Charles I." will have been impressed with her implicit one-sidedness, her democratic suspicion of kingcraft, her abhorrence of establishments, clergy, and bishops. But she was also candid; in a sense, she thought for herself, and learned much from experience. All this, of course, shows itself more in private correspondence than when she feels herself the responsible mouth-piece of a party. In her letters we mark not a few changes. She begins life a stancher republican than she ends it. It is hard to think much of manner, and to remain at heart an enemy of the aristocracy. It is hard to receive civilities from fine people and not be won over. In one of her didactic essays, it is true, she fights against the inevitable consequences of differences of rank, and reproves a young lady for expecting her dressmaker to receive her orders standing; but she privately tells Dr. Channing,—

"You cannot, without seeing it, imagine the charm which waits upon a patroness of Almack's. Perfect good breeding is a beautiful thing to behold, and no *fine art* deserves to be more studied."

Very plainly telling him, on his claiming superior refinement for his countrywomen, that he had seen none of our ladies of rank. Her correspondence of sixteen years with Dr. Channing, in itself a testimony to remarkable qualities, was instrumental to a growing moderation of views and tone of thought, fostering her patriotism at some sacrifice of party spirit. The letters are compositions, as they ought to be. A woman aiming to keep a distinguished man, many thousand miles distant, *au courant* of all that was passing in England, was bound to take pains and do her best. The correspondence, indeed, was semi-official, for the Duke of Sussex, wishing to convey a message of civility to Channing, sends it through Miss Aikin, who is naturally pleased to convey to her friend this testimony to his appreciation in England,—as pleased to send as, we have little doubt, the distinguished democrat was to receive it. One effect of this intercourse was a softer tone. After all, to hate bishops and to denounce priestcraft is not to destroy the womanly nature. The moment Miss Aikin came under interesting clerical influence, she felt its power. A good woman is never quite happy without her favorite minister; and Dr. Channing professed a spirituality in religion which was new to her, who, till she became acquainted with him, had aimed at the old Roman virtue, had doubted whether prayer was not a weakness, and had roundly expressed her contempt for Bonaparte, in 1814, for allowing himself to be taken alive,—for "not extorting from us one phrase of admiration by a death generously voluntary, like that of Otho." Her letters are decidedly colored by the consciousness that she is addressing a pastor. Little confessions and regrets slip from her which she would have felt to be wholly out of place in addressing a lay friend; and in reporting to him a little bevy of strong-minded feminine admirers, ready in many points to take their cue from him, the fervor of her tone shows the subtle influence at work. "How," she asks,—

"can you for a moment doubt the great, the

inestimable, good you are working on many minds, in many lands? I must write to you a little more on this subject, and tell you what I think your greatest triumph, or at least that which most interests me, and it will lead me to a great topic hitherto untouched between us. The impression you have produced on the minds of *women* is one for which I bless God from the bottom of my heart. I need not tell you how precious your teaching is in the eyes of Joanna Baillie, and I have long since, I think, told you that admirable Mrs. Somerville was your zealous disciple. I have now to mention that you have another in Mrs. Maret."

We can only hope he was not insensible to so august a trio of disciples.

Miss Aikin was so far a new light as to be very zealous for the rights of women; and she expresses herself on this subject in a tone which connects her with the party who have lately made themselves so busy. She is supercilious on conjugal obedience, laments over the merely domestic interests of her countrywomen, complains of their invincible prejudices, their frivolous and grovelling sentiments, and wishes they were taught the Latin classics, which at least might inspire them with a little patriotism, without which they can never deserve the friendship, whatever they may obtain of the love, of noble-minded men. She objects, at one time, to women visiting the poor, lest they should become as blindly prejudiced as the objects of their charitable sympathies; and, in fact, when in this groove, she runs on like any strong-minded sister of either hemisphere. But this tone is more imbibed from others than really part of herself.

The book is full of curious little notices of how the literary world looked upon current events in the stirring years from 1830 to 1850. Miss Aikin especially reports the disgust of her set at the inroad of tract literature. She and Hallam, in 1832, croaked together over the hundreds of thousands of penny magazines and cyclopædias; and a year or two afterwards she still laments that literature is swamped between politics and theology. "You may inquire in vain for light reading." "We can scarcely find new works sufficient to keep our Book Society alive." I suppose people will be tired of twopenny tracts ere long, and then there will again be a demand for books. Her contempt for theology does not allow her to enter fur-

ther into the tracts which no doubt, of all others, were to her the greatest and most irritating portent,—the "Tracts for the Times." Altogether we can recommend this book to the reader as a pleasant contribution to the history of our own times. It is full of allusions to people and things of lasting interest, and is written with a clearness and correctness of style which we must be allowed to call unusual among female writers.

From The Press.

Home Thoughts and Home Scenes in Original Poems. By Jean Ingelow, Dora Greenwell, Mrs. Tom Taylor, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Amelia B. Edwards, Jennett Humphreys, and the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" and pictures by A. B. Houghton, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. London: Routledge & Co.

THIS handsome volume is one of those picture-books which in bright clothing come as the heralds of Christmas. Their spirit is sportive, their countenance smiling, and thus their mission is to diffuse joy and gladness into the life of a merry-making time. "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes" are busy with the play of childhood; the volume is, indeed, a child's book,—just such a book, in fact, as a mother may open to her boy sitting on her knee, the one reading snatches of the poetry, the other looking the while at the enticing illustrations. Woman is the natural instructress of childhood, and thus, to make the volume better suited to its end, man has been excluded from the literary portion of the work altogether; in other words, the poems, of which there are thirty-five in number, are exclusively the offspring of ladies. These poems thereby gain in unity what they may lose in variety and vigor.

The type to which poetesses conformed some years ago was that furnished by Mrs. Hemans, the Carlo Dolce of poets,—soft, gushing, and decorative. Since came the reign of Mrs. Barrett Browning, who stood at the opposite end of the poetic scale; her harmonies often ran into discords; her outlines were rugged; her compositions wanted symmetry. Between these two extremes there is free space for intellects and imaginations fond of excursive flights to wander and yet find room to spare. The seven poetesses, for example, who have here made their small excursions through air and earth, move in orbits distant

from the sphere of either of their great predecessors. To approach Mrs. Browning were indeed a feat as difficult as undesirable, and to adopt the style habitual to Mrs. Hemans would merely be to mistake the taste of the age. Of the poets now before us, Jean Ingelow is in flavor most luscious, in form most voluptuous, and in the music of metre most subtly melodious. Yet she, too, is wide enough away from the Hemans mode of treatment and diction, as the poem, fairy-like in its tripping fancy, entitled "The Music of Childhood," proves. Jean Ingelow is not always free from obscurity,—a fault which, as in Shelley, often arises from the loading on of decorative diction to the darkening of the original thought. The verses contributed by Mrs. Tom Taylor are written with a trenchant hand; each epithet comes with point, and every word adds character to the picture. Of her four poems in this series, there is most spirit and most motion of metre in the family sketch, colored with a mother's joy, entitled "The Baby Brigade." There used to be three schools of poetry,—the Byronic school, heroic and passionate; the Lake school, long identified with Coleridge's "Ode to an Ass;" and the Cockney school, artificial and far removed from nature. Each of these systems has had its day, and now leaves not, at all events, in the present volume, a wreck behind. The Hon. Mrs. Norton at one time used to be Byronic and passionate; but she has—at least, in the poem called "Crippled Jane"—become simply naturalistic if not actually prosaic. Of the remaining poems little need be said; they will be read but scarcely remembered; few of the thoughts will by their beauty or novelty take possession of the memory or lay hold of the tongue by any felicity of expression. Out of the many lines which we have scanned, the following stanzas by Miss Muloch strike us as possessing more than the common measure of that electric fire, or rather of the ethereal beauty, which used to be deemed the life of poetry:—

"A SICK CHILD.

"How the trembling children gather round,
Started out of sleep and scared and crying!
'Is our merry little sister dying?

Will they come and put her underground.

"As they did poor baby that May day?
Or will shining angels stoop and take her
On their snow-white wings to heaven, and
make her

Sit among the stars, as fair as they?"

From The Saturday Review.

LA FEMME DANS L'HUMANITE.*

A TREATISE on woman, with special reference to Mdlle. Ninon de l'Enclos and other ladies of historical frailty, it would occur, probably, to no one but a Frenchman to write. And no one but a very ingenious Frenchman would venture on such a paradox as to say that the celebrated courtesan in question improved the morals of her age. M. de Pompery is very susceptible to female attractions. He can condone anything in a pretty woman. Chivalry seems to have entered on a new phase in these latter days. The fair sinner can no longer reckon on finding a knight to break a lance in honor of her charms, but she is pretty sure, if sufficiently conspicuous, of some kindly biographer who will do her the more substantial service of whitewashing her memory. Upon M. de Pompery her moral delinquencies make no more impression than water upon a duck's back. Mary Stuart's insincerity, Madame de Longueville's gallantries, the ill-regulated passions of Mdlle. de l'Espinasse, are all matters of trivial, or at any rate secondary, import. They were beautiful women, and beauty, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Nor is beauty regarded in these instances merely as an extenuating circumstance. In the view of M. de Pompery, it is an essential part of woman's nature. It is that which makes her what she is. "La beauté," he says, "est tellement la première raison d'être de la femme, que si la beauté lui fait défaut, ses qualités s'effacent, et que lorsqu'elle resplendit, ses imperfections disparaissent." This is very comfortable doctrine for the well-favored portion of the fair sex, but it is a little harsh towards those whose personal endowments are less remarkable. Madame de Staël, for instance, was not beautiful, yet one would hardly, on that account, blot out her name in the catalogue of womankind. M. de Pompery seems to have a lurking suspicion that the facts do not exactly square with his theory. When he comes to reduce his work into the form of a series of axioms, he materially enlarges that hard saying of his, that woman and beauty are convertible terms. Every woman, he says, either *believes herself*, is, or *ought to be* beautiful. This is a very elastic proposition, to which no one

* "La Femme dans l'Humanite. Par Edouard de Pompery. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1864."

need take exception. It is virtually an admission of the existence of those diversities of female attractiveness which M. de Pompery seemed, in his impulsive gallantry at starting, to ignore. The plainest woman may labor under the delusion that she is beautiful, and if not, one may say without impiety that it would be more in accordance with the fitness of things if she were beautiful.

According to M. de Pompery, there are two sides of woman's character,—one the active or positive, the other the passive or negative. She both moulds, and is moulded by, society. Beauty is the instrument by which she makes her influence felt. *Comme beaute, elle fait l'homme.* The natural man admires force. He acquires this notion of himself. It is from woman that he derives his first idea of the beautiful. In his chapter on human beauty, M. de Pompery traces the origin and growth of the "culte du beau." The savage begins by an awkward attempt to beautify himself. He paints his face and tattoos his skin. The result is a horrible caricature of the beautiful. But, as he gains in enlightenment and civilization, he recognizes his mistake in seeking the adornment of his own person. It is the concern of woman to be beautiful, not his. She is charm, while he is force. From the moment that this grand discovery dawns upon him, a new life, as it were, takes possession of him. All his energies are henceforth directed into a new channel. A fresh impulse is given to his exertions. He has an immediate object for his labor and ingenuity,—to minister to the pleasure and beauty of the graceful being at his side. The mainspring of art and industry is female beauty. Artists, poets, artisans, all set to work to pay homage to beauty, to extend its sphere of action, and illuminate the world with that splendid manifestation of life, the beautiful in the human species. There is something rather whimsical in this attempt to enroll the ladies among the earliest apostles of the Manchester school of ideas. We have read of woman in the capacity of *terribilis causa*, but M. de Pompery evidently considers her a chief instrument in the ultimate pacification of the world. If this happy consummation should ever be attained, it will probably be by other influences than mere female beauty. Before attributing to the fair sex this grand regenerating power, we ought to know in

what beauty consists. If it be the one essential and universal attribute of woman, there ought to be some common standard whereby to judge of it. It is easy to define woman as beauty, but will M. de Pompery go on to specify what constitutes beauty in woman? Unless he does so, he is only defining an obscure term *per obscurius*. As a matter of fact and of history, there is no point about which so much difference of opinion exists. The many anomalies in the moral sense of mankind have been often pointed out by psychologists and philosophers. In the field of æsthetics there is even less unanimity. As regards female beauty, no two nations, no two generations of the same nation, think alike. Dutch beauty is one thing, and Italian another, and the English type differs from both. The difference between these is as nothing compared with the difference which exists between the European ideal and the Melanesian or Andamanese. The notion of the beautiful in woman entertained by our early Hanoverian monarchs was as radically opposed to that of the bulk of their subjects as their notion of the delectable in oysters. Beauty, or rather its embodiment in woman, is eminently an affair of fashion and circumstance; and as they change, it changes too. The type of beauty adopted by one generation becomes a puzzle and stumbling-block to the succeeding. How often it happens, when the portrait of some historical beauty has been disinterred, that the first sensation is one of wonder at the taste of her contemporaries. Different classes, again, of the same community have different standards of loveliness, and their different predilections. What is the perfection of refinement to one class becomes the perfection of insipidity to another. In short, female beauty is purely subjective. The association of certain outlines, or a certain expression, with the idea of the beautiful depends on the idiosyncrasy of the person who so associates them. Far be it from us to grudge the fair sex any of the pretty things which M. de Pompery says about them. But he would do well to confine himself to rhapsody. To represent mere physical beauty as the *raison d'être* of woman is as derogatory to her real dignity as it is unphilosophical.

But there is also a passive side to woman's character. If the charm of her presence and her instinctive desire to please are im-

portant agencies in the civilization of the human race, on the other hand her impressionability lays her, as it were, at the mercy of her immediate surroundings. For a being so constituted, says M. de Pompery, there is no good or evil, or false or true. All is relative to the circumstances in which she is placed, and they are continually altering. With as much variableness as a crowd or a child,—swayed, like them, by the impression of the moment,—she shatters the idol which she just now adored, and exalts what she had cast down. By virtue of this impressionability, she reflects much more closely than man the epoch in which she exists. Nor is it only that the present mirrors itself in her. She is not merely an echo of the times. The society in which her lot is cast sets its mark upon her, moulds her character, makes her what she is. There have been many believers in fatalism, but M. de Pompery is the first writer whom we remember to have limited the necessitarian theory to the fair sex. It does his gallantry great credit to have hit on so ingenious a way of relieving them from the odium of any little moral obliquities that might possibly be laid to their charge. The incessant action of society shapes woman after its own image. She cannot escape from influences that press from every side on her variable and plastic nature. As society is, so will woman be. This is either a truism, or a fallacy of the most dangerous kind. In the mouth of M. de Pompery, it must be regarded as the latter. His doctrine strikes at the root of individual responsibility, for it comes very much to this,—that woman has no free will of her own, or cannot exercise it against the overwhelming pressure of the social atmosphere which surrounds her. In referring, for instance, to Mary Stuart, M. de Pompery observes that one forgives her, not only on account of her beauty, but because all that was ignoble in her conduct belonged to the horrible age in which she lived. Her beauty was her own, her vices those of her century. It has been the fashion for the apologists of the unhappy queen to maintain her innocence of the murder of her husband. M. de Pompery assumes her guilt, but coolly attributes it to the state of contemporary society. We cannot guess at the results of his historical research, but we certainly never heard that it was a common occurrence for royal ladies in the sixteenth century to blow

up their husbands with gunpowder. One of the most curious passages in this work is the author's eloquent justification of a woman's lie. If she lies nowadays, he says, it is because all around her is one great lie, and she reflects her surroundings. She lies because she is still under the dominion of force, and she has nothing to oppose it but craft. She lies because she is compelled to lie, and because, by reason of her malleable nature, she has got accustomed to it, and regards falsehood in the same light as a crinoline. It never seems to occur to our author that in painting society in these dark colors he is, by implication, blackening the character of the sex of which he is so ardent an admirer. It is a common trick with French writers to personify society as a sort of ogre, especially in its attitude toward the weaker sex. Every reader of "*Les Misérables*" will remember how constantly M. Victor Hugo harps on this string. The fact is purposely kept out of sight, that society merely means the aggregate of individual men and women who compose it. As they are, so will it be. M. de Pompery draws an absurd distinction when he says that woman acts upon man, but man upon society. Each sex has its share in making society what it is. And if the function of woman is merely to simper and look pretty, as is set forth in this volume, it is no wonder that her influence has hitherto been so little felt, and that society remains in the unsatisfactory condition depicted by M. de Pompery.

Happily she has a very different mission, as his fair compatriots would be the first to admit. Nowhere, perhaps, has the principle that it is the duty and right of woman to employ her faculties for her own and the common good made more way than in France. The relations of wife and mother remain, of course, of paramount importance. Her first duty lies in the domestic sphere; but there are other spheres in which she is as free to employ her powers of mind and body as man is. M. de Pompery touches very slightly on the subject of woman's employment. He thinks that it is premature to moot it in the present wicked state of society, unaware, apparently, of the many hundreds and thousands of his countrywomen who are gaining their daily bread by the work of their hands and brains. His dream of fair women includes nothing so prosaic as a housemaid, or a seamstress, or a shopwoman, or a school-

mistress. Even with an "imperfect civilization" these are callings which are safely followed by women, and with great advantage to the public interests. With regard to the future of woman, M. de Pompery indulges in a great many glowing generalities; but we look in vain for a single practical suggestion in his pages. As the world grows purer and better, as knowledge advances, as the reign of force is gradually superseded by the reign of peaceful industry and art and science, woman will participate in the general improvement. But, so far as she is concerned, the progress of civilization will be signalized not so much by extended usefulness as by increased beauty. The author of this volume even anticipates a day when her personal attractions will be positively dangerous. "*Il y aurait là de quoi trembler pour le sexe fort, qui ayant le sens du beau à un plus haut degré, sera plus accessible au rayonnement de la femme.*" There may be some among the fair sex whose vanity may be flattered by such a prospect, but it is hardly likely to commend itself to any thoughtful or sensible woman.

From The Saturday Review.

IMPATIENCE.

It is quite possible that patience in the more trying positions of life may be compatible with impatience of manner and of conduct in little matters where the higher powers of the soul are not called in. "A great patience" is a thing of effort and principle, not of temperament. Our present concern, however, is mainly with that impatience which shows itself in the mode of meeting the little rubs of daily life: or rather which makes things rubs and trials to some people, which with others pass unnoticed, or which ordinary self-control renders endurable. It is a quality which very often interferes with the ease and pleasure of our intercourse with bright, quick-witted persons, whose society would otherwise be an unqualified refreshment; for we are not many of us patient enough for *two*,—not patient enough to be perfectly serene and unruffled in the close neighborhood of perturbation and restlessness, whether of movement or of mind. Our sympathy turns against us. What does not

annoy us on our own account becomes a bugbear if it is the sort of thing to try our friend's patience. We are disturbed and ill at ease, we don't know why, even before his characteristic declares itself.

We are not at all sure that the humoring of this impatient temper does not quicken and keep in vigor certain forms of cleverness. At any rate, we find it where we see readiness of repartee, and what are called sallies of pleasantry. These volatile spirits find it very hard work to tolerate any state of affairs at all against the grain, and dulness especially is so opposed to their nature that exposure to it becomes a haunting fear, and restraint of any sort is unendurable. In the same way, they will not stand anything that grates upon taste, any exhibition of character uncongenial to their own temper; so that a hundred traits which are not without interest to minds possessing patience to enter into them are to them simply irritating, if they run counter to their own humor. This sort of interest, and the habits induced by it, impatient people are strangers to. Such things as can be taken in at a glance they often see with exceptional penetration, with the rapidity of intuition; but a man's whole nature is not to be apprehended by this quick method, and therefore no impatient person has any real knowledge of character. It is impossible that he should; for this knowledge comes with study, in the same way that men learn the habits and ways of every other animal,—that is, by close observation. However, this is their affair, and it is not because impatient people have certain deficiencies that we complain of them, but for the trepidation, uneasiness, and failure they often induce. To be closely associated with an impatient man, otherwise amiable, is to be deprived of a good share of our own individuality. For, on the one hand, impatience is such a power, we are so annoyed at awaking it in our own person, it wounds our sensitiveness so keenly, that it drives us back into ourselves; and, on the other, it imposes upon us an undue burden of civility, forbearance, and good manners, and thus puts us in a false position.

But keen and ready wit is by no means the commonest promoter of impatience. It needs only for a man to think unduly well of himself, and to be bent on self-display, to be impatient in the most tormenting form of the disease. People are often intolerant of the

restraints of society because it is impossible to practise the self-glorification which has become essential to happiness in a scene where a man is obliged to seem one of a body met for general purposes, and occupied with each other's interests. Impatient men of this sort must be king of their company, secure of holding the thread of conversation in their own hands, or of being able to get away the instant they lose it. Again, all men of overactive brain and overtasked energies are impatient. This, to be sure, is partly a physical infirmity, but the fault is moral also, arising from another form of self-occupation. The effort which such people have to make to bridle their too visible impatience, where escape is impossible, is sometimes quite pathetic; there is such an air of the martyr, on occasions which, to the cooler observer, are quite inadequate for so piteous a resignation. Yet we ought to be indulgent to every effort of self-restraint; for, if impatience implies no worse temper in its possessor than in others, it necessarily involves failures in good-nature. He eschews all the hard work of society. We are left in the lurch by our impatient friend on occasions where his co-operation might have lightened our load considerably, and where he knows this, but coolly pleads an idiosyncrasy. And impatience has more than passive ill-nature to answer for. No impatient man would like to see written down in black and white the ugly wishes he has bestowed by turns upon all near enough to cause him occasional inconvenience and perplexity. There are few of his best friends, we venture to assert, whom he has not at some time or other wished at the bottom of the sea, or anywhere in or out of space, so they were out of his way for good. And this from no innate hardness, but from abhorrence of a dilemma, and recoil from some pressing perplexity.

There is an impatience that, as far as we can judge, does not go much beyond nerves, which leads to perpetual locomotion. Once indulged, it renders a person incapable of sitting quiet for half an hour at a time. On a large scale, where people have time and money at command, the demon drives them from place to place. They live in railways, are perpetually popping in upon their friends, who know their visitant to be rather flying from what he dreads than prompted by any love of their society. He has just escaped

from something intolerable, and will presently—they care not how soon—find them intolerable in their turn. Not that these people are rendered unhappy by their restlessness. A thriving, well-indulged, normal impatience does not appear to disturb the comfort of its possessor. He simply wonders at and despises the apathy of the people about him. The person who cannot stand things, cannot endure things, and is amazed how others can stand, tolerate, put up with the life they lead, always feels the superior, and considers his disgust of sameness a mark of a higher organization. Impatience of this sort seems to arise from an intolerance of steps and processes. All people have it toward some things; the impatient man is one who shows it toward everything. He rebels against gradual, step-by-step advance,—against the spaces that occur between the beginning and the end of every transaction, and which, indeed, constitute our idea of time. He acts as though he preferred the summary and index to the book itself. Whether the interval be what occurs between going and coming, between sitting down and rising up, between this and dinner-time, between the opening and the climax of a story, between the first statement of an argument and the conclusion, between the present moment and his turn to speak, his craving is that it shall be shortened. He would either do away with time, and thus shorten life, or he would cram it with more than it can hold or than human nature can live through. And we recognize this impatience by signs only too unmistakable, where it is held in the vice of necessity; by sighs, jerks, fidgets, groans, biting of nails, drummings, tappings, yawnings, in various stages of development, as the natural tendency is partially restrained by good manners or allowed full play; by interruptions and exclamations,—“ Yes, yes ! ” “ Well ! ” “ And so, ” “ And then, ” “ And did he ? ” and all the interjectional goads to greater despatch; by rushings hither and thither, by slamming of doors, by callings, by hurry and bustle and flurried footsteps, by an incapacity to wait for anything, and frequently by an objection to be waited upon; by an intolerance of peculiarities or unavoidable defects in others, by an exasperation under petty trials and minute inflections, by a habit of unscrupulous interruption, and an unreasonable disgust at being interrupted.

We say that all these exhibitions and manifestations may proceed from mere restlessness of temperament; but we can never be sure; and this ought to make us tolerant of some forms of impatience, that it is perhaps the consequence of some temporary disorder and disturbance, which would excite our sympathy if we knew it. Thus the girl who tries us by swinging in and out of the room half a dozen times within the hour, or who has taken up and flung aside as many books in the same space of time, may be in love; the young fellow who wonders how we can possibly exist in the dimness and dulness of our study, may be in debt. We all learn—or it is inexcusable if we do not—to bear with the impatience of physical suffering; but this is often only a type of worse ailments,—suspense, gnawing anxiety, or some miserable secret that men carry about with them all unknown to their nearest friends, and which only finds relief in querulous impatience of trifles. A man has been detected in a rash speculation in the funds by a shrewd observer who knew how to interpret the slight signs of a suppressed impatience. The impatience of invalids has the further plea that it is unquestionably a fine restorative, a healthy sign. Dr. Johnson was decidedly better, though not far from his end, on the day when, after having movingly represented to all his friends the vacancy of his life and the value of letters to a sick man far from London and reasonable conversation, imploring them “to write, to write often,” he next snubs them all around with “I have three letters this day all about the balloon; I could have been content with one; do not write about the balloon, whatever else you may think proper to say.” And when our own sick friend, in the same spirit, snaps at us in our efforts for his diversion, with “I have heard that a dozen times; you have told me that before,” we may console ourselves with the reflection that he is in a fair way, and that we are improving his appetite, if not his temper. Sameness and repetition are, indeed, wormwood to this condition of mind, from whatever cause proceeding. There is an uneasiness that dissolves all the ties of habit and association, and that must have change, irrespectively of any other advantage. This is the impatience which Wordsworth has painted in the bereaved lover’s “feverish complaint.” The “cottage,” the “oak,” the “thrush,” are

all unendurable in their stationariness, as the rill is intolerable in its flow:—

“Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale,
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers
And stir not in the gale.

For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend—
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can
bear.”

All people, to speak broadly, have their impatient side. Nobody is patient through every test. Very quiet and serene-looking persons are sometimes impatient of choice and deliberation,—they are impatient, that is, of anything that disturbs the quiet, natural flow of events. Those who live by habit and rule are impatient of interruption to the order of their lives. Many people are nervously impatient of being read to. To have to keep pace with other eyes and tongue, to receive ideas whether they will or not, to be tied down to the civility of listening! altogether it produces a peculiar creepiness of irritation. We do not think we are mistaken in saying that all great talkers are impatient of other talkers, and resent the tax on their attention as a grievance and severe infliction; and we believe that most successful talkers are impatient of every other form of relaxation, and have been so all their lives. Thus Sydney Smith was amusingly impatient of music. “Nothing,” he exclaims, “can be more disgusting than an oratorio!” “Music for such a length of time, unless under sentence of a jury, he would not submit to;” and to offer him the whole range of so-called amusements was like tempting a tiger with barley-meal, or turning a leopard into clover. On the other hand, who can tell the frenzy of impatience that even good talk, if at all continuous, stirs up in persons whose notions of amusement take a more active turn,—in a party of young people, for example, condemned to listen to the best of conversers in the immediate neighborhood of a capital croquet-ground?

Society is the one great check and physician for natural impatience,—that power before which all outbreaks are forbidden, which enjoins external civility to the bore, “though the hearer would prefer toothache or earache to his conversation.” It is only in extreme cases that men give full and free vent to impatience, when they know their time is

marked out for them, and a certain order of things inevitable. And there are educational lessons in patience which succeed if not carried beyond endurance, or tried upon the wrong people. A great example of the serene and imperturbable was trained in boyhood to this point by the terrible discipline of sitting at table two hours every day after dinner, doing absolutely nothing. He did not like it any better than other boys, but fortunately for him, he could think, and therefore stood it till practice developed in him a patience of really heroic proportions. Not but that there is a sort of noble impatience which has a work to do in the world, or a vast deal of fine writing in verse and prose has been thrown away. Of this we must presume that cutting the Gordian knot was an example, and Hotspur a fine specimen. Some enthusiastic Federal would possibly adduce General Grant as another instance, pictured, as he has been to the world, whittling through the course of a battle, to cool the sublime fever of command.

However, as a rule, nothing more incapacitates a man for the lead than impatience. No constitutionally impatient man, who has indulged his tendency, ever gets to the bottom of things, or knows with any nicety the standing disposition and circumstances of the people he is thrown, or has thrown himself, amongst. Certain salient points he is possessed of, but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him—an obtrusive self, or a train of thought, or likings and antipathies—will always come between him and an impartial judgment. Neither does he win confidence, for he checks the coy, uncertain advances which are the precursors of it. We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can read the heart, or be a fair critic, or understand the rights of any knotty question, or make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of waiting, deliberating, hanging in suspense, is necessary for all these,—the power of staving off for considerable periods of time merely personal leanings. We shall constantly find impatient persons, whatever their natural powers, possessed by mistaken impressions, and taking mistaken views of people and things. A lawyer, it is true, may be an impatient man, and yet a good lawyer, though law needs all the deliberating qualities we have touched upon; but in this case a great soberer, in the shape of

fees, has interposed; for, indeed, who can estimate the tranquillizing effect, upon the most fiery temperament, of the considerations that money is to be got by patience? So, whatever the original bias of those concerned, the business of the world is carried through, however dull most of it seems to the bystander?

We have spoken of waiting as a power, and much might be said on this point; for to know how long to wait and when to cease from waiting—how long to pause and when to resolve, constitutes, in no small degree, the virtue of punctuality and the proper limits of patience.

From The Spectator, 12 Nov.

MR. DAVIS'S LATEST PLAN.

THE South is apparently about to take the most important step yet tried in its political career. Convinced by fatal experience that the theory of negro cowardice is a prejudice merely, sorely pressed by want of recruits, and perhaps rendered desperate by the prospect of another four years of continued battle, they have resolved, it would seem, to arm all able-bodied negroes, and send them into the field. They have two millions of slaves still left, of whom four hundred thousand must be men qualified to bear arms, and their owners calculate that by thus doubling their armies at a blow they shall insure to themselves next campaign a certain victory. The plan is as yet of course only inchoate, for it requires the conjoint sanction of the State and the central legislatures, but it is openly discussed and defended at Richmond, is advised in a powerful letter by the governor of the Confederate section of Louisiana, and has, it is confidently stated, been unanimously adopted at a meeting of all the State governors. Even the details of the scheme are said to have been discussed. Every slave sent into the ranks will be enfranchised, but slavery will not be abolished, and the law which in every Slave State regulates the *status* of the child by that of the mother will not be repealed. The advocates of the measure expressly deny that it is abolitionist, and claim the planters' adhesion in the name, not of freedom, but of the patriotism which sacrifices property to the common weal. Thus limited, the measure may be carried, we think will be, for it has that strange double impress peculiar to the South. No race has ever made voluntarily a nobler sacrifice of property, no race ever made it with such a contempt for noble principle. These slaves are the pick of the plantations, the choice "hands" of the South, worth in times of

peace £100 per man, and the aristocracy therefore deliberately sacrifice forty millions sterling at one blow rather than surrender the cause to which they have devoted their lives. Englishmen could scarcely do more to preserve their country's freedom. Yet the object for which it is done, for which the Southern aristocrat surrenders wealth in the future as well as in the present, is mainly that he may retain the system the profit of which he is manfully throwing away. Else why not complete the act? If mere independence be his object, let him give loose to the higher impulses this awful struggle must have generated in his mind, and by one immense act of justice render subjugation impossible. Even now, with Grant behind Richmond and Sherman unhurt in Georgia, with every port blockaded, and every embouchure occupied, the South may win its game. Let it emancipate fully, frankly, and completely, admit its colored people to every right of white men, and guarantee its own resolve by intrusting the whole servile population with arms, and subjugation will be a moral impossibility. The two hundred thousand negroes in the service of the Union are drawn southwards, could they but trust their former masters, by a hundred bonds, the love of family, the instinct of village attachment, the crave of men for their wives or mistresses, and their children, and without their hearty aid, the war, Mr. Lincoln admits, cannot be carried on. Its single moral issue will be at an end, and the backbone of the Union, the small party which postpones all material interests to one grand, moral conviction, will be paralyzed. The shock would be felt by opinion in every country of Europe, and the South acknowledged at last to be struggling with a single eye to its independence. Suffering elevates nations, and the South may yet rise to this temper, but as yet, though strong enough to forego the profit of their own system, they are too weak to recognize the iniquity which it involves. They can give up their slaves, but not their right of enslaving. They look forward to the time when their household ranks shall be recruited, and hope against hope that by sacrifices such as would add new lustre to the highest form of Christian character they may perpetuate a system which the highest paganism condemned. They show the spirit of martyrdom, in honor of a Fetish. No spectacle more strange has ever been presented to man since Leonidas recorded how his three hundred Spartans died for their country, and forgot the eleven hundred Helots who died around them.

The present scheme, limited as it is, must, we think, fail, though not perhaps for the reasons commonly assigned. Many observers in England believe that the Southern blacks

will not fight upon the Southern side; but the opinion rests, we think, upon very slender foundation. The experience of West Indian planters seems to show that slaves regard all oppressions suffered during their slavery as evil incidents, not as evil deeds, and are strangely, almost unintelligibly, forgiving. If they can trust their masters, a point on which no Englishman can enter into the mind of a Southern black, they may fight a race whom, as Mr. Lincoln said, "they have little cause to like," as well as the Mamelukes did under the same circumstances. The Russian serfs fought well, though they hated the army, and the power of military discipline over a race used to obey can hardly be over-estimated. If they distrust their masters' promises, they may desert, or even revolt, but if suspicion can be removed, they may fight well enough,—and the masters retain terrible hostages. The slaves who have fled have carried their children; the freedmen who desert must do it alone. It is hard to convince men brutalized by generations of servitude that they should struggle for a principle; they feel for their comrades, but they will do anything—hide in the swamps, crawl for months through jungle with pursuers behind them, live upon roots, meet death by torture—in order to obtain their personal liberty. Still less do we believe that they will, because armed, be able to dictate to their masters terms for the whole of their race. A military revolt—for any but a personal object—is a very rare and very exceptional occurrence, and the black regiments can hardly exceed in strength the regiments of white men. They will have against them, too, all the artillery, all the cavalry, all the remainder of the white population, and the traditionary reverence of years. Remembering the complete defeat of the Sepoy army by a tithe of its own numbers, the coherence which dominance produces among the dominant race, and the patience of the negro, we see little reason to believe that he will, even if armed, revolt, but nevertheless, the scheme carries in it the seeds of ultimate failure.

Grant, in the first place, that all is done which by possibility can be done, that three hundred thousand negroes are armed, roughly drilled, and organized in working order, and what has the North to face? One more Southern army, perhaps as brave, but certainly less devoted than the last,—one more year of campaigning. The North loses no moral power,—rather, indeed, gains it,—for the Southerners with a hundred Sepoy regiments cannot affect to retain their present horror of negro soldiers, while the presence of negroes in the opposite ranks may convert even Democrats into advocates of abolition.

The North has simply so many more enemies, —to subdue eight millions of people instead of six. On the other hand, the enfranchisement will undoubtedly weaken the devotion of the white Southern private. He is fighting to remain one of a dominant caste, and shoulder to shoulder, equally privileged, stands a man of the inferior race, free as himself, legally exempted from kicking, and very dangerous indeed to kick. It is this danger to which the *Richmond Enquirer* points when it argues so strenuously that there is no degradation to the white in standing in line with the black man, and actually repeats in the capital of the South Mrs. Beecher Stowe's great argument, that as white children fondle black nurses there is no instinctive antipathy. The South is already suffering from the unwillingness of recruits to come in, and any great cause of discontent might increase the average of deserters till the South must give way from want of means any longer to keep the field. There are signs abroad already that this is the evil which the leaders chiefly fear, —the attenuation of their armies below the fighting point. Every speech of Mr. Davis has for its burden the necessity of conscription; the governors assembled in conclave have recommended new laws for the arrest of deserters; General Beauregard offers thirty days' grace to all who will come in. Indeed, the offer to arm the slaves is in itself a final proof of exhaustion; for we heard nothing of the courage of blacks while the armies were full. Emancipation would have shown a change in Southern opinion; enlistment only betrays an absolute necessity for men. The South is casting its fortunes royally into the gulf, but to win it must rise higher yet, and cast its cherished convictions after its less cherished cash.

THE ELECTION—THE WAR—EMANCIPATION.

SPEECH OF EDWARD EVERETT TO THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ASSEMBLED at this time, in obedience to the will of the people of Massachusetts, signified by an almost unprecedented majority, we have completed, as far as this State is concerned, the august act of the 8th of November last. In connection with the electoral colleges of our sister States, we have this day given the final official utterance to the voice and will of the people of the United States, expressed in an election which, in many respects, has no example in the history of the world. Never before has been held an election throughout a territory like that which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific

Ocean, organized in twenty-three republican States associated in one federative republican Union, meeting on the same day, in their respective towns, cities, and villages throughout the land,—with such mighty issues at stake,—an election held after the agitations of a strenuous canvass,—amidst the feverous excitement and under the heavy burdens of war, and that a civil war, which has clothed most every family in the country in mourning,—an election held under such circumstances, without the display of military force, without tumult or violence, without so much as a riot at the polls which has come to the knowledge of the public, and resulting in the reëlection of the chief magistrate of this imperial democracy,—that I must own, in my judgment, stands without a parallel in history in affairs of this kind, at the height of the moral sublime.

Nor is the sequel of this great civic act less grand and auspicious than its consummation. A contested election certainly does not often present a free country in the most favorable light. From the asperity of the canvass, one might have anticipated, at its close, that the successful party would break out into extravagant exultation, and the unsuccessful party give loud vent to the anger and bitterness of defeat.

But far otherwise; with rare exceptions on the part of individuals and presses, the victors have evinced a patriotic moderation, to which their opponents have responded by magnanimous acquiescence. We may, therefore, reasonably calculate on the efforts of good men, on all sides, to restore to our beloved and bleeding country the only thing that is now wanting to put an end to this fratricidal war, and bring about an honorable and a permanent peace; namely, an era of good feeling and "a determined unity of sentiment" on the part of the loyal States.

Nor do I despair of the success of these efforts. The state of the country now is very similar to what it was in the spring of 1861. We had then passed through a severely contested election, in which four different electoral tickets had struggled for the mastery. Public opinion was in fact more divided on that occasion than on this, and the result was proportionably less calculated to be satisfactory to the defeated parties. Notwithstanding this, at that fated signal gun at Sumter, the people, forgetful of all party di-

visions, sprung as one man to the defence of the country. All felt that the war was forced upon us; that it could not be declined; all felt that an insult too intolerable to be borne was offered to the national honor; that the attempt to dismember the Union of half its territory; to give up the outlets of its inland seas, and of the mighty rivers that drain its central basins; the fortresses that guard our shore and protect our coasting navigation,—to give them up not merely to a usurping foreign power, but to half a dozen separately feeble States, likely to be recolonized at no distant day by the European governments to which they so lately belonged,—all reflecting men felt that this was a blow aimed at the national life, which was to be warded off and repelled at all hazards and at every sacrifice. This was the sentiment of all good patriots of whatever party, and they rallied with one heart and as one man to the defence of the outraged flag and the imperilled Union.

But now came the great trial of popular government. In the conduct of a protracted war, difference of opinion as to men and measures was necessarily evolved. Such is ever the case even in times of profoundest peace. What wordy contests have we not, within the experience of some of us, had upon such questions as the Cumberland Road, internal improvements, the Bank of the United States, the Congress of Panama, the tariff, the distribution of the surplus revenue,—questions some of them so obsolete that this generation hardly knows what they mean; and yet the mighty powers of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and their associates were mainly exhausted on these questions. Half the pages in the volumes of their speeches are filled with discussions, in which parliamentary talent is displayed in its highest forms, on subjects which, compared with the tremendous issues of the present day, are scarcely more interesting than the predictions of the weather in last year's almanac. If such subjects, in time of peace, can array the intelligent citizens of a free country in opposing parties, under the lead of the giant minds of the land,—if on issues like these presidential candidates could be chosen and defeated, administrations formed and broken up,—what diversities of judgment, what violence of dissent, what vehemence of antagonism, what bitterness of party opposition must not be

called forth by the exigencies of a war like that in which we are now engaged, involving questions so difficult, interests so momentous, forces so gigantic.

In this condition of the country and of the public mind, a presidential election such as I have described had to be met; and I am free to express the opinion that the manner in which it has been met, conducted, and decided reflects as much credit on the community as any event in our history. The political storm which had been gathering blackness for a twelvemonth burst upon the land, and unlike the storms in the natural world, which sometimes sweep forest and cornfield and the abodes of men before them, it has roared and passed by, and left not a trace behind.

The tumult of the elements is hushed; the air is still, and if the clouds are not wholly scattered, they are arched all over with the gracious bow of promise. The noble fabric of State stands as it stood before the election; not a timber in the framework strained; not a stone in the foundation loosened. The rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon the house, but it fell not, for it was founded on a rock; yes, upon the Rock of Ages; and there neither the arts of treason, the arms of rebellion, no, not the gates of hell itself shall prevail against it.

Passing, as the country has, unscathed through this fearful ordeal, coming out of this marvellous election with the kindest feelings on the part of the triumphant majority toward the patriotic masses lately opposed to them, why should we not again, as one man, rally to the support of the government? There is now really but one question which divides those who hold, in good faith, that the military power of the rebellion must be subdued and the Union preserved at all hazards. I allude, of course, to the policy of emancipation; and will not our opposing friends who so warmly disapprove that policy, and who think it creates an insuperable obstacle to the restoration of the Union, reconsider that opinion, on perusal of the remarkable letter of the second officer of the Confederacy written on the 5th of November, three days before the election,—a private letter, but now published by himself, by far the most important utterance, on this subject, which has reached us from the South. In this letter Mr. Stephens (the ablest civilian in the Con-

federacy) assigns the reasons why he desired the election of General McClellan. In that event, he assumed that an armistice would take place, and a convention of the States be held.

If that body failed to come to an amicable agreement to acknowledge the independence of the South, and "General McClellan should renew the war, with the avowed object of restoring the Union with the old Constitution and all its guarantees,"—which by his letter of acceptance he was pledged to do,— "At that moment," says Mr. Stephens, "or as soon as possible, our recognition abroad would come. The silent sympathy of England, France, and other European powers, at present, with Lincoln, arises entirely from their *mania* on the subject of slavery." Here follows an omission in Mr. Stephen's letter, made as he himself intimates from public considerations. The passage omitted no doubt enforced the idea that if the North continued the war in order to restore the Constitution with guarantees of slavery, Europe would instantly recognize the Confederacy as an independent power. Mr. Stephens then proceeds as follows: "Lincoln had either to witness our recognition abroad, the moral power of which alone he saw would break down the war, or to make it an emancipation war.

"He chose the latter alternative, and the more readily, because it chimed in so accordantly with the feelings and views of his party. This, in my opinion, is the plain English of this whole matter, and just so soon as McClellan should renew the war to restore the Union and the old Constitution with slavery, would England, France, and the other European powers throw all the moral power and influence of their recognition on our side. I am not certain that they would not go further rather than see the old Union re-

stored, if it should become necessary; but it would not become necessary."

In these explicit terms, the second officer of the rebel government, speaking no doubt on the strength of communications from their agents abroad, and holding back what he deemed it not prudent to divulge, not only treats the emancipation policy of the President as a necessary military measure, but maintains that that alone had prevented the great powers of Europe from recognizing the independence of the South, and if necessary throwing their swords into the scale to secure its establishment! May we not reasonably hope, in view of such opinions and disclosures, from such a quarter, that this policy will cease to divide opinion at the North, and that we shall again, as in 1861, present an undivided front in defence of the integrity of the Union. Heavy, I know, is the burden, costly the sacrifice, grievous the trial imposed upon us by the war. Heaven is my witness that I would willingly have laid down the poor remnant of my life to avert it.

But it is plain that Providence has laid upon our generation the solemn duty of maintaining this august nationality, and we have now to choose between allowing the Union, like mediæval Germany and Italy, to be broken up into scores, I might say hundreds, of petty States, involved in eternal border wars, wasting, desolating, and barbarizing each other, and ending at last in the establishment of half a dozen military despotisms, or maintaining, at whatever cost and by whatever sacrifice, this admirable framework of government, the rich legacy of our Fathers, the priceless heritage of our children, and which, till this cruel rebellion, had shown itself the happiest device of human wisdom, by which the home-bred blessings of local administration can be combined with the safety and power of a great empire.

VERY SHOCKING, IF TRUE.—At a dinner-party the plebeian habits of one of the guests had attracted very general attention. Amongst other mistakes he used his knife improperly in eating. At length a wag asked aloud, "Have you heard of poor L——'s sad affair? I met him at a party yesterday, apparently well and cheerful:

when at the dinner-table, to our great horror, he suddenly took up the knife, and"— "Good heavens!" interposed one of the ladies; "and did he cut his throat?" "Why no," answered the relator, "he did not cut his throat with his knife; but we all expected he would, for he actually *put it up to his mouth.*"

THE MERMAID.

“O FISHER, standing by thy wherry,
Wherefore thy knife so fiercely whet?
What fishes from the depths of ocean
Hast won by power of line and net?”

“Ah, never fish is here, young madam,
And nothing fit for pot or dish;
But peep into my net, and merely
Behold a serpent, if you wish!

“My helm and rudder, for the last time,
The witch has broken wantonly,
But long ago she dragged my brother
Down to the bottom of the sea.

“And there she lingers, gasping, bleeding,
Done with her cruel prank and jest,—
And thus I plunge, to end her sinning,
My fatal knife into her breast!”

“Hold, hold, thou villain! for she liveth,
Panting with snowy bosom bare!
And mark, how piteously the water
Is moaning through her sea-green hair!

“Her ivory arms and gleaming shoulders
Bleeding already from thy knife,
Pallid upon the strand she trembles,
And quickly yieldeth up her life.

“Come, man! I am thy master’s lady!
Push out thy wherry from the shore,
And quickly—for the tempest gathers—
Grasp firm in either hand an oar.

“Come! and the ocean’s hapless daughter
We twain will take across the foam,
And bear her till in deeper water
We sink her to her weedy home!”

Over the billows rowed the fisher,
And blacker grew the sea the while,
Stormier grew the clouds of heaven
Casting their shade on sea and isle.

Back unto land they rowed in safety;
But now, within her castle gates,
The lady, trembling for her husband,
Who wanders out on ocean, waits.

The darkness came. The tempest gathered,
And thunders muttered loud and deep;
Murmured a voice in Thora’s chamber
“Thora, my Thora, dost thou sleep?”

“Ah, is it thou, my love, my Erik?
Or awfully upon my rest
Breaketh a voice that is not human?—
If thou be Erik, to my breast!”

“No spectre, wife, comes thus at midnight
To the sweet chamber where you lie,
Lit by the slowly dying lamplight—
Thora, my Thora—it is I!”

“Ha! from the clay-chill dead thou comest!
Thy garments drip, thy touch is cold!
But still I love thee, dead or living,
And here are kisses twentyfold.”

“Well may my hands be icy-cold, wife,
Well may my face be chill and white,—

But here my living heart is throbbing
Freshly as on our bridal night.

“To-night the fury of the tempest
Drove us upon the rocky strand,
And I and mine sprung into ocean,
Thinking full soon to swim to land.

“But high and strong the storm-tost ocean
Threw up in foam the groaning wave;
“Farewell!” I gasped amid the tempest,
Seeming to look upon my grave.

“Dead faces in my vision floated,
And, Thora dear, I thought of you,
What time my arms dropt spent beside me,
Stiffened with swimming, cold and blue.

“But lo! there gripped me round the bosom
Two hands that white as crystal shone,
Two bloody arms my head uplifted,
And held me up, and pushed me on.

“Then, by the faint cold gleam of heaven,
I saw a mermaid’s breast beneath,
And through the blackness of the waters
The glimmering of her pearly teeth.

“I saw her coldly glistening shoulder,
Her face that glimmered strangely sweet—
Her hands relaxed not, till with rapture
I felt the ground beneath my feet.

“Come! now forgot be storm and terror!”
He quenched the lamp’s uncertain glare.
Pale Thora clasped him, and the tempest
Moved further off from that glad pair!
—From the Danish.

RETROSPECTION.

I TRACE the long line of my bygone years,
As one who, standing midway on a bridge,
Looks back upon the vista of its lamps,
Which burning equi-distant, mock the eye
With seeming continuity of fire,
Until, together blending, all at last
Pale in perspective mistiness of light,
And so confuse distinction. Thus do I
My near experience trace, to lose at last
In tremulous manhood and the glow of youth
The standard lights that backward mark the way
To undefined beginnings, Happy ’tis,
’Tis wisely thus ordained, for memoried past
Should ever subject be to present need,
Nor bind advancement unto vain regret.
Ever on life’s long bridge, environed lamps
Light the immediate: all before, behind,
Dwindle into attenuated threads,
Losing their endings to the common eye.
O knowledge impotent! that cannot change
One moment of the moments that have been:
O knowledge blind as dust! that cannot pierce
One moment of the moments that shall be:
O knowledge infinite and strong as truth!
That can the present moment grandly turn
To worthiest fulfilment, and advance
Through each succeeding present, on and on,
Unto a timeless, measureless content.

—Transcript.

T.

A LITTLE GOOSE.

BY ELIZA S. TURNER.

THE chill November day was done,
 The working-world home-faring ;
 The wind came roaring through the streets,
 And set the gas-lights flaring.
 And hopelessly and aimlessly
 The scared old leaves were flying ;
 When, mingled with the soughless wind,
 I heard a small voice crying.

And shivering on the corner stood
 A child of four or over ;
 No cloak nor hat her small, soft arms
 And wind-blown curls to cover.
 Her dimpled face was stained with tears ;
 Her round blue eyes ran over ;
 She cherished in her wee, cold hand
 A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
 She slipped in mine the other,
 Half-scared, half-confidential, said,
 " Oh, please, I want my mother."
 " Tell me your street and number, pet ;
 Don't cry : I'll take you to it."
 Sobbing she answered, " I forget ;
 The organ made me do it.

" He came and played at Millers' step ;
 The monkey took the money ;
 I followed down the street, because
 That monkey was so funny.
 I've walked about a hundred hours
 From one street to another ;
 The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers ;
 —Oh, please, I want my mother !"

" But what's your mother's name, and what
 The street ? Now think a minute."
 " My mother's name is Mother Dear ;
 The street—I can't begin it."
 " But what is strange about the house,
 Or new, not like the others ?"
 " I guess you mean my trundle-bed,—
 Mine and my little brother's.

" Oh, dear, I ought to be at home
 To help him say his prayers ;
 He's such a baby, he forgets ;
 And we are both such players ;
 And there's a bar between, to keep
 From pitching on each other,
 For Harry rolls when he's asleep ;
 —Oh, dear, I want my mother !"

The sky grew stormy, people passed
 All muffled, homeward faring.
 " You'll have to spend the night with me,"
 I said at last, despairing.
 I tied a kerchief round her neck,
 —" What ribbon's this, my blossom ?"
 " Why, don't you know ?" she smiling said,
 And drew it from her bosom.

A card, with number, street, and name !
 My eyes astonished met it ;
 " For," said the little one, " you see
 I might sometime forget it ;

And so I wear a little thing
 That tells you all about it ;
 For mother says she's very sure
 I would get lost without it."

THE VANISHERS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams
 In the simple Indian lore
 Still to me the legend seems
 Of the Elves who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen, and gone,
 Never reached nor found at rest,
 Baffling search, but beckoning on
 To the sunset of the best.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
 Through the dark of lowland firs,
 Flash the eyes and flow the locks
 Of the mystic vanishers !

And the fisher in his skiff,
 And the hunter on the moss,
 Hear their call from cape and cliff,
 See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wishful, longing, through the green
 Twilight of the clustered pines,
 In their faces rarely seen,
 Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
 On the slopes of westering knolls ;
 In the wind they whisper low
 Of the sunset land of souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !
 Thou and I have seen them too ;
 On before with beck and sign,
 Still they glide, and we pursue

More than clouds of purple trail
 In the gold of setting day ;
 More than gleams of wing or sail
 Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
 Gleams and glories seen and lost,
 Far-heard voices sweet with truth
 As the tongues of Pentecost —

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
 Sweetness that transcends our taste,
 Loving hands we may not clasp,
 Shining feet that mock our haste—

Gentle eyes we closed below,
 Tender voices heard once more,
 Smile and call us, as they go
 On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, oh, friend of mine !
 Let us walk our little way,
 Knowing by each beckoning sign
 That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still with baffled feet
 Smiling eye and waving hand,
 Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
 Lost and found, in sunset land !

—Atlantic Monthly.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MR. FORSTER ON THE REIGN OF
CHARLES I. *

THE reign of Charles I. and the Reformation are the two critical points in English history; and it is far easier both to understand and to study the first than the second. In order to trace the gradual changes of opinion which come over the temper of a nation and change its views upon almost every subject, it is necessary to call up a world which is past and gone, and to create anew a whole mental atmosphere. Before we can know how and why England passed from Popery to Protestantism, we must know how men felt, how they argued, what were their methods of acquiring knowledge, what their tests of truth before and after the change; we must enter into that subtle influence which every one feels in his own time, and which no one can define, called the spirit of the age,—that strange but most real influence which makes the difference between Shakespeare and Milton, between Milton and Dryden, Dryden and Pope, Pope and Cowper, Cowper and Scott or Wordsworth, Scott or Wordsworth and Tennyson. The difficulty of doing this is almost insurmountable. Hardly any one can hope to unite the comprehensive knowledge, the quick sympathy, and the judicial calmness and clearness, which are indispensably and almost equally necessary to the performance of such a task.

To estimate the merits of a political contest is another thing. The differences between the combatants no doubt go deep, and the influences by which they were produced are subtle; but the questions at issue are broad and comparatively definite. Every one can form a judgment about them. They gather up into definite shapes differences of sentiment and opinion to which it is hardly possible to do full justice; and thus enable us to arrive at proximate solutions of the wider questions on which they depend, and from which they really spring. The struggle between the Stuarts, especially Charles

* 1. "Sir John Eliot; a Biography: 1590-1632." By John Forster. Two Volumes. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

2. "The Debates on the Grand Remonstrance, November and December, 1641; with an introductory Essay on English Freedom under Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns." By John Forster, LL.D. London: Murray. 1860.

3. "Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.: a Chapter of English History rewritten." By John Forster. London: Murray. 1860.

I., and their parliaments were, so to speak, the second act of the Reformation. They are the political applications of the principles which were then applied to religion on a wider and less definite scale.

This consideration would amply justify the labor which Mr. Forster has bestowed upon the illustration of the reign of Charles I., if any justification of it were required; but his books are, in fact, their own justification. They belong to a class of works which, after a certain interruption, are again becoming popular. They aim at making the original materials of history accessible and interesting to those who have not the power to consult the originals for themselves. In former times such books were by no means uncommon. For instance, Madox's "History of the Exchequer" is in substance a collection of extracts from the records, classified in reference to certain subjects. Fleury's "Ecclesiastical History" reproduces verbatim, or in a compressed form, the statements of all the most remarkable original ecclesiastical writers. Barnes's "Edward III." is a book of the same sort. Carte and Rapin tried to write, and to some extent succeeded, in writing the history of England more or less on the same sort of scale. In progress of time, however, this system of composition came to be considered tedious,—as, indeed, it undoubtedly is, unless the interest of the reader is very strong, and the judgment of the author very great. Histories like those of Hume and Robertson came into fashion, and were considered a marvellous improvement. These books made up, in elegance of style and in their superior conception of the uses of learning, for the absence of learning itself; and, no doubt, they were as much superior in interest and the kind of ability which they displayed to the old-fashioned collections of materials called histories, as the speech of a first-rate advocate is to the brief from which it is made. In time, however, their great deficiencies became sufficiently obvious. Hume, in particular, has been so far discredited that no one would think of taking his opinion upon any historical question which required careful examination. Of late years a new school of history has been growing up which aims at combining thought and learning,—at selecting and arranging what is really instructive in original documents, and combining them with a certain amount both of philosophy

and description. Mr. Spedding's life of Bacon, Mr. Carlyle's works on Cromwell and Frederick II., and Mr. Forster's books on Charles I. are all attempts to realize this sort of ideal. There can be no more doubt of the merit than of the difficulty of this way of writing. It is incomparably the liveliest and most instructive method that can be followed; but it is liable to faults of its own, which, in our own generation, are aggravated by the special personal influence and example of the greatest master of the method,—Mr. Carlyle. A man who has passed much time in groping about amongst forgotten pamphlets and illegible MSS., is almost certain to fall into the pardonable error of exaggerating to some extent, not only their importance, but the vividness and value of his own conception of the period and of the persons whose affairs he is studying. Besides this, Mr. Carlyle himself has an imagination of such extraordinary power, and is endowed with such a marvellous faculty for making dry bones live, that writers of a similar degree of industry and intelligence are sometimes seduced into the belief that dry bones are naturally nutritious, and that in the exposition of original authorities, great scenic effects are *de rigueur*. Mr. Forster's writings, we think, have suffered to some extent from this cause. He is, perhaps, too fond of describing scenes, and of trying to realize in his own mind, and for the benefit of his readers, the descriptions of Sir Simonds d'Ewes and his other authorities. He has also a way of occasionally making use of sensation headings to his chapters. The three last, for instance, in the life of Sir J. Eliot are "Appeal to later Time," "Gleams of Hope," "Harshness, Silence, and Death;" and the style, not only of his sentences but of his chapters, is at times somewhat cumbrous. These, however, are inconsiderable faults. There can be no doubt that, taken as a whole, his books are valuable and permanent contributions to our knowledge of the reign of Charles I. They throw more light on the real character of that great crisis of our history, and on the nature of the men by whom its issues were determined, than any of the common books upon the subject. Hume and Lingard give mere outlines; Hallam writes in the spirit of a lawyer and moralist; and Lord Macaulay's passion in discussing the subject was equal to his eloquence and picturesqueness. On the whole, of

books sufficiently detailed to cover the whole subject to which they relate, and yet sufficiently select to be interesting reading, hardly any are so solid and trustworthy as those of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Forster.

As is usually the case in revolutionary periods, the first part of the reign of Charles I. is the most interesting, if it is the least picturesque. When war begins, and the parties are actually at issue, anything like the discussion or development of political principles is of course at an end; and when the fighting is over, the practical inference to be drawn from it is almost always a question rather of power than of principle. It is whilst men are choosing their sides and developing their views that they display their own characters in the most significant and interesting manner.

The civil war between Charles and his parliament formally began when Sir John Hotham refused to permit him to enter Hull. It was imminent, and its necessity was substantially admitted when Charles left Hampton Court for the north. The preceding period may be divided into three parts, two of which are very materially illustrated by Mr. Forster's three works. The first period extends from the accession of Charles, in the spring of 1625, to the dissolution of the third parliament, just four years afterwards, in March, 1629; the second period extends from 1629 to the meeting of the Short Parliament, in April, 1640; and the period begins with the meeting of the Short Parliament, and ends with the commencement of hostilities, in the summer of 1642. It is to the first, and to the beginning of the second of these periods that the life of Sir John Eliot relates. He was born at Port Eliot, in Cornwall, on the 20th April, 1590, the eldest and, as it seems, the only son of a country gentleman of fortune whose family had been settled in Cornwall for a considerable time. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; and afterwards, according to the wise practice of that age, at an Inn of Court, where he was called to the bar. He afterwards appears to have travelled abroad in the company of George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham; and in 1611 he married. He sat in parliament in 1614 and between 1614 and 1619 he witnessed several remarkable events, especially the execution of Raleigh, on the 29th October, 1619,—one of the most infamous acts

perpetrated by the wretched founder of the wretched line of the Stuarts. Mr. Forster could hardly be wrong in supposing that the spectacle of the base sacrifice of the life of one of the greatest Englishmen of his day to the Spaniards made an ineffaceable impression on Eliot's mind, and was one of the reasons which in later years led him to look upon the policy of which the Spanish kingdom had so long been the head with enmity as unrelenting as it was well founded.

In the Parliament of 1614, Eliot took no other part than that of a spectator. He did not sit in the Parliament of 1621. His first step in public life was his appointment to the Vice-Admiralty of Devonshire, by Villiers Duke of Buckingham, then Lord High Admiral of England. Hardly any part of Mr. Forster's book is more curious than that which relates to the duties of this office; and none gives more honorable proof of the painful and laborious diligence with which he has explored every source of information on the subject of his hero's life. We have become so much accustomed to the easy and, so to speak, noiseless working of the great wheels of government, that we are apt to forget that it was not always conducted simply by despatches, account-books, and a well-settled definite routine. With us, the Admiralty is an office with a regular staff, duly paid once a quarter; and whatever may be its faults, they are the faults of an office capable of being reformed by the various methods which parliament and the newspapers have invented for that purpose. In the days of Charles I. matters were altogether different. The lord high admiral was a great officer, with rights and powers of the most definite personal kind, and the vice-admirals were his deputies within their own limits. Bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries are perhaps the most familiar instances in the present day of officials of the old kind, who had freehold interests in their offices, and lived, not upon salaries, but the fees and other profits derived from them. If we imagine the business of any great department of government to be conducted by a man with the same sort of interest in it as a bishop when there were no ecclesiastical commissions held in his diocese, and subject to hardly any other control than that of the courts of law, we shall get a notion of the sort of position which a great official held under Charles I.

It is obvious that, under the most favorable circumstances, such a way of doing business would hold out irresistible temptations to every kind of oppression and jobbery; and the history given by Mr. Forster of Eliot's official life puts this fact in a striking light. Such phrases as "corrupt, oppressive, and inefficient" run lightly over the tongue, and leave no particular impression on the imagination. The history of Eliot as Vice-Admiral of Devon gives us a definite notion of their meaning. Buckingham, by the mere private friendship of James I. and his son has been raised, whilst still quite young, to the offices of lord high admiral, lord warden of the Cinque Ports (then an important place), and master of the horse, and besides all this, he was virtually prime minister, the chief adviser of the king in all affairs of state and policy. No single man could have discharged all these duties without the help of a genius to which Buckingham had not the faintest pretensions. As it was, his functions were jobbed in the grossest manner. As lord high admiral, it was his duty to manage the fleet, and especially to give efficient protection to the coasts of the country against the piracies which in those days were at least as common in the narrow seas as they ever were in the Spanish Main. He had ample means for the purpose both in ships and men; but so grossly was the duty neglected that no part of the country which the pirates could reach was safe. "Pirating," says Mr. Forster, "had become so much more profitable than honest trading, that several Englishmen actually went into the business, turned Turkish and renegade, and lived at Tunis." The pirates used to march up the country, burn villages, and carry off prisoners. Sir William Courtenay's house was robbed by pirates from Salcombe. Pirates carried off one hundred prisoners from Baltimore, in Ireland, and marched them in chains through France. In 1625 the pirates carried off as many as twelve hundred persons from different parts of Cornwall and Devonshire, to be sold for slaves; and at that very time fleets "lay idle in their harbors in the Thames, at Portsmouth, and elsewhere, all their men and provisions being on board." In the same year, Eliot held an Admiralty sessions at Plymouth, and sentenced twenty-five pirates to be hung, of whom twenty were hung accordingly. There was thus abundance of

work for the admiral and all his substitutes. A single instance of the kind of way in which it was done is detailed by Mr. Forster at great but not unnecessary length. In 1623 a pirate of the name of Nutt had been for three years the terror of the Bristol and of St. George's Channels, and had continually plundered the ships of all nations. He had thus obtained the means of buying pardons, which enabled him to insult the very persons he had plundered. The history of Eliot's attempts to catch him, and of his strange negotiations with him in the course of the affair, is too long to be told here; but the short result of the whole is, that after, by infinite trouble, Nutt had been caught, he contrived not only to purchase a new pardon, but also to trump up charges of connivance and corruption against Eliot, for which he was confined in the Marshalsea, and subjected to a prosecution, the full injustice and vexatiousness of which may be learned from Mr. Forster's minute account of it. The iniquity of the manner in which public business was then conducted is emphatically and almost dramatically illustrated by the fact that, at the end of nine years, Eliot was dying in a State prison, and Nutt was in command of a fleet of twenty-eight sail, which chased into harbor the royal squadron sent out to arrest him. This is one practical illustration of what was in those days meant by corruption and insufficiency. It was with this practical experience of the way in which public affairs were managed, that Eliot took his seat in the Parliament of 1624,—the last parliament summoned by James I.

The proceedings of this and of the three following parliaments resemble each other so closely that there is some degree of difficulty in remembering them distinctly, and in keeping separate in one's own mind the parliament which impeached Buckingham, the parliament in which the Petition of Right was passed, and the parliament in which Finch, the speaker, was held down in his chair whilst the House of Commons protested against the abuses of the day. There is, however, for this very reason, comparatively little difficulty in understanding clearly what were the leading principles of all these assemblies, and what was the importance of the measures which they took for the protection of the liberties of the country. The great question which was always at issue

between the successive kings and their parliaments was as to the degree in which the right of voting money and making laws involved the right of giving effectual advice as to the management of political affairs. For a great length of time—certainly since the reign of Henry III., to a great extent since the date of Magna Charta itself—the exclusive right of parliament to legislate had been fully recognized. To use Hallam's well-known and excellent illustration, no English king, after John, would ever have ventured, by a mere act of prerogative, to turn perjury into felony. In general, the right of parliament to control the taxation had also been established, and to a certain extent this of course drew after it the right of advising upon and interfering with the course of the foreign policy. Even under the most popular kings, the exercise of this right was attended with a good deal of jealousy, and was never formally conceded; but down to the accession of the Stuarts, the kings of England had contrived, with certain exceptions, to carry the sympathy of the country with them. In the great events of our history, the people went heartily with their sovereigns. It was so in the wars against Wales and Scotland, in the wars against France, and finally in the Reformation. When all that can be said against Queen Elizabeth (which is a good deal) has been said, one great fact still remains. She and her father did in the main give effect to the general sentiment of the nation by breaking with the pope, establishing a National Church, and helping, however inefficiently and treacherously, the Protestant cause on the continent of Europe. So long as their sovereigns fulfilled this condition, parliament gave them little trouble, and, indeed, they could not have given them much, however much they might have wished it, so long as the general sympathies of the country went with the policy of the sovereign. It should never be forgotten that the idea, with which we are so familiar in the present day, of the absolute supremacy of law, not merely over private but especially and perhaps even more emphatically over public men, is of very modern date. The notion that the king's power was an awful personal attribute derived directly from God, and incapable of being curtailed by any human power, was deeply rooted in the minds of all men till very lately; and it cannot be

doubted that if, in a contest between the king and parliament, the king had ever happened to be on the popular side, the parliament would have no chance against him. In point of fact the great English sovereigns never were and never had cause to be afraid of their parliaments. When the king had it in him to lead, the parliaments were his faithful, devoted, and enthusiastic followers. Kings and parliaments were really great in so far as and because they entered into and expressed the deep general feelings of the country at large; but the king got the credit of the common success, and the parliaments were anxious to give it him in the fullest measure. In the first great speech that he ever made, Eliot expressed this with much nobility of thought and language. After speaking of the advice given to Henry III. by his parliament, he thus proceeds:—

“Our whole story seems but a continual instance of this. Our acts of parliament have ever expressed the wisdom and excellences of our kings. For whosoever be the labor, the honor still reflects on them, and the parliament is but the representative body of the kingdom by contraction drawn into the centre, like the sun taken through a glass to enforce the strength and heat of his reflection; and to this form and station it is not of itself that it is thus moved and occasioned. *Corpus jacet inerte* [*? iners*] *et cessaturum si nemo moveat*, say the philosophers. The body is dull and inapt where it hath not a spirit to move it. Should not this spirit be in the heart of the king that hath called us hither? Are not his faces the beams which through this perspective the parliament are to be derived to the life and benefit of the subjects? How, then, can it be imagined that we should attempt against him by whom we are? The reason of sympathy and participation, as well in policy as in nature, holds inviolable. What prejudice or injury the king shall suffer we must feel. He is to us, as we are to the country, our very self.”

Happily for the English nation, it has the excellent habit of not being satisfied with the highest ideal, unless it corresponds with the facts, and the very enthusiasm which Eliot and his contemporaries felt for the ideal sovereign—the true representative of all that was best and highest in the nation at large—made them jealous to the last degree of his performances. Let him really represent the nation, and he should be repaid with boundless liberality; but he must not only be in

a position to do so, but he must actually do it.

It was here that the real seat of the quarrel between the Stuarts and their parliaments was. They and the nation wished to take different roads. Both James I. and Charles I., but especially Charles, were diametrically opposed in sentiment to the nation at large. The policy on which the English people were bent was the support of the Protestant cause in Germany and France, and opposition to the Spaniards. They were also bitterly opposed to the high-handed manner in which the domestic government of the country had long been carried on.

The haughtiness of the Star Chamber, the oppressions—sometimes cruel and sometimes merely meddlesome and vexatious—of the ecclesiastical courts and the encroachments of Popery, which at that time was making one of those rallies, of which we see a specimen in the present day, and which were supposed to be favored by the government, had deeply disgusted and alarmed the nation. These were the main subjects of complaint in each of the early parliaments of Charles I., and it was the policy which he pursued respecting them that in course of time produced the civil war.

For the sake of distinctness in observing upon the course taken by Eliot in parliament, it may be convenient to remind our readers of the dates and order of succession of a few well-known events, between Eliot's election in 1624 and his death in 1632. The events themselves are intrinsically well known to the most cursory readers of English history.

Charles I. succeeded his father March 27, 1625.

His first parliament was summoned May 17, 1625, and sat till July 9, when it was adjourned to Oxford. It sat there from the 1st to the 12th of August, when it was dissolved.

The object of this parliament was to get money for a war with Spain. It granted tonnage and poundage for a year only.

In October, 1625, an expedition sailed to Cadiz, which in the course of the winter scandalously failed.

In February, 1626, Charles summoned his second parliament which impeached Buckingham. For the part which he took in this proceeding, and especially for the vehemence with which he summed up the case, Eliot

was sent to the Tower (May 11), and was released (20th) because the House refused to go on with any business in his absence. This parliament was dissolved June 15.

On the 7th October, the king issued a proclamation for a forced loan, which Eliot, amongst others, refused to pay. He was for this committed to the Gate House, in May, 1627.

In June, 1627, Buckingham sailed on the expedition to the Isle of Rhée, which failed miserably before November, when he returned.

In 1628, Charles summoned his third parliament. It sat from March to June. In this session the Petition of Right was passed; at first in an evasive, and afterward in the usual and customary form.

On the 23d August, in the same year, Buckingham was murdered at Portsmouth.

In February, 1629, the third parliament held its second session. On the 2d March, Eliot denounced the policy of the bishops and Weston, the lord treasurer, and was stopped by Finch, the speaker. Finch tried to rise and adjourn the House, but was held in his chair by Holles and others. Strong resolutions against arbitrary taxation were passed, and the parliament was next day dissolved.

Proceedings were immediately taken against Eliot and others for this proceeding,—as for a riot. After many delays, Eliot received judgment of imprisonment during the king's pleasure on the 12th February, 1630, and died in confinement in the Tower in November, 1632.

These are the principal dates in Eliot's career, and they will be useful in considering its general quality.

For sufficiently obvious reasons, foreign policy was the first point on which the deep-seated antagonism between the king and his people showed itself. As matters then stood, the king might, if he had been prudent, have governed almost without a parliament, so long as he abstained from interfering in foreign affairs; but the struggles on the continent of Europe were then not much less interesting than the American civil war is at this moment, and at the same time, they were of far more immediate and practical importance to the interests of England. Protestantism was still half independent in France; and its existence appeared to hang in the balance in Germany. The Stuarts

were not, and hardly pretended to be, friends to the Protestant cause; and the influence of "that pernicious woman," as Hallam calls Queen Henrietta, was strong in itself, and was no doubt supposed by the public to be even stronger than it was; and whatever its strength may have been, it was devoted to the interests of tyranny. Charles either could not or would not cordially assist his brother-in-law in the Palatinate; and he first supplied Richelieu with ships against Rochelle, and then, when forced into a sort of attempt to assist the Rochemellers, conducted it with a mixture of perfidy and imbecility which covered the nation with disgrace.

This foreign policy formed one great subject of Eliot's complaints; but it was closely connected with the far more impressive charge of favoring Popery at home. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable phenomenon of the time, that throughout the whole of the early part of the seventeenth century, and especially throughout the whole of the reign of Charles I., the accusation that the king favored Popery was the most prominent, the most dangerous, and the most effective of all that were brought against him. It is one main topic in almost every one of Eliot's speeches, in each of the parliaments in which he sat. The chief overt acts charged against Charles were the laxity with which he executed the penal law against Roman Catholics; the alterations which his ecclesiastical ministers, and especially Laud, introduced into the English ritual, and the harshness with which they strained to the very utmost all the powers of the church through the agency of the ecclesiastical courts. To these definite acts was added a sense of suspicion and uneasiness created by the impression that Popery was gaining ground, and that conversions to it were becoming common.

The behavior of Eliot and his contemporaries on this subject has great interest, especially in the present day. In the first place, it is by no means pleasant to be obliged to admit that the great use, or, at least, one great use, which the first champions of our political liberty wished to make of their liberty was persecution. Even in the present day it is a constant topic of Roman Catholic controversialists, that the guilt of persecution is equally shared between the two creeds; and it is no doubt an effective taunt to say that a man who was beyond all question himself a

martyr to liberty would, if he had been able, have martyred every Roman Catholic priest who celebrated mass in England. It must, however, be remembered what in those days was the nature of the conflict between Protestant and Papist. There was, or had lately been, open war throughout the whole of Europe between the two creeds,—the avowed object of the Catholic powers being to crush Protestantism in their own dominions, and in all other dominions which they could overpower. The Spanish Armada was then a recent event; the Thirty Years' War was in full progress. It was not half over when Eliot died. The great contemporary event in French politics was the taking of Rochelle. The whole reign of Elizabeth had been constantly disturbed by popish plots. In a word, the struggle between Protestant and Papist was all-pervading and all-exhausting, and was a struggle, in the coarsest and most literal sense of the word, conducted by main force in its most terrible forms. Nor was this surprising or unnatural. The Romish Church viewed the bare belief of Protestantism as at once a sin and a crime, deserving a painful death here and eternal tortures hereafter; and the kings and priests who held and acted on that opinion were no doubt perfectly consistent. If it is true that God established an infallible spiritual authority to teach the world the most important of all truths, and if it is also true that he commissioned temporal rulers to exercise coercive power over their subjects and for the good of their subjects, it appears to follow clearly that the temporal power cannot do a greater service to their subjects than that of compelling them to obey the infallible spiritual power; nor can they owe to God any higher duty than that of obeying that spiritual power themselves, protecting its interests, and carrying out the commands which it issues respecting matters within its own province, the extent and limits of which can, of course, be defined only by itself. The truth is, that the distinction between spiritual and temporal, like the distinction between religious and secular, is arbitrary, and rests on no substantial difference. If the pope has the attributes which he claims, we ought all to be at his feet in every relation of life. In the seventeenth century this was far better understood and far more strongly felt than it is at present; and as a natural consequence the con-

flict between the two parties was far more bitter and thorough-going. The fierce legislation against the Papists in England was but a sort of prelude to the contest which might at any time arise, and which did occasionally break out to die away again, between the English nation and the leading Romish powers. It was after all the natural resource of a rough and peremptory age, in which men were accustomed to go straight to their objects with little regard to each other's feelings. We can hardly estimate the state of things at the time sufficiently well to say what degree of restraint might justifiably have been imposed on the Roman Catholics and their priests. No doubt the particular laws actually passed were, like all the penal legislation of the period, scandalously harsh and cruel: but in an age in which no one objected to hanging thieves, it was natural enough to be cruel in the matter of religious persecution.

However this may be, one point is perfectly clear. Eliot and his associates were absolutely and entirely right in believing with all their souls that by its very nature and essence Popery was altogether opposed to liberty, and even to government by anything which really deserved to be called a law. A fashion has sprung up in the present day amongst those neo-Catholics, whose opinions would strangely scandalize their spiritual ancestors, of crediting the Church of Rome with the growth of freedom. The liberties of England, it is said, were founded long before the Reformation, and are owing in a great measure to ecclesiastics; and in the present day the pope represents the power of the conscience, in opposition to brute-force, which is represented by the civil magistrate.

This is one of those half-truths which authors who have more dexterity and subtlety than power are in the habit of working up into more or less attractive sophisms. No doubt the mediæval clergy were often opposed to the different governments of Europe, just as the Irish clergy are opposed in the present day to the English Government. No doubt they were often right in their opposition, and helped to obtain great public advantages. No doubt, also, they, as the representatives of an invisible and unearthly power, were often able to check brute force. But the issue raised at the Reformation was, whether they and the body to which they belonged, were the infallible and exclusive

agents and representatives of this unseen power, and of the great moral principles established by that power for the regulation of human conduct. Were they, in fact, in matters moral and spiritual to be the masters of the world? Was the State based merely on force, or had it its own moral and spiritual attributes? Was the parliament of England—king, lords, and commons—conscientiously obliged to bow to the clergy and to the pope in things spiritual, or had it the right, and was it under the obligation, of ordering in its own fashion the affairs of this realm, whether spiritual or temporal, and of declaring, for instance, to what extent opinion should be free, to what extent it should be restrained, on what terms benefices should be held, and the like? These were the questions then at issue between the pope and the king, and in a somewhat different shape they are still at issue. If the Romish doctrine is the true one, the State has no moral character; it has no right to interfere in the higher and more sacred functions of life. Marriage, for instance, education, public worship,—all that relates to the moral and spiritual relations of men,—ought to be regulated by the clergy, and surrendered to them by the State. The State should be contented with making railways and commercial treaties, firing heavy cannon at armor plates and deciding upon the merits of conflicting schemes of taxation, or the law of bankruptcy or real property. It may also hang and imprison; but if the criminal's heart is to be touched, or if the growth of criminal dispositions is to be checked, "she," the Church, must be called in and have absolute command. It was against this view of the relation of the clergy and the laity—a view which would take from patriotism its only attractions for a reasonable man—that the great statesmen, of whom Eliot was one, utterly revolted. Whether the measures by which they wished to check it were wise and humane is another question; but England will cease to be England, or Popery to be Popery, when the object itself is considered as anything else than high, glorious, and essential to the very existence of the nation.

It is a very curious question, and we suspect that it is one on which the truth has not yet been fully brought out, whether Charles I. and his court really and in their hearts favored Popery. Our own conjecture—it is

little more—would be that they did not, that Charles, like his father, wanted to be pope himself, and that Laud and other of the High Church party would much have preferred that arrangement. Though the fact has not been much noticed, it is nevertheless true that there was a strong tinge of what would now be called rationalism amongst the king's party,—a way of thinking, towards some forms of which, at least, Laud, with all his abject superstitions, had a certain leaning. It is a very significant fact that Charles and Laud highly honored Chillingworth, whose great book, as Hallam observes, asserted almost for the first time a "principle which the zeal of the early reformers had rendered them unable to perceive, and for want of which the adversary had perpetually discomfited them; namely, that the errors of conscientious men do not forfeit the favor of God." Indeed, there is a natural connection between liberalism and the high Anglican theory which attaches great importance to the traditions of the early church. These can of course be ascertained only by learning and criticism; and thus learning and criticism become the tests to which theology is ultimately referred. It must, however, be owned that this tendency is very remote, and that in point of fact the traditionary theory tends rather to silliness and superstition than to that latitude or breadth which is so strangely made a reproach in matters of religious belief.

Whatever may have been the relation of Charles I. to liberalism, and whatever may have been the character and policy of the penal laws, there can be no doubt of the fact that, in setting them aside, Charles showed his disregard of the law of the land, and his contempt for public feeling. Whether they were good or bad, they were the law of the land, and ought either to have been enforced or repealed.

Charles's tamperings with the law in this particular were but one small specimen of his disposition to tamper with all laws. On looking over the leading events of his reign, it is impossible not to feel that in his own heart he utterly repudiated and rebelled against the notion that the national will ought to determine the general course of public affairs; and that he believed, on the contrary, in the fullest manner, that he was the lawful master of the nation's destiny,

and that every restraint put upon him by parliament was a restraint opposed to that higher law by which everything ought to be measured; namely, his own will. The great merit of Eliot in his day, as it was the merit of his successors at a later period, was, that they so far mastered the superstitious reverence with which the common opinion of the time invested the king as to come by degrees to recognize the fact, and to act upon it when it was once fully recognized. Each of Mr. Forster's books offers detailed evidence in support of this proposition. The great cardinal illustrations of it are so strong that it may be enough to allude to them in a very few words.

After the dissolution of the second parliament, and just before the expedition to the Isle of Rhé, Eliot, with many others, was imprisoned for refusing to subscribe to the forced loan. This led to the Petition of Right, the great provision of which was a declaration of the unlawfulness of arbitrary imprisonment. Charles I. first begged the Commons not to pass the bill, and asked them to "rest upon his royal word and promise, which he assured them should be really and royally performed." When the House refused to accept this most unreasonable request, Charles passed the petition in an unusual and evasive form. He then, in order to get the money which was the consideration for it, passed it in the usual and proper form. He then caused the copies printed for publication to be printed in the first form; and when, after the dissolution of the parliament, Eliot and others were arrested in the plainest violation of the Petition of Right, his attorney-general, Heath, argued in the Court of King's Bench that the Petition of Right was not a law at all, and that though it was for the honor of the king to observe it, it was the duty of the people not to stretch it beyond the words and intentions of the king. It is hard to imagine more complicated, deliberate, and aggravated perfidy and falsehood.

Charles's conduct, however, on every occasion was of the same kind. He was utterly regardless of law: his parasites flattered him by reviling it. Mr. Forster's industry has produced one proof of this, which, though not of much intrinsic importance, illustrates with singular force the character of the atmosphere which in those times pervaded the

court. A wretched man of the name of Bagg, who, amongst other iniquities, virtualled the Cadiz expedition with food so bad that it bred a pestilence in the fleet, was one of Eliot's most malignant and persevering enemies. Mr. Forster has extracted from the State Paper Office details upon his complicated iniquities too abundant and various to be here described. In the course of them he was instrumental in Eliot's committal to prison for refusing to contribute to the forced loan. Eliot sent a petition to the king justifying his conduct, and exposing the illegality of the treatment to which he had been subjected. In the course of this he appealed to Magna Charta, upon which Bagg makes the following profound observations: "Our chronicles note that Henry III. being pressed by his mutinous barons to grant them their liberties, which they themselves had with a high hand extorted from King John, and propounded to him, the moderation and equanimity of the king, terrified by his father's example, peacefully finished the contention. And so no doubt Edward I., terrified both by the example of his father, Henry III., and his grandfather, King John, did for his own quiet and subjects' safeguard grant the people that which he durst not deny." Magna Charta, thus extorted, appeared to Bagg a very poor thing. He says,—

"The excommunication and curses denounced against all that violate these laws is a terrible thunderbolt to the petitioners' conscience! Why rather fears he not the curses of Pope Innocent in conscience of the royal wrongs denounced against all the procurers of such laws, and especially the Magna Charta, which, though Eliot so magnifies, yet we shall find it abortive in the birth and growth. For it was not originally freely and regally granted, nor (if the petitioner would have dealt candidly in his allegation) so voluntarily confirmed. The beginning was in Henry I.'s time, who was but a usurper upon the right of Robert, his elder brother; and to establish himself in that usurpation did by it curry favor with the nobles and smooth the people, —a low thing in a king! Wherein he granted away peradventure some of his regality to them, lest they should assist in taking away all from him. And for the confirmation of this Magna Charta, King John having as cracked a title as Henry I. had, and the same policy in selling his regality. For being environed with a rebellious army in the meadows of Staines, he was forced by a strong hand to grant the Magna Charta de Foresta,

which grants, as aforesaid, were admitted by Pope Innocent. Nor yet was the Magna Charta thus extorted a law till the 52d year of Henry III., neither was it then so freely enacted by the royal assent, which is the form and life of a law, as wrung out by the long bloody and civil wars of those never-to-be-honored barons! Yet was posterity loath to forego the price of so much blood, by them called liberty; as it feared (through due revenge) that every act of their prince, whom they had justly provoked, would lead to their bondage. Yet since have many a pious prince suffered them to enjoy an equal liberty under it, preserving to every man his own vine. But it never has, now especially, by a single hair made a chain to bind the king from doing anything, and a key to admit the vassal to everything."

We have thought it worth while to extract this passage at full length, because it shows the sort of sentiments which found favor with Charles and his favorite Buckingham, to whom this precious composition was addressed. Bagg, no doubt, knew the sort of topics which would please his patron, for he was one of the most successful and unscrupulous jobbers of the day; and it is clear from this paper that what the court really enjoyed was to hear Magna Charta abused as a mere abortion, an illegal encroachment on the imprescriptible rights of the sovereign to be absolute master of the person and property of his subjects.

The bitter personal enmity with which Eliot was pursued by the court on every occasion is a further illustration of this. During the interval between the second and third parliaments, a commission against Eliot was issued, for the purpose of getting up charges against him founded on his discharge of his Admiralty functions. Bagg was one of the principal agents in this commission, and Mr. Forster has painfully unravelled the obscure iniquities of which he and his associates were guilty. They enable every one to understand the dread of parliaments which spread downwards from Charles and Buckingham to the very lowest agents of tyranny. This was a comparatively unimportant matter. Eliot's treatment after the dissolution of the third parliament, was perhaps the most scandalous transaction of the whole of Charles's reign. He and his colleagues were imprisoned contrary to law. They were shifted from prison to prison in order, by a contemptible quibble, to keep them in prison

throughout the Long Vacation. The judges were tampered with in various ways to prevent them from being bailed; and when at last the monstrous sentence of imprisonment during the king's pleasure had been passed upon Eliot, he was rigorously kept in jail till he died, although Charles I. knew that the imprisonment, if persisted in, would cause his death,—conduct towards a political enemy which approaches to the guilt of wilful murder.

Apart from the light which it throws upon the political affairs of the time, there are in Eliot's life many matters of personal interest. His private character appears to have been singularly winning and noble. His family affairs gave him much trouble and anxiety. He lost his wife in July, 1628, and her father took charge of his family during his frequent absences from home. His letters upon this subject are very interesting; and there are others, especially some written to Hampden during his last imprisonment, which give a most touching picture of the kindly thoughtfulness and grave affection which were marked features in the character of many of the distinguished men of that day. One of the most curious parts of the intercourse between Hampden and Eliot is the extreme courtliness of their language to each other. If Hampden has occasion to find the slightest fault in the work which Eliot was writing, and on which he asked his opinion, he seems almost overpowered with a notion of his own audacity, and hardly ventures to express what he thinks. Many things in the literature of that period show a degree of anxiety to avoid offence, and to smooth down harsh sayings or harsh conduct, which implies that it was an age when harsh conduct was often necessary, and when men had become unusually sensitive. Nothing shows the substantial tranquillity of our own age more conclusively than the freedom with which people speak and write of each other, and the plainness with which they speak their minds.

One of the oddest things in Mr. Forster's book is his account of a proposal made to Eliot by an acquaintance—not apparently particularly intimate with him—within three months of Lady Eliot's death. He writes to say that "it cannot but be tedious and solitary for you, having had so loving and comfortable a companion, now to be alone."

He then adds that he "did know a widow whose husband died much about the same time that the worthy Lady Eliot did." She was rich, pretty, and under thirty. As yet "she was free and intended to keep so," though she was "already solicited by men of great birth and worth." He had already made overtures to her on Eliot's behalf through a common friend, and if Eliot liked to go on with the matter, he should be most happy to do his best. Several letters passed on the subject; but, for some reason or other, Eliot would give himself no trouble about it, and would not even come up to London to see about it, and in a few months Mrs. Bennett became Lady Finch, the wife of Sir Heneage Finch, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons, and owner, as Mr. Forster tells us, of the house and grounds which afterwards became Kensington Palace and Gardens. It appears that she chose her husband out of no less than ten suitors, whose names are all given by Mr. Forster: at such a premium stood a rich widow in the year 1629!

The death of Sir John Eliot occurred at the beginning of the long interval which passed between the dissolution of the third parliament, and the assembly of the fourth or Short Parliament, which was speedily succeeded by the most famous of all representative assemblies. This interval Mr. Forster's inquiries leave untouched. Let us hope that he may find time and inclination to write something which would fill up the gap. There are plenty of subjects. What, for instance, could be more attractive or instructive than a life of Strafford to match the life of Sir John Eliot? In a vague, general way we all know something of the main features of the life of the Great Earl. That he was president of the Council of the North and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; that he was the great counsellor of the king in all his despotic purposes; that he earned, by many acts of power and oppression, the tremendous fate which overtook him, are sufficiently notorious facts; but it is one thing to know this in the vague, general way in which we learn them from common books of history, and quite another to know the story as Mr. Forster would tell it; to know in detail all about the Council of the North, its ways of proceeding, its objects, origin, and practical effects. It would also be matter of the highest interest to know how Strafford governed

Ireland, and specifically what advice he gave to the king, when and why he gave it, what was the exact nature of that scheme of Thorough on which he corresponded so frequently with Laud, and what in practice were its chances of success. All this, together with a better account of his trial than is to be had from common histories, would make up a noble subject, which no one could handle with better effect than Mr. Forster. It cannot be doubted that the State Paper Office, properly examined, to say nothing of those private repositories of papers which are so often to be found by zealous inquirers, would yield up to his experienced hands a rich store of secrets which it would be most interesting to see revealed.

In the absence of any such work, we must pass on to Mr. Forster's account of the Grand Remonstrance, merely mentioning, in passing, the names of the remarkable events which occurred in the interval of nine years, during which Charles tried to govern without a parliament. The general character of the government was the same as it had hitherto been, or, indeed, was rather an exaggeration of the course of conduct which had occasioned the Bill of Rights. The Star Chamber was more cruel and oppressive than ever; the ecclesiastical courts gave constantly increasing offence; and the forced loans and other impositions were thrown into the shade by the monstrous imposition of ship-money. Mr. Forster tells us that the chief regular source of the king's income, during these years, was the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, which he kept in his own hands. When the government was carried on in this spirit, and when such a counsellor as Strafford was concerting with Laud the scheme of Thorough, their slang phrase or the utter subversion of the old laws and liberties of the land, it seems impossible to doubt that Charles deliberately intended to make himself absolute and to reduce this country to the level of government to which so many continental nations had then fallen, and from which they are now trying to raise themselves with difficulty and danger enough. The attempt to force the liturgy on the Scotch happily brought matters to a crisis, and compelled the king, after trying every kind of device to avoid the evil day, to call the parliament, which met on the 13th April, 1640, and was dissolved in the following month, because they stood stiffly on the rule

that grievances must precede supply, and proposed to take measures against the collection of ship-money before granting subsidies. For a few months longer the king was able to struggle through his difficulties; but in November, 1640, the Long Parliament assembled, and its measures form on the whole the most remarkable series of events in our history. They are so well known that the barest mention of them is enough. They passed the Triennial Bill. They declared ship-money to be illegal. They destroyed the Star Chamber, and the Court of High Commission, and other illegal tribunals, especially the Council of the North and the Council of Wales. They reduced the forests to their proper size; and they impeached Strafford, and finally took his life by the Bill of Attainder. Of the wisdom and utility of all these measures, except the last, no one can doubt; and as to the execution of Strafford, there is so much room for a favorable judgment that Lord Macaulay pronounced for it, whilst Hallam did not pronounce against it. His opinion, from which probably few competent judges will dissent, is that Strafford deserved his death, though there is room for doubt as to the propriety of the means by which it was inflicted on him. The Grand Remonstrance forms the next memorable proceeding after Strafford's execution; and it is to the illustration of its history that Mr. Forster has devoted the first of the volumes which we now proceed to notice.

His great authority both for this volume and for that which relates to the arrest of the five members, is the MS. Journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes,—a document which others, and especially Mr. Carlyle, had referred to before him, but which Mr. Forster had the credit of studying for the first time in its integrity. Sir Simonds D'Ewes was the son of one of the six clerks, and had been educated for the bar. His tastes led him to study records and antiquities, which he calls "the most ravishing and satisfying part of human knowledge." He made large collections of extracts with a view to writing a history of England, and being himself returned to the Long Parliament for Sudbury, he studied contemporary history with the minute care which he had bestowed upon the history of the past, and took notes of everything that passed in the House with the minuteness of a professional reporter. He is

Mr. Forster's principal witness as to the transactions which took place in parliament in respect of the Grand Remonstrance and the arrest of the five members.

Strafford's death was the signal for a considerable reaction and for a division in the popular party. Hyde and Falkland, both of whom would seem (notwithstanding Hyde's silence as to his own conduct) to have voted for the attainder, passed over to the king's side. There seems to have been a general impression that enough had been done,—that the king had become the weaker party, and ought to be supported. The bill which forbade the dissolution of parliament without its own consent had, no doubt, strangely altered their position; and these facts to some extent account for the numerous plots, sometimes against the lives of Pym and Hampden, sometimes against the security of the parliament which the king seems to have meant to threaten by bringing up troops from the north,—which were discovered soon after Strafford's execution. These alarms, and the various incidents to which they gave rise, filled the summer and autumn of 1641.

On the 9th September in that year the House adjourned for a short recess, and re-assembled on the 20th October. Plots of every kind were reported to them. Goring's plot to bring up troops to London to effect what we should now call a *coup d'état* was one. Hampden, who was then commissioner in Scotland, reported a plot for the assassination of the leaders of the Covenant. Attempts were made upon Pym's life. In a word, the reforming party in the House found themselves suddenly exposed to the danger of losing what they had gained, by defections from their own ranks and attacks from without. In this state of things the popular leaders proposed to state their whole case to the world at large, in the shape of what was known as the Grand Remonstrance. In effect, it was, no doubt, an appeal to the people against the king and the court. "This is what we have done; this is why we have done it; and this is the work which the king and his party are straining every nerve to undo." Such, in a few words, was the gist of this memorable document. It must be admitted that the step was one which nothing but the most desperate necessity could justify. It was in the nature of a solemn protest by parliament against the

government. It was a solemn call for support in a desperate struggle. Of course, such a call should be made only in the last extremity; but it is not easy to consider the state of things at the time without feeling that such a necessity did then exist. Looking at Charles's behavior throughout the whole of his reign; looking in particular at his behavior in respect of the Petition of Right, in respect of Sir John Eliot, in respect of ship-money, in respect of the countenance which he had afforded to Strafford's tyrannical schemes; and looking, above all, at the underhand proceedings which he was reasonably suspected of carrying on at that very time, and of which the arrest of the five members was the final result, it is impossible to doubt that he was at once utterly false, and passionately bent upon treating all the legislation of the Long Parliament as he had treated the Petition of Rights ten years before, as soon as he got the opportunity of doing so. To make the people understand this, and to show them that if they valued their liberties, they must be prepared to defend them to the utmost, would seem, under the circumstances, to have been not only a justifiable but an absolutely necessary and essential step. The debates on the Remonstrance lasted from the 9th to the 20th November, when it was finally carried, in the midst of that fierce scene which has been so often described, and which made so deep an impression on those who saw it. Geoffrey Palmer claimed a right to protest, and moved that the clerk should enter the names of all those whose claim to protest would have to be determined on a future day. Upon this the minority burst out into shouts of "All! All!"

"All! All! [says D'Ewes] was cried from side to side, and some waved their hats over their heads, and others took their swords in their scabbards out of their belts, and held them by the pummels in their hands, setting the lower part on the ground; so as if God had not prevented it, there was very great danger that mischief might have been done. All those who cried All! All! and did the other particulars, were of the number of those who were against the Remonstrance."

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Forster's volume is the abstract which it contains of the Grand Remonstrance itself, which caused such fierce excitement. It began by a preamble, setting forth the occasion of its publication, which was stated to be the

"great aspersions cast on them for what they had done" during the twelve months of their existence, the difficulties put in their way, and the jealousies stirred up between the king and parliament. This they ascribed to a conspiracy to subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom, made between "Jesuitical Papists," the bishops and disaffected clergy, and certain officers of state, whose object it was to degrade Protestantism and discredit parliament. After this preamble they went on to describe the measures taken in the preceding parliaments; the desertion of the Protestant cause in the first parliament; the forced loans raised after the dissolution of the second parliament; the evasions and infringements of the Petition of Right, and the persecution of Eliot and others. It then went on to describe in minute detail the ten years' interval during which the country was governed by prerogative. It set out all the unjust and illegal devices by which money had been raised; and, above all, the scandalous device of ship-money,— "that new and unheard-of tax by which for many years, with the help of the book of rates, near upon seven hundred thousand pounds was yearly taken by the crown." They quoted the case of Chambers, who, for refusing to pay illegal taxes, was fined two thousand pounds and kept twelve years in prison. They next set out the revival of monopolies, and the odious jobbery which was united with extortion. They described interferences with the course of law and the degradation of the judges, whose patents were granted to them *durante bene placito*, instead of *quam diu se bene gesserint*. They described the new and strange jurisdictions, the cruelties of the Star-Chamber, and the oppressions of the bishops' courts. They went on to charge a design to exterminate Protestantism, and with it to destroy all liberty, according to the plans of Laud and Strafford. They also set out the course of Scotch affairs, showing how ecclesiastical oppression in Scotland had been made the means of furthering the tyranny practised in England.

From this picture of the abuses which had thus prevailed for about fifteen years, they passed to an account of their own proceedings during the last year; and they go on to describe the opposition which they had met with from the party hostile to parliaments, whose proceedings they connected with the

frightful rebellion which had broken out in Ireland, and which moved that generation much as the Indian mutiny moved our own. Finally, they describe the remedies which they propose, and which were still required to make good the ground which they had won. These were—safeguards against the Roman Catholic religion, security for the better administration of the law, and conditions for the future selections by the king of such counsellors only as could be trusted.

This decisive measure was carried by a very small majority. The numbers were one hundred and fifty-nine for, to one hundred and forty-eight against it. Clarendon, with his usual unfairness, declares that the popular party carried their motion because their opponents had been tired out and had left the House. Mr. Forster produces the clearest evidence that this is utterly untrue. Two divisions on minor points took place at an earlier hour. Three hundred and ten members voted in one; in the other three hundred and eight; and on the decisive one three hundred and seven, which was more than three-fifths of the whole House.

The history of the arrest of the five members forms the natural sequel to the history of the Grand Remonstrance. Charles's friends have tried to represent it as an unfortunate mistake,—an isolated act, done on a sudden impulse. Mr. Forster's book is written to show that it was, in fact, a deliberately planned and by no means hopeless attempt to execute much such a *coup d'état* as that of the 2d December, 1851. The passing of the Grand Remonstrance had effected the purpose which its authors had in view; for it attracted public attention and excited public sympathy in the strongest way; on the other hand, it drove Charles into measures of the most violent provocation. He enforced to the utmost the laws which bore on the Puritans. He remitted sentences passed on Roman Catholic priests. But one of his most significant acts was the change which he made in the lieutenancy of the Tower. He dismissed Sir William Ballour without any reason assigned, and supplied his place by Lunsford, a soldier of infamous character. Clarendon describes him as "one who would be faithful for this obligation, and execute anything that should be desired or directed." Warburton translates this phrase into plain English thus: the object was "to keep the five members

safe, whom it was determined to arrest." In the mean time the feelings of the people were effectually roused. There were tumults at Westminster in front of Whitehall, and the king gradually collected a certain number of troops there. The Commons, on their side, were moved by Pym to require a guard from the trained-bands of the city. The motion, however, did not succeed. There seems to be reason to think that the king tried to seduce Pym into his service, and that in the course of the negotiations for that purpose he obtained some hints of the designs which were entertained, which he could not state distinctly to that House.

On the 3d January, 1642, these rumors and hints took a definite shape; for on that day the attorney-general impeached Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Hampden, Holles, Haslerig, and Strode for high treason, before the House of Lords, and a sergent-at-arms was sent to the House of Commons to demand that they should be delivered up. The House sat next day to consider what answer they should give, being sensible that the attack on their privileges and the illegality of the whole course of proceeding was as serious as anything, short of open force, could be. On that day no conclusion was reached; but on the following day (January 4), the king in his own person made his famous attempt to arrest the members. Mr. Forster has, with minute care, collected all the evidence which bears on this memorable transaction; and, without going minutely into the subject, it may perhaps be enough to say that he appears to us to make it appear probable in the highest degree that the act was deliberate and carefully prepared; and that the king not only contemplated the possibility of an actual fray between his armed followers and the House of Commons, but was on the whole anxious that it should take place, and inclined to make that use of such an occurrence which has so often been made of similar occurrences in our times by rulers whose tyranny was more consistent, more resolute, more successful, but not more unscrupulous than his own.

The arrest of the five members Mr. Forster considers as the true beginning of the civil war, or, at any rate, as the step which rendered it inevitable. The long controversy which followed about the militia and other subjects is extremely wearisome to read in

Clarendon's pages; and we are inclined to agree with Mr. Forster in thinking that it was rather a lingering proclamation of war than a real negotiation. Hallam observes that the king got much the best of it, thanks, to a great extent, to the skilful advocacy of Clarendon, by whom his state papers were drawn. This may be so; but it is fair to the parliament to remember that it was no easy matter to convey their real meaning respectfully. Put it how you will, it can never be a pleasant thing to say to any one, especially to a king, "You are such a liar and tyrant that we do not believe a single word you say, or trust in any promise that you can make. If you will accept a mere nominal and shadowy authority, take it. If not, take what you can get." This was what the parliament really had to say, and that in a reverential manner. Whether or not they said it, they meant it, and made their meaning good; and it appears to us that by so doing they not only established the liberties of this country,

but did to the world at large a greater political service than it ever received from any other quarter. No one, of course, can justify the whole of their conduct. The words of Chatham, quoted by Hallam, appear to us to exhaust the whole subject. "There was ambition, there was sedition, there was violence; but no man shall persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on the one side and of tyranny on the other." Hallam adds upon this that he cannot believe that the great body of the Royalists were combating for the sake of tyranny. He appeals to Hyde's state papers and to the willingness of the royalists to make peace. This may be all very true. No one doubts Clarendon's ability. No one ought to deny the noble qualities of the Cavaliers; but they had one fatal weakness. They were ready to trust a liar because he happened to be a king. The great merit of the parliamentary party was that they knew that Charles was a liar, and treated him as such.

JOHN O'GROAT.—In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, natives of Holland, came to this coast of Caithness, with a letter in Latin from that monarch, recommending them to the protection and countenance of his subjects hereabout. They got possession of a large district of land, and in process of time multiplied and prospered until they numbered eight different proprietors by the name of Groat. On one of the annual dinners, instituted to commemorate their arrival in Caithness, a dispute arose as to the right of precedence in taking the door, and the head of the table. This waxed very serious, and threatened to break up these annual gatherings. But the wisdom and virtue of John prevented this rupture. He made a touching speech to them, soothing their angry spirits with an appeal to the common and precious memories of their native land, and to all their joint experiences in this. He entreated them to return to their homes quietly, and he would remedy the current difficulty at the next meeting. Won by his kindly spirit and words, they complied with his request. In the interval, John built a house expressly for the purpose, of an octagonal form, with eight doors and windows. He then placed a table of oak, of the same shape, in the middle, and when the next meeting took place, he desired each head

of the different Groat families to enter at his own door, and sit at the head of his own table. This happy and ingenious plan restored good feeling and a pleasant footing to the sensitive families, and gave to the good Dutchman's name an interest which it will carry with it forever.—"*A Walk from London to John O'Groat's, with Notes by the Way.*" By Elihu Burritt.

THE tunnel under the Apennines, on the Bologna and Florence railroad, has just been opened to the public, and the line is now open from Turin and Milan to Rome and Naples without any other interruption than the few miles which separate Civita-Vecchia from Orbitello, on the Tuscan coast.

THE sale of the illustrated edition of "*Les Misérables*," published in penny numbers by Hertz, has already reached 120,000.

OF MOODS.

I.

On the Longest Day,
Heaven was gay,
Flowers and sunshine along the way.
I loitered and stood,
In listless mood,
With many a sigh,
I knew not why :
Nothing pleasant ; nothing good.

II.

On the Shortest Day,
Heaven was gray,
Coldness and mire along the way.
How or where
Had I cast off care ?
For light and strong,
With a snatch of song,
I stepped through the mud and biting air.

III.

Moods, that drift,
Or creep and shift,
Or change, not a windy cloud more swift,
No fetter found
To hold you bound,—
Can I dare to go
To the depth below
Whence ye rise, overspreading air and ground ?

IV.

There in the gulf
Of my deep, deep self,
Stranger than land of dragon and elf,
Acts and schemes,
Hopes and dreams,
Loves and praises,
Follies, disgraces,
Swarm, and each moment therewith teems.

V.

They rise like breath
Of coming death,—
Of flowers that the soul remembereth,—
The Present, whose place
Is a footsole-space,
Being then as nought.
But the Present hath wrought
All this ; and our Will is king, by God's grace.
—*Fraser's Magazine.* W. A.

THE LAST WISH.

Old friend, you know I trust you. You have heard
What gifts I leave my kin when I am dead :
My greatest wealth remains. Hush ! speak no word,
But bring that antique casket to my bed.
See, somewhat rich must surely be contained
Within such noble case. These carved woods
Once swayed in eastern winds ; this creamy-veined
White shell once glistened in Italian floods.
The case for you, so you but do my will.
See this my treasure ; keep it unconfest
Till death lays on my brain his bitter chill ;
Then let it perish, buried on my breast.
You marvel. Yes, it seems a worthless prize,
This small wild flower 'ret, whose once blushing grace
Is withered ; yet 'tis priceless in my eyes—
Ah, friend ! as faded is my once fair face.

They did not know 'twas *this* I prized above
I would have bartered this,—have cast the stem
Look, on these leaves there hangs a bloom of love
Than name or jewels endlessly more rare.

Think you for wealth of titles or of gold
I would have bartered this,—have cast the stem
His fingers culled among the rotting mould
Of autumn's graves, and placed some costlier gem

Upon the heart where once he laid this flower,
And said—ah me !—in jest, that I should keep
His token till I died ? The solemn hour
Draws near which heralds that eternal sleep ;

And I have kept my troth. God knows that jest
Is terribly fulfilled. I trust you—lay
The token thus, as he did, on my breast—
So—let me now in silence pass away.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.* M. S.

A SEASONABLE GLEE.

(TO BE SUNG IN BED ON ANY FROSTY DAY.)

AIR—"The Cough and Crow."

With cough and cold to bed I've gone,
My boot is on the tree ; *
The weather out of doors this morn
Is co-old as charity,
Is co-o-o-o-old as charity.
The bright fire sparkles, sparkles o'er the fen-
-der with its steel array-ay-ay,
-der with its steel array,
-der with its steel array.
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
I'll not get up to-day ;
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
I'll not get up to-day.
Beneath the blankets full three deep
All snuggled up I cower,
All snuggled up I cower ;
Above the counterpane I peep
To see what is the hour,
To see what is the hour.
My watch I find says half-past ten,
Then dow-ow-own myself I lay,
Then down myself I lay,
Then down myself I lay.
Bring tea and toast, my merry, merry men,
I don't get up to-day ;
Bring tea and toast, my merry, merry men,
I don't get up to-day.

Some friends drop in to ask me "how
I am" (pray shut the door) ;
Drop in ! Their frost is melting now,
And deluging the floor,
And de-lu-ging the floor !
"Get up !" No ! no ! I trust them when
They say 'tis an ice day,
They say 'tis an ice day,
They say 'tis an ice day.
I'll house me then, my merry, merry men,
Abuse me as you may ;
I'll house me then, my merry, merry men,
Abuse me as you may !

—*Punch.*

* On the Boot Tree. This is a poetical intima-
tion that the singer does not intend going out for a
walk.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY TEMPLE'S TROUBLES.

"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
Hes scarce will yield to please a daw."

SCOTT.

EARLY in the afternoon of a warm October day, the brothers arrived at Avonmouth, and ten minutes after both were upon the lawn at Myrtlewood, where croquet was still in progress. Shouts of delight greeted the colonel, and very gracefully did Bessie Keith come to meet him with the frank, confiding sweetness befitting his recent ward, the daughter of his friend. A reassuring smile and monosyllable had scarcely time to pass between him and the governess before a flood of tidings was poured on him by the four elder boys, while their mother was obliged to be mannerly, and pace leisurely along with the elder guest, and poor Mr. Touchett waited a little aloof, hammering his own boot with his mallet, as if he found the enchanted ground failing him. But the boys had no notion of losing their game, and vociferated an inquiry whether the colonel knew croquet. Yes, he had several times played with his cousins in Scotland. "Then," insisted Conrade, "he must take mamma's place, whilst she was being devoured, and how surprised she would be at being so helped on!"

"Not now; not to-day," he answered. "I may go to your sister, Ailie? Yes, boys, you must close up your ranks without me."

"Then, please," entreated Hubert, "take him away," pointing to the engrosser of their mother.

"Do you find elder brothers so easily disposed of, Hubert?" said the colonel. "Do you take Conrade away when you please?"

"I should punch him," returned Francis.

"He knows better," quoth Conrade in the same breath, both with infinite contempt for Hubert.

"And I know better," returned Colonel Keith; "never mind, boys, I'll come back in—in reasonable time to carry him off;" and he waved a gay farewell.

"Surely, you wish to go too," said Bessie to Alison, "if only to relieve them of the little girl! I'll take care of the boys. Pray go."

"Thank you," said Alison, surprised at her knowledge of the state of things, "but they are quite hardened to Rose's presence, and I think would rather miss her."

And, in fact, Alison did not feel at all sure

that, when stimulated by Bessie's appreciation of their mischief, her flock might not in her absence do something that might put their mother in despair, and make their characters for naughtiness ir retrievable; so Leoline and Hubert were summoned, the one from speculations whether Lord Keith would have punched his brother, the other from amaze that there was anything our military secretary could not do, and Conrade and Francis were arrested in the midst of a significant contraction of the nostrils and opening of the mouth, which would have exploded in an "eehaw" but for Bessie's valiant undertaking to be herself and Lady Temple both at once.

Soon Colonel Keith was knocking at Ermine's door, and Rose was clinging to him, glowing and sparkling with shy ecstacy; while without sitting down again after her greeting, Rachel resolutely took leave, and walked away with firm steps, ruminating on her determination not to encourage meetings in Mackarel Lane.

"Better than I expected!" exclaimed Colonel Keith, after having ushered her to the door in the fulness of his gratitude. "I knew it was inevitable that she should be here, but that she should depart so fast was beyond hope!"

"Yes," said Ermine, laughing, "I woke with such a certainty that she would be here and spend the first half-hour on the F. U. E. E. that I wasted a great deal of resignation. But how are you, Colin? You are much thinner! I am sure by Mrs. Tibbie's account you were much more ill than you told me."

"Only ill enough to convince me that the need of avoiding a northern winter was not a fallacy, and likewise to make Tibbie insist on coming here, for fear Maister Colin should not be looked after. It is rather a responsibility to have let her come, for she has never been farther south than Edinburgh: but she would not be denied. So she has been to see you? I told her you would help her to find her underlings. I thought it might be an opening for that nice little girl who was so oppressed with lace-making."

"Ah! she has gone to learn wood-cutting at the F. U. E. E.; but I hope we have comfortably provided Tibbie with a damsel. She made us a long visit, and told us all about Master Colin's nursery days. Only I am afraid we did not understand half."

"Good old body," said the colonel, in tones

almost as national as Tibbie's own. "She was nursery girl when I was the spoiled child of the house, and hers was the most homelike face that met me. I wish she may be happy here. And you are well, Ermine?"

"Very well, those drives are so pleasant, and Lady Temple so kind! It is wonderful to think how many unlooked-for delights have come to us; how good every one is;" and her eyes shone with happy tears as she looked up at him, and felt that he was as much her own as ever. "And you have brought your brother," she said; "you have been too useful to him to be spared. Is he come to look after you or to be looked after?"

"A little of both I fancy," said the colonel, "but I suspect he is giving me up as a bad job. Ermine, there are ominous revivifications going on at home, and he has got himself rigged out in London, and had his hair cut, so that he looks ten years younger."

"Do you think he has any special views?"

"He took such pains to show me the charms of the Benarchie property that I should have thought it would have been Jessie Douglas, the heiress thereof, only coming here does not seem the way to set about it, unless he regards this place as a bath of youth and fashion. I fancy he has learned enough about my health to make him think me a precarious kind of heir, and that his views are general. I hope he may not be made a fool of, otherwise it is the best thing that could happen to us."

"It has been a dreary, uncomfortable visit, I much fear," said Ermine.

"Less so than you think. I am glad to have been able to be of use to him, and to have lived on something like brotherly terms. We know and like each other much better than we had a chance of doing before, and we made some pleasant visits together, but at home there are many things on which we can never be of one mind, and I never was well enough at Gowanbrae to think of living there permanently."

"I was sure you had been very unwell! You are better though?"

"Well, since I came into Avonmouth air," said he, "I fear nothing but cold. I am glad to have brought him with me, since he could not stay there, for it is very lonely for him."

"Yet you said his daughter was settled close by."

"Yes; but that makes it the worse. In

fact, Ermine, I did not know before what a wretched affair he had made of his daughters' marriages. Isabel he married when she was almost a child to this Comyn Menteith, very young, too, at the time, and who has turned out a good-natured, reckless, dissipated fellow, who is making away with his property as fast as he can, and to whom Keith's advice is like water on a duck's back. It is all rack and ruin and extravagance, a set of ill-regulated children, and Isabel smiling and looking pretty in the midst of them, and perfectly impervious to remonstrance. He is better out of sight of them, for it is only pain and vexation, an example of the sort of match he likes to make. Mary, the other daughter, was the favorite, and used to her own way, and she took it. Keith was obliged to consent so as to prevent an absolute runaway wedding, but he has by no means forgiven her husband, and they are living on very small means on a government appointment in Trinidad. I believe it would be the bitterest pill to him that either son-in-law should come in for any part of the estate."

"I thought it was entailed."

"Gowanbrae is, but as things stand at present that ends with me, and the other estates are at his disposal."

"Then it would be very hard on the daughters not to have them."

"So hard that the death of young Alexander may have been one of the greatest disasters of my life, as well as of poor Keith's. However, this is riding out to meet perplexities. He is most likely to outlive me; and, moreover, may marry and put an end to the difficulty. However, till my charge is relieved, I must go and see after him, and try if I can fulfil Hubert's polite request that I would take him away. Rosie, my woman, I have hardly spoken to you. I have some hyacinth roots to bring you to-morrow."

In spite of these suspicions, Colonel Keith was not prepared for what met him on his return to Myrtlewood. On opening the drawing-room door he found Lady Temple in a low arm-chair in an agony of crying, so that she did not hear his approach till he stood before her in consternation. Often had he comforted her before; and now convinced that something dreadful must have befallen one of the children, he hastily, though tenderly, entreated her to tell him which, and what he could do.

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed, starting up and removing her handkerchief, so that he saw her usually pale cheeks were crimson. "Oh, no," she cried, with panting breath and heaving chest. "It is all well with them as yet. But—but—it's your brother."

He was at no loss now as to what his brother could have done; but he stood confounded, with a sense of personal share in the offence, and his first words were, "I am very sorry. I never thought of this."

"No, indeed," she exclaimed, "who could? It was too preposterous to be dreamed of by any one. At his age, too, one would have thought he might have known better."

A secret sense of amusement crossed the colonel, as he recollected that the disparity between Fanny Curtis and Sir Stephen Temple had been far greater than that between Lady Temple and Lord Keith; but the little gentle lady was just at present more like a fury than he had thought possible, evidently regarding what had just passed as an insult to her husband and an attack on the freedom of all her sons. In answer to a few sympathizing words on the haste of his brother's proceeding, she burst out again with indignation almost amusing in one so soft,—"Haste! Yes! I did think that people would have had some respect for dear, dear Sir Stephen!" and her gush of tears came with more of grief and less of violence, as if she for the first time felt herself unprotected by her husband's name.

"I am very much concerned," he repeated, feeling sympathy safer than reasoning. "If I could have guessed his intentions, I would have tried to spare you this,—at least, the suddenness of it. I could not have guessed at such presumptuous expectations on so short an acquaintance."

"He did not expect me to answer at once," said Fanny. "He said he only meant to let me know his hopes in coming here. And, oh, that's the worst of it! He won't believe me, though I said more to him than I thought I could have said to anybody! I told him," said Fanny, with her hands clasped over her knee, to still her trembling, "that I cared for my dear, dear husband, and always shall,—always,—and then he talked about waiting, just as if anybody could leave off loving one's husband! And then when he wanted me to consider about my children, why, then I told

him"—and her voice grew passionate again—"the more I considered, the worse it would be for him. As if I would have my boys know me without their father's name! and, besides, he had not been so kind to you that I should wish to let him have anything to do with them! I am afraid I ought not to have said that," she added, returning to something of her meek softness; "but, indeed, I was so angry I did not know what I was about. I hope it will not make him angry with you."

"Never mind me," said Colonel Keith, kindly. "Indeed, Lady Temple, it is a wonderful compliment to you that he should have been ready to undertake such a family."

"I don't want such compliments! And, oh!" and here her eyes widened with fright, "what shall I do? He only said my feelings did me honor, and he would be patient and convince me. Oh, Colonel Keith, what shall I do?" and she looked almost afraid that fate and perseverance would master her after all, and that she should be married against her will.

"You need do nothing but go on your own way, and persist in your refusal," he said, in the calm voice that always reassured her.

"Oh, but pray,—pray never let him speak to me about it again!"

"Not if I can help it, and I will do my best. You are quite right, Lady Temple. I do not think it would be at all advisable for yourself or the children, and hardly for himself," he added, smiling. "I think the mischief must all have been done by that game at whist."

"Then I'll never play again in my life! I only thought he was an old man that wanted amusing"—Then as one of the children peeped in at the window, and was called back, "Oh, dear! how shall I ever look at Conrade again, now any one has thought I could forget his father?"

"If Conrade knew it, which I trust he never will, he ought to esteem it a testimony to his mother."

"Oh, no, for it must have been my fault! I always was so childish; and when I've got my boys with me, I can't help being happy;" and the tears swelled again in her eyes. "I know I have not been as sad and serious as my aunt thought I ought, and now this comes of it."

"You have been true, have acted noth-

ing," said Colonel Keith, "and that is best of all. No one who really knew you could mistake your feelings. No doubt that your conduct agrees better with what would please our dear Sir Stephen than if you drooped and depressed the children."

"Oh, I am glad you say that!" she said, looking up, flushed with pleasure now, and her sweet eyes brimming over. "I have tried to think what he would like in all I have done, and you know I can't help being proud and glad of belonging to him still, and he always told me not to be shy and creeping into the nursery out of every one's way."

The tears were so happy now that he felt that the wound was healed, and that he might venture to leave her, only asking first, "And now what would you like me to do? Shall I try to persuade my brother to come away from this place?"

"Oh, but then every one would find out why, and that would be dreadful! Besides, you are only just come. And Miss Williams"—

"Do not let that stand in your way."

"No, no. You will be here to take care of me. And his going now would make people guess; and that would be worse than anything."

"It would. The less disturbance, the better; and if you upset his plans now, he might plead a sort of right to renew the attempt later. Quiet indifference will be more dignified and discouraging. Indeed, I little thought to what I was exposing you. Now I hope you are going to rest: I am sure your head is aching terribly."

She faintly smiled, and let him give her his arm to the foot of the stairs.

At first he was too indignant for any relief save walking up and down the esplanade, endeavoring to digest the unfairness towards himself of his brother's silence upon views that would have put their joint residence at Avonmouth on so different a footing; above all, when the Temple family were his own peculiar charge, and when he remembered how unsuspiciously he had answered all questions on the money matters, and told how all was left in the widow's own power. It was the more irritating, as he knew that his displeasure would be ascribed to interested motives, and regarded somewhat as he had seen Hubert's resentment treated when Francis teased his favorite rabbit. Yet not only on

principle, but to avoid a quarrel, and to reserve to himself such influence as might best shield Lady Temple from further annoyance, he must school himself to meet his brother with coolness and patience. It was not, however, without strong effort that he was able to perceive that, from the outer point of view, one who, when a mere child, had become the wife of an aged general, might, in her early widowhood, be supposed open to the addresses of a man of higher rank and fewer years, and the more as it was not in her nature to look crushed and pathetic. He, who had known her intimately throughout her married life and in her sorrow, was aware of the quiet force of the love that had grown up with her, so entirely a thread in her being as to crave little expression, and too reverent to be violent even in her grief. The nature, always gentle, had recovered its balance, and the difference in years had no doubt told in the readiness with which her spirits had recovered their cheerfulness, though her heart remained unchanged. Still, retired as her habits were, and becoming as was her whole conduct, Colin began to see that there had been enough of liveliness about her to lead to Lord Keith's mistake, though not to justify his want of delicacy in the precipitation of his suit.

These reflections enabled him at length to encounter his brother with temper, and to find that, after all, it had been more like the declaration of an intended siege than an actual summons to surrender. Lord Keith was a less foolish and more courteous man than might have been gathered from poor Fanny's terrified account; and all he had done was to intimate his intention of recommending himself to her, and the view with which he had placed himself at Avonmouth, nor was he in the slightest degree disconcerted by her vehemence, but rather entertained by it, accepting her faithfulness to her first husband's memory as the best augury of her affection for a second. He did not even own that he had been precipitate.

"Let her get accustomed to the idea," he said, with a shrewd smile. "The very outcry she makes against it will be all in my favor when the turn comes."

"I doubt whether you will find it so."

"All the world does not live on romance like you, man. Look on, and you will see that a pretty young widow like her cannot

fail to get into scrapes; have offers made to her, or at least the credit of them. I'd lay you ten pounds that you are said to be engaged to her yourself by this time, and it is no one's fault but your own that you are not. It is in the very nature of things that she will be driven to shelter herself from the persecution with whoever has bided his time."

"Oh, if you prefer being accepted on such terms"—

He smiled, as if the romance of the exclamation were beneath contempt, and proceeded, "A pretty, gracious, ladylike woman, who has seen enough of the world to know how to take her place, and yet will be content with a quiet home. It is an introduction I thank you for, Colin."

"And pray," said Colin, the more inwardly nettled because he knew that his elder brother enjoyed his annoyance, "what do you think of those seven slight encumbrances?"

"Oh, they are your charge," returned Lord Keith, with a twinkle in his eye. "Besides most of them are lads, and what with school, sea, and India, they are easily disposed of."

"Certainly it has been so in our family," said Colin, rather hoarsely, as he thought of the four goodly brothers who had once risen in steps between him and the Master.

"And," added Lord Keith, still without direct answer, "she is so handsomely provided for that you see, Colin, I could afford to give you up the Auchinvar property, that should have been poor Archie's, and what with the farms and the moor, it would bring you in toward three hundred a year for your housekeeping."

Colin restrained himself with difficulty, but made quiet answer, "I had rather see it settled as a provision on Mary and her children."

Lord Keith growled something about minding his own concerns.

"That is all I desire," responded the colonel, and therewith the conference ended. Nor was the subject recurred to. It was observable, however, that Lord Keith was polite and even attentive to Ermine. He called on her, sent her grouse, and though saying nothing, seemed to wish to make it evident that his opposition was withdrawn, perhaps as no longer considering his brother's affairs

as his own, or else wishing to conciliate him. Lady Temple was not molested by any alarming attentions from him. But for the proclamation, the state of siege might have been unsuspected. He settled himself at the southern Gowanbrae as if he had no conquest to achieve but that of the rheumatism, and fell rapidly into seaside habits,—his morning stroll to see the fishing-boats come in, his afternoon ride, and evening's dinner-party, or whist-club, which latter institution disposed of him, greatly to Colin's relief. The brothers lived together very amicably, and the younger often made himself helpful and useful to the elder, but evidently did not feel bound to be exclusively devoted to his service and companionship. All the winter residents and most of the neighboring gentry quickly called at Gowanbrae; and Lord Keith, in the leisure of his present life, liked society where he was the man of most consequence, and readily accepted and gave invitations. Colin, whose chest would not permit him to venture out after sunset, was a most courteous assistant host, but necessarily made fewer acquaintances, and often went his own way, sometimes riding with his brother, but more frequently scarcely seeing him between breakfast and twilight, and then often spending a solitary evening, which he much preferred either to *ecarte* or making talk.

The summer life had been very different from the winter one. There was much less intercourse with the Homestead, partly from Rachel's being much engrossed with the F. U. E. E., driving over whenever the coachman would let her, to inspect progress, and spending much of her time in sending out circulars, answering letters, and writing a tale on the distresses of woman, and how to help them, entitled "Am I not a Sister?" Tales were not much in Rachel's line; she despised reading them, and did not love writing them, but she knew that she must sugar the cup for the world, and so she diligently applied herself to the *pièce de resistance* for the destined magazine, heavily weighting her slender thread of story with disquisitions on economy and charity, and meaning to land her heroines upon various industrial asylums where their lot was far more beatific than marriage, which was reserved for the naughty one to live unhappy in ever after. In fact, Rachel, in her stern consistency, had made up her mind to avoid and discourage the colonel, and pre-

vent her own heart from relenting in his favor, or him from having any opportunity of asking an explanation, and with this determination she absented herself both from Ermine's parlor and Lady Temple's croquet ground; and if they met on the esplanade or in a morning call, took care never to give the chance of a *tête-à-tête*, which he was evidently seeking.

The croquet practice still survived. In truth, Fanny was afraid to ride, lest Lord Keith should join her, and was glad to surround herself with companions. She could not see the enemy without a nervous trepidation, and was eager to engross herself with any body or thing that came to hand, so as to avoid the necessity of attending to him. More than once did she linger among her boys "to speak to Mr. Touchett," that she might avoid a ten minutes' walk with his lordship; and for nothing was she more grateful than for the quiet and ever ready tact with which Bessie Keith threw herself into the breach. That bright damsel was claimed by Lord Keith as a kinswoman, and accepting the relationship, treated him with the pretty playfulness and coquetry that elderly men enjoy from lively young girls, and thus often effected a diversion in her friend's favor, to the admiration both of the colonel and of Lady Temple herself; all, however, by intuition, for not a word had been hinted to her of what had passed during that game at croquet. She certainly was a most winning creature; the colonel was charmed with her conversation in its shades between archness and good sense, and there was no one who did not look forward with dread to the end of her visit, when, after a short stay with one of her married cousins, she must begin her residence with the blind uncle to whose establishment she, in her humility, declared she should be such a nuisance. It was the stranger she should think so, as she had evidently served her apprenticeship to parish work at Bishops-worthy; she knew exactly how to talk to poor people, and was not only at home in clerical details herself, but infused them into Lady Temple; so that, to the extreme satisfaction of Mr. Touchett, the latter organized a treat for the school-children, offered prizes for needlework, and once or twice even came to listen to the singing practice when anything memorable was going forward. She was much pleased at being helped to do what she

felt to be right and kind, though hitherto she had hardly known how to set about it, and had been puzzled and perplexed by Rachel's disapproval, and semi-contempt of "scratching the surface" by the commonplace Sunday-school system.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANGE AT THE PARSONAGE.

"What could presumptuous hope inspire."

ROKEBY.

THERE had been the usual foretaste of winter, rather sharp for Avonmouth, and though a trifle to what it was in less sheltered places, quite enough to make the heliotropes sorrowful, strip the fig-trees, and shut Colonel Keith up in the library. Then came the rain, and the result was that the lawn of Myrtlewood became too sloppy for the most ardent devotees of croquet; indeed, as Bessie said, the great charm of the sport was that one could not play it above eight months in the year.

The sun came back again, and reasserted the claim of Avonmouth to be a sort of English Mentone; but drying the lawn was past its power, and Conrade and Francis were obliged to console themselves by the glory of taking Bessie Keith for a long ride. They could not persuade their mother to go with them, perhaps because she had from her nursery window sympathized with Cyril's admiration of the great white horse that was being led round to the door of Gowanbrae.

She said she must stay at home, and make the morning calls that the charms of croquet had led her to neglect, and in about half an hour from that time she was announced in Miss Williams's little parlor, and entered with a hurried, panting, almost pursued look, a frightened glance in her eyes, and a flush on her cheek, such as to startle both Ermine and the colonel.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as if still too much perturbed to know quite what she was saying, "I—I did not mean to interrupt you."

"I'm only helping Rose to change the water of her hyacinths," said Colonel Keith, withdrawing his eyes and attention to the accommodation of the forest of white roots within the purple glass.

"I did not know you were out to-day," said Lady Temple, recovering herself a little.

"Yes, I came to claim my walking companion. Where's your hat, Rosie?"

And as the child, who was already equipped all but the little brown hat, stood by her aunt for the few last touches to the throat of her jacket, he leaned down and murmured, "I thought he was safe out riding."

"Oh, no, no, it is not that," hastily answered Lady Temple, a fresh suffusion of crimson color rushing over her face, and inspiring an amount of curiosity that rendered a considerable effort of attention necessary to be as supremely charming a companion as Rose generally found him in the walks that he made it his business to take with her.

He turned about long before Rose thought they had gone far enough, and when he re-entered the parlor there was such an expectant look on his face that Ermine's bright eyes glittered with merry mischief, when she sent Rose to take off her walking dress.

"Well!" he said.

"Well? Colin, have you so low an opinion of the dignity of your charge as to expect her to pour out her secrets to the first ear in her way?"

"Oh, if she has told you in confidence."

"No, she has not told me in confidence; she knew better."

"She has told you nothing."

"Nothing!" and Ermine indulged in a fit of laughter at his discomfiture, so comical that he could not but laugh himself, as he said, "Ah; the pleasure of disappointing me quite consoles you."

"No, the proof of the discretion of womanhood does that! You thought, because she tells all her troubles to you, that she must needs do so to the rest of the world."

"There is little difference between telling you and me."

"That's the fault of your discretion, not of hers."

"I should like to know who has been annoying her. I suspect"—

"So do I. And when you get the confidence at first hand, you will receive it with a better grace than if you had had a contraband foretaste."

He smiled; "I thought yours a more confidence-winning face, Ermine."

"That depends on my respect for the individual. Now I thought Lady Temple would much prefer my looking another way, and talking about Conrade's Latin grammar, to my holding out my arms and inviting her to

pour into my tender breast what another time she had rather not know that I knew."

"That is being an honorable woman," he said, and Rose's return ended the exchange of speculations; but it must be confessed that at their next meeting, Ermine's look of suppressed inquiry quite compensated for her previous banter, more especially as neither had he any confidence to reveal or conceal, only the tidings that the riders, whose coalition had justified Lady Temple's prudence, had met Mr. Touchett wandering in the lanes in the twilight, apparently without a clear idea of what he was doing there. And on the next evening there was quite an excitement, the curate looked so ill, and had broken quite down when he was practising with the choir boys before church; he had indeed gone safely through the services, but at school he had been entirely at a loss as to what Sunday it was, and had still more unfortunately forgotten that to be extra civil to Miss Villars was the only hope of retaining her services, for he had walked by her with less attention than if she had been the meanest scholar. Nay, when his most faithful curatolatrix had offered to submit to him a design for an illumination for Christmas, he had escaped from her with a desperate and mysterious answer that he had nothing to do with illumination; he hoped it would be as sombre as possible.

No wonder Avonmouth was astonished, and that guesses were not confined to Mackarel Lane.

"Well, Colin," said Ermine, on the Tuesday, "I have had a first-hand confidence, though from a different quarter. Poor Mr. Touchett came to announce his going away."

"Going!"

"Yes; in the very nick of time, it seems, Alick Keith has had a letter from his uncle's curate, asking him to see if he could meet with a southern clergyman to exchange duties for the winter with a London incumbent, who has a delicate wife, and of course Mr. Touchett jumped at it."

"A very good thing,—a great relief."

"Yes. He said he was very anxious for work, but he had lost ground in this place within the last few months, and he thought that he should do better in a fresh place, and that a fresh person would answer better here, at least for a time. I am very sorry for him, I have a great regard for him."

"Yes; but he is quite right to make a fresh beginning. Poor man, he has been quite lifted off his feet, and entranced all this time, and his recovery will be much easier elsewhere. It was all that unlucky croquet."

"I believe it was. I think there was at first a reverential sort of distant admiration, too hopeless to do any one any harm, and that really might have refined him, and given him a little of the gentlemanlike tone he has always wanted. But then came the croquet, and when it grew to be a passion, it was an excuse for intimacy that it would have taken a stronger head than his to resist."

"Under the infection of croquet fever."

"It is what my father used to say of amusements,—the instant they become passions they grow unclerical and do mischief. Now he used, though not getting on with the Curtises, to be most successful with the second-rate people; but he has managed to offend half of them during this unhappy mania, which, of course, they all resent as mercenary; and how he is ever to win them back, I don't know. After all, curatocult is a shallow motive—Rachel Curtis might triumph!"

"The higher style of clergyman does not govern by curatocult. I hope this one may be of that description, as he comes through Mr. Clare. I wonder if this poor man will return?"

"Perhaps," said Ermine, with a shade of imitation in her voice, "when Lady Temple is married to the colonel. There now I have gone and told you! I did try to resolve I would not."

"And what did you say?"

"I thought it due to Lady Temple to tell him exactly how she regarded you."

"Yes, Ermine, and it is due to tell others also. I cannot go on on these terms either here or at Myrtlewood unless the true state of the case is known. If you will not let me be a married man, I must be an engaged one, either to you or to the little Banksia."

This periphrasis was needful, because Rose was curled up in a corner with a book, and her accessibility to outward impressions was dubious. It might be partly for that reason, partly from the tone of fixed resolve in his voice, that Ermine made answer, "As you please."

It was calmly said, with the sweet, grave,

confiding smile that told how she trusted to his judgment, and accepted his will. The look and tone brought his hand at once to press hers in eager gratitude, but still she would not pursue this branch of the subject; she looked up to him and said gently, but firmly, "Yes, it may be better that the true state of the case should be known," and he felt that she thus conveyed that he must not press her further, so he let her continue, "At first I thought it would do him good; he began pitying us so vehemently, but when he found I did not pity myself, he was as ready to forget our troubles as—you are to forget his," she added, catching Colin's fixed eye, more intent on herself than on her narrative.

"I beg his pardon, but there are things that come more home."

"So thought he," said Ermine.

"Did you find out," said Colin, now quite recalled, "what made him take courage?"

"When he had once come to the subject, it seemed to be a relief to tell it all out, but he was so faltering and agitated that I did not always follow what he said. I gather, though, that Lady Temple has used him a little as a defence from other perils."

"Yes, I have seen that."

"And Miss Keith's fun has been more encouragement than she knew; constantly summoning him to the croquet ground, and giving him to understand that Lady Temple liked to have him there. Then came that unlucky day, it seems, when he found Bessie mounting her horse at the door, and she called out that it was too wet for croquet, but Lady Temple was in the garden, and would be glad to see him. She was going to make visits, and he walked down with her, and somehow in regretting the end of the croquet season, he was surprised into saying how much it had been to him. He says she was exceedingly kind, and regretted extremely that anything should have inspired the hope, said she should never marry again, and entreated him to forget it; then I imagine she fled in here to put an end to it."

"She must have been much more gentle this time than she was with Keith. I had never conceived her capable of being so furious as she was then. I am very sorry; I wish we could spare her these things."

"I am afraid that can only be done in one way, which you are not likely at present to

take," said Ermine, with a serious mouth, but light dancing in her eyes.

"I know no one less likely to marry again," he continued, "yet no one of whom the world is so unlikely to believe it. Her very gentle simplicity and tenderness tell against her! Well, the only hope now is that the poor man has not made his disappointment conspicuous enough for her to know that it is attributed to her. It is the beginning of the fulfilment of Keith's prediction that offers and reports will harass her into the deed!"

"There is nothing so fallacious as prophecies against second marriages, but I don't believe they will. She is too quietly dignified for the full brunt of reports to reach her, and too concentrated on her children to care about them much."

"Well, I have to see her to-morrow to make her sign some papers about her pension; so I shall perhaps find out how she takes it."

He found Fanny quite her gentle, composed self, as usual uncomprehending and helpless about her business affairs, and throwing the whole burden on him of deciding on her investments; but in such a gracious, dependent, grateful way that he could not but take pleasure in the office, and had no heart for the lesson he had been meditating on the need of learning to act for herself, if she wished to do without a protector. It was not till she had obediently written her "Frances Grace Temple" wherever her prime minister directed, that she said, with a crimson blush, "Is it true that poor Mr. Touchett is going away for the winter?"

"I believe he is even going before Sunday."

"I am very glad—I mean I am very sorry. Do you think any one knows why it is?"

"Very few are intimate enough to guess, and those who are know you too well to think it was otherwise than very foolish on his part."

"I don't know," said Fanny, "I think I must have been foolish too, or he never could have thought of it. And I was so sorry for him, he seemed so much distressed."

"I do not wonder at that, when he had once allowed himself to admit the thought."

"Yes, that is the thing. I am afraid I can't be what I ought to be, or people would never think of such nonsense," said Fanny, with large tears welling into her eyes. "I

can't be guarding that dear memory as I ought, to have two such things happening so soon."

"Perhaps they have made you cherish it all the more."

"As if I wanted that! Please will you tell me how I could have been more guarded? I don't mind your knowing about this; indeed, you ought, for Sir Stephen trusted me to you; but I can't ask my aunt or any one else. I can't talk about it, and I would not have them know that Sir Stephen's wife can't get his memory more respected."

She did not speak with anger as the first time, but with most touching sadness.

"I don't think any one could answer," he said.

"I did take my aunt's advice about the officers being here. I have not had them nearly as much as Bessie would have liked, not even Alick. I have been sorry it was so dull for her; but I thought it could not be wrong to be intimate with one's clergyman, and Rachel was always so hard upon him."

"You did nothing but what was kind and right. The only possible thing that could have been wished otherwise was the making a regular habit of his playing croquet here."

"Ah! but the boys and Bessie liked it so much. However, I dare say it was wrong. Alick never did like it."

"Not wrong, only a little overdone. You ladies want sometimes to be put in mind that, because a clergyman has to manage his own time, he is not a bit more really at liberty than a soldier or a lawyer, whose hours are fixed for him. You do not do him or his parish any kindness by engrossing him constantly in pastimes that are all very well once in a way, but which he cannot make habitual without detriment to his higher duties."

"But I thought he would have known when he had time."

"I am afraid curates are but bits of human nature after all."

"And what ought I to have done?"

"If you had been an exceedingly prudent woman who knew the world, you would have done just as you did about the officers, been friendly and fairly intimate, but instead of ratifying the daily appointments for croquet, have given a special invitation now and then, and so shown that you did not expect him without one."

"I see. Oh, if I had only thought in

time, I need not have driven him away from his parish! I hope he won't go on being unhappy long! Oh, I wish there may be some very nice young lady where he is going. If he only would come back married!"

"We would give him a vote of thanks."

"What a wedding present I would make her!" proceeded Fanny, brightening perceptibly. "I would give her my best Indian table, only I always meant that for Ermine. I think she must have the emu's egg set in Australian gold."

"If *she* were to be introduced by the bribe," said Colonel Keith, laughing, "I think Ermine would be sufficiently provided for by the emu's egg. Do you know," he added, after a pause, "I think I have made a great step in that direction."

She clasped her hands with delighted sympathy.

"She has given me leave to mention the matter," he continued, "and I take that as a sign that her resistance will give way."

"Oh, I am very glad!" said Fanny; "I have so wished them to know at the Homestead;" and her deepened color revealed, against her will, that she had not been insensible to the awkwardness of the secrecy.

"I should rather like to tell your cousin Rachel myself," said the colonel; "she has always been very kind to Ermine, and appreciated her more than I should have expected. But she is not easily to be seen now."

"Her whole heart is in her orphan asylum," said Fanny. "I hope you will soon go with us and see it; the little girls look so nice."

The brightening of his prospects seemed to have quite consoled her for her own perplexities.

That Avonmouth should have no suspicion of the cause of the sudden change of pastor could hardly be hoped; but at least Lady Temple did not know how much talk was expended upon her, how quietly Lord Keith hugged himself, how many comical stories Bessie detailed in her letters to her Clare cousins, nor how Mrs. Curtis resented the presumption; and while she shrunk from a lecture, more especially as she did not see how dear Fanny was to blame, flattered herself and Grace that, for the future, Colonel Keith and Rachel would take better care of her.

Rachel did not dwell much on the subject;

it was only the 'climax of conceit, croquet, and mere womanhood; and she was chiefly anxious to know whether Mr. Mitchell, the temporary clergyman, would support the F. U. E. E., and be liberal enough to tolerate Mr. Mauleverer. She had great hopes from a London incumbent, and, besides, Bessie Keith knew him, and spoke of him as a very sensible, agreeable, earnest man.

"Earhest enough for you, Rachel," she said, laughing.

"Is he a party man?"

"Oh, parties are getting obsolete! He works too hard for fighting battles outside."

The Sunday showed a spare, vigorous face, and a voice and pronunciation far more refined than poor Mr. Touchett's; also the sermons were far more interesting, and even Rachel granted that there were ideas in it. The change was effected with unusual celerity; for it was as needful to Mrs. Mitchell to be speedily established in a warm climate as it was desirable to Mr. Touchett to throw himself into other scenes; and the little parsonage soon had the unusual ornaments of tiny children with small spades and wheelbarrows.

The father and mother were evidently very shy people, with a great deal beneath their timidity, and were much delighted to have an old acquaintance like Miss Keith to help them through their introductions, an office which she managed with all her usual bright tact. The discovery that Stephana Temple and Lucy Mitchell had been born within two days of one another, was the first link of a warm friendship between the two mammas; and Mr. Mitchell fell at once into friendly intercourse with Ermine Williams, to whom Bessie herself conducted him for his first visit, when they at once discovered all manner of mutual acquaintance among his college friends; and his next step was to make the very arrangement for Ermine's church-going, for which she had long been wishing in secret, but which never having occurred to poor Mr. Touchett, she had never dared to propose, lest there should be some great inconvenience in the way.

Colonel Keith was the person, however, with whom the new-comers chiefly fraternized, and he was amused with their sense of the space for breathing compared with the lanes and alleys of their own district. The schools and cottages seemed to them so wonderfully

large, the children so clean, even their fishiness a form of poetical purity, the people ridiculously well off, and even Mrs. Kelland's lace-school a palace of the free maids that weave their thread with bones. Mr. Mitchell seemed almost to grudge the elbow-room, as he talked of the number of cubic feet that held a dozen of his own parishioners; and needful as the change had been for the health of both husband and wife, they almost reproached themselves for having fled and left so many pining for want of pure air, dwelling upon impossible castles for the importation of favorite patients to enjoy the balmy breezes of Avonmouth.

Rachel talked to them about the F. U. E. E., and was delighted by the flush of eager interest on Mrs. Mitchell's thin face. "Objects" swarmed in their parish, but where were the seven shillings per week to come from? At any rate, Mr. Mitchell would, the first leisure day, come over to St. Norbert's with her, and inspect. He did not fly off at the first hint of Mr. Mauleverer's "opinions," but said he would talk to him, and thereby rose steps untold in Rachel's estimation. The fact of change is dangerously pleasant to the human mind; Mr. Mitchell walked at once into popularity, and Lady Temple had almost conferred a public benefit by what she so little liked to remember. At any rate, she had secured an unexceptionable companion, and many a time resorted to his wing, leaving Bessie to amuse Lord Keith, who seemed to be reduced to carry on his courtship to the widow by attentions to her guest.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

"She just gave one squall,
When the cheese she let fall,
And the fox ran away with his prize."

JANE TAYLOR.

"MY DEAR," said Mrs. Curtis, one Monday morning, "I offered Colonel Keith a seat in the carriage to go to the annual book-club meeting with us. Mr. Spicer is going to propose him as a member of the club, you know, and I thought the close carriage would be better for him. I suppose you will be ready by eleven; we ought to set out by that time, not to hurry the horses."

"I am not going," returned Rachel, an announcement that electrified her auditors; for the family quota of books being quite in-

sufficient for her insatiable appetite, she was a subscriber on her own account, and besides, this was the grand annual gathering for disposing of old books, when she was relied on for purchasing all the nuts that nobody else would crack. The whole affair was one of the few social gatherings that she really tolerated and enjoyed, and her mother gazed at her in amazement.

"I wrote to Mrs. Spicer a month ago to take my name off. I have no superfluous money to spend on my selfish amusement."

"But, Rachel," said Grace, "did not you particularly want—oh! that fat, red book which came to us uncut?"

"I did, but I must do without it."

"Poor Mr. Spicer, he reckoned on you to take it; indeed, he thought you had promised him."

"If there is anything like a promise, I suppose it must be done, but I do not believe there is. I trust to you, Grace; you know I have nothing to waste."

"You had better go yourself, my dear, and then you would be able to judge. It would be more civil by the society too."

"No matter, indeed, I cannot; in fact, Mr. Mauleverer is coming this morning to give his report and arrange our building plans. I want to introduce him to Mr. Mitchell, and fix a day for going over."

Mrs. Curtis gave up in despair, and consulted her eldest daughter in private whether there could have been any misunderstanding with Colonel Keith to lead Rachel to avoid him in a manner that was becoming pointed. Grace deemed it nothing but absorption into the F. U. E. E., and poor Mrs. Curtis sighed over this fleeting away of her sole chance of seeing Rachel like other people. Of Mr. Mauleverer personally she had no fears; he was in her eyes like a drawing or music master, and had never pretended to be on equal terms in society with her daughters, and she had no doubts or scruples in leaving Rachel to her business interview with him, though she much regretted this further lapse from the ordinary paths of sociability.

Rachel, on the other hand, felt calmly magnanimous in the completion of a veritable sacrifice; for those books had afforded her much enjoyment, and she would much like to have possessed many of those that would be tossed aside at a cheap rate. But the constant small expenses entailed by the first set-

ting on foot such an establishment as the F. U. E. E. were a heavy drain on her private purse, as she insisted on all accounts being brought to her, and then could not bear that these small, nondescript matters should be charged upon the general fund, which, having already paid the first half-year's rent in advance, and furnished the house, must be recruited by some extraordinary supply before she could build. The thing could not be done at all but by rigid economy, and she was ready to exercise it, and happy in so doing. And the colonel? She thought the pain of her resolution was passing. After all, it was not so dreadful as people would have one believe, it was no such wrench as novels described, to make up one's mind to prefer a systematically useful life to an agreeable man.

Mr. Mauleverer came, with a good report of the children's progress, and talking quite enthusiastically of Lovedy's sweetness and intelligence. Perhaps she would turn out a superior artist, now that chill frenzy no longer repressed her noble rage, and he further brought a small demand for drawing materials and blocks for engraving, to the amount of five pounds, which Rachel defrayed from the general fund, but sighed over its diminution.

"If I could only make the Burnaby Bargain available," she said: "it is cruel to have it tied up to mere apprenticeships, which in the present state of things are absolutely useless, or worse."

"Can nothing be done?"

"You shall hear. Dame Rachel Curtis, in 1605, just when this place was taking up lace-making, an art learned, I believe, from some poor nuns that were turned out of St. Mary's at Avonchester, thought she did an immense benefit to the place by buying the bit of land known as Burnaby's Bargain, and making the rents go yearly to apprentice two poor girls born of honest parents. The rent is fourteen pounds, and so the fees are so small that only the small lace-makers here will accept them. I cannot get the girls apprenticed to anything better in the towns for anything but a much larger premium."

"Do I understand you that such a premium is at present to be bestowed?"

"No, not till next June. The two victims for this year have been sacrificed. But perhaps another time it might be possible to

bind them to you as a wood engraver or printer!" cried Rachel, joyfully.

"I should be most happy. But who would be the persons concerned?"

"The trustees are the representative of our family and the rector of the parish,—not Mr. Touchett (this is only a district), but poor old Mr. Linton at Avonbridge, who is barely able to sign the papers, so that practically it all comes to me."

"Extremely fortunate for the objects of the charity."

"I wish it were so; but if it could only be made available in such a cause as ours, I am sure my good namesake's intentions would be much better carried out than by binding these poor girls down to their cushions. I did once ask about it, but I was told it could only be altered by act of parliament."

"Great facilities have of late been given," said Mr. Mauleverer; "many old endowments have most beneficially extended their scope. May I ask where the land in question is?"

"It is the level bit of meadow just by the river, and all the slope down to the mouth; it has always been in our hands, and paid rent as part of the farm. You know how well it looks from the garden-seat; but it always grieves me when people admire it, for I feel as if it were thrown away."

"Ah! I understand. Perhaps if I could see the papers, I could judge of the feasibility of some change."

Rachel gladly assented, and knowing where to find the keys of the strong box, she returned in a short space with a parcel tied up with red tape, and labelled "Burnaby's Bargain."

"I have been thinking," she exclaimed, as she came in, that that piece of land must have grown much more valuable since this rent was set on it! Fourteen pounds a year, why, we never thought of it; but surely in such a situation, it would be worth very much more for building purposes."

"There can be no doubt. But your approach, Miss Curtis?"

"If it is a matter of justice to the charity, of course that could not be weighed a moment. But we must consider what is to be done. Get the land valued, and pay rent for it accordingly? I would give it up to its

fate, and let it for what it would bring ; but it would break my mother's heart to see it built on."

"Perhaps I had better take the papers and look over them. I see they will need much consideration."

"Very well, that will be the best way ; but we will say nothing about it till we have come to some conclusion, or we shall only startle and distress my mother. After all, then, I do believe we have the real income of the F. U. E. E. within our very hands ! It might be ten times what it is now."

Rachel was in higher spirits than ever. To oblige the estate to pay one hundred and forty pounds a year to the F. U. E. E. was beyond measure delightful, and though it would be in fact only taking out of the family pocket, yet that was a pocket she could not otherwise get at. The only thing for which she was sorry was that Mr. Mauleverer had an appointment, and could not come with her to call on Mr. Mitchell ; but instead of this introduction, as she had sworn herself to secrecy rather than worry her mother till the ways and means were matured, she resolved, by way of compensation, upon going down to impart to Ermine Williams this grave reformation of abuses, since this was an afternoon when there was no chance of meeting the colonel.

Very happy did she feel in the hope that had come to crown her efforts at the very moment when she had actually and tangibly given up a pleasure, and closed a door opening into worldly life, and she was walking along, with a sense of almost consecrated usefulness, to seek her companion in the path of maiden devotion, when in passing the gates of Myrtlewood, she was greeted by Captain Keith and his bright-eyed sister, just coming forth together.

A few words told that they were all bound for Mackarel Lane, actuated by the same probability of finding Miss Williams alone, the colonel being absent.

"Wonderfully kind to her he is," said Rachel, glad to praise him to convince herself that she did not feel bitter ; "he takes that little girl out walking with him every morning."

"I wonder if his constancy will ever be rewarded," said Bessie, lightly ; then, as Rachel looked at her in wonder and almost

rebuke for so direct and impertinent a jest, she exclaimed, "Surely, you are not in ignorance ! What have I done ? I thought all the world knew—all the inner world, that is, that revels in a secret."

"Knew what ?" said Rachel, unavoidable, intolerable color rushing into her face.

"Why, the romance of Colin and Ermine ! To live on the verge of such a—*a*—tragi-comedy, is it ? and not be aware of it, I do pity you."

"The only wonder is how you knew it," said her brother, in a tone of repression.

"I ? Oh ! it is a fine thing to be a long-eared little pitcher when one's elders imagine one hears nothing but what is addressed to one's self. There I sat, supposed to be at my lessons when the English letters came in, and I heard papa communicating to mamma how he had a letter from old Lord Keith,—not this one but one older still,—the father of him,—about his son's exchange,—wanted papa to know that he was exemplary and all that, and hoped he would be kind to him, but just insinuated that leave was not desirable,—in fact, it was to break off an affair at home. And then, while I was all on fire to see what a lover looked like, comes another letter, this time to mamma, from Lady Alison something, who could not help recommending to her kindness her dear nephew Colin, going out crushed by what was feared would prove a fatal accident to the dearest, noblest girl in the world, for so she must call Ermine Williams. Ermine was a name to stick in one's memory if Williams was not, and so I assumed sufficient certainty to draw it all out of dear Lady Temple."

"She knows then ?" said Rachel, breathlessly, but on her guard.

"Knows ? Yes, or she could hardly make such a brother of the colonel. In fact, I think it is a bit of treachery to us all to keep such an affair concealed ; don't you ?" with a vivid flash out of the corner of her eyes.

"Treachery not to post up a list of all one's"—

"One's conquests ?" said Bessie, snatching the word out of her brother's mouth. "Did you ever hear a more ingenious intimation of the number *one* has to boast."

"Only in character," calmly returned Alick.

"But do not laugh," said Rachel, who

had by this time collected herself; "if this is so, it must be far too sad and melancholy to be laughed about."

"So it is," said Alick, with a tone of feeling. "It has been a mournful business from the first, and I do not see how it is to end."

"Why, I suppose Colonel Colin is his own master now," said Bessie; "and if he has no objection, I do not see who else can make any."

"There are people in the world who are what Tennyson calls 'selfless,'" returned Alick.

"Then the objection comes from her?" said Rachel, anxiously.

"So saith Lady Temple," returned Bessie.

They were by this time in Mackarel Lane. Rachel would have given much to have been able to turn back and look this strange news in her face, but consciousness and fear of the construction that might be put on her change of purpose forced her on, and in a few moments the three were in the little parlor, where Ermine's station was now by the fire. There could be no doubt, as Rachel owned to herself instantly, that there was a change since she first had studied that face. The bright coloring, and far more, the active intellect and lively spirit, had always obviated any expression of pining or invalidism; but to the air of cheerfulness was added a look of freshened health and thorough happiness, that rendered the always striking features absolutely beautiful; more so, perhaps, than in their earliest bloom: and the hair and dress, though always neat, and still as simply arranged as possible, had an indescribable air of care and taste that added to the effect of grace and pleasantness, and made Rachel feel convinced in a moment that the wonder would have been not in constancy to such a creature but in inconstancy. The notion that any one could turn from that brilliant, beaming, refined face to her own struck her with a sudden humiliation. There was plenty of conversation, and her voice was not immediately wanted; indeed, she hardly attended to what was passing, and really dreaded outstaying the brother and sister. When Ermine turned to her, and asked after Lovedy Kelland in her new home, she replied like one in a dream, then gathered herself up and answered to the point; but

feeling the restraint intolerable, soon rose to take leave.

"So soon?" said Ermine; "I have not seen you for a long time."

"I—I was afraid of being in the way," said Rachel, the first time probably that such a fear had ever suggested itself to her, and blushing as Ermine did not blush.

"We are sure to be alone after twilight," said Ermine, "if that is not too late for you; but I know you are much occupied now."

Somehow that invalid in her chair had the dignity of a queen appointing her levee, and Rachel followed the impulse of thanking and promising, but then quickly made her escape to her own thoughts.

"Her whole soul is in that asylum," said Ermine, smiling as she went. "I should like to hear that it is going on satisfactorily, but she does not seem to have time even to talk."

"The most wonderful consummation of all," observed Bessie.

"No," said Ermine, "the previous talk was not chatter, but real effervescence from the unsatisfied craving for something to do."

"And has she anything to do now?" said Bessie.

"That is exactly what I want to know. It would be a great pity if all this real self-devotion were thrown away."

"It cannot be thrown away," said Alick.

"Not on herself," said Ermine, "but one would not see it misdirected, both for the waste of good energy and the bitter disappointment."

"Well," said Bessie, "I can't bear people to be so dreadfully in earnest!"

"You are accountable for the introduction; are not you?" said Ermine.

"I'm quite willing! I think a good downfall plump would be the most wholesome thing that could happen to her; and besides, I never told her to take the man for her prime almoner and counsellor! I may have pointed to the gulf, but I never bade Curtia leap into it."

"I wish there were any one to make inquiries about this person," said Ermine; "but when Colonel Keith came, it was too late. I hoped she might consult him; but she has been so much absorbed that she really has never come in his way."

"She would never consult any one," said Bessie.

"I am not sure of that," replied Ermine. "I think that her real simplicity is what makes her appear so opinionated. I verily believe that there is a great capability of humility at the bottom."

"Of the gulf," laughed Bessie; but her brother said, "Quite true. She has always been told she is the clever woman of the family, and what can she do but accept the position?"

"Exactly," said Ermine; "every one has given way to her, and, of course, she walks over their bodies; but there is something so noble about her that I cannot but believe that she will one day shake herself clear of her little absurdities."

"That is contrary to the usual destiny of strong-minded women," said Bessie.

"She is not a strong-minded woman; she only has been made to believe herself one," said Ermine, warmly.

With this last encounter, Bessie and her brother took leave, and the last at once exclaimed, in sentimental tones. "Generous rivals! I never saw so good a comedy in all my days! To disclose the fatal truth, and then bring the rival fair ones face to face!"

"If that were your belief, Bessie, the demon of teasing has fuller possession of you than I knew."

"Ah! I forgot," exclaimed Bessie, "it is tender ground with you likewise. Alas! Alick, sisterly affection cannot blind me to the fact of that unrequited admiration for your honorable rival."

"What, from the strong-minded Curtia?"

"Ah! but have we not just heard that this is not the genuine article, only a country-made imitation? No wonder it was not proof against an honorable colonel in a brown beard."

"So much the better; only unluckily there has been a marked avoidance of him."

"Yes; the colonel was sacrificed with all other trivial incidents at the shrine of the F. U. L. E.—E. E., I mean. And only think of finding out that one has been sacrificing empty air after all! And to empty air."

"Better than to sacrifice everything to one's self," said Alick.

"Not at all. The latter practice is the only way to be agreeable. By the by, Alick, I wonder if she will deign to come to the ball."

"What ball?"

"Your ball at Avonchester. It is what I am staying on for! Major M'Donald all but promised me one; and you know you must give one before you leave this place."

"Don't you know that poor Fraser has just been sent for home on his sister's death?"

"But I conclude the whole regiment does not go into mourning."

"No, but Fraser is the one fellow to whom this would be real enjoyment. Indeed, I particularly wish no hints may be given about it. Don't deny; I know you have ways of bringing about what you wish, and I will not have them used here. I know something of this kind must be done before we leave Avonchester, but to give one this autumn would be much sooner than needful. I believe there is hardly an officer but myself and Fraser to whom the expense would not be a serious consideration, and when I tell you my father had strong opinions about overdoing reciprocities of gayety, and drawing heavily on the officers' purses for them, I do not think you will allow their regard for him to take that manifestation toward you."

"Of course not," said Bessie, warmly; "I will not think of it again. Only when the fate does overtake you, you will have me here for it, Alick?"

He readily promised, feeling gratified at the effect of having spoken to his sister with full recognition of her good sense.

Meantime Rachel was feeling something of what Bessie ascribed to her, as if her sacrifice had been snatched away, and a cloud placed in its stead. Mortification was certainly present, and a pained feeling of having been made a fool of, whether by the colonel or herself her candid mind could hardly decide; but she was afraid she thought it was by herself. She knew she had never felt sure enough of his attentions to do more than speculate on what she would do if they should become more pointed, and yet she felt angry and sore at having been exposed to so absurd a blunder by the silence of the parties concerned. "After all," she said to herself, "there can be no great harm done; I have not been weak enough to commit my heart to the error. I am unscathed, and I will show it by sympathy for Ermine. Only—only, why could not she have told me?"

An ordeal was coming for which Rachel was

thus in some degree prepared. On the return of the party from the book club, Mrs. Curtis came into Rachel's sitting-room, and hung lingering over the fire, as if she had something to say, but did not know how to begin. At last, however, she said, "I do really think it is very unfair, but it was not his fault, he says."

"Who?" said Rachel, dreamily.

"Why Colonel Keith, my dear," said good Mrs. Curtis, conceiving that her pronominal speech had "broken" her intelligence; "it seems we were mistaken in him all this time."

"What, about Miss Williams?" said Rachel, perceiving how the land lay; "how did you hear it?"

"You knew it, my dear child!" cried her mother in accents of extreme relief.

"Only this afternoon, from Bessie Keith."

"And Fanny knew it all this time," continued Mrs. Curtis. "I cannot imagine how she could keep it from me; but it seems Miss Williams was resolved it should not be known. Colonel Keith said he felt it was wrong to go on longer without mentioning it, and I could not but say it would have been a great relief to have known it earlier."

"As far as Fanny was concerned it would," said Rachel, looking into the fire, but not without a sense of rehabilitating satisfaction, as the wistful looks and tone of her mother convinced her that this semi-delusion had not been confined to herself.

"I could not help being extremely sorry for him when he was telling me," continued Mrs. Curtis, as much resolved against uttering the idea as Rachel herself could be. "It has been such a very long attachment, and now he says he has not yet been able to overcome her scruples about accepting him in her state. It is quite right of her, I can't say

but it is; but it is a very awkward situation."

"I do not see that," said Rachel, feeling the need of decision, in order to reassure her mother; "it is very sad and distressing in some ways; but no one can look at Miss Williams without seeing that his return has done her a great deal of good; and whether they marry or not, one can only be full of admiration and respect for them."

"Yes, yes," faltered Mrs. Curtis: "only I must say I think it was due to us to have mentioned it sooner."

"Not at all, mother. Fanny knew it, and it was nobody's concern but hers. Pray, am I to have Owen's 'Palæontology'?"

"No; Colonel Keith bought that, and some more of the solid books. My dear, he is going to settle here; he tells me he has actually bought that house he and his brother are in."

"Bought it!"

"Yes; he says, any way, his object is to be near Miss Williams. Well, I cannot think how it is to end, so near the title as he is, and her sister a governess; and then that dreadful business about her brother, and the little girl upon her hands. Dear me, I wish Fanny had any one else for a governess."

"So do not I," said Rachel. "I have the greatest possible admiration for Ermine Williams, and I do not know which I esteem most,—her for her brave, cheerful, unrepining unselfishness, or him for his constancy and superiority to all those trumpery considerations. I am glad to have the watching of them. I honor them both."

Yes, and Rachel honored herself still more for being able to speak all this freely and truly out of the innermost depths of her candid heart.

A NATIVE of Russia has discovered a process by which timber, though newly felled, may become so hard as to resist the influences of the most trying climate for an almost indefinite period. The most curious part of the invention is, that it does not involve the use of chemicals of any sort, such as steeping in creosote, etc., and that the process is applied to the tree while growing. The inventor is now making arrangements for the supply of his timber to railway contractors in Eng-

land, and will not require any remuneration further than the amount which would be paid for ordinary timber, until the period shall have elapsed beyond which the ordinary railway sleepers, telegraph poles, etc., require to be replaced. The best railway sleepers require renewing at intervals of from four to six years; but the inventor of the new process of preparing timber asserts that he will supply an article which need not be disturbed for fifty years.

From The Spectator, 26 Nov.

THE RE-ELECTION OF MR. LINCOLN.

THE re-election of Mr. Lincoln, rail-splitter, attorney, and President of the American Union, affects interests much wider and more permanent than those of the nation whose will he is appointed to carry out. Never before in modern history have the two great political ideas of mankind, aristocracy and democracy, the rule of the many for the benefit of the few, and the rule of the many or the few for the benefit of all, been brought into such direct and visible collision. Hitherto, in every such contest, in the great uprising of 1789, the misused victory of 1831, or the spasmodic outburst of 1848, there has always been some side issue, some menace to national independence, some ground of contempt for the feebleness of a caste, some burst of admiration for individual genius, some annoyance at popular imbecility, to distract the judgment and mislead the foresight of the mass of mankind. In this American war alone has the struggle been divested of false appearances. A strong aristocracy,—strong alike in physical resources and in men able to use them,—conscious and proud of its own objects, aware that it means to suppress the many in order to give the few broader and freer life, and boldly proclaiming that in this direction alone lies the road to high civilization, has set itself to break up a great democratic power. Southern leaders at home assume no gloss, put forward no pretences, are fettered by no restraint of internal circumstances or external position. They have carried their system already to its logical end,—the bondage of all who work, the independence of all who neither work nor own, the free and equal sovereignty of the few who are able to possess the one and pay the other class. Roman society, with its slaves, its clients, and its free and proud patriciat, is reproduced in the midst of Christian civilization, and those who have reproduced it, who have retraced the path of eighteen centuries, proclaim that *this* is wise and holy and beneficial, have armed to extend it, have died to defend it, are at this hour refusing victory, independence, and the sympathy of mankind rather than give it up. Their success has been prevented by no accident, impeded by no feebleness, imperilled by no miscalculation. If fortune has favored either party, it has been the South, from the panic which ended in the rout of Bull Run to the awe which delayed the advance of Grant's troops after the explosion at Petersburg. Men have never, perhaps, appeared in the world more competent to a self-imposed task than the Southern leaders have been; all that adroitness and valor and civil energy and the instinct of governing men can effect for a cause

has been accomplished for theirs. Their slaves have not revolted, their clients have poured into the ranks, their society has proved as strong and as coherent as an army scientifically organized for war. On the other hand, the democracy has had no adventitious aid of any kind, save a power of recruiting which springs out of its own attraction for all men like itself. It has never had a leader above its own average in capacity, capable of doing more than express its own slowly-forming will, act upon its own slowly-gained convictions. It fought at first from an impulse scarcely nobler and far less powerful than that of its antagonists, and only arrived at a principle after years of bloodshed and suffering steadily borne had elevated its heart and partially cleared its brain. No "natural king of men," no "heaven-born general," no "saviour of society" has appeared to lend to the North a power democracy might not have possessed; no applauding shout from the world has kept it in its path; no burst of instinctive feeling has guided it like a revelation from on high. The reticent, statesmanlike, selfish aristocracy, the slow, loud-tongued, unselfish democracy, each left to itself, each guided by its own highest average and no more, has been fighting out foot to foot and face to face, as the Athens and Sparta of the New World, the ancient political battle of mankind. Had General McClellan been elected, that battle would have been lost; for the North would have announced that it cared not if it were won, cared only for the side issue, its own imperial power. As it is, consciously and with a full knowledge, after nearly four years of battle, *after the offer of peace with the end unsecured*, it has pronounced by a three-fourths majority that, through hardship and defeat and financial difficulty, though its land be covered with hospitals and its cities filled with bankrupts, though every family weep for its sons and the course of material civilization be thrown back centuries, it is ready to fight manfully on rather than freedom should be proved a chimera not essential to a grand national life. The result of that perseverance must be incalculable. Had the North shrunk, or even faltered, had she refused the necessary sacrifices or accepted the evil compromise, the cause of liberty would have received a heavy, perhaps a deadly, wound. "Look," the aristocracies would have said, "at the nobleness of your chosen demos! It cares, like kings, only for aggrandizement and wealth." "Look," all the middle class would have chimed in, "your demos, whatever its merits, is weak, cannot guard national life, cannot keep a nation secure, cannot guarantee that consols shall always be paid." And the hostile and the timid, the

few who mean to rule for themselves and the many who care only that rule should always be strong, would have drawn nearer and nearer toward that course of which legalized slavery is the only logical termination. It is in its extreme forms that opinion receives its first shocks, and the slaveholding interest is the outwork of aristocracy throughout the world, as the American demos is the defence of the masses in every land. The re-election of Mr. Lincoln does not of course insure the success of the Christian political idea, but it does guarantee that before it yields it will have faced the Pagan one to the death. The success of the South would mean for the American defeat, and for the African the end of hope; but it signifies to the world at large more than even these. It means, and would be taken to mean, a proof that the struggle of eighteen hundred years has been in vain; that political thought is in a false groove; that the Roman "order" is stronger than Christian "anarchy;" that freedom is a chimera, progress a delusion, benevolence a snare; that if God exists, we have all for three centuries misread his will; that if he does not, the infinite chain of cause and effect leads only to the elevation to the few on a pedestal formed out of the souls and frames of the many. The success of the North means, and will slowly be found to mean, that freedom and strength are compatible qualities; that the highest minds of each century have been the nearest to truth; that the law of Christ has political bearing; that God made the world for the use of all whom he placed within it. The re-election of Mr. Lincoln means for all—for the Lancashire operative as much as the slave, for the serf of Mecklenburg-Schwerin as much as the free-man of Maine—that the conflict between those principles which has been raging since Athens and Sparta alike yielded to alien sway shall be fought steadily out to the end. We may and shall hear much more in Europe of the crimes of democracy, though all the masses have committed in all ages do not equal those of the single line of Hapsburg; but we shall be free at least of the taunt that liberty means weakness, that self-government threatens national life, that a free people must be a people incapable of energetic and persistent war.

The significance of the vote in the actual scene of the conflict cannot be misunderstood. The issue could hardly have been placed more distinctly before the American people. General McClellan spoke out as clearly as his rival, and we are bound to say as honestly as his inherent weakness of character would permit. He offered the people all they desired, the energetic prosecution of the war, the speedy restoration of the Union, the

maintenance of the Monroe doctrine,—all that his antagonist could promise, *except* the final extinction of the cause of the whole calamity. Mr. Lincoln pledged himself to that in addition, stating at the same time that his second *sine quâ non* might add years to the length of the struggle, and the people, unexcited by immediate victory, undeluded by brilliant genius, have solemnly accepted the more painful and the nobler alternative. They will not be content with Union unless freedom be also finally established. The extent of the majority has as yet scarcely been understood. Three States only, two of them Border States, in which the government was to have secured a majority by dragoons, New Jersey, Kentucky, and Delaware, have accepted the Democratic compromise. The whole of New England, the whole of the West, the great States of New York and Pennsylvania have declared as one man that Mr. Lincoln, this shrewd peasant with his noble purpose and his deadly tenacity, expresses their resolve; that despite endless charges of oppression and occasional realities of failure, despite uncouthness and coarseness and occasional want of tact, he is the fitting mouthpiece of the nation in its struggle for life or death. That is the constitutional vote, and the popular one is even more extraordinary. It shows that hatred to slavery has penetrated at last, be it from principle or from political conviction, into the very heart of the people. In 1860, Mr. Lincoln, elected only to prevent the extension of that system, received in the North 133,704 votes less than his opponents; in 1864 he receives in order to secure its exhaustion 378,500 more, a clear majority of the voters, an increase of half a million heads of families gained by a policy avowedly, unmistakably abolitionist. The change to all who understood American feeling, who knew how deeply contempt for the colored races had penetrated the American mind, seems absolutely marvellous. It is like the adoption of a new faith, the growth of a new *system* of thought in a nation, and must produce in the end effects far beyond the mere freedom of the black. The cause of the change is not inexplicable. This journal alone in England has pointed out steadily, not as an argument, but as the one necessary datum for argument, that the American Republic is not in times of excitement governed by its talking class; that the quiet, dour, half-cultivated freeholders, of whom no one ever hears, hold the ultimate sovereign power. These men have sent their sons to the war, have watched its progress as men only watch affairs which do involve their sons, have suffered new ideas to filter drop by drop into their minds and harden there to crystalline clearness and immobility. and they have been ennobled by the suffering

which they have undergone. It is they who have filled the voting boxes, who in New York have carried the State in the teeth of the vast vote of the great city, who in Pennsylvania have overborne the fears of the border counties, the selfish indifference of the old German settlers, and who have carried New England, the six poor frugal "Yankee" States, which produce nothing except schools, and men, as a "unit" for national freedom. Secure of their support, Mr. Lincoln can afford to disregard the clamor of city mobs and the apprehensions of the mercantile class, and it will be a curious problem to watch the effect of re-election upon him and his policy. He is securely president till March, 1869. The talk of disturbance at the polls, uttered by men who even now cannot see that belief in the ballot-box is the weakness of the American character, has turned out talk merely. There is no chance of revolt, and as all the waverers, all who hoped for office, i. e., three at least to every one who possesses it, all who regard compromise as henceforth hopeless, and all who thirst for speedy peace will now swing round to his government, there is little danger of serious opposition. He may pursue his policy unchecked, carry on the war without hurrying armies for political purposes, increase the area of freedom with that slow, tenacious persistence which he has all along displayed. Having time and the assurance of public support, he will undoubtedly be more lenient in his action, more disposed to regard hostility from within as something to be despised, to treat it as an English secretary of state treats an impertinent deputation. He has accepted, it must be remembered, a new "platform." His old one simply pledged him to resist the extension of slavery, and he adhered to it with fidelity long after he had perceived that it no longer met the circumstances around him. He will be just as tenacious of the new one, and it binds him to reconstruct the Union without slavery, to readmit State after State to all its privileges as soon as it has submitted and enfranchised its working class. What further development time may bring to his mind time alone can show, but to that much he will most undoubtedly adhere, and that contains the only issues of more than national interest. At first we believe his course will be one of greatly increased difficulty; for the avowed acceptance of abolition as the one condition of peace will rouse the Southern leaders to still more passionate efforts; but victory needs only persistence, and persistence is the one quality Mr. Lincoln is certain not to lack. Slowly as the armies penetrate South, at a pace more like that of colonizers than of soldiers, State after State will be made to choose between a purposeless resistance and the instant attain-

ment of all the rights of freemen. Had General McClellan been elected, had there been hope of compromise or of doubt or of weakness, the South, even when occupied, might have struggled on; but with certainty for five years they have but two alternatives left. They can submit and they can emancipate the working class, can give up the war itself, or can remove its only cause.

From The Economist, 26th Nov.

MR. LINCOLN'S RE-ELECTION.

In form Mr. Lincoln will not be re-elected for many weeks. The electoral college, which by the constitution chooses him, will not meet till that time: a long interval, estimated by old notions of travelling and distance, is given it to get together. But as soon as its members are chosen, or most of them, the result is known. Washington intended that the college should itself exercise an effective choice, and hold a substantial deliberation. But it does neither. The members are bound over beforehand to choose General McClellan or Mr. Lincoln; and when it is known that the members engaged to choose Mr. Lincoln are immensely more than those bound to choose his opponent, for real business we need ask no further. Mr. Lincoln is, in fact, elected because the *choosers* on his side are vastly more than the *choosers* on the other side.

In Europe, and merely considering the bare choice between the two candidates, the election of Mr. Lincoln will unquestionably give general satisfaction. Before his repudiation of the Chicago manifesto, General McClellan was thought to be, or hoped to be, an advocate for peace; but after his rejection of that manifesto that hope became untenable. He was as violent an advocate for war as Mr. Lincoln, and he was carrying it on for a worse object. Mr. Lincoln said, "I wish to maintain the Union by destroying slavery." General McClellan said, "I wish to maintain the Union by retaining slavery." Grave thinkers, apart from the strife of war and the excitement of debate, mostly believe that the continuance of slavery and the maintenance of the Union are both injurious to mankind. Of slavery we need not speak. All the world is agreed as to its evil. But though its mischiefs are not so detestable or so plain, the Union is, in a large view of human affairs, mischievous also. It retains in effective combination a huge power with a small conscience. The Americans feel that they are a great people without a great history, and they covet that history. To have a great name, to be potent in the world, to be superior in power to nations which were powerful before they were born, to bully (it is their own phrase) nations who have bul-

lied other nations,—they are ready at suitable seasons to overlook or violate international obligations, to squander money, to lavish men. On foreign policy, such a nation never hears its opponent. It is told that its side is the right side, indisputably the right side; that there is no doubt about it, that it is subjecting itself to humiliation and to loss of dignity by tolerating a discussion. Even if international obligations were dinned incessantly into its ears, a young nation, anxious to win its spurs, might be likely to overlook them; but when it never hears them, when its flatterers deny them, when they inculcate the duty of maintaining the national honor by trampling upon others, as well as tickle the sense of self-exaltation,—when it never hears a word that can do it good, and hears perpetually every word that can do it harm,—who can wonder that an eager nation in the pride of youth and riches should trample upon other nations,—who that knows human nature would not wonder if it were meek, conscientious, and Christian,—who would expect of it even that imperfect and mitigated morality into which old nations have been saddened and chastened by the pains of experience and by the difficulties of years? We cannot expect of the American Republic a conscience commensurate with its strength, but we fear from it an immorality proportioned to its size. Both the Union and slavery are in different ways and various degrees evils. We wish to be rid of them both. But General McClellan wished to keep both, and therefore *his* success would unquestionably have been a heavy augmentation even to the misfortunes of America,—misfortunes already too heavy to need augmentation.

But though we rejoice that Mr. Lincoln, the anti-slavery advocate of the civil war, has prevailed over General McClellan, the pro-slavery advocate, we must remember the significant and painful lessons which that event has to teach both as to ourselves and as to America.

First, as to ourselves. The war party, the party which began the war, the party whose very life-blood is now identified with the war, has been elevated to a new four years' reign. As long as they can *make* the war go on, so long we may be now sure it will go on. For four years and a half, till March four years,—March, 1869,—the Republican party is fixed in power; no disaster, no change of opinion, no ebb or flow of affairs, can drive it thence. It may have to yield to events. The North may be exhausted; it may refuse to supply money; it may be unable to supply men.

The rulers at Washington, like all other rulers, must bow to results and to facts. But *the war party will be the rulers.* The

struggle is of their making, their ruling, their working: it is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. Sooner than give it up, they will spend every greenback they can issue, and send to death—every soldier they can find. *Upon us* the effect must be serious. As we showed nearly four years since, as has been proved since by most painful experience, our manufacturing industry never can be soundly prosperous, never can be based on the firm laws of habitual supply and habitual demand, while the civil war in America continues, at any rate, while it is at all such a civil war as it now is. The cotton of the South will always be a supply *in suspense*. What cotton it may have on hand,—what its powers of growing cotton may be in future, will be matters of estimate and argument,—matters almost of *guess*; but that store of cotton—that power of producing cotton—will be, according to some conjecture of their magnitude or other, an element of unhealthy and depressing uncertainty; will make the cotton trade, and to some extent the other clothing trades, different from all other trades,—will prevent those trades being what they would be if America did not exist, or what they would be if we could take advantage of their existence. Nothing depresses trade like the certain presence of an *uncertain* element; of a force which must be important, which may be very great, which no one can pretend to measure precisely and in figures. The assured presence for a year or two longer of such a suspended agency, Lancashire and the cotton trade must endure.

But, though this is the gravest lesson which we can derive from this important event, it is hardly the greatest which Americans ought to think most of, or which an impartial philosopher, if such a person exist, would think most of. Nothing is so dangerous as to read a sermon to another nation. It always seems like forgetting our own sins to attend to other people's: it is always liable to a retort upon some analogous affair of ours; it often misses the mark, because, though the broad result is true, some local detail is missed. But, nevertheless, thought and philosophy are truthless unless they enable us to interpret events and derive teachings from what we see. And it is a lesson of events that America should be obliged to elect such a man as Mr. Lincoln in admitted default of a better to such a place as his at such a moment as this. Mr. Seward is forward to declare that it is the crisis of American history; events make it plain without his help; the president is, for practical purposes, omnipotent at this crisis; Congress is unheard of and unthought of. It is not even contended that Mr. Lincoln is a man of eminent ability. It is only said that he is a man

of common honesty, and it seems this is so rare a virtue at Washington that at their utmost need no other man can be picked out to possess it and true ability also.

Doubtless there are quite as many honest people in America as elsewhere; in a rich, prosperous, educated community, like the North, they probably exist in greater proportion to the rest of mankind than in most other places. But the American constitution and political life give the nation no means of getting hold of them. From a multitude of causes an idea is diffused that it is needless to get hold of them. Cultivated Americans will be found to say, "that it is unnecessary to have great statesmen," and a few say, "it is better to be without them." But no idea can well be more false. Even supposing that they could conduct the course of one of the greatest civil wars in history without great ability; even supposing they could manage one of the vastest executive administrations without great ability, that ability would still be of the first necessity. It is absolutely necessary to foreign nations. European favor, which the Northerners anxiously desire,—English sympathy, which they desire still more,—cannot be attracted by mean rulers. For ages a certain greatness in speaking has belonged to the rulers of great States, and the Old World expects it even if the New World can dispense with it. Mr. Lincoln has been honest, but he has been vulgar; and there is no greater external misfortune—there are few greater external misfortunes—than for a great nation to be exclusively represented at a crisis far beyond previous, and perhaps beyond future, example, by a person whose words are mean even when his actions are important.

Mr. Cobden on the United States of America.
Speech at Rochdale, 23 November.

Now, with regard to the issue itself, I told you two years ago that I did not believe that I should live to see two independent States on that continent of North America. I have repeated that assertion since, and I now come to confirm that opinion, but with far more emphasis than I have ever expressed before. I do not believe that that country in my day will ever be separated. I look upon the geographical difficulties in the way of separation to be absolutely insurmountable. Take the case of the Mississippi; that river with its tributaries flows through twenty thousand miles of navigable waters into the Gulf of Mexico, and in order that the United States might have its mouths in their own occupation, that they might have, as it were, the keys of their own doors in their own

pockets, they purchased from the first Napoleon the State of Louisiana with the money of the old Union for three millions sterling. Well, now, some two or three hundred thousand people have squatted there. Some English, some French, and some Americans have taken into their heads that they will carry off this State, and place the mouths of that great river, the outlet of that vast country, in the hands of a foreign State. I have said that it would be far easier for Essex or Kent to carry off the mouths of the Thames and set up an East-Anglian kingdom than for Louisiana to carry off the mouths of the Mississippi and set up for an independent State. There are some few hundreds of thousands in the counties of Kent and Essex; but the valley of the Mississippi will become the home of two hundred millions, and this makes it infinitely more impossible that the United States should allow the mouths of the Mississippi to be carried off than that England should suffer the mouth of the Thames to be taken away. Why should they do so when they can prevent it by the smallest expense, and retain possession of it; for a few gunboats could easily blockade the outlets of that river? Even if the North cannot conquer Louisiana, they might cut the dikes above New Orleans and drown the whole of that State. In saying this I am speaking of the motives and possibilities, and not of wishes or feelings of my own. If you think that Mr. Jefferson Davis would be contented with the Cotton States and not be allowed to extend into Texas, he would not thank you. They are fighting in the South to carry slavery beyond Texas into the vast regions of Central America. Now, I say that if the geographical features of the country had been looked at by the ruling classes and those who write in the newspapers they would not have arrived at a conviction of the success of the Southern side. There is a newspaper in London read by everybody, but I have marvelled at the ignorance which it has betrayed of the geographical features of this territory. In one article recently there was a river of five hundred and eighty miles of internal navigation, to which the largest river in this country is a mere rivulet, and it was made to turn up hill any number of miles into another river, and these two rivers cemented were made to fall into a third river, into which neither really pours a drop of water.

Now there is a real danger in the ignorance of what, for want of a better term, I may call the ruling classes of this country,—there is a real danger from their total ignorance of everything relating to America, and you may get into difficulties from this ignorance which may cost much national dishonor to escape from. If I were a rich man, I would endow

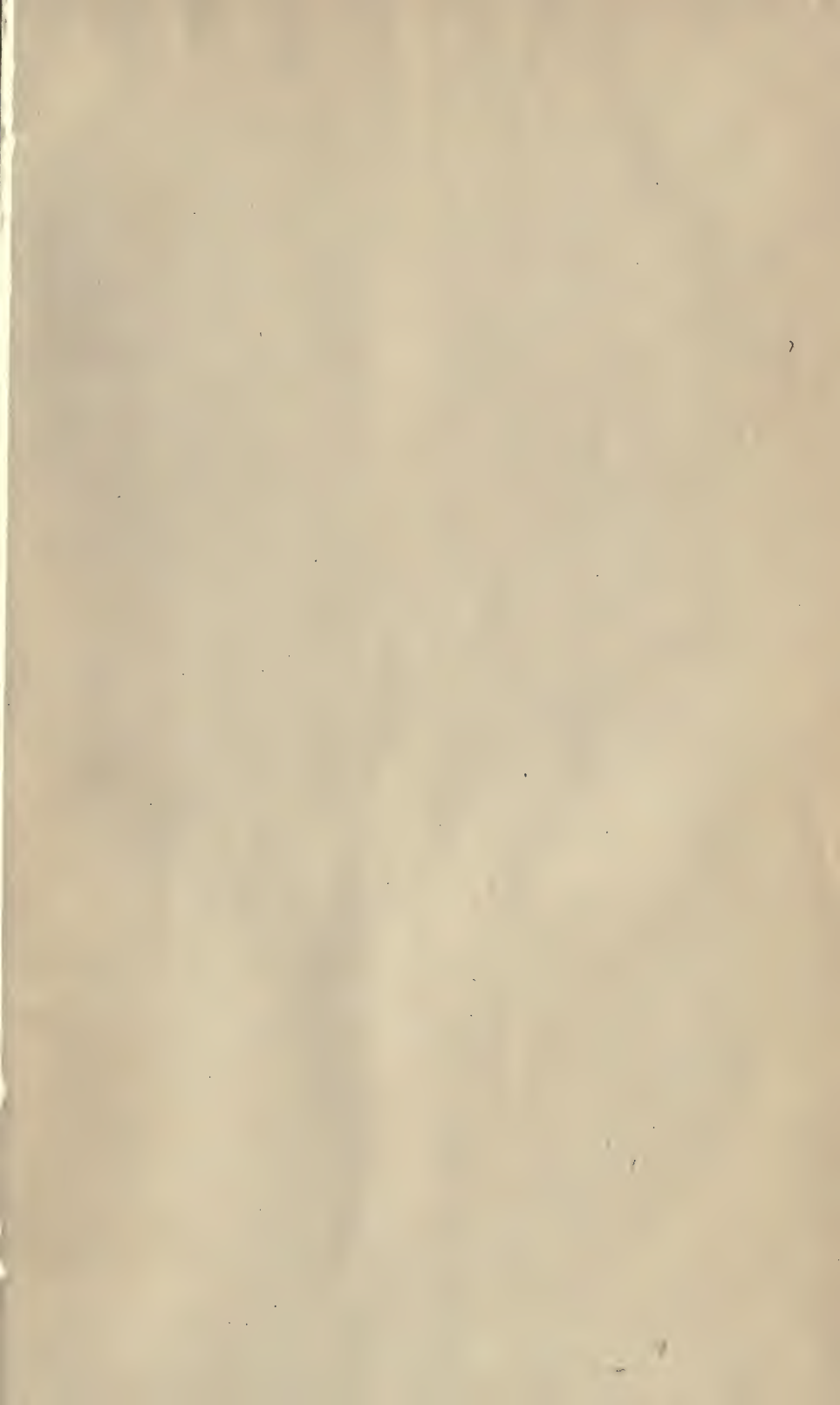
a professor's chair at Oxford and Cambridge to instruct the undergraduates of those universities in American history. I would undertake to say, and I speak advisedly, that I will take any undergraduate now at Oxford or Cambridge, and I will bring him to a map of the United States, and ask him to put his finger on Chicago, and I will undertake to say that he does not go within one thousand miles of it. Yet Chicago is a place of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, from which one to two millions of people in our own country are annually fed. These young gentlemen know all about the geography of ancient Greece and Egypt. Now I know I shall be pelted with Greek and Latin quotations for what I am going to say. When I was at Athens I sallied out one summer morning to seek the famous river, the Ilissus, and after walking some hundred yards or so up what appeared to be the bed of a mountain torrent, I came upon a number of Athenian laundresses, and I found that they had dammed up this famous classical river, and were using every drop of its water for their own sanitary purposes. Why, then, should not these young gentlemen who know all about the geography of the Ilissus know also something about the geography of the Mississippi? I am a great advocate of culture of every kind, and I say when I find a man like Professor Goldwin Smith or Professor Rogers, who, in addition to profound classical learning, have a vast knowledge of modern affairs, and who, as well as scholars, are profound thinkers,—these are men whom I know to have a vast superiority over me, and I bow to them with reverence for their

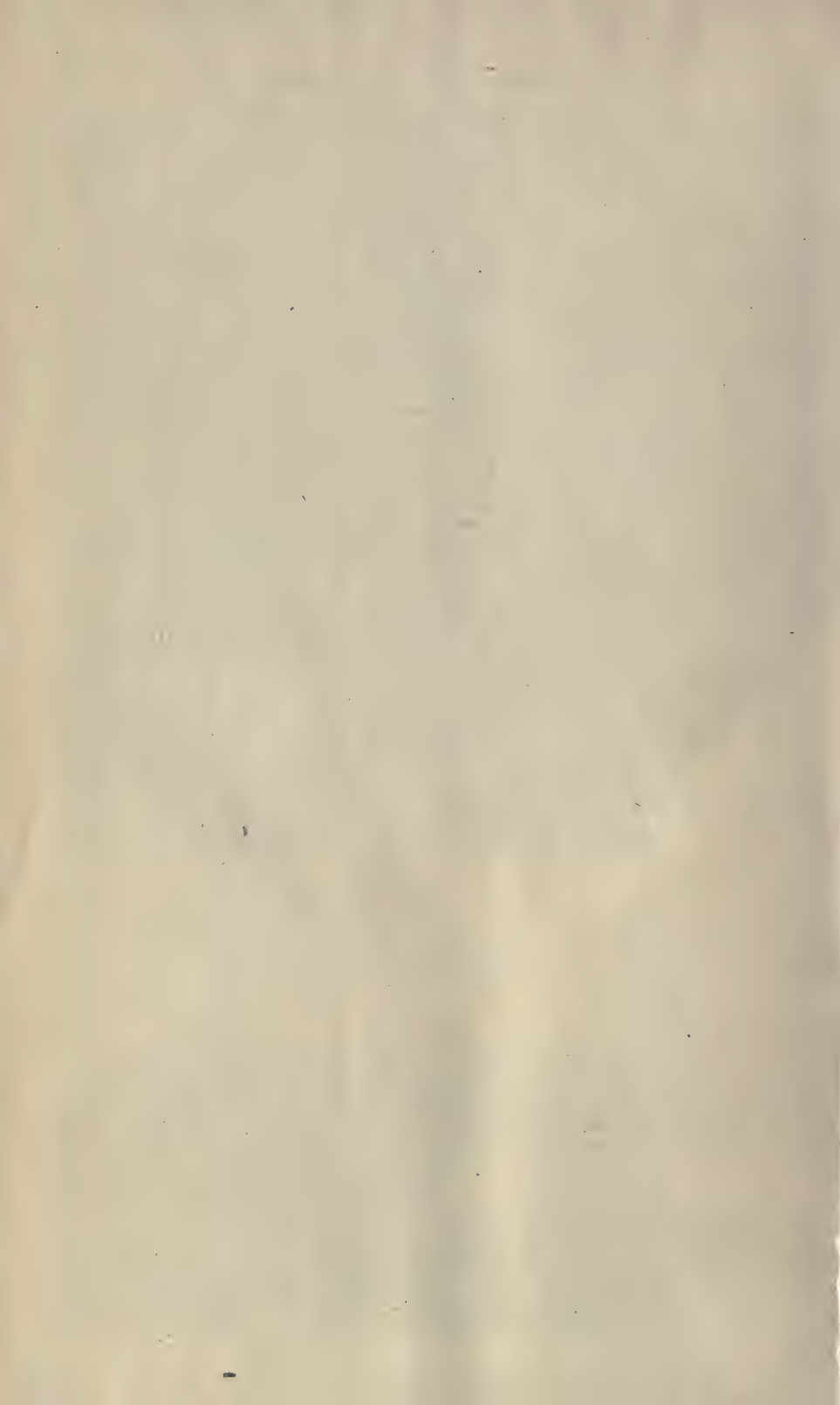
superior advantages; but to bring up young men from college with no knowledge of the country in which the great drama of modern politics and national life is now being worked out, who are ignorant of a country like America, but who, whether it be for good or for evil, must exercise more influence in this country than any other class,—to bring up the young destitute of such knowledge, and to place them in responsible positions in the government, is, I say, imperilling its best interests; and earnest remonstrances ought to be made against such a state of education by every public man who values in the slightest degree the welfare of his country. You know my opinions with respect to the future of America. I don't desire to carry them out, and I should not have said so much if so much had not been said on the other side. I want nothing but neutrality. But if we are to have perfect neutrality on this subject, let us try, for Heaven's sake, to have a little more temper in the discussion of a question for which, happily for us, we are not responsible. I am mute and silenced when I recollect that I have been protesting against war ever since I came into public life; but I have never succeeded in preventing wars all over the world. I could not say to America, "Why do you insist on carrying on this civil war?" I should at once be subject to the reply, "Why do you not take the beam out of your own eye before you take the mote out of ours?" But I fear that the advocates of all these wars, against which I have always been vainly protesting, are now turning up the whites of their eyes as if they had been Quakers from their birth.

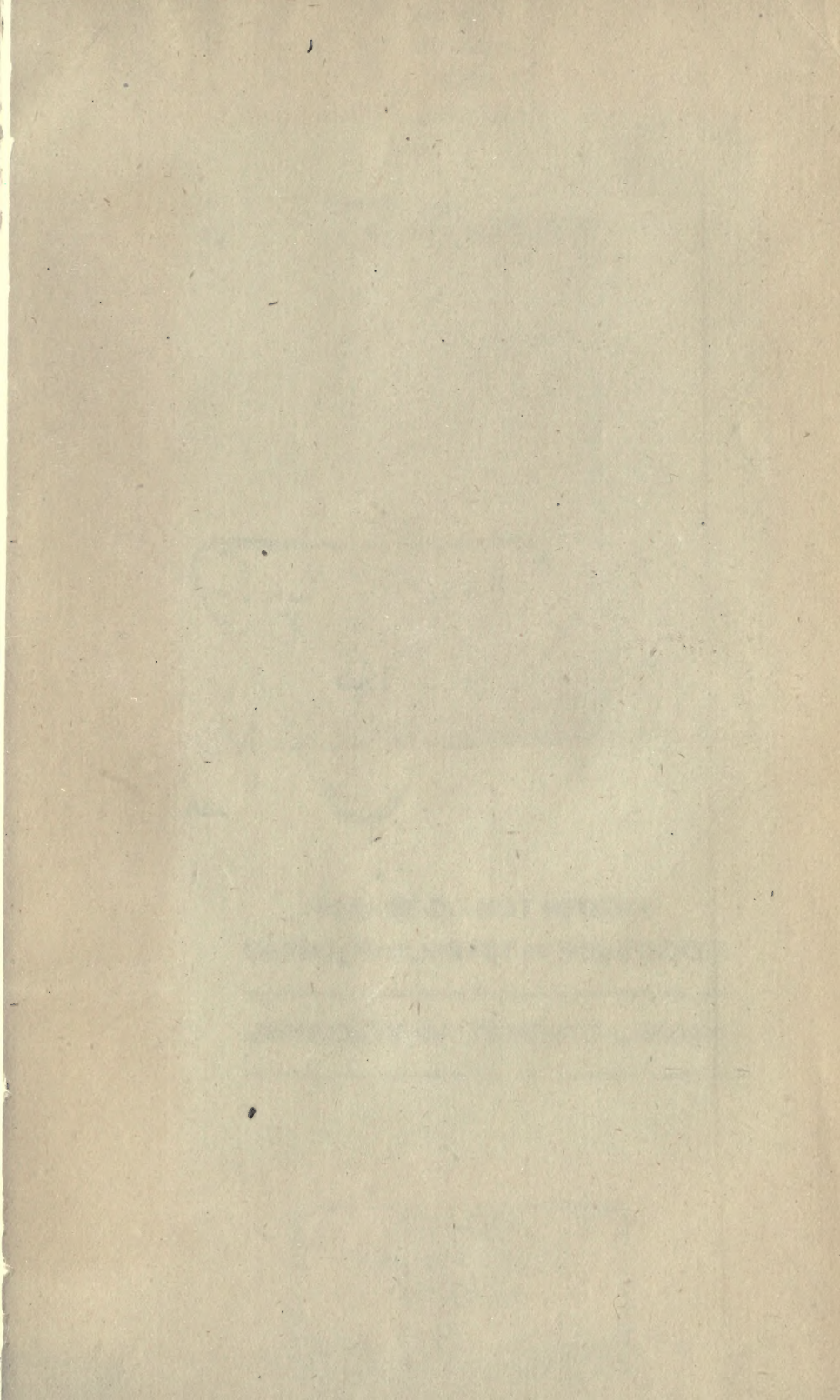
In the naming of the modern streets of Paris recourse has been had to the most celebrated names that occur in the fine arts. Whereas in a former age titles which were suggestive of war and victory were the most prominent at the street corners, there are now to be read the names of Quinault, Marmontel, Herold, Beethoven, Donizetti, Bellini, Lesueur, Cimarosa, Mehul, Wilhelm, Orlando Lasso, Beranger, Musset, Lesage, Petrarque, Talma, Poussin, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Greuze, David, Scheffer, Ingres, Vernet, Decamps, Visconti, and Erard. Mozart, Haydn, Boieldieu, Meyerbeer, Corneille, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Gluck, Gretry, and others, are to follow next.—*Orchestra.*

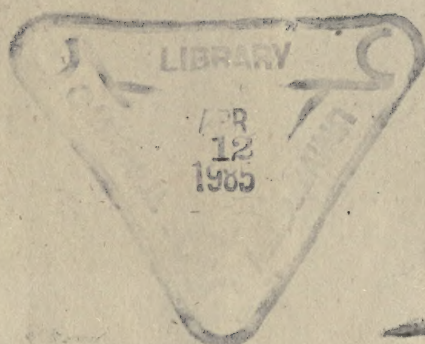
AN ANTICIPATED CALAMITY.—On the departure of Bishop Selwyn for his diocese, New Zealand, Sydney Smith, when taking his leave of him, said: "Good-by, my dear Selwyn; I hope you will not *disagree* with the man who eats you!"

A DISAPPOINTING SUBSCRIBER.—To all letters soliciting his "subscription" to anything, Lord Erskine had a regular form of reply: namely, "Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and beg to subscribe" (here the reader had to turn over leaf) "myself, your very obedient servant," etc.









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